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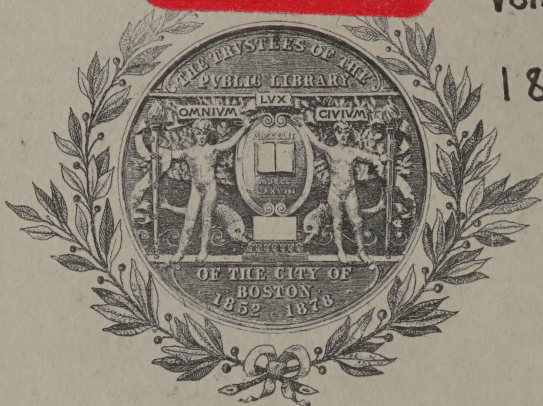


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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

I.

"Now, mother dear, you are all comfortable, aren't you? Here is your Prayer-Book. See, I have put the roses over on the chest of drawers; I don't believe you'll notice the fragrance here."

Mrs. Drayton moved her head languidly and glanced about. "Yes, as comfortable as I can be. But I'm used to being uncomfortable. I think perhaps you might move my chair just a little further from the windows, Lyssie. Might n't I feel a draft here?"

This was too important a question for a mere "yes" or "no." Alicia Drayton knelt down beside her mother, and leaned her fresh young cheek towards the closed window. "I don't feel the slightest air, dear," she said anxiously.

"Ah, well, *you!* I suppose you don't. What color you have, Lyssie! I don't see why I have n't some of your health. I'm sure, when you were born, I gave you all of mine."

"If you would just go out a little bit more?" Alicia suggested hopefully.

"Oh, my dear, don't be foolish," said Mrs. Drayton. "Go out! How can I go out? It tires me to walk across the room. Yes, you had better move my chair. I'm sure there is a little air."

"Well," Alicia said cheerfully, "there! Can you look out of the window if I put you as far away from it as this?"

"I don't care about looking out of the window," sighed Mrs. Drayton; "there is nothing to see; and I'm going to read

my chapter as soon as you have gone. I'll tell you what you may do, Lyssie. You may go over and ask Susy Carr to come in some time this morning. If she is out anywhere on the farm, see if you can't find her, and tell her I hope she'll come. It's very foolish in me, but I don't like to be alone. I think I feel my loneliness more as I grow older."

"I wish papa were going to be at home this summer," Lyssie said. "Of course it's lonely for you with only me."

"I was n't finding fault with your father," Mrs. Drayton answered quickly, "and I have no complaint to make when I have you; but now Cecil and Philip are coming, I suppose I sha'n't see anything of you."

"Of course you will; and Cecil and Philip and Molly, too."

"Oh, don't call the child by that ridiculous name!" said Molly's grandmother, or rather, her step-grandmother, "though her real name is ugly enough, poor child. Why Cecil should have named the baby after Philip's mother, when she never knew her, and could n't have had any affection for her, I never could understand."

Mrs. Drayton's unspoken inference that it would have been more fitting to have given her name to the child did not escape Alicia; but inferences are generally best left without comment, and she only said, "Well, dear, everything is in order now, so I'll run up to Cecil's. Eliza Todd is to bring a woman to help her with the windows, but I'm going

to take the covers off the pictures, and just see to the finishing touches. I think everything will be fixed by the time they get here; and I'll stop and ask Miss Susan to come in and cheer you up."

"Very well," said Mrs. Drayton, with that weary closing of the eyes which every one who has had the care of an invalid knows too well. "I want everything to be nice for Cecil, I'm sure. But it's a little bitter to be so much alone."

"Oh, I'll be back by dinner time," Alicia reminded her brightly. "Do you want me to take a bunch of poppies from you for Cecil's tea table?"

"Why, of course," said Mrs. Drayton, opening her eyes. "Cecil does n't really care for me — No, don't interrupt me, Lyssie! *I know*. But no one can say I don't do everything in the world for your dear papa's daughter. No one can say she is n't exactly like my own child."

"Why, of course," said Alicia soothingly.

"I don't know why you say 'of course'!" cried Mrs. Drayton. "I'm sure there are a great many stepmothers who might have made a difference."

"I only meant of course you loved Ceci," Lyssie explained.

"I remember," Mrs. Drayton proceeded, with a hint of tears in her voice, "I remember perfectly well, once, when you were both little things, somebody asked Susy Carr 'which was Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife.' I think that shows how I treated Cecil."

Cecil's stepmother almost sobbed, and her daughter had to stop to kiss and comfort her, though it was getting warmer every moment, and the walk to her sister's house was long and sunny.

"Oh, go, go!" said Mrs. Drayton. "I felt you look over my head at the clock. I'm sure I don't want to interfere with your plans about Cecil. I suppose you've told Esther to bring me my eggnog at eleven? Give my love to Philip. I must say he's never let Cecil teach him to be disrespectful to me; he

always pays me proper attention; I must say that, in spite of Cecil's neglect."

Alicia Drayton was only twenty-one, but she excelled in the art, which is taught to perfection in a sick-room, of knowing when to ignore complaints. A certain angelic common sense gave her at once discrimination and tenderness, those two qualities which must be together for the full development of either.

"Yes, Esther will bring the eggnog at eleven," she said cheerfully. "Good-by, mother darling." She gave an anxious thought, as she went downstairs, to that possible draft; and her face sobered as she stood for a moment in the open doorway of the dark, cool hall, and saw the blaze of June sunshine over the garden. The thought of her mother sitting all alone, in the half-light of lowered curtains and bowed shutters, struck on the girl's tender heart with a sort of shame at her own young vigor. She knew how Mrs. Drayton's pallid face and weak eyes would have shrunk away from what she always spoke of as the "glare," and how the hot fragrance of the roses would have made her poor, heavy head ache. "But it does seem as though she might look out of the window," Lyssie thought, sighing. Yet she had been content to let her mother be comfortable in her own way. From which it will be seen that Miss Alicia Drayton was an unusual young woman. Indeed, very early in life this girl had displayed the pathetic common sense of the child whose mother's foolishness forces her into a discretion beyond her years. The village had acknowledged her merit long ago, — acknowledged it with the slight condescension with which Old Chester commented upon Youth.

"A very good girl," said the village, "but" — for Old Chester was apt to balance its praise with a "but" — "it's a pity the child has n't more accomplishments. She's been so busy taking care of her poor mother all these years that she has n't a single accomplishment."

Mrs. Drayton, however, would have explained that an invalid could not be expected to think of such trivial things as accomplishments. "I've brought her up to be a good child," said Mrs. Drayton; and certainly nobody could deny that. In fact, Alicia's mother did very little beside read her Bible, and meditate over certain small good books of the nature of *Gathered Pearls* and *Daily Foods*. She kept a little stand at her elbow for her half dozen devotional, well-worn volumes. Thomas à Kempis was there, and her Prayer-Book, dear with use, and with flowers pressed between the pages of especially significant saints' days, and small marginal ejaculations scattered through the Psalter, — ejaculations which Mrs. Drayton not infrequently read aloud to her callers. There was also upon the stand a little calendar, with a text, a hymn, and a prayer for each day. This was a distinct interest in the poor sick lady's life, for there was the element of surprise in tearing off each slip; she was apt to inclose an especially beautiful page to the correspondent to whom she chanced to be writing, and she would add "True!" or underline a word or phrase, to show how personal were these printed outbursts of religious feeling.

Her husband, compelled by ill health to live abroad, was greatly favored in this way. Yet he had been known to say that "Frances's goodness was the worst part of her." Indeed, irreverent lips whispered that Mrs. Drayton's goodness was the peculiar disease which needed European treatment.

"But then, why did he marry her, if he did n't want to live with her?" the village reflected. "Everybody knew what Fanny Dacie was. And why did he marry again, anyhow? His child by his first wife had a good home with the Ashurst Draytons. He had no need to marry again."

Mr. William Drayton, however, had thought differently.

After the calamity of his first wife's death, he had left the baby Cecil with his sister-in-law in Ashurst, and, dazed and bewildered by his grief, had gone away to forget. For several years he wandered aimlessly about the world. And when he drifted home again, and found Cecil, with her mother's eyes and her mother's name, — which made him wince whenever he had to address her, — when he found her irritable and discontented among her cousins in Colonel Drayton's household, why, then he married again. He did not love the child, but it was *hers*, so it must have a home. He took Cecil and went back to Old Chester, and opened up the house he had closed when his wife died. What the associations were, what strange certainties came to him of that dead wife's sympathy in his search for a new wife, he did not confide to any one, least of all to Miss Frances Dacie, while he sought to impress upon her that his happiness and her welfare, — a more truthful man might have reversed these adjectives, — his happiness and her welfare depended upon their marriage. Miss Dacie was thirty-one; she yielded to his entreaty without that foolish hesitation which younger ladies sometimes deem necessary. Then, having provided a mother for little Cecil, William Drayton found, in a year or two, that his health demanded foreign travel.

"And the unfortunate part of it is," said Mr. Drayton, forty years old, gray, *blasé*, standing with his back to the fireplace in the Rev. Dr. Lavendar's study, — "the unfortunate part of it is, my wife is such a wretched invalid (she has never been well, you know, since little Lyssie was born) she is n't able to go with me. She could n't stand traveling, and traveling, King says, is what I need. My only consolation is that I can live so much more cheaply in Europe, which of course is a good thing for Frances and the girls."

And thus it was that Mr. William Drayton became a fugitive from matrimony.

He did give a thought sometimes to the task which Miss Dacie had assumed because of her desire to promote his happiness. But he consoled himself by reflecting upon her welfare. "She likes living in the Poindexter house," he thought, his cold, heavy eyes closing in a smile, "and it's a great satisfaction to her to be married, even if she does have to wrestle with Cecilla; but I've no doubt that little monkey, Alicia, will improve Cecilla."

That Cecilla needed to be improved no one could deny. Her aunt, Mrs. Henry Drayton of Ashurst, used to testify to that emphatically.

"I had that child seven years," she would say, "and nobody can tell me anything about her. She is the strangest creature! — though I'm sure I tried to make her a good child. Poor Frances! I must say I pity her."

Indeed, Mrs. Henry Drayton had continued to try to make Cecil a good child even after she had handed her over, "with a sigh of relief," to Mrs. William.

"Cecil, my dear, you ought not to call your mamma 'Mrs. Drayton,'" she instructed her niece.

"My mamma is dead, and I don't love Mrs. Drayton," Cecil answered, with a little pause between her slow sentences.

"That has nothing to do with it," said Mrs. Henry. "She is your father's wife, and you should treat her with respect even if you don't love her; and it is n't respectful to say 'Mrs. Drayton.'"

"I'd just as lief say 'Miss Dacie,'" the child said, "but I won't say 'mamma,' because she is n't my mamma."

Her aunt gasped, and cried, "You are a naughty little girl! Of course you are not to say 'Miss Dacie;' she is your papa's wife, and" —

"How many wives can papa have?" Cecil interposed calmly; "my mother is his wife."

"Your mother is a saint in heaven! — at least I hope she is," said Mrs. Henry, horrified. "If I were your mamma, I'd send you to bed without any supper."

"I'm glad papa did n't marry you; that would have been worse than Mrs. Drayton," her niece announced.

And then Mrs. Henry wept with Mrs. William, and said she pitied her with all her heart; and nobody was more rejoiced than she, when, at eighteen, Cecil, just home from boarding-school, became engaged to Philip Shore.

"I rejoice on your account, dear Frances," she wrote to Cecil's stepmother. "What a relief it must be, after your noble devotion of these eleven years, at last to hand her over to a husband, — though I must say I pity the young man! The colonel and I are delighted to hear what an estimable person he is, though I'm sorry he has n't expectations from his uncle. However, Cecil has money enough for both. I hope, for your sake, they will be married at once."

But they were not married at once. Philip spent three years in one of the Paris studios, and Mrs. Drayton was still obliged to endure her step-daughter's indolence, and willful ways, and occasional black tempers; and also her cold indifference, not only to herself, but, it must be admitted, to Old Chester!

When at last she married Philip Shore, Old Chester drew a breath of satisfaction. "Dear Philip," it said, — "such a really superior young man! Now poor Cecil will improve."

But, except that Philip took her away for a year, no improvement was visible. She came back when Molly was born, and then everybody said they hoped the baby would make a difference in Cecil. It did; it added to the strange, passionate, untrained nature the passion of maternity.

"Though I don't care now what they say about me," Cecil said languidly to her husband, looking down at the small head upon her arm; "I have *this*! And really, Philip, you must admit I am of some value to Old Chester? I give it something to gossip about. If I were

suddenly to grow good, people would be disappointed!"

There was truth in this. All her life Cecil had afforded to her friends that interest of shuddering disapproval which is so delightful. Even her father had felt it when he came home to see her married. "There are possibilities in this affair," he thought, watching her with amiable, impersonal interest. "If this Philip would get drunk once in a while, or swear at her, I think it might turn out pretty well. But he won't, he won't," said Mr. Drayton, with real regret; "he'll be too damned polite to her." He was surprised at his fatherly solicitude; for the paternal tie is weakened after twelve years of absence, broken only by occasional visits. "The young man," he meditated, standing on the threshold, bidding adieu to the departing bride and groom, — "the young man is in love; there's no doubt about that. And as for her, I suppose he is the first man she has seen, and so she's in love, too. But very likely she'd have married the Devil to get away from Frances." He was really interested; perhaps, could his visit have been prolonged, he might have felt some anxiety in spite of himself. He was absent-minded as he listened to Old Chester's praise of Philip, and ominous omission of Cecil's name. "The boy is an ascetic," he was saying to himself, "and she" — He closed his lips; at least she was Cecilla's child. He had not seen her since, for, the winter that the young husband and wife were in Paris, there were reasons why Mr. Drayton could not ask his daughter to visit what he called his "humble roof" in Cannes; and so, to avoid embarrassing inhospitality, he had found it necessary to be in Egypt for his health. The next time he came to Old Chester, Philip and his wife were living in town, and, as Mrs. Drayton explained, "dear William was unwilling to take a moment from me, though he would have been interested to see Molly, of course."

When her step-daughter married, the consolation of living in the finest house in Old Chester was taken away from Mrs. Drayton. The Poindexter house had belonged to the first Mrs. Drayton, and had been settled on her child, as was also her not inconsiderable fortune. But when the plans for Cecil's wedding were made, Mr. Drayton arranged that his wife and younger daughter should take a house in the village, "where," he wrote, "as soon as my miserable health permits, I shall hope to join my dear ones permanently." But thus far his health had not permitted.

That moving from her sister's house had been a great trial to Alicia, who had been born there, and had spent a happy childhood in its gardens and orchards; but she had not been able to think very much of her own feelings. All her childish courage was needed to sustain her mother, who wept and moaned, and said that Cecil had turned her out of doors. "Papa has made this arrangement, Mrs. Drayton," her step-daughter reminded her briefly; and Mrs. Drayton's pride refused her the luxury of finding fault with her husband. It was nine years ago that this change was made, but Alicia's deepest home feeling was still for the great brick house on the hill, where she had spent those twelve happy years. She could see it from her window in the village, lifting above the foliage on the hillside its square, flat roof with the white balustrade. The house had white corner trimmings, and white lintels and copings, and the worn brick floor of the veranda was darkened by a roof lifted above the second-story windows by four white columns. It was cool on this porch, even on a June day like this on which Cecil and her husband were coming back to Old Chester to spend the summer, — a day brimming with hot sunshine, and with not a breath of wind to carry the scents of the garden up to the open windows of the house.

Alicia Drayton had sheltered herself under a big umbrella when she climbed

the hill; but she was glad to sit down on the porch steps and rest, and fan herself with her hat, before going indoors to her pleasant task of giving the final touches of order and comfort to her sister's house. She called over her shoulder to Eliza Todd, who was scrubbing somewhere within, and came clattering through the hall to tell Miss Drayton that all the mopboards were cleaned, and every window was done, "and done good," Eliza said; and that consciousness made her feel enough at leisure to stand leaning on her broom listening to Miss Lyssie, who was incapable of seeing any reason why she should not tell her scrubbing-woman how happy she was to have her sister at home again.

"And Molly! Molly is my little niece, Eliza; she's just eight. Oh, she is the dearest little thing! Though she can't be very little now; she was five the last time I saw her, and of course she's grown since then."

"And have they just the one?" said Eliza.

"Yes," said Miss Drayton. "I'm sure I don't know what my sister would do if there were any others, she loves Molly so much!"

"Well," Eliza commented, "a mother, she's always got love enough to go round, somehow. I wish you could say the same of shoes."

"How is Job, Eliza?" the girl asked kindly.

"He's been sober for three days," said Job's wife. "If your sister had to count days between spreeds, she might say she was glad there was only one. And me with six, an' another coming! Well, Miss Lyssie, the Good Man's judgment ain't just like ours, is it? Me with six, an' only one in a nice house like this! Well, I guess I'll go back to that hall; it wants to be swep' once more."

Alicia followed her in pitying silence, and a grave look lingered in her face even when she was busy with her pleasant work. Her scrubwoman's domestic

infelicities were very puzzling to Lyssie. Once, hesitatingly, after discouraging efforts to reconcile the husband and wife, whose violent quarrels were commonplace village gossip, she had suggested to Miss Carr that Eliza be advised to leave Job. "They don't like each other, Miss Susan," the girl said, "and he treats her badly, and we have to support the children."

"Why, he is her husband, Lyssie Drayton!" cried Miss Susan. "You don't know what you are talking about, child!" And her horrified disapproval closed Alicia's lips.

"But I'm going to ask Ceci what she thinks," Lyssie said to herself, when, late in the afternoon, a half hour before it was time to expect the stage, she went out on the porch again to rest. And then, in her own happiness, she could not help forgetting poor Eliza and her troubles. A red rose leaned its chin upon the balustrade and looked at her. Alicia pulled it down against her cheek in a pretty caress; it made her think of her sister. It was brimmed with sunshine, and hot and sweet with passionate color. She remembered how Cecil liked to sit in the sunshine, with lovely, lazy, half-shut eyes, and strong white fingers clasped behind her head; her lip — Alicia looked at the rose — what a way Cecil had of holding her lip between her teeth, and then letting it go, wet and red! Alicia twisted the thorny stem, but dropped it quickly, and put her finger to her lips and said, "Ouch!" and then tried again to pluck it. "I'll put it on her dressing table," she reflected, "and tell her it looks like her."

II.

At five, when the yellow coach, swinging, pitching on its big springs, came rumbling up the lane, with much clattering of harness and cracking of the whip, Cecil Shore's house was all ready for her. Philip was on the top seat

with the driver, his hand on the collar of a big dog, whose trepidation at his swaying elevation was manifest; his master's face broke into a smile at the sight of Alicia, standing in happy excitement on the steps, and before the horses could come to a standstill he had swung himself down and kissed her, with one hand on her shoulder, and the other dragging Eric back, for the dog had followed him with a flying leap. Then he turned and opened the stage door, which was glowing with an Italian landscape of mountains, lakes, and Lombardy poplars.

"Let me help you, Cecil," he said.

Cecil, in the dark cavern of the coach, was smiling at some one beside her. "Yes, that is Lyssie, that is my sister," she was explaining. "Lys dear, here we are! Have you worked your little hands off for us?" The soft, dark feathers of her wide hat brushed the top of the stage doorway, as, slowly, touching her husband's arm to steady herself, she came down the two hinged steps; then she smiled up at Alicia, and put two fingers under the girl's chin and kissed her. "Bless your dear little heart!" she said. "I hope you are not worn out by house-cleaning?" And then she looked over her shoulder at the gentleman who had followed her from the coach, and upon whom Eric was bestowing a warm, wet welcome.

"This is Mr. Carey, Lyssie; my sister, Mr. Carey. Oh, don't let Eric jump all over you! Well, Lys dear, how are you? Oh, Lyssie, I left my book in the stage; get it, dear, will you?"

Alicia had no eyes for any one but Cecil. She ran back for the book, and stopped to hug Molly once again, and said no more than "Excuse me" when she brushed past Mr. Carey and followed her sister into the drawing-room. There she put Cecil into a big chair, and then stood and looked at her, her breath shaken by a happiness which brought the tears to her eyes.

"Oh, my dear!" she said; strangely enough, the older woman stirred all the mother in the girl. "Oh, Ceci, to think you are here!" She slipped down to the floor, and put her arms about her sister's waist and kissed her shoulder. "Are you well? Is Philip well? Molly looks as blooming as a rose. Oh, Ceci, there never was anybody so dear as you!"

"Molly is an angel," Molly's mother declared. "Lyssie, here is Mr. Carey. Mr. Carey, a declaration is being made me." She bent Alicia's face back and kissed her, smiling, and then she glanced about the long, pleasant room.

"Oh, how familiar it all looks! Mr. Carey, my sister has put this whole house in order for me."

Mr. Carey, standing in the doorway, was civilly surprised at Miss Drayton's goodness, and cleverness, and anything else that Mrs. Shore chose to say, but he was plainly more interested in Eric, who ought to have some water, he said.

"Here, you brute," he protested, "don't jump on me! Mrs. Shore, may Eric come into the parlor?"

"You must ask Lyssie," she said, leaning back in her chair. "May he come in, Lys? How cool it is in here with this white matting on the floor! Lyssie, the house looks as though it had been lived in always; and let me see — it's three years since we've been here, isn't it? Those poppies are superb. Oh, what color, what color! Mrs. Drayton sent them? She's very good, I'm sure. I hope she is quite well? Molly, come pull off mamma's gloves. And how is Old Chester, Lyssie? Is everybody asleep? Do you think they will waken up to talk about me? Oh, do put those poppies here beside me; that scarlet is — I think it is an expression of religion. Poor Lys, how I shock you! Mr. Carey, did you know that Mr. Shore was the Example of Old Chester, and I the Warning? We come like two traveling evangelists."

"Well, I will go and assist the Ex-

ample," said the young man, and went out into the hall, where the master of the house was giving directions about trunks and boxes.

Alicia was so far used to the excited happiness of the arrival that she glanced at Mr. Carey, and thought that his short, rough, blond hair made him rather good looking. He also glanced at her with a pair of candid, obstinate blue eyes, and said to himself, "To think of those two women being sisters!" Indeed, his impression of her was deep enough to make him say, while he was looking after Eric's comfort, "She seems like a mighty nice girl."

Cecil, meantime, in her big, cool bedroom, was explaining her guest to her sister. "I hardly know him; I've only seen him twice. He's a friend of Philip's; he's a lawyer, but quite an authority on pig iron, too. He looks it, somehow, don't you think he does? The word suggests him,—pig iron. Well, you know Philip is writing a book on the chemical changes in pig iron,—Heaven knows why! One would think he had enough on his hands with his scholarship fund and his political people; but he persuaded Mr. Carey to come down for a fortnight and help him about something. Philip thinks him charming," she ended, and smiled, with the corner of her red lip drooping; "but really, he is n't bad, Lys?"

She had taken a gold pin from her hair, and two braids fell heavily upon her shoulders. Lyssie, her elbows on the toilet table, and her chin in her hands, sat absorbed in looking at her. "Oh, Ceci, I wish you would never go away again," she said.

"My dear! I should die here," Cecil assured her seriously. "A summer is all I can think of. I wanted Molly to be in the country, in some quiet place, and I wanted to see you, so I thought I could stand Old Chester for three months. But this room is certainly very nice," she broke off, with such a kind

look that Alicia forgot the fatigue of her day's work. She glanced at the white curtains in the four deep windows, and reflected how she had hammered her thumb in putting them up; but what did that matter? Cecil liked her room! There was matting on the floor, and white covers on the furniture, and a deep white valance about the bed, whose four tall posts were crowned with a tester. It, too, was hung with white dimity. There were two silver candlesticks on the table, and an India china bowl full of pale pink roses. There was also a deep red rose in a glass on the toilet table.

"I thought it looked like you, Ceci," the younger sister said timidly.

"No, not a rose, Lys," she corrected her slowly, with a melodious break of silence between her sentences. "I'm a peony. I've no soul. Put it in Philip's room. He is all soul! Philip has almost converted Mr. Carey (his name is Roger,—Roger Carey) to his political opinions. Not quite, though, as he has an interest in a rolling-mill at Mercer, and iron rust doth corrupt, so he's still a Republican. But I almost wish he would get converted, I'm so tired of hearing the excellent Philip plead with him. They talked about it in the train, all the way to Mercer. I composed a new soup in my mind, to keep the refrain of 'reform' from putting me to sleep. Well, what do you think of him, Lys?"

"He looks rather nice," Alicia commented, "and he was good to Eric."

"Oh, he is given up to dogs and horses and all that sort of thing; he's that sort of a man. But he's good natured, and, thank Heaven, he has a sense of humor. I like to talk to him, though he is rude. I think, if he had been born in a different class, he would have knocked his wife down sometimes, or sworn at her, anyhow."

"Is he married?" Lyssie said.

"Oh dear, no; he has n't money

enough to marry. What do you think of his looks?"

"I'd rather think of yours," Lyssie declared. "His eyes seemed nice, and I thought he was rather a rosy person; oh, quite good looking, I think. But, Ceci, I think *you* — Oh, when you bring those two braids around behind your ears and cross them on top of your head, with those little tendrils of curls sticking out of them, they look like a chaplet of laurel!"

"You are rather nice looking yourself," said the other, thrusting the gold pin through these same splendid braids, and glancing with kind eyes at her young sister, who indeed had no more claim to beauty than is given by mere youth, with perhaps a fresh color, and frank eyes, and a well-shaped head set on a slender, girlish neck. "Yes, though not a raving beauty, you are nice to look at. How is our dear papa, Lys? I have n't heard from him for six months. I think he never included me among his 'dear ones.'"

"About the same, I think," Alicia answered soberly. "Mother had a letter last week. I wish she were able to join him, Ceci. I think, if she just got through the voyage, Cannes would be good for her."

"Good gracious!" cried Cecil. "Well, Lyssie, don't let Mrs. Drayton come down upon him unexpectedly; don't surprise him, dear."

"Oh, there really is n't any chance of her doing it," Lyssie said; "but why not? I always thought that it would be so pleasant, to be surprised?"

"I — I don't think it would be pleasant," Mrs. Shore answered briefly; and added, "for our dear papa." And then she laughed, and pushed her chair back from the dressing table, resting her fingers on its linen cover, and glancing into the long mirror which stood behind it, between the windows.

"Well, is there anything interesting going on in Old Chester? Oh, I forgot

to tell you. Mr. Carey is a sort of relation of some Mrs. Pendleton (or rather of her husband) who has come to Old Chester to live. He had forgotten it, but Philip discovered it in some way. Who is she?"

"Well, she's a widow; she's — oh, I'll tell you who she is, Ceci: she was the Miss Amanda Townsend whom we used to hear about when we were children, — don't you remember? She was engaged to Mr. Joseph Lavendar, and they quarreled; and she married some rich man right off, — oh, in a month, I think, or something like that. Well, he was Mr. Pendleton; he died nearly two years ago. Such crape! She must have been very much attached to him; she's all covered up in crape yet. And he left her a house here, and quite a lot of money," said Lyssie, with some awe; "they say five thousand a year!"

Cecil laughed, and rose. "What a fortune! I should think Mr. Joseph would try to make up."

"I think he'd like to," Lyssie said; "but they say that if she marries again she has to give up the money; and then, I don't think Dr. Lavendar likes her, so Mr. Joseph could n't."

"Is Dr. Lavendar just as dusty and tangled looking as ever?" Cecil inquired. "People really ought not to be allowed to offend the world by their looks! I had such a time this spring with my coachman. He appeared, if you please, in blue spectacles. It did n't interfere with his driving, of course, but he was a perfect object! I told him I could n't have it. He could take off the spectacles or leave. He left: so annoying in him!"

"But the poor man's eyes," protested Lyssie; "perhaps he needed blue glasses?"

"Well, that was n't my affair," Cecil said gayly; "and I certainly was not going to endure blue goggles because Jones had poor eyes."

"But he must have felt rather dis-

couraged," Lyssie persisted, still sympathizing with Jones, "to lose a place just because" —

"Oh, those people don't mind," Cecil interrupted her carelessly. "Come! let's go to the nursery. Molly is delicious. Have you seen her?"

The visit to the nursery delayed supper, but that did not trouble Mrs. Shore. She brought Molly downstairs with her, and kept her at her side at the table, feeding her with lumps of sugar dipped in coffee, to the child's delight, and her father's great but reticent annoyance.

Mr. Carey's keen eyes noticed the annoyance in spite of the reticence. "Funny match," he thought, glancing at his hostess across his wineglass; and he reflected that the other sister was "more like Shore."

"The other," sitting opposite him, was defending herself from a charge of neglect.

"It's very ungracious in you," Mrs. Shore was saying, "to leave me the moment you've had your supper!"

"You know I'd like to stay, Ceci," the girl pleaded, "but I don't want to leave mother alone all the evening. I was here in the morning, you know."

"You rushed home to give her her dinner," interrupted Cecil gayly; "I am certain of that! Molly, will you be as good to mamma, when she is old and fussy, as aunt Lyssie is to grandmamma?"

Alicia's color rose a little. "*Of course* I went home; I wanted some dinner myself. But I was here all the afternoon, and I could n't be away in the evening, too?" she ended anxiously.

And Roger Carey, listening, said to himself again, "She's a mighty nice little thing." But he laughed, notwithstanding his appreciation of her character, when Mrs. Shore declared drolly, "Oh, Lyssie, your especial form of selfishness is unselfishness!"

"At least it is an unusual form," Philip said, smiling; "but anything unusual is very bad, Lys!"

And then the group about the table broke up, and Alicia said she must go home. Cecil reproached her, and her brother enticed her, and Mr. Carey said that, as an unprejudiced outsider, he must say he thought she was neglecting her family. But she was charmingly firm; so Philip and his guest escorted her to her door, through a mist of June moonlight, full of the scent of dewy leaves and blossoming grass.

Cecil, left alone upon the porch, cuddled Molly in her arms, and thought how tired she was with her journey, and how delightful it would be to have nothing whatever to do for the next three months.

The summer night fell like a perfumed curtain across the valley; the dusk had a certain richness of texture, as though one might lay one's face against it and feel its softness. From the pool below the terraces came the bell-like clang of frogs. Katydids answered each other in the tulip-trees, and the shrill, monotonous note of the cicada rose and fell, and rose again. Molly had fallen asleep, and Cecil felt the little limbs relax, and the head grow heavy upon her arm; she looked down at her, and leaned her face towards the child's soft, parted lips, and felt her breath upon her cheek; she lifted the little limp, warm hand to her lips, and kissed it gently; but Molly stirred and fretted, and her mother was plainly relieved when the nurse came to take her to bed.

"How heavy she is getting, Rosa!" Mrs. Shore said, with that frowning pride common to mothers when any pain comes to them from the child's strength; and her eyes followed the little figure in Rosa's arms with a sort of passionate tenderness, before she allowed herself to sink back into her chair, and yawn, and think that her arm was really stiff from the child's weight.

"Yes, it will be good for her to be here," she reflected; "the duller it is, the better on her account. But, good

heavens! I don't know how I am going to stand it. Perhaps I was a fool not to have sent her to Alicia, and taken Philip abroad for the summer?"

No nicety of thought prevented Mrs. Shore from regarding her husband's entire financial dependence upon her with anything but a crude truthfulness; but she was apt to confound such dependence with a certain silent acquiescence in her plans, and to feel that she really might have "taken" him abroad, or that she had "brought" him to Old Chester.

In the half-light there upon the old porch, where the climbing roses and the wistaria grew so thick about the pillars that they made an almost impenetrable lattice against the faint yellow light still lingering in the west, the singular and distinguished beauty of Cecil Shore's face was less noticeable than was that peculiar brutality one sees sometimes in refined and cultivated faces which have known nothing but ease: faces which have never shown eagerness, because all their desires are at hand; nor pity, because they have never suffered; nor humility, because their tributary world has made their sins those of omission rather than of commission.

"But this Mr. Carey is entertaining," Cecil was thinking, — "if a friend of Philip's can be entertaining!" She sighed, and looked wearily about her. "Yes, it *must* be good for Molly," she repeated, as though for self-encouragement. Sometimes the sense of a lack of interest comes over one with a horrible physical sinking. "And nothing ever has been interesting except that first year I was married!" she said to herself.

She was just thirty: nearly half her life, perhaps, was lived; why in the world should another thirty years seem so horrible? She had so many of the conditions which are supposed to mean happiness. She had Molly. "But, after all, Molly is not myself," she thought. In a mother this keen sense of personal identity is significant; it was even con-

ceivable, with this sense, that Cecil Shore's little daughter might some time bore her. As she lay back in her chair, her face grew curiously dull and heavy, as though for very weariness of her own well being; and then a faint amusement came into her eyes at the remembrance of her husband's excellence, and with it a contemptuous impatience of her own good humor. For she was very good humored with Philip. Even Old Chester, snubbed and shocked and honestly grieved at a thousand faults, — even Old Chester had to admit that she was very agreeable to Philip. "She makes him very comfortable," Old Chester said. "She is a good housekeeper, and that is most praiseworthy. She gives a great deal of thought to her food. She is lazy, but she trains her cook herself!" Her failings were all on the side of impertinence to her elders and betters, in extravagance, in indolence, in not bringing Molly up according to Old Chester traditions. But, for all that, she made Philip "very comfortable."

"How he hates it!" she thought to herself, a keen humor lighting her eyes. "He does n't want to be made comfortable. I think he would really like it better if I were not so agreeable to him. Oh, he ought to have been a monk, — he ought to have been a monk!"

III.

Mrs. Drayton had been quite right in saying that Philip was always properly attentive. His first call in Old Chester was upon her; and though he was careful to say that his wife had sent him, with her love and apologies that the fatigue of the journey kept her from coming herself, no credit was given to Cecil.

"Sent him!" Mrs. Drayton said afterwards to Alicia, aggrieved, but shrewd. "As if I did n't know what that amounted to! She does n't even know he has been to see me. Oh, when I think how

I took her mother's place to Cecil, it is a little bitter to feel that she does n't care for me." Her eyes filled, and Lysie knelt down and put her arms about her and comforted her, with that sincere and troubled tenderness — love knows it well — that dares not stop to think of truth.

"Cecil was so tired with her journey. Of course she wants to see you, dearest, but" —

"Oh," cried Mrs. Drayton, "you don't understand. Only a mother can understand the pang that a child's ingratitude causes. Of course I try to be forgiving, — 'seventy times seven' is my motto, — but Cecil was always like my own child to me. Did I ever tell you that somebody once asked Susy Carr which of you was your father's child by his first wife? Well, that shows how I loved her. And I'm sure, only the other day I made you carry her some poppies. I'm always showing her my affection, and she despises, despi—" And Mrs. Drayton broke down and wept.

Alicia, very pitiful of what her clear eyes told her was not wounded love, but wounded vanity, stayed in the darkened room for an hour, though she had not given Esther her orders for the day, nor picked the roses, nor fed her pigeons, nor had a moment to run up the hill to see Cecil.

On this particular occasion, however, in spite of Mrs. Drayton's insight into Cecil's feelings, her step-daughter did know that Philip was being "properly attentive." That morning, as he and Molly and Mr. Carey had started down to the village together, Cecil, standing on the porch to see them off, said gayly, "Spare Mr. Carey Mrs. Drayton, Philip. He has done nothing to deserve Mrs. Drayton, I'm sure. And make me as fatigued as possible, do! I shall not be equal to a call for a week."

Molly, hanging on her father's hand, said gravely, "Why does n't mamma like grandmamma?" At which Roger Ca-

rey, under his breath, said something about little pitchers, and Philip laughed in spite of himself, but looked annoyed, and called Molly's attention to the fact that she had better pick some daisies for her aunt Lyssie.

They left Mr. Carey at his kinswoman's door before Philip went to make his call upon Mrs. Drayton. "Turn up at the tavern about eleven, Carey," he said, "and we'll walk back together."

"Eleven!" thought Mr. Carey, with dismay. "Must I stay with the old lady until eleven?"

Mrs. Pendleton was plainly of the opinion that he must, for she had many things to talk about. She was a pretty little woman, in spite of the heavy crape in which she was swathed; her face was round and somewhat rosy, and her light brown hair waved down over her ears, and about a forehead as smooth as though she were fourteen instead of forty-five. There was hardly a wrinkle on her placid face. Dr. Lavendar had been heard to say, in this connection, that "thought made wrinkles." And the inference was obvious! Yet the fact that Mrs. Pendleton was known in the world of letters might seem to contradict such an inference. To be sure, it was only as "Amanda P.," but almost every one who had seen the thin volume of verses had heard Mrs. Pendleton's modest acknowledgment of its authorship.

"I suppose," she used to confess whenever she gave away a copy of the book, "I suppose it was unfeminine to publish, but 'Amanda P.' is not like appearing under my own name. That I never could have done; it would have been so unfeminine." Indeed, in Old Chester Mrs. Pendleton was as distinguished by her femininity as by literature. Her delicate manners were of the kind that used to be called "genteel," and she always displayed the timidity and modesty that are expected of a "very feminine" female. She had fainted once when a little mouse ran across

the chancel in church, and she had been known to say that she thought certain words in the service "most indelicate."

As she talked, Mr. Carey felt again his old impatience with her, which he had forgotten, as he had forgotten her, and he wished he could intercept Philip somewhere before the hour for meeting him at the tavern was up. Mrs. Pendleton did, however, give him a good deal of Old Chester gossip, for which he was not ungrateful. She told him that Frances Drayton, Cecil Shore's stepmother, was a most lovable character, and Alicia a devoted and dutiful daughter; that Susan Carr was quite philanthropic; and that Jane Temple had married very much beneath her. Mrs. Pendleton had lived in Old Chester only a short time, but it was another of her characteristics, this of speaking of persons whom she knew slightly by their first names.

The hour was nearly up when Roger went away, saying that he wanted to have a look at Old Chester before going home. He walked down by the church, and wondered what philosophy Dr. Lavendar exploited; for plain religion would scarcely have warranted Mrs. Pendleton's appreciative remark that old Dr. Lavendar was *very* learned, though — though a little shabby. She did not mean to speak unkindly, but he was certainly shabby.

It was a pretty little church, the walls all rustling and tremulous with ivy, and with a flutter of sparrows' wings about the eaves. Philip had told him that Miss Drayton sung in the choir on Sundays. "I've a great mind to go to church while I'm here," the young man reflected. And with this thought in his mind, it was natural enough to turn and walk up on the other side of the street, past a low, whitewashed wall crowned by a dusty hawthorn hedge. It was remarkable how often Mr. Roger Carey glanced over that hedge at the white house behind it. "Perhaps she'll happen to come out," he said to himself. Possibly to

keep such a chance open he stopped, and seemed to examine, with frowning interest, the fringe of grass which straggled out from the lawn and hung over the wall; but no door opened in the silent, sunny house, and no light step came down the path, and he was obliged to walk on. He wondered whether, when Mrs. Shore had presented him to Miss Drayton, and he had bowed, and said nothing but that Eric ought to have a drink, he had seemed like a cub? He really felt a little anxious. "The next time I see her I'll make myself agreeable; I'll make a pretty speech," he promised himself, his pleasant eyes crinkling into a laugh; and then his whole face suddenly beamed, and he pulled off his hat, for there was the lady of his thoughts before him. The barn, connected with the house by a line of outbuildings, faced the street; its double doors were open, and on the threshold, with the cavernous dusk behind her, stood Alicia Drayton in a blue print gown, her soft hair blowing about her forehead, and a crowd of fantail pigeons strutting and cooing and tumbling over one another at her feet. Lyssie had a basket in her hand, and now and then she threw a handful of oats among them; they walked over one another's pink feet, and pressed their snowy breasts so closely together that the grain fell on their glistening backs and wings before it reached the floor. Lyssie, as she let the oats drop through her fingers, made a low coo in her throat, or stopped to admonish her jostling friends. "Don't push so, Snowball. Puff, you're rude. There! there's some all for yourself." Then she looked out across the sunshine in front of the barn and saw Mr. Carey. She remembered quickly that her hair was rough, and she brushed the stray locks back with her wrist, but she smiled and said, "Good-morning. Yes, do!" when he called out to know if he might come in and admire her flock.

"Why, aren't they tame!" he said,

as he took her hand, and then watched the pigeons flutter back after their moment's consternation at his footsteps. He had really meant to look at Alicia, she made so pretty a picture standing on the barn floor, with the shadowy haymow behind her, and a dusty line of sunshine from the window in the roof lying like a bar between them, — he had intended to look at her, and perhaps even make his pretty speech; but the pigeons interested him too much; he had a dozen questions to ask about them.

"Have you any swifts? Do you call the young ones squabs or squalers? The sheen on that one's neck is like a bit of Roman glass!"

"Is it? That's Puff. Indeed they are tame; look here!" She knelt down and stretched out her hand. "Come, come, come," she said, with the cooing sound in her throat; and one of the pigeons hopped upon her finger, clasping it with his red, hard little feet, and balancing back and forth with agitated entreaty to be careful, the fleeting iridescence of his rippling breast striking out into sudden color. And as she knelt there, Roger, looking down at her, and seeing the pretty way her hair grew about the nape of her white neck, found the pigeons less absorbing. Then she said she would show him something else that was pretty, and stepped back into the dusky gloom of the barn and called "Fanny, Fanny! Come, Fan!" There was a scurry of uncertain little hoofs back in the recesses of the stable, and a bay colt, long-legged and shaggy, with small, suspicious ears pointed at the intruder, came with hesitating skips to her side.

"Is n't she a beauty?" Lyssie said. She had forgotten all her embarrassment of rumpled hair, and looked at him with the frankest, kindest eyes. Roger, examining the colt's mouth and stroking its absurd legs, said "yes," and called her attention to several good points, as certain of her appreciation as if she had not been a girl. Fanny's mother thrust

her serious head over her manger, and watched the young people, and the pigeons, and the long shaft of sunshine falling in a pool on the rough floor at Fanny's forefeet.

"She's named for my mother," Alicia explained; and after that they talked as easily as if they had known each other for years. Philip was making a lot of visits, Mr. Carey told her. "Yes, he's been here with Molly," said Alicia. "It's so sweet in Cecil to send them to see mother the first thing; Cecil was too tired to come herself."

"Yes," said Mr. Carey; "so — ah — she said. I went down to see the church, Miss Drayton. Philip says we can come and hear you sing on Sunday?"

"Oh, it is Miss Susan Carr who sings," Lyssie explained; "she has a beautiful voice."

She looked at him with such placid candor that it would have been absurd to make a "pretty speech." As he thought it over afterwards, Roger Carey was surprised to find that he had not made a single pretty speech in their whole talk as they stood there in the barn with Fanny and the pigeons; perhaps it would have come had the talk been longer, but Alicia chanced to speak of Philip, and Mr. Carey, conscience-stricken, remembered that the hour was more than up.

"Philip!" he said. "What will Philip say to me? I was to have met him half an hour ago." Then he said good-by, and rushed away. But his haste was unnecessary; Philip had not yet reached the tavern; so he had to walk home by himself, thinking all the while, with regret, that he might have stayed a little longer in the barn.

The fact was, his host had forgotten him. After he had done his duty in calling upon his mother-in-law, there were many old friends whom he wanted to see. Then, too, he had to stop to point out familiar landmarks to his little daughter, which took time.

"Look, that's where father went to school."

"Is that where you used to draw pictures on your slate instead of doing sums?"

Philip's confession would not have been approved by an educator: "Yes; it was a great deal better than sums."

After that they stopped to buy some candy at Tommy Dove's. "I used to waste lots of my allowance here when Mr. Tommy's father kept the apothecary shop," Philip said; and the purchase of a red-and-white-striped candy whistle, very stale and very strongly flavored with wintergreen, detained them at least a quarter of an hour. Then, too, they had to pause under one of the ailanthus trees on the green, so that her father might show Molly how to make a strange, husky noise through the whistle, while between her lips it was melting into sticky sweetness.

It was nearly noon before they reached the rectory, — a small, rambling house, with vines growing thick about its doors and windows. When they crossed the threshold, the visitors took one step down into a narrow hall, and then turned sharp to the right to enter Dr. Lavendar's study, a small room, smelling of tobacco smoke and leather bindings. There was a work table, with a lathe beside it, standing in a flood of sunshine by a south window, but vines darkened the other windows, and the book-covered walls filled the room with a pleasant dusk. The old clergyman looked up from his sermon when Philip and Molly broke in upon his solitude. His eyes shone with pleasure; he took his pipe from his lips, and stretched out his hand to them without rising.

"Can't get up," he said, frowning, with great show of annoyance; "this abominable dog has gone to sleep with his head on my foot! Dogs are perfect nuisances!" But, as a shaggy old Scotch terrier rose, yawning and stretching, from the floor beside him, he did rise, and clapped Philip on the shoulder,

twinkling at him from under bushy white eyebrows.

"Good boy! Good boy!" he said. "And the child? Nice child. Go and play in the garden, my dear. I can't remember her name, Philip?"

Molly, obedient, and glad to get out again into the sunshine, would have stepped from the open French window into the deep, tangled sweetness of an old-fashioned garden, but Dr. Lavendar called her back. He put his pipe down on the mantelshef, and searched slowly in all the pockets of his ancient dressing-gown. "There," he said, "there's a nickel! Now go." And Molly, with a wondering glance at her father, went.

Dr. Lavendar sat down in front of his work table. "Back again, boy? How long do you intend to stay? How's your wife?"

"Well," Philip told him briefly, and added that they should spend the summer in Old Chester.

"You did n't see Joseph in Mercer, as you came through? Well, never mind; he'll be here on Saturday, — never fails to come on Saturday. Hi, there, Danny! Do you see that dog getting into my armchair? I won't have it; I'll give him away. Daniel, you're a scoundrel." Then he got up and poked a cushion under Danny's little old gray head.

"I have seen only two or three people beside Mrs. Drayton," said Philip, — "oh! and Mrs. Pendleton. I stopped at her house to present my friend, Roger Carey, who is staying with me. He is a connection of her husband's."

"Yes, yes; she's come here to live," said Dr. Lavendar, the eager sweetness of his old face changing suddenly. "You know who she is? She's the girl who broke off with Joey. She lived in Mercer then. Well, that's twenty years ago now; but she's the same woman, — the same woman!"

"Perhaps she's had a change of heart," Philip suggested.

"Can the Ethiopian change his skin?" cried Dr. Lavendar tremulously. "No, no, Philip. She threw Joey over for a rich man. And she has a small mouth. I will never trust a woman with a small mouth. Why? When you've had more experience in life, you'll know why. Women with small mouths think of nothing but themselves. You can see it in this — ah — person. She threw Joey over!"

"But if Mr. Joseph has forgiven her" — Philip began; but Dr. Lavendar would not discuss Mrs. Pendleton.

"I'm afraid I seem irritated," he said apologetically; "sometimes I almost lose my patience in speaking of her. Yes, Joe forgave her, and I ought not to be resentful, I'm sure. I'm the gainer. I'd have lost him if she'd appreciated him. She's the kind of woman who comes out three or four words behind the rest of the congregation in the responses, Philip. If you were a clergyman, you'd know what that means!" He pulled his black silk skullcap down hard over his white hair that stood up very stiff and straight above his anxious, wrinkled forehead and his keen dark eyes. Then he sighed, and said, with a little effort, "Look here, Philip, I've something to show you."

He turned his swivel chair round a little, and began to fumble at the lock of a drawer in his table. "I always keep the key in the lock," he said, chuckling. "If I did n't, I should lose it twenty times a day!" He pulled the drawer open with an excited jerk, and took out some small packages of soft white tissue paper; he unfolded them with eager haste, his lips opening and closing with interest.

"Look at that!" he said, and spread in the palm of his hand a dozen small, glittering stones. "They are hyacinths. Joey got 'em for me. Look at this one." He took a single stone up in his pinchers, and held it between Philip and the light. "Some time, Philip, when you are a

rich man, you shall give me a diamond to cut?"

"You shall have it, sir," Philip assured him; "but I'm afraid I'll never be a rich man. How does the book come on, Dr. Lavendar?"

The old clergyman shook his head. "Fairly, Philip, fairly; I think it will be done in about three years. You see, *The History of Precious Stones* cannot be written in a day. (That's the title, — *The History of Precious Stones*. Don't you think that is a good title?) No, it can't be written in a day. It is the history of the human race, when you come to think of it. And that's a large subject, sir, a large subject. You see, there are so many discursions from the main subject necessary, — sub-subjects, as it were. Take, for instance, the story of the emerald of Artabanus; of course that brings up his wife, and she at once recalls to the thoughtful reader the incident of *her* father and his general. Or say rubies: one is reminded of the dancer who lost his bride because Clisthenes objected that he 'gesticulated with his legs.' You remember the story of the ruby there, of course, Philip?"

Philip was prudently silent.

"Of course all that must be given. Yes, I think it will certainly be three years before the book is finished. Then I'll rewrite it and polish it. I've no patience with those crude writers who don't polish. Books are like sapphires; they must be polished — polished! or else you insult your readers."

"It will be a very valuable book, I've no doubt, sir."

"Why, certainly, certainly," Dr. Lavendar agreed, rather curtly (the young man's observation seemed trite); "of course it will be valuable. It gives me pleasure to feel that I am going to be able to leave Joey a snug little sum; he'll have a regular income from *The History of Precious Stones*, when I'm dead and gone, sir."

Philip, suppressing any astonishment

he might have felt at the profits of literature, examined an amethyst of very beautiful color, while Dr. Lavendar explained that all his stones were cheap. "Joey can't afford valuable stones," he said; "but for beauty, what is more beautiful than those drops of immortal, unchangeable light? Look here!" He rummaged in another drawer, and found a cracked china cup, half full of small, roughly cut stones. "Topazes, garnets, green garnets, — look!" He took up a handful of them, and, standing there in the stream of sunshine from the deep window, let them slip by twos and threes between his fingers, a flashing drip of color.

Philip went away, smiling and sighing.

"What do you breathe such long breaths for, father?" said Molly; and he turned his sigh into a laugh, and said he was thinking it was pretty nice to live in Old Chester.

"Everybody's so happy, Polly," he explained.

"But why do they all fuss so?" Molly inquired gravely; and when he bade her remember that little girls did not know enough to talk about grown persons, she looked up at him and made her small excuse with puzzled face. "But mamma said so. Mamma said that everybody here was awfully fussy, and they bored her to death."

Her father was too busy pointing out a martin-house in the fork of an oak to make any comment on "mamma's" views, and she did not look up to see the irritation in his face. She went springing along by his side over the short pasture turf, in a search for Miss Susan Carr, who was, they were told, looking after some late planting on her farm. They crossed a brook, that went bubbling between green banks, making whirling loops of foam about the larger stones in its path; a cow, standing ankle-deep in its shallow rush, sighed, as they passed her, in calm and fragrant meditation. Old

Chester was behind them, and high up on a hillside on the left the balconied roof of Cecil Shore's house gleamed whitely above the treetops.

"Oh, father," said Molly, "can't I take off my shoes and stockings and wade?"

And Philip, nothing loath to light a cigar and sit in the sun, said, "Yes, by all means! Miss Susan has to cross this field to get home, so we'll wait for her here."

He stretched himself out lazily under a beech, and with half-shut eyes watched, through the cigar smoke, the child holding her skirts well up out of the water, gripping the slippery stones with little bare white feet, and balancing herself in all the delightful excitement of a possible tumble. The beech leaves moved and whispered in a fresh breeze, and the brook kept up a low argument broken into chattering bursts; the sun shone warm on the green slope of the field, and far off, behind the hills, deep in the placid blue, great shiny clouds lay like the domes of a distant and celestial city. A man could forget the harshness of living, in such warm peace. Philip was almost sorry when Miss Susan Carr's cordial, strident voice hailed him with affection and surprise. She came towards him, all unconscious of her heavy, muddy boots and her hot, red face.

"My dear Philip! My dear boy!" she said, her kind, near-sighted brown eyes dimmed with pleasure. And then she kissed him heartily, and asked a dozen questions about his health and his concerns, and hugged Molly, and said she hoped Cecil was well. She stood there in her short linsey-woolsey skirt and loose baggy jacket, one hand on her hip, looking at him with those quick, anxious glances which, to be sure, do not see very deeply into a man's soul, but are full of that mother comfort that often speaks in the faces of childless women. Philip's affection answered her in his words and eyes. He and Molly went

home with her ; and Molly had a cake, and went to visit the kittens in company with Miss Susan's old Ellen ; and Philip drank a glass of wine, and Miss Susan talked and beamed. She gossiped, like all the rest of Old Chester ; but, by some mysterious method, Susan Carr's gossip gave the listener a gentler feeling towards his kind. When she spoke of her neighbors' faults, one knew that somehow they were simply virtues gone to seed ; and, what was more remarkable, her praise had no sting of insinuation in it, no suggestion that she could speak differently if she chose. Susan Carr's heart was sound and sweet ; she seemed to have brought from her fields and pastures the courage of the winds and sunshine, and the spirit of the steadfast earth. Her face was as fresh as an autumn morning ; her nut-brown hair, with a large, soft wave on either side of the parting, had not a thread of gray, though she was quite forty-five ; on her cheek there was the glow that a russet apple has on the side nearest the sun, and her dark eyes crinkled into laughter as easily as they had done at twenty. She had a great deal to say to Philip, and all in a loud, breezy, vibrating voice, full of eager and friendly confidence in his interest. She told him that Lyssie was the dearest child in the world, "and devoted to Frances," she declared. "Of course she has n't Cecil's looks ; but she's such a pleasant girl, and such a good child, too." She had a good word for Mrs. Pendleton, though there was a little effort in her voice. She laughed good naturedly about the Lavenders. "Yes, the dear old doctor still preaches on the Walls of the New Jerusalem. He is wonderfully learned, Philip, about precious stones ; and I don't mind hearing about jacinth and chrysoprase and all those ; it's really interesting. And it is about heaven, too," she added reverently.

"I suppose you and Lyssie do a good deal of his parish work for him ?" Philip

said, lounging up and down the room, his hands in his pockets. "How familiar everything looks, Miss Susan ! How well I remember the first time I came into this room with uncle Donald !"

"Do you ?" she said, her face softening. "How proud he was of you, Philip ! Well, yes, Lyssie and I help the doctor sometimes. He's getting old, dear old man. But he won't spare himself. Careless as he is in his dress and about small things, in his work he's as exact and as punctual ! Dear me, I wish the rest of us were half so methodical. You can't make him remember to order Jones to clip the hedge by the church, or to tell his Mary to mend his surplice ; but if he has promised to see a poor soul at the upper village, he's there on the minute ; or if he thinks Job Todd has been drinking, he's sure to call just at the time he gets home from the shop, so as to keep him from abusing Eliza."

Philip, listening and smiling, said "yes" or "no" as Miss Susan seemed to expect ; but he paid sudden attention when, in speaking again of Alicia, she referred incidentally to Eliza Todd's unhappiness. Miss Susan did not speak of Eliza as a "case," and the absence of that objectionable word was sweet to Philip's ears.

"Yes," Miss Susan said, "Lyssie is really very useful in parish work. The way she has induced Eliza to stay with Job, when I was ready to give it up and let her go, is quite remarkable. Of course, there are matters that Lyssie can't help us in ; for instance, that poor Ettie Brown and her baby. You remember you sent me some money for her, Philip ?"

"Cecil sent it," he corrected her ; "I am only her almoner."

"It's the same thing," said Miss Susan, with that positiveness which confesses an unwillingness to acknowledge what is painful ; "it's *just* the same. Well, it would n't have been proper to have had Lyssie have anything to do

with that ; but she's invaluable in most things, and it's wonderful how she has kept Eliza to her duty."

"Her duty?" cried Philip sharply. "Do you call it duty?" The worn lines in his face deepened suddenly as he spoke. "Why, Miss Susan, a thousand times better let Lyssie help the poor girl than meddle in the unspeakable viciousness of—I mean"—he seemed to try to shake off his sudden earnestness—"I mean have any hand in keeping two people together who don't love each other!"

"Why, but, my dear Philip!" said Miss Susan, aghast.

But Philip offered no explanation; he looked annoyed at himself, and said he must call Molly and go home.

"I've forgotten all about Carey," he observed. "Roger Carey is staying with me. I'm going to bring him to call."

Miss Susan was so bewildered by Philip's extraordinary view of what was proper for Lyssie that she made no protest at his departure; but her confused look changed abruptly when, with his hand upon the door, he made some careless, friendly comment upon Joseph Lavendar.

"He still plays at the morning service, I suppose? What a grave, splendid touch he has!" And then he went away.

"Oh my!" said Susan Carr. "I'd almost forgotten it. Oh dear!" She sighed, and sat down as though suddenly tired. She sat as a man might, leaning forward, her clasped hands between her knees, and staring with an absent frown at her heavy boots; then she seemed to realize her masculine attitude, and drew herself together with an effort to achieve some feminine grace. There was something pathetic in the constant endeavor of this gentle, robust woman, whose occupation had made her clumsy, to express in her body the very genuine and delicate femininity of her soul. "Though

I never can be silly," she had long ago admitted sadly to herself.

The worried look which Philip's allusion to Mr. Joseph Lavendar had brought into her face deepened, as she sat there frowning and tapping her foot upon the floor. After a while she rose, and tramped up and down the room, with her hands behind her, absorbed in thought. Then she stopped before a big, old-fashioned writing-desk, littered with farming papers, and with packages of vegetable seeds overflowing from crowded pigeon-holes; accounts and memoranda and ledgers lent it a most businesslike and unfeminine look. Miss Susan took a letter from a little drawer, and read it, standing up, twisting her lip absently between her thumb and forefinger.

MY DEAR MISS SUSAN,—I have found a very good *Te Deum* in C. I send it with this. Will you be so good as to look it over, so that we can try it on Saturday?

Very truly yours,

JOSEPH LAVENDAR.

P. S. May I add, although the somewhat businesslike tenor of my letter might seem to preclude the mention of tenderer sentiments, that I have long desired to address you upon the subject of my affections? Delicacy only has restrained my pen or lips, and also the doubt (proper to a gentleman) of my own worthiness. But I cannot longer remain silent. I feel that the time has come when I must beg your amiable and ever ready sympathy and kindness,—for I believe that my future lies in your hands; with your help, I venture to hope that I may become the happiest of men. I am sure that my brother has a warmer regard for you than for any one else whom I might mention, and your sympathy with my suit will mean very much to him. May I beg that you will think this over, and let me have an opportunity for free discourse upon the subject?

Yrs. tr.

J. L.

"I never encouraged him," said Susan Carr. "Oh, I am so sorry, for I like him so much!"

She put her hands behind her, and began again to pace up and down the room. Philip's coming and this letter made her think of his uncle, Donald Shore. She and Donald were to have been married, but Philip came into his uncle's life, an orphan nephew, whose support was so much of a consideration that the quiet, prudent Donald felt it necessary to put the wedding off a year, and then two years, and after that another year. Then the postponement of eternity came between them, and Donald died. Susan Carr had felt no bitterness towards Philip. She loved him, at first because he was Donald's nephew, and then for his own sake. Indeed, even while he postponed her marriage, he made another tie between herself and her slow and sober lover, whose affec-

tion for his nephew seemed to reconcile him to the delay of winning the hand of his "admirable Susan," as he called her. When he died, she felt as though Philip belonged to her: it was she who made it possible for him to go abroad and study when he had finished college; she who rejoiced with practical good sense when he married Cecil, who had plenty of money; and she who watched the unsatisfied, disappointed look deepening in his eyes, with the pang that his mother would have felt, had she lived. And through all these years the old love for Philip's uncle lay fragrant in her heart. But now came this letter from Joseph Lavendar.

"I can't understand it," said Miss Carr, reading the letter over again, the color deepening in her cheeks. "And it's too bad, for I do like him so. Well, I won't give him 'an opportunity'! That is the only kind thing I can do."

Margaret Deland.

ADMIRAL EARL HOWE.

THE name of Howe, albeit that of a stranger to the land, has a just claim upon the esteem and cordial remembrance of Americans. The elder brother of the subject of this sketch, during the few short months in which he was brought into close contact with the colonists of 1758, before the unlucky campaign of Ticonderoga, won from them not merely the trust inspired by his soldierly qualities and his genius for war, — the genius of sound common sense and solidity of character, — but got a deep hold upon their affections by the consideration and respect shown to them by him, traits to which they had been too little accustomed in the British officers of that day. Nor was this attitude on his part only a superficial disguise assumed by policy to secure a needed

support. The shrewd, suspicious provincials would soon have penetrated a veil so thin, that covered only the usual supercilious arrogance which they had heretofore encountered. Lord Howe, almost alone among his military contemporaries, warmly greeted them as fellow-countrymen, men of no alien or degenerate blood. He admitted at once the value of their experience, sought their advice, and profited by both; thus gaining, besides the material advantage of methods adapted to the difficulties before him, the adhesion of willing hearts that followed enthusiastically, confident in their leader's wisdom, and glowing with the unaccustomed sense of being appreciated, of receiving recognition long withheld, but now at last ungrudgingly accorded. "The army felt him, from

general to drummer boy. He was its soul; and while breathing into it his own energy and ardor, he broke through the traditions of the service, and gave it new shapes to suit the time and place. . . . He made himself greatly beloved by the provincial officers, and he did what he could to break down the barriers between the colonial soldiers and the British regulars."¹

In campaign, Lord Howe adopted the tried expedients of forest warfare, associating with himself its most practiced exponents; and on the morning of his death, in one of those petty skirmishes which have cut short the career of so many promising soldiers, he discussed the question of Ticonderoga and its approaches, lying on a bearskin beside the colonial ranger, John Stark, to whose energy, nineteen years later, was due the serious check that precipitated the ruin of Burgoyne's expedition. Endearred as he was to American soldiers by the ties of mutual labors and mutual perils gladly shared, and to all classes by genial bearing and social accomplishments, his untimely end was followed throughout the Northern colonies by a spontaneous outburst of sorrow, elicited not only by the anticipated failure of the enterprise that hung upon his life, but also by a sense of personal regret and loss. Massachusetts perpetuated the memory of her grief by a tablet in Westminster Abbey, which hands down to our day "the affection her officers and soldiers bore to his command."

Captain Richard Howe of the Royal Navy, afterwards Admiral and Earl, succeeded him in the Irish viscounty which had been bestowed upon their grandfather by William III. Of a temperament colder, at least in external manifestation, than that of his brother, the new Lord Howe was distinguished by the same fairness of mind, and by an equanimity to which perturbation and impulsive injustice were alike unknown. There seems to have been in his bear-

¹ Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*, ii. 90.

ing something of that stern, impassive gravity that marked Washington, and imposed a constraint upon bystanders; but whatever apparent harshness there was in the face only concealed a genuine warmth of heart, which at times broke with an illumining smile through the mask that covered it, and was always ready to respond to the appeals of benevolence. If, as an officer, he had a fault conspicuously characteristic, it was a reluctance to severity, a tendency to push indulgence to undue extremes, into which may perhaps have entered not merely leniency of disposition, but the weakness of loving popularity. To be called by the seamen, as Howe was, the "sailor's friend," is in the experience of navies a suspicious encomium, involving more of flattery to a man's foibles than of credit to his discretion and his judgment. But at the time when the quarrel between Great Britain and her colonies was fast becoming embittered, the same kindness, coupled with a calm reasonableness of temper, ruled his feelings and guided his action. Although by political creed a moderate Tory, he had none of the wrong-headedness of the party zealot; and the growing alienation between those whom he, like his brother, regarded as of one family, caused only distress and an earnest desire to avert coming evils. Influenced by these sentiments, he sought the acquaintance of Franklin, then in London as a commissioner from the colonies; and the interviews between them, while resultless by reason of the irreconcilable differences of opinion severing the two parties to the dispute, convinced the wary American of the good will and open-mindedness of the already distinguished British seaman. The same qualities doubtless suggested the selection of Howe for the mission of conciliation to America, in 1776, where his associate was his younger brother, Sir William, in whom the family virtues had, by exaggeration, degenerated into

an indolent good humor fatal to his military efficiency. The admiral, on the contrary, was as remarkable for activity and untiring attention to duty as he was for amiability and resolute personal courage, — traits which assured adequate naval direction, in case conciliation should give place, as it did, to coercive measures.

It is to be regretted that the methods of naval biographers and historians of the past century have preserved to us little, in detail and anecdote, of a period whose peculiarities, if not exactly picturesque, were at least grotesque and amusing. The humor of Smollett has indeed drawn in broad caricature some of the salient features of the seaman of his day, which was that of Howe's entrance into the navy; and those who are familiar with the naval light literature based upon the times of Nelson can recognize in it characteristics so similar, though evidently softened by advancing civilization and increased contact with the world, as to vouch for the accuracy of the general impression conveyed by the earlier novelist. It is, however, correct only as a *general* impression, in which, too, allowance must be made for the animus of an author who had grievances to exploit, and whose great aim was to amuse, even if exact truthfulness were sacrificed at the shrine of exaggerated portrayal. Though not wholly without occasional gleams of light, shed here and there by recorded incident and anecdote upon the strange life of the seamen of that period, the early personal experiences of individuals have had scant commemoration; and with the exception of St. Vincent, who fortunately had a garrulous biographer, we learn little of men like Hawke, Howe, Hood, and Keppel, until, already possessors of naval rank, they stand forth as actors in events rather historical than biographical.

Of Howe's first services, therefore, not much record remains except a bare sum-

mary of dates — of promotions, and of ships to which he was attached — until 1755, the beginning of the Seven Years' War, when he was already a post-captain. Born in 1725, he entered the navy in 1739, at the outbreak of the war with Spain which initiated a forty years' struggle over colonies and colonial trade. With short intervals of peace, this contest was the prominent characteristic of the middle of the eighteenth century, and terminated in the conquest of Canada, the independence of the United States, and the establishment of British predominance in India and upon the ocean. This rupture of a quiet that had then endured a quarter of a century was so popular with the awakened intelligence of England, aroused at last to the imminent importance of her call to expansion by sea, that it was greeted by a general pealing of the bells, which drew from the reluctant prime minister, Walpole, that bitter gibe, "Ay, to-day they are ringing their bells, and to-morrow they will be wringing their hands." Howe embarked with Anson's squadron, celebrated for its sufferings, its persistence, and its achievements, to waste the Spanish colonies of the Pacific; but the ship in which he had started was so racked in the attempt to double Cape Horn that she was forced to return to England. The young officer afterwards served actively in the West Indies and in home waters, and was posted just before the close of the war, on the 20th of April, 1747, at the early age of twenty-two. Thus he was securely placed on the road to the highest honors of his profession, which were, however, not beyond the just claim of his already proved personal merit.

During the first thirty months of the Seven Years' War, Howe was closely engaged with, and at times in command of, the naval part of combined expeditions of the army and navy, fitted out to harass the French coasts.

The chief, though not the sole aim in these undertakings was to effect diversions in favor of Frederick the Great, then plunged in his desperate struggle with the allied forces of Russia, Austria, and France. It was believed that the latter would be compelled, for the defense of her own shores against these raids, — desultory, it is true, but yet uncertain as to the time and place where the attack would fall, — to withdraw a number of troops that would sensibly reduce the great odds then overbearing the Prussian king. It is more than doubtful whether this direction of British power, in partial, excentric efforts, produced results adequate to the means employed. In immediate injury to France they certainly failed, and it is questionable whether they materially helped Frederick; but they made a brisk stir in the Channel ports, their operations were within easy reach of England in a day when news traveled slowly, and they drew the attention of the public and of London society to a degree wholly disproportionate to their importance relatively to the great issues of the war. Their failures, which exceeded their achievements, caused general scandal; and their occasional triumphs aroused exaggerated satisfaction at this earlier period, before the round of unbroken successes under the first Pitt had accustomed men, to use Walpole's lively phrase, to come to breakfast with the question, "What new victory is there this morning?" The brilliant letter-writer's correspondence is full of the gossip arising from these usually paltry affairs; and throughout, whether in success or disaster, the name of Howe appears frequently, and always as the subject of praise. "Howe, brother of the lord of that name, was the third on the naval list. He was undaunted as a rock, and as silent, the characteristics of his whole race. He and Wolfe soon contracted a friendship like the union of cannon and gunpowder." "Howe," he says in another place,

"never made a friendship except at the mouth of a cannon."

Of his professional merits, however, professional opinions will be more convincing. A Frenchman, who had acted as pilot of his ship, the *Magnanime*, when going into action, was asked if it were possible to take a lighter vessel, the *Burford*, close to the walls of another fort farther in. "Yes," he replied, "but I should prefer to take the *Magnanime*." "But why?" it was rejoined; "for the *Burford* draws less water." "True," he said, "*mais le capitaine Howe est jeune et brave*." Sir Edward Hawke, the most distinguished admiral of that generation, gave a yet higher commendation to the "young and brave" captain, who at this time served under his orders, — one that must cause a sigh of regretful desire to many a troubled superior. Fifteen years later he nominated Howe for a very responsible duty. The appointment was criticised on the ground that he was the junior admiral in the fleet; but Hawke answered, in the spirit of St. Vincent defending his choice of Nelson, "I have tried Lord Howe on most important occasions. He never asked me *how* he was to execute any service entrusted to his charge, but always went straight forward and *did it*." Some quaint instances are recorded of the taciturnity for which he was also noted. Amid the recriminations that followed the failure at Rochefort, Howe neither wrote nor said anything. At last the Admiralty asked why he had not expressed an opinion. In the somewhat ponderous style that marked his utterances, he replied, "With regard to the operations of the troops I was silent, as not being at that time well enough informed thereof, and to avoid the mention of any particulars that might prove not exactly agreeable to the truth." The next year, an army officer of rank, putting several questions to him and receiving no answer, said, "Mr. Howe, don't you

hear me? I have asked you several questions." Howe returned curtly, "I don't like questions," — in which he was perhaps not peculiar.

It was during the continuance of these petty descents upon the French coast, in 1758, that Howe was directed to receive on board, as midshipman, and for service in the fleet, the Duke of York, a grandson of the reigning monarch; in connection with whom arose a saying that was long current, perhaps is still current, in the British navy. The young lad of nineteen, before beginning his routine duties, held a reception on board Commodore Howe's ship, at which the captains of the squadron were presented to him. The seamen, unpracticed in ceremonial distinctions other than naval, saw with wonder that the midshipman kept on his hat, while the rest uncovered. "The young gentleman," whispered one, "isn't over-civil, as I think. Look if he don't keep his hat on before all the captains!" "Why," another was heard to reply, "where should he learn manners, seeing as how he was never at sea before?"

It is likewise from this period of Howe's career that two of the rare personal anecdotes have been transmitted, illustrative of his coolness and self-possession under all circumstances of danger, as well as when under the enemy's fire; one of them also touched with a bit of humor, — not a usual characteristic of his self-contained reticence. The service involved considerable danger, being close in with the enemy's coast, which was indifferently well known and subject to heavy gales of wind blowing dead on shore. On one such occasion his ship had anchored with two anchors ahead, and he had retired to his cabin, when the officer of the watch hurriedly entered, saying, "My lord, the anchors are coming home," — the common sea expression for their failure to grip the bottom, whereupon the ship of course drags toward the beach. "Coming home, are they?" rejoined Howe.

"I am sure they are very right. I don't know who would stay abroad on such a night, if he could help it." Yet another time he was roused from sleep by a lieutenant in evident perturbation: "My lord, the ship is on fire close to the magazine; but don't be frightened; we shall get it under shortly." "Frightened, sir!" said Howe. "What do you mean? I never was frightened in my life." Then, looking the unlucky officer in the face, he continued, "Pray, Mr. —, how does a man *feel* when he is frightened? I need not ask how he *looks*."

During the Seven Years' War, the French navy, through the persistent neglect of the government and its pre-occupation with the continental war, — a misdirection due mainly to the intrigues of the Pompadour, — reached the lowest depths of material insufficiency that it has ever known. The official staff and the *personnel* generally were far better than in the Revolutionary and Napoleonic period, but the *matériel* had dwindled to impotency. To this was due the loss of Canada, with its far-reaching effects upon the feeling of independence in the British colonies which became the United States; to this the impunity with which the French coasts were harassed, the British squadrons having no cause to fear for British interests elsewhere; and to this also that the period in question, though one of great naval activity, was marked by no great naval battle, a sure indication of the overwhelming predominance of one of the contestants of the sea.

There was, however, one great naval action, if not fully entitled to the name "battle," characterized by an extreme of daring upon the part of the British admiral engaged, and accompanied by every element of terror and sublimity that the phases of the sea can present, in which Howe was privileged to bear a conspicuous part. In 1759, after four years of disaster

upon the continent, of naval humiliation, and of loss of maritime and colonial power, the French government realized that its worst evils and greatest danger sprang from the sea power of England, and, like Napoleon half a century later, it determined upon an invasion. The bulk of the troops were collected in ports just south of Brest, on the Atlantic, and the Brest fleet was ordered to go thither and protect the transports. The great Admiral Hawke was charged to intercept this effort; but having been driven off his station by a violent gale in mid-November, the French ran out. Hawke, a commander of the most active and fearless type, returned so speedily that he got upon their track before they could fulfill their mission, and with twenty-three ships caught sight of their twenty-one drawing in with their own coast, towards nightfall of a wild autumn day, with an increasing gale. Howe's ship, the *Magnanime*, had been sent forward by Hawke to make the land, and thus was in the lead in the headlong chase which at once ensued, as the British fleet rushed upon a combination of perils that embraced all most justly dreaded by the seaman,—darkness, an intricate navigation, a lee shore fringed with outlying and imperfectly known reefs and shoals, towards which they were hurried by a fast-rising wind and sea that forbade all hope of retracing their course during the long hours of the night then closing round them. The master of the flagship, upon whom, in the absence of a pilot, devolved the navigation of the fleet, called Hawke's attention to some evident dangers. The single-minded admiral, intent upon his high charge, saw before him only the flying foe, whom it was his task to insure should not, unsmitten, reach a friendly port. "You have done your duty in warning me," he answered; "now lay us alongside the French commander in chief."

With canvas reefed close down, forty

odd tall ships, pursuers and pursued, in fierce career drove furiously on; now rushing headlong down the forward slope of a great sea, now rising on its foaming crest as it swept beyond them; now seen, now hidden; the helmsmen straining at the wheels, upon which, at such moments, the big hulls, tossing their prows from side to side, tugged like a maddened horse, as though themselves feeling the wild "rapture of the strife" that animated their masters, rejoicing in their strength, and defying the accustomed rein. The French admiral, trusting in his greater local knowledge, sought to round a rocky point, beyond which, he flattered himself, the enemy would not dare to follow. He was soon undeceived. In no ranged order save that of speed, the leading British vessels mingled with the French rear; the roar and flashes of the guns, the falling spars and drifting clouds of smoke, now adding their part to the wild magnificence of the scene, upon which the sun went down just as Hawke and Howe, sailing fearlessly on over ground where their foe had led the way, were drawing up with the hostile van. As the ships, rolling heavily, buried their flanks deep in the following seas, no captain dared open his lower tier of ports, where the most powerful artillery was arrayed,—none save one, the French *Thésée*, whose rashness was rebuked by the inpouring waters that quickly engulfed both ship and crew. Balked of their expected respite, harried and worried by the foe, harnessed to no fixed plan of action, the French now, under cover of night, broke and fled. Seven went north, seven south, to be thenceforth hopelessly disunited fragments. Seven were lost,—some sunk, some captured, some hurled upon the beach. Two British ships were also wrecked; but during the awful night that succeeded, the minute guns pealing from stricken ships upon the stormy air proclaimed to Hawke and his fol-

lowers, as their own vessels strained at the stout anchors which alone saved them from a like distress, that the invasion of England was become an empty threat.

In this achievement Howe had borne a brilliant part, one third of the British loss falling upon his single ship. He continued to serve, but without further noteworthy incident, up to the peace made in the winter of 1762-63. From that time until the difficulties with the American colonies came to a head in 1775, he was not actively employed afloat, although continuously engaged upon professional matters, especially as a close student of naval tactics and its kindred subjects, to which he always gave systematic attention. During this period, also, he became a member of the House of Commons, and so continued until transferred from the Irish peerage to that of Great Britain, in 1782. In 1770, at the age of forty-five, he became a rear-admiral, in 1775 a vice-admiral, and in February of the following year was appointed commander in chief of the North American station. Together with his military duties, he was, as has before been said, given powers, conjointly with his brother, to treat for the settlement of existing troubles.

Although his habitual reticence restrained his sentiments from finding expression in positive words, there can be little doubt that the necessity of raising his hand against the Americans caused Howe keener regret than it did many of his brother officers. He took instant occasion to address to Franklin a personal note, recalling their former association, and expressing an earnest hope that their friendship might contribute something to insure the success of his official mission. In the five years that had elapsed, however, Franklin had been in the heat of the political struggle, and, philosopher though he was, he had not Howe's natural phlegm. Hence, his reply, while

marked by respect and even formal cordiality toward the admiral himself, displayed a vivacity of resentment and a bitterness for which the latter had scarcely looked. Still, his habitual equanimity was not ruffled, and he read the letter with the simple comment, "My old friend expresses himself very warmly."

Howe's arrival antedated the signature of the Declaration of Independence by less than a week. During the period of attempted negotiation, while scrupulously faithful to his instructions, he showed to his late fellow-countrymen all the courtesy and consideration that the most cordial esteem could extend. The incident of the official communication addressed by the Howes to Washington, in which they sought to evade giving him the title of "General," is sufficiently familiar; but it is more rarely recalled that, in verbal intercourse with American officers, the admiral habitually styled him "General Washington," and sent complimentary messages to him as such. He even spoke of the colonies as "states," and at the same time dwelt with evident emotion upon the testimonials of respect and affection which had been shown to his brother's memory by the colonists.

To narrate Howe's share in the operations by which New York in 1776, and Philadelphia in 1777, fell into the hands of the British, would be only to repeat well-known historical episodes, enlivened by few or no incidents personal to himself. In them the navy played a part at once subordinate and indispensable, as is the office of a foundation to its superstructure. The cause of the Americans was hopeless as long as their waters remained in the undisputed control of the enemy's ships; and it was the attempt of Great Britain to cast aside this essential support, and to rely upon the army alone in a wild and intricate country, that led to her first great disaster, — Bur-

goyne's surrender at Saratoga. Upon this, France at once recognized the independence of the colonies, and their alliance with that kingdom followed. A French fleet of twelve ships of the line left Toulon in the spring of 1778 for the American coast. This force far exceeded Howe's; and it was no thanks to the British government, but only to the admiral's sleepless vigilance and activity, seconded, as such qualities are apt to be, by at least an average degree of supineness on the part of his antagonist, that his scanty squadron was not surprised and overpowered in Delaware Bay, when Sir Henry Clinton evacuated Philadelphia to retreat upon New York. Howe — who had the defects of his qualities, whose deliberate and almost stolid exterior betrayed a phlegmatic composure of spirit which required the spur of imminent emergency to rouse it into vehement action — never in his long career appeared to greater advantage, nor achieved military results more truly brilliant, than at this time, and up to the abandonment of the attack on Rhode Island by the Americans under Sullivan, three months later. Then only, if ever, did he rise above the level of an accomplished and resolute general officer, and establish a claim to genius, the latent fire of which, however, had to be elicited by circumstances too extreme, by pressure too obvious, to assure him a place in the front rank of great commanders, whose actions originate in the living impulse of their own creative energy. Steady as a rock, like a rock, also, Howe gave forth sparks only under blows that would have broken weaker men.

D'Estaing was twelve weeks in coming from Toulon to Cape May, but Howe knew nothing of his sailing until three weeks after he had started. Then orders were received to abandon Philadelphia and concentrate upon New York. The naval forces were scattered, and had to be collected; the supplies of

the army, except those needed for the march across Jersey, were to be embarked, and the great train of transports and ships of war moved over a hundred miles down a difficult river, and thence to New York. Despite every effort, a loss of ten days was incurred, through calms, in the mere transit from Philadelphia to the sea; but during this momentous crisis D'Estaing did not appear. Two days more sufficed to bring the fleet into New York Bay; but yet the grave admiral, roused to the full tension of his great abilities, rested not. With a force little more than half that coming against him, he knew that all depended upon the rapidity with which his squadron took the imposing position he had in mind. Still D'Estaing tarried, giving twelve more precious days to his untiring enemy. The army of Sir Henry Clinton, reaching Navesink the day after the fleet, was snatched by it from the hot pursuit of the disappointed Washington, and carried safely to New York. Then the ships of war were ranged inside Sandy Hook, carefully anchored and disposed to command the entrance with the fullest exertion of their own force, and to offer the least exposure to the enemy's efforts. When D'Estaing at last came, all was ready; the energy that had improved every fleeting moment then gave place to the steadfast resolve which was Howe's greatest attribute, and against which, seconded by his careful preparation, success could be won only by a desperate and sanguinary struggle. The attempt was not made. Ten days after arriving, the French admiral again put to sea, heading to the southward.

"The arrival of the French fleet," wrote Washington a little later, "is a great and striking event; but the operations of it have been injured by a number of unforeseen and unfavorable circumstances, which have lessened the importance of its services to a great

degree. The length of the passage, in the first instance, was a capital misfortune; for, had even one of common length taken place, Lord Howe, with the British ships of war and all the transports in the river Delaware, must inevitably have fallen; and Sir Henry Clinton must have had better luck than is commonly dispensed to men of his profession under such circumstances, if he and his troops had not shared at least the fate of Burgoyne." If this narration of events is so carefully worded as not to imply a censure upon D'Estaing, it none the less, however unintentionally, measures the great military merit of Lord Howe.

Nor did this end his achievements. Two or three days after the French departed, a small reinforcement reached him, and in the course of a week Howe heard that the enemy's fleet had been seen heading for Narragansett Bay, then controlled by a British garrison on Rhode Island. This was in pursuance of a prearranged plan to support Sullivan, who had already begun his advance. Though still much inferior, Howe hurried to the spot, arriving the day after D'Estaing had run the fire of the British works and entered the harbor. With correct strategic judgment, with a flash of insight which did not usually distinguish him when an enemy was not in view, he saw that the true position for his squadron was in face of the hostile fleet, ready to act as circumstances might dictate. His mere presence blocked this operation, also. D'Estaing, either fearing that the British admiral might take the offensive and gain some unexpected advantage, or tempted by the apparent opportunity of crushing a small hostile division, put to sea the next day. Howe, far superior as a seaman to his antagonist, manœuvred so skillfully as to avoid action. A tremendous gale came up, scattered both fleets, and dismasted several of the French. D'Estaing appeared again

off Rhode Island only to notify Sullivan that he could no longer aid him; and the latter, deprived of an indispensable support, withdrew in confusion. The disappointment of the Americans showed itself by mobbing some French seamen in Boston, whither their fleet retired. "After the enterprise upon Rhode Island had been planned," continues Washington, in the letter above quoted, "and was in the moment of execution, that Lord Howe with the British ships should interpose merely to create a diversion, and draw the French fleet from the island, was again unlucky, as the count had not returned on the 17th to the island, though drawn from it on the 10th; by which the whole was subjected to a miscarriage." What Washington politely calls bad luck was French bad management, provoked and baffled by Howe's accurate strategy, untiring energy, and consummate seamanship. Clinton's army delivered, the forcing of New York frustrated, Rhode Island and its garrison saved, by a squadron never more than two thirds of that opposed to it, were achievements to illustrate any career; and the more so that they were effected by sheer scientific fencing, like some of Bonaparte's greatest feats, with little loss of blood. They form Howe's highest title to fame, and his only claim as a strategist.

It is indicative of Howe's personal feelings about the colonial quarrel, during the two years in which he thus ably discharged his official duties, that both he and his brother had determined to ask relief from their commands as soon as it appeared that all hopes of conciliation were over. The appointment of other commissioners hastened their decision, and the permission to return was already in the admiral's hands when the news of D'Estaing's coming was received. Fighting a traditional foreign foe was a different thing from shedding the blood of men

between whom and himself there was so much in common; nor was Howe the man to dodge responsibility by turning over an inferior force, threatened by such heavy odds, to a junior officer before the new commander in chief came. His resolution to remain was as happy for his renown as it was creditable to his character; but when, after the brief campaign just sketched, he found that the French fleet had taken refuge in Boston and was in need of extensive repairs, he resigned the command in New York to a rear-admiral, and departed to Newport to meet his successor. Upon the latter's arrival he sailed for England, towards the end of September, 1778. General Howe had preceded him by four months.

The two brothers went home with feelings of great resentment against the ministry. The course of the war had so far been unfortunate. The loss of Boston, the surrender of Burgoyne, the evacuation of Philadelphia, and finally the entrance of France into the contest constituted a combination of mishaps which certainly implied fault somewhere. As usual, no one was willing to accept blame, and hot disputes, with injurious imputations, raged in Parliament. There is, happily, here no necessity for apportioning the responsibility, except in the case of Lord Howe; and as to him, it is reasonably clear that all was done that could be up to the coming of the French, while it is incontestable that afterwards, with a force utterly inadequate, for which the government was answerable, he had, by most masterly management, averted imminent disaster. His words in the House of Commons were bitter. "He had been deceived into his command, and he was deceived while he retained it. Tired and disgusted, he desired permission to resign it; and he would have returned as soon as he obtained leave, but he could not think of doing so while a superior enemy remained in American seas; that, as

soon as that impediment was removed, he gladly embraced the first opportunity of returning to Europe. Such, and the recollection of what he had suffered, were his motives for resigning the command, and such for declining any future service so long as the present ministry remained in office."

In terms like these could officers holding seats in Parliament speak concerning the government of the day. It was a period in which not only did party feeling run high, but corruption was an almost avowed method of political management. The navy itself was split into factions by political bias and personal jealousies, and there was a saying that "if a naval officer were to be roasted, another officer could always be found to turn the spit." The head of the Admiralty, Lord Sandwich, was a man of much ability, but also of profligate character, as well public as private. He doubtless wished the success of his department, — under the terrible chances of war no chief can do otherwise, for the responsibility of failure must fall upon his own head; but through corrupt administration the strength of the navy, upon the outbreak of war, was unequal to the work it had to do. Some one must suffer for this remissness, and who more naturally than the commander of a distant station, who confessed himself "no politician"? Hence, Howe certainly thought, the neglect with which he had been treated. "It would not be prudent to trust the little reputation he had earned by forty years' service, his personal honor and everything else he held dear, in the hands of men who have neither the ability to act on their own judgment, nor the integrity and good sense to follow the advice of others who might know more of the matter." A year later, it was roundly charged that the Channel fleet had been brought home at a most critical moment, losing an exceptional opportunity for striking the enemy, in order

to affect the elections in a dockyard town. Admiral Keppel considered that he had been sacrificed to party feeling; and a very distinguished officer, Barrington, refused to take a fleet, although willing to serve as second, even under a junior. "Who," he wrote, "would trust himself in chief command with such a set of scoundrels as are now in office?" Even a quarter of a century later, Earl St. Vincent gave to George III. himself the same reason for declining employment. After eliciting from him an unfavorable opinion as to the discipline and efficiency of the Channel fleet, the king asked, "Where such evils exist, does Lord St. Vincent feel justified in refusing his conspicuous ability to remedy them?" "My life," replied the old seaman, "is at your Majesty's disposal, and at that of my country; but my honor is in my own keeping, and I will not expose myself to the risk of losing it by the machinations of this ministry, under which I should hold command." To such feelings it was due that Howe, Keppel, and Barrington did not go to sea during the anxious three years that followed. The illustrious Rodney, their only rival, but in himself a host, was the one distinguished naval chief who belonged heart and soul to Sandwich's party. It was an odd coincidence, and a curious comment upon this partisan spirit, that, when the administration changed, Rodney was recalled as a pure party step, by orders issued after his great victory, but before the news reached England; his successor being a man of no distinction.

The same change of administration, in the spring of 1782, called Howe again into service, to replace the mediocrities who for three campaigns had commanded the Channel fleet, the mainstay of Great Britain's safety. Upon it depended not only the protection of the British Islands and of the trade routes converging upon them, but also the occasional revictualing of

Gibraltar, now undergoing the third year of its famous siege. To relieve the rock fortress was the only great task that devolved upon Howe during this short term of duty. It had, in September, 1782, successfully repelled a long-prepared and gigantic attack by both the land and sea forces of the French and Spaniards; but, although thus impregnable to assault, it was now in the last extremity for provisions, and forty-nine ships of the line held it closely blockaded. To oppose these, and to introduce the needed succors, for carrying which a hundred and forty store-ships were employed, Great Britain could muster only thirty-four ships of the line; but to them was adjoined the superb professional ability of Lord Howe, never fully evoked except when in sight of the enemy, as he here must act, with Barrington for his second. The deliberate care with which the work was conducted may be inferred from the circumstance that thirty days were spent in the passage from England to Gibraltar; its methodical skill, from the fact that no transport appears to have been dropped.

On the 11th of October, the great body of one hundred and eighty sail entered the straits, the ships of war disposed to cover the movements of the supply vessels. The enemy went to sea in pursuit; but, by the combined effects of its own awkwardness and Howe's address, this far superior fleet did not succeed in capturing a single one of the convoy, during the six days occupied in passing it into the anchorage. On the 18th, taking advantage of the easterly wind then blowing, the British sailed out of the straits in full sight of the baffled allies, who, being thus drawn down to attack them, left the supply ships undisturbed to land their cargoes. A distant cannonade between the hostile fleets terminated the incident, and Howe returned to England, leaving Gibraltar safe.

Another long period of shore life now intervened, carrying the gallant admiral over the change-fraught years of declining life from fifty-seven to sixty-eight, at which age he was again called into service to perform the most celebrated, but, it may confidently be affirmed, not the most brilliant action of his career. At the outbreak of the French Revolution, he stood conspicuously at the head of the navy, distinguished at once for well-known professional accomplishments and for tried capacity in chief command. His rivals in renown among his contemporaries — Keppel, Barrington, and Rodney — had gone to their rest. Jervis, Nelson, Collingwood, and their compeers had yet to show what was in them as general officers. Lord Hood alone remained; and he, although he had done deeds of great promise, had come to the front too late in the previous war for his reputation to rest upon sustained achievement as well as upon hopeful indication. The great commands were given to these two; Hood going to the Mediterranean with twenty ships of the line, Howe taking the Channel fleet of somewhat superior numbers.

The solid, deliberate, methodical qualities of the veteran admiral were better adapted to the more purely defensive rôle forced upon Great Britain by the allied superiority in 1782 than to the continuous, vigilant, aggressive action demanded by the new conditions with which he now had to deal, when the great conflagration of the Revolution was to be hemmed in and stamped out by the unyielding pressure and massive blows of the British sea power. The days of regulated, routine hostilities between rulers had passed away with the uprising of a people; the time foretold, when nation should rise against nation, was suddenly come with the crash of an ancient kingdom and its social order. An admirable organizer and indefatigable driller of ships, though apparently a poor disciplinarian,

Howe lacked the breadth of view, the clear intuitions, the alacrity of mind, brought to bear upon the problem by Jervis and Nelson, who, thus inspired, framed the sagacious plan to which, more than to any other one cause, was due the exhaustion alike of the Revolutionary fury and of Napoleon's imperial power. Keenly interested in the material efficiency of his ships, as well as in the precision with which they could perform necessary evolutions and maintain prescribed formations, he sought to attain these ends by long stays in port, varied by formal cruises devoted to secondary objects and to fleet tactics. Thus, he flattered himself, he should insure the perfection of the instrument which should be his weapon in the hour of battle. It may justly be urged on his behalf that this preparation should have been made, but was not, by the government in the long years of peace. This is true; but yet the fact remains that Howe pursued his system by choice and conviction repeatedly affirmed; that continuous instead of occasional cruising in the proper positions would better have reached the ends of drill; and that to the material well being of his ships he sacrificed those correct military dispositions before the enemy's ports afterwards instituted by Jervis, who at the same time preserved the efficiency of the vessels by increased energy and careful prevision of their wants. The brilliant victory of the 1st of June has obscured the accompanying fact, that lamentable failure characterized the use of the Channel fleet under Howe and his immediate successor.

Once in sight of the enemy, however, the old man regained the fire of youth, and showed the attainments which long study and careful thought had added to his natural talent for war. The battle of June 1, 1794, was brought about in the following manner. Political anarchy and a bad season had combined to ruin the French harvests

in 1793, and actual famine threatened the land. To obviate this, at least partially, the government had bought in the United States a large quantity of breadstuffs, which were expected to arrive in May or June, borne by one hundred and eighty merchant vessels. To insure the safety of this valuable convoy, the Brest fleet was sent to meet it at a designated point; five ships going first, and twenty-five following a few days later. The admiral's orders from Robespierre were to avoid battle, if possible, but at all hazards to secure the merchant fleet, or his head would answer for it.

About the same time, Howe, who had kept his vessels in port during the winter, sailed from the Channel with thirty-two ships of the line. These he soon divided into two squadrons; one of which, numbering six, after performing a specific service, was not ordered to rejoin the main body, but to cruise in a different spot. These ships were sadly missed on the day of battle, when they could have changed a brilliant into a crushing victory. Howe himself went to seek the French, instead of taking a position where they must pass; and after some running to and fro, in which the British actually got to the westward of their foes, and might well have missed them altogether, he was lucky enough, on the 28th of May, to find the larger of their two detachments. This having been meanwhile joined by one ship from the smaller, both opponents now numbered twenty-six heavy vessels.

The French were to windward, a position which gives the power of refusing or delaying decisive action. The average speed of any fleet, however, must fall below the best of some of the force opposed to it; and Howe, wishing to compel battle, sent out six of his fastest and handiest ships. These were directed to concentrate their fire upon the rear of the French column, the weakest part, because, to be helped,

vessels ahead must turn round and change their formation, performing a regular evolution, whereas, if the van be assailed, the rear continually advances to its aid. If this partial attack crippled one or more of the French, the disabled ships would drift towards the British, where either they would be captured, or their comrades would be obliged to come to their rescue, hazarding the general engagement that Howe wanted. As it happened, the French had in the rear an immense ship of one hundred and ten guns, which beat off in detail the successive attacks of her smaller antagonists; but in so doing she received so much injury that, after nightfall, she left the fleet, passing the British unmolested, and went back to Brest. One of her assailants, also, had to return to England. It may be scored to Howe's credit that he let this single enemy go, rather than scatter his fleet and lose ground in trying to take her. He had a more important object.

The next morning, May 29, the French, by poor seamanship, had got somewhat nearer, and Howe saw that his column could be directed in such wise as to threaten a cannonade by a great part of it upon the hostile rear; that he possibly might even cut off three or four ships. The necessary movement was ordered; and the French admiral, seeing things in the same light, was so alarmed, justly, for the result that he turned his head ships, and after them his whole column in succession, to run down to help the rear. Judicious, and indeed necessary, as this was, it played right into Howe's hands, and was a tribute to his tactical skill; for in doing it the French gave up much of their distance to windward, and so hastened the collision they wished to avoid. Though the attack upon the French rear was limited to a few desultory broadsides, the two fleets were now nearly within cannon shot, whereas the day before they had been

eight or ten miles apart. They were running in parallel lines, west.

Towards noon, Howe saw that the morning's opportunity of directing his whole column upon the enemy's rear again offered, but with a far better chance; that if his ships manœuvred well half a dozen of the French must be cut off, unless their admiral, to save them, underwent a general action. The necessary signals were made, but most of the fleet were poorly handled; and seeing that failure would follow, Howe took the lead, tacked his own ship, though her turn was not come, and, with two others, stood straight for the hostile order. The three broke through and cut off two of the enemy, which were speedily surrounded by others of the British. The French admiral then repeated his former evolution, and nothing could have saved a general engagement except the disorder into which the British had fallen, and Howe's methodical abhorrence of attacks made in such confusion as prevailed. Moreover, the total result of this last brush was that the French entirely lost the windward position, and the British admiral knew that he now had them where they could not escape; he could afford to postpone the issue. Accordingly, fighting ceased for the day; but the French had been so mauled that three more ships had to go into port, leaving them but twenty-two to the enemy's twenty-five.

The French admiral now saw that he must fight, and at a disadvantage; consequently, he could not hope to protect the convoy. As to save this was his prime object, the next best thing was to entice the British out of its path. With this view he stood away to the northwest, Howe following; while a dense fog coming on both favored his design and prevented further encounter during the two ensuing days. In the evening of May 31 the weather cleared, and at daybreak the next morning the enemies were in position, ready

for battle, two long columns of ships, heading west, the British twenty-five, the French again twenty-six; for during the two days' chase their small detachment of four had joined. Howe now had cause to regret his six absent vessels, and to ponder Nelson's wise saying, "Numbers only can annihilate."

The time for manœuvring was past. Able tactician as he personally was, and admirable as had been the direction of his efforts in the two days' fighting, Howe had been forced in them to realize two things, namely, that his captains were, singly, superior in seamanship, and their crews in gunnery, to the French; and again, that in the ability to work together as a fleet the British were so deficient as to promise very imperfect results, if he attempted any but the simplest formation. To such, therefore, he resorted, falling back upon the old, unskillful, sledge-hammer fashion of the English navy. Arranging his ships in one long line, three miles from the enemy, he made them all go down together, each to attack a specified opponent, coming into action as nearly as might be at the same instant. Thus, the French, from the individual inferiority of the units of their fleet, would be at all points overpowered. The issue justified the forecast; but the manner of performance was curiously and happily marked by Howe's own peculiar phlegm. There was a long summer-day ahead for fighting, and no need for hurry. The order was first accurately formed, and canvas reduced to proper proportions. Then the crews went to breakfast. After breakfast, the ships all headed for the hostile line, under short sail, the admiral keeping them in hand during the approach, as an infantry officer dresses his company. Thus, if not absolutely simultaneous, the shock from end to end was so nearly so as to induce results unequalled in any engagement conducted on the same primitive plan.

Picturesque as well as sublime, animating as well as solemn, on that bright Sunday morning, was this prelude to the stern game of war about to be played: the quiet summer sea stirred only by a breeze sufficient to cap with white the little waves that ruffled its surface; the dark hulls gently rippling the water aside in their slow advance, a ridge of foam curling on either side of the furrow ploughed by them in their onward way; their massive sides broken by two, or at times three, rows of ports, whence, the tompions drawn, yawned the sullen lines of guns, behind which, unseen, but easily realized by the instructed eye, clustered the groups of ready seamen who served each piece. Aloft swung leisurely to and fro the tall spars, which ordinarily, in so light a wind, would be clad in canvas from deck to truck, but whose naked trimness now proclaimed the deadly purpose of that still approach. Upon the high poops, where floated the standard of either nation, gathered round each chief the little knot of officers through whom he issued or received commands, the nerves along which thrilled the impulses of the great organism, from its head, the admiral, through every member to the dark lowest decks, nearly awash, where, as farthest from the captain's own oversight, the senior lieutenants controlled the action of the ships' heaviest batteries.

On board the *Queen Charlotte*, Lord Howe, whose burden of sixty-eight years had for four days found no rest save what he could snatch in an arm-chair, now, at the prospect of battle, "displayed an animation," writes an eye-witness, "of which, at his age, and after such fatigue of body and mind, I had not thought him capable. He seemed to contemplate the result as one of unbounded satisfaction." By his side stood his fleet-captain, Curtis, of whose service among the floating batteries at the siege of Gibraltar the

governor of the fortress had said, "He is the man to whom the king is chiefly indebted for its security;" and Codrington, then a lieutenant, who afterwards commanded the allied fleets at Navarino. Five ships to the left, *Collingwood*, in the *Barfleur*, was making to the admiral whose flag she bore the remark that so stirred Thackeray: "Our wives are now about going to church, but we will ring about these Frenchmen's ears a peal which will drown theirs." The French officers, both admirals and captains, were mainly unknown men, alike then and thereafter. The fierce flames of the Revolution had swept away the men of the old school, mostly aristocrats, and time had not yet brought forward the very few who during the Napoleonic period showed marked capacity. The commander in chief, Villaret-Joyeuse, had three years before been a lieutenant. He had a high record for gallantry, but was without antecedents as a general officer. With him, on the poop of the *Montagne*, which took her name from Robespierre's political supporters, stood that anomalous companion of the generals and admirals of the day, the Revolutionary commissioner, about to learn by experience the practical working of the system he had advocated, to disregard all tests of ability save patriotism and courage, depreciating practice and skill as unnecessary to the valor of the true Frenchman.

As the British line drew near the French, Howe said to Curtis, "Prepare the signal for close action." "There is no such signal," replied Curtis. "No," said the admiral, "but there is one for closer action, and I only want that to be made in case of captains not doing their duty." Then closing a little signal book he always carried, he continued to those around him, "Now, gentlemen, no more book, no more signals. I look to you to do the duty of the *Queen Charlotte* in engaging the French flagship. I don't want

the ships to be bilge to bilge, but if you can lock the yardarms, so much the better; the battle will be the quicker decided." His purpose was to go through the French line, and fight the Montagne on the far side. Some doubted their succeeding, but Howe overbore them. "That's right, my lord!" cried Bowen, the sailing-master, who looked to the ship's steering. "The Charlotte will make room for herself." She pushed close under the French ship's stern, grazing her ensign, and raking her from stern to stem with a withering fire, beneath which fell three hundred men. A length or two beyond lay the French Jacobin. Howe ordered the Charlotte to luff, and place herself between the two. "If we do," said Bowen, "we shall be on board one of them." "What is that to you, sir?" asked Howe quickly. "Oh!" muttered the master, not inaudibly. "D—n my eyes if I care, if you don't. I'll go near enough to singe some of our whiskers." And then, seeing by the Jacobin's rudder that she was going off, he brought the Charlotte sharp round, her jib boom grazing the second Frenchman as her side had grazed the flag of the first.

From this moment the battle raged furiously from end to end of the field for nearly an hour, — a wild scene of smoke and confusion, under cover of which many a fierce ship duel was fought, while here and there men wandered, lost, in a maze of bewilderment that paralyzed their better judgment. An English naval captain tells a service tradition of one who was so busy watching the compass, to keep his position in the ranks, that he lost sight of his antagonist, and never again found him. Many a quaint incident passed, recorded or unrecorded, under that sulphurous canopy. A British ship, wholly dismasted, lay between two enemies, her captain desperately wounded. A murmur of surrender was somewhere heard; but as the first lieutenant checked it with firm authority,

a cock flew upon the stump of a mast and crowed lustily. The exultant note found quick response in hearts not given to despair, and a burst of merriment, accompanied with three cheers, replied to the bird's triumphant scream. On board the Brunswick, in her struggle with the Vengeur, one of the longest and fiercest fights the sea has ever seen, the cocked hat was shot off the effigy of the Duke of Brunswick, which she bore as a figure-head. A deputation from the crew gravely requested the captain to allow the use of his spare chapeau, which was securely nailed on, and protected his grace's wig during the rest of the action. After this battle with the ships of the new republic, the partisans of monarchy noted with satisfaction that, among the many royal figures that surmounted the stems of the British fleet, not one lost his crown. Of a harum-scarum Irish captain are told two droll stories. After being hotly engaged for some time with a French ship, the fire of the latter slackened, and then ceased. He called to know if she had surrendered. The reply was, "No." "Then," shouted he, "d—n you, why don't you fire?" Having disposed of his special antagonist without losing his own spars, the same man kept along in search of new adventures, until he came to a British ship totally dismasted and otherwise badly damaged. She was commanded by a captain of rigidly devout piety. "Well, Jemmy," hailed the Irishman, "you are pretty well mauled; but never mind, Jemmy, whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."

The French have transmitted to us less of anecdote, nor is it easy to connect the thought of humor with those grimly earnest republicans and the days of the Terror. There is, indeed, something unintentionally funny in the remark of the commander of one of the captured ships to his captors. They had, it was true, dismasted half the French fleet, and had taken over a

fourth; yet he assured them it could not be considered a victory, "but merely a butchery, in which the British had shown neither science nor tactics." The one story, noble and enduring, that will ever be associated with the French on the 1st of June is in full keeping with the temper of the times and the enthusiasm of the nation. The seventy-four-gun ship *Vengeur*, after a three hours' fight, yardarm to yardarm, with the British *Brunswick*, was left in a sinking state by her antagonist, who was herself in no condition to help. In the confusion, the *Vengeur's* peril was for some time not observed; and when it was, the British ships that came to her aid had time only to remove part of her survivors. In their report of the event, the latter said: "Scarcely had the boats pulled clear of the sides, when the most frightful spectacle was offered to our gaze. Those of our comrades who remained on board the *Vengeur du Peuple*, with hands raised to heaven, implored, with lamentable cries, the help for which they could no longer hope. Soon disappeared the ship and the unhappy victims it contained. In the midst of the horror with which this scene inspired us all, we could not avoid a feeling of admiration mingled with our grief. As we drew away, we heard some of our comrades still offering prayers for the welfare of their country. The last cries of these unfortunates were, 'Vive la République!' They died uttering them." Over a hundred Frenchmen thus went down.

Seven French ships were captured, including the sunk *Vengeur*. Five more were wholly dismasted, but escaped, — a good fortune mainly to be attributed to Howe's utter physical prostration, due to his advanced years and the continuous strain of the past five days. He now went to bed, completely worn out. Had he been younger, there can be little doubt that the

fruits of victory would have been gathered with a vigor which his assistant, Curtis, failed to show.

Lord Howe's career practically ended with this battle, and the honors that followed it. Infirmities then gained rapidly upon him, and it would have been well had his own wish to retire been granted by the government. He remained in nominal command of the Channel fleet, though not going to sea, until the outbreak of the famous mutinies of 1797. The suppression — or, more properly, the composing — of this ominous outbreak was devolved upon him by the ministry. He very wisely observed that "preventive measures rather than corrective are to be preferred for preserving discipline in fleets and armies;" but it was in truth his own failure to use such timely remedies, owing to the lethargy of increasing years, acting upon a temperament naturally indulgent and apathetic, that was largely responsible for disorders of whose imminence he had warning. From the military standpoint, the process of settlement had much the air of *opéra bouffe*, — a consummation probably inevitable when just grievances and undeniable hardships get no attention until the sufferers break through all rules, and seek redress by force. The mutinous seamen protested to Howe the bitterness of their sorrow at the sense of wrong doing, but in the same breath insisted that their demands must be conceded, and that certain obnoxious officers must be removed from their ships. The demands were yielded, Howe gently explaining to the men how naughty they had been; and that, as to the unpopular officers, they themselves asked relief from so unpleasant a situation. In his curiously involved style, he wrote: "This request has been complied with, under the pretext of an equal desire on the part of the officers not to be employed in ships where exception, without specification of facts, has been

taken to their conduct. However ineligible the concession, it was become indispensably necessary." Under this thin veil, men persuaded themselves that appearances were saved, as a woman hides a smile behind her fan. Admiral Codrington, a firm admirer of Howe, justly said: "It was want of discipline which led to the discontent and mutiny in the Channel fleet. Lord Howe got rid of the mutiny by granting the men all they asked; but discipline was not restored until the ships most remarkable for misconduct had been, one after the other, placed under the command of Lord St. Vincent."

With the settlement of this mutiny Lord Howe's long career of active service closed. Immediately afterwards he retired formally, as he some time before had actually, from the command of the Channel fleet, and on the 5th of August, 1799, he died full of years and honors; having lived just long enough to welcome the rising star of Nelson's glory as it burst upon men's sight at Cape St. Vincent and the Nile.

Of the four British admirals whose careers have been sketched in *The Atlantic*, Howe alone inherited fortune and social rank; but he also fought his way far beyond the modest position bequeathed to him by his brother. Eminent all, though in varying manner and degree, each illustrated a distinct type in the same noble profession. All were admirable officers, but they differed greatly in original en-

dowments and consequent development. It was intuitive with St. Vincent to take wide and far-sighted views, and to embody them in sustained, relentless action. Endued by nature with invincible energy and determination, he moved spontaneously and easily along his difficult path. He approached, although he did not attain genius. In Howe is seen rather the result of conscientious painstaking acting upon excellent abilities, but struggling always against a native heaviness and a temper both indolent and indulgent. A man of talent, he educates himself to acquirements which in his rival have the character of perception; and only under the spur of emergency does he rise to the height of greatness, to sink afterwards by his own weight. Both were great general officers, a claim which can scarcely be advanced for Saumarez and Exmouth, able, brilliant, and devoted as they were. Saumarez was the steadfast, skillful, accomplished master of his profession, but one whose aptitudes and tastes placed him in the great organization of the fleet as a principal subordinate rather than as head. Exmouth was the typical, innate seaman, intensely active, whose instincts are those of the partisan warrior, and who shines most in the freedom of detached service. All bore a conspicuous part in the greatest war of modern times, with honor such that their names will be remembered as long as naval history endures.

A. T. Mahan.

THE ONLY ROSE.

I.

JUST where the village abruptly ended, and the green mowing fields began, stood Mrs. Bickford's house, looking down the road with all its windows, and topped by

two prim chimneys that stood up like ears. It was placed with an end to the road, and fronted southward; you could follow a straight path from the gate past the front door and find Mrs. Bickford sitting by the last window of all in the

kitchen, unless she were solemnly stepping about, prolonging the stern duties of her solitary housekeeping.

One day in early summer, when almost every one else in Fairfield had put her house plants out of doors, there were still three flower pots on a kitchen window sill. Mrs. Bickford spent but little time over her rose and geranium and Jerusalem cherry tree, although they had gained a kind of personality born of long association. They rarely undertook to bloom, but had most courageously maintained life in spite of their owner's unsympathetic but conscientious care. Later in the season she would carry them out of doors, and leave them, until the time of frosts, under the shade of a great apple-tree, where they might make the best of what the summer had to give.

The afternoon sun was pouring in, the Jerusalem cherry tree drooped its leaves in the heat and looked pale, when a neighbor, Miss Pendexter, came in from the next house but one to make a friendly call. As she passed the parlor with its shut blinds, and the sitting-room, also shaded carefully from the light, she wished, as she had done many times before, that somebody beside the owner might have the pleasure of living in and using so good and pleasant a house. Mrs. Bickford always complained of having so much care, even while she valued herself intelligently upon having the right to do as she pleased with one of the best houses in Fairfield. Miss Pendexter was a cheerful, even gay little person, who always brought a pleasant flurry of excitement, and usually had a genuine though small piece of news to tell, or some new aspect of already received information.

Mrs. Bickford smiled as she looked up to see this sprightly neighbor coming. She had no gift at entertaining herself, and was always glad, as one might say, to be taken off her own hands.

Miss Pendexter smiled back, as if she felt herself to be equal to the occasion.

"How be you to-day?" the guest asked kindly, as she entered the kitchen. "Why, what a sight o' flowers, Mis' Bickford! What be you goin' to do with 'em all?"

Mrs. Bickford wore a grave expression as she glanced over her spectacles. "My sister's boy fetched 'em over," she answered. "You know my sister Parsons's a great hand to raise flowers, an' this boy takes after her. He said his mother thought the garden never looked handsomer, and she picked me these to send over. They was sendin' a team to Westbury for some fertilizer to put on the land, an' he come with the men, an' stopped to eat his dinner 'long o' me. He's been growin' fast, and looks peaked. I expect sister 'Liza thought the ride, this pleasant day, would do him good. 'Liza sent word for me to come over and pass some days next week, but it ain't so that I can."

"Why, it's a pretty time of year to go off and make a little visit," suggested the neighbor encouragingly.

"I ain't got my sitting-room-chamber carpet taken up yet," sighed Mrs. Bickford. "I do feel condemned. I might have done it to-day, but 't was all at end when I saw Tommy coming. There, he's a likely boy, an' so relished his dinner; I happened to be well prepared. I don't know but he's my favorite o' that family. Only I've been sittin' here thinkin', since he went, an' I can't remember that I ever was so belated with my spring cleaning."

"'T was owin' to the weather," explained Miss Pendexter. "None of us could be so smart as common this year, not even the lazy ones that always get one room done the first o' March, and brag of it to others' shame, and then never let on when they do the rest."

The two women laughed together cheerfully. Mrs. Bickford had put up the wide leaf of her large table between

the windows and spread out the flowers. She was sorting them slowly into three heaps.

"Why, I do declare if you have n't got a rose in bloom yourself!" exclaimed Miss Pendexter abruptly, as if the bud had not been announced weeks before, and its progress regularly commented upon: "Ain't it a lovely rose? Why, Mis' Bickford!"

"Yes 'm, it's out to-day," said Mrs. Bickford, with a somewhat plaintive air. "I'm glad you come in so as to see it."

The bright flower was like a face. Somehow, the beauty and life of it were surprising in the plain room, like a gay little child who might suddenly appear in a doorway. Miss Pendexter forgot herself and her hostess and the tangled mass of garden flowers in looking at the red rose. She even forgot that it was incumbent upon her to carry forward the conversation. Mrs. Bickford was subject to fits of untimely silence which made her friends anxiously sweep the corners of their minds in search of something to say, but any one who looked at her now could easily see that it was not poverty of thought that made her speechless, but an overburdening sense of the inexpressible.

"Goin' to make up all your flowers into bo'quets? I think the short-stemmed kinds is often pretty in a dish," suggested Miss Pendexter compassionately.

"I thought I should make them into three bo'quets. I wish there wa'n't quite so many. Sister Eliza's very lavish with her flowers; she's always been a kind sister, too," said Mrs. Bickford vaguely. She was not apt to speak with so much sentiment, however, and as her neighbor looked at her narrowly she detected unusual signs of emotion. It suddenly became evident that the three nosegays were connected in her mind with her bereavement of three husbands, and Miss Pendexter's somewhat roused curiosity was quieted by the discovery

that her friend was bent upon a visit to the burying ground. It was the time of year when she was pretty sure to spend an afternoon there, and sometimes they had taken the walk in company. Miss Pendexter expected to receive the usual invitation, but there was nothing further said at the moment, and she looked again at the pretty rose.

Mrs. Bickford aimlessly handled the syringas and flowering-almond sprays, choosing them out of the fragrant heap only to lay them down again. She glanced out of the window; then gave Miss Pendexter a long, expressive look.

"I expect you're going to carry 'em over to the burying ground?" inquired the guest, in a sympathetic tone.

"Yes 'm," said the hostess, now well started in conversation, and in quite her every-day manner. "You see I was goin' over to my brother's folks to-morrow, in South Fairfield, to pass the day; they said they were goin' to send over to-morrow to leave a wagon at the blacksmith's, and they'd hitch that to their best chaise, so I could ride back very comfortable. You know I have to avoid bein' out in the mornin' sun?"

Miss Pendexter smiled to herself at this moment; she was obliged to move from her chair at the window, the May sun was so hot on her back, for Mrs. Bickford always kept the curtains rolled high up, out of the way, for fear of fading and dust. The kitchen was a blaze of light. As for the Sunday chaise being sent, it was well known that Mrs. Bickford's married brothers and sisters comprehended the truth that she was a woman of property, and had neither chick nor child.

"So I thought 't was a good opportunity to just stop an' see if the lot was in good order, — last spring Mr. Wallis's stone hove with the frost; an' so I could take these flowers." She gave a sigh. "I ain't one that can bear flowers in a close room, — they bring on a headache; but I enjoy 'em as much as anybody to

look at, only you never know what to put 'em in. If I could be out in the mornin' sun, as some do, and keep flowers in the house, I should have me a gardin, certain," and she sighed again.

"A garden's a sight o' care, but I don't begrudge none o' the care I give to mine. I have to scant on flowers so's to make room for pole beans," said Miss Pendexter gayly. She had only a tiny strip of land behind her house, but she always had something to give away, and made riches out of her narrow poverty. "A few flowers gives me just as much pleasure as more would," she added. "You get acquainted with things when you've only got one or two roots. My sweet-williams is just like folks."

"Mr. Bickford was partial to sweet-williams," said Mrs. Bickford. "I never knew him to take notice of no other sort of flowers. 'When we'd be over to Eliza's, he'd walk down her gardin, an' he'd never make no comments until he come to them, and then he'd say, 'Those is sweet-williams.' How many times I've heard him!"

"You ought to have a sprig of 'em for his bo'quet," suggested Miss Pendexter.

"Yes, I've put a sprig in," said her companion.

At this moment Miss Pendexter took a good look at the bouquets, and found that they were as nearly alike as careful hands could make them. Mrs. Bickford was evidently trying to reach absolute impartiality.

"I don't know but you think it's foolish to tie 'em up this afternoon," she said presently, as she wound the first with a stout string. "I thought I could put 'em in a bucket o' water out in the shed, where there's a draft o' air, and then I should have all my time in the mornin'. I shall have a good deal to do before I go. I always sweep the setting-room and front entry Wednesdays. I want to leave everything nice, goin' away for all day so. So I meant to

get the flowers out o' the way this afternoon. Why, it's most half past four, ain't it? But I sha'n't pick the rose till mornin'; 't will be blowed out better then."

"The rose?" questioned Miss Pendexter. "Why, are you goin' to pick that, too?"

"Yes, I be. I never like to let 'em fade on the bush. There, that's just what's a-troublin' me," and she turned to give a long, imploring look at the friend who sat beside her. Miss Pendexter had moved her chair before the table in order to be out of the way of the sun. "I don't seem to know which of 'em ought to have it," said Mrs. Bickford despondently. "I do so hate to make a choice between 'em; they all had their good points, especially Mr. Bickford, and I respected 'em all. I don't know but what I think of one on 'em 'most as much as I do of the other."

"Why, 't is difficult for you, ain't it?" responded Miss Pendexter. "I don't know 's I can offer advice."

"No, I s'pose not," answered her friend slowly, with a shadow of disappointment coming over her calm face. "I feel sure you would, if you could, Abby."

Both of the women felt as if they were powerless before a great emergency.

"There's one thing, — they're all in a better world now," said Miss Pendexter, in a self-conscious and constrained voice; "they can't feel such little things or take note o' slights same's we can."

"No; I suppose 't is myself that wants to be just," answered Mrs. Bickford. "I feel under obligations to my last husband when I look about and see how comfortable he left me. Poor Mr. Wallis had his great projects, an' perhaps if he'd lived longer he'd have made a record; but when he died he'd failed all up, owing to that patent corn-sheller he'd put everything into, and, as you know, I had to get along 'most any way I could for the next few years.

Life was very disappointing with Mr. Wallis, but he meant well, an' used to be an amiable person to dwell with, until his temper got spoilt makin' so many hopes an' havin' 'em turn out failures. He had consider'ble of an air, an' dressed very handsome, when I was first acquainted with him, Mr. Wallis did. I don't know 's you ever knew Mr. Wallis in his prime?"

"He died the year I moved over here from North Denfield," said Miss Pendexter, in a tone of sympathy. "I just knew him by sight. I was to his funeral. You know you lived in what we call the Wells house then, and I felt it would n't be an intrusion, we was such near neighbors. The first time I ever was in your house was just before that, when he was sick, an' Mary 'Becca Wade an' I called to see if there was anything we could do."

"They used to say about town that Mr. Wallis went to an' fro like a mail-coach an' brought nothin' to pass," announced Mrs. Bickford without bitterness. "He ought to have had a better chance than he did in this little neighborhood. You see, he had excellent ideas, but he never 'd learned the machinist's trade, and there was somethin' the matter with every model he contrived. I used to be real narrow-minded when he talked about moving 'way up to Lowell, or some o' them places; I hated to think of leaving my folks: and now I see that I never done right by him. His ideas was good. I know once he was on a jury, and there was a man stopping to the tavern where he was, near the courthouse, a man that traveled for a firm to Lowell; and they engaged in talk, an' Mr. Wallis let out some o' his notions an' contrivances, an' he said that man would n't hardly stop to eat, he was so interested, an' said he 'd look for a chance for him up to Lowell. It all sounded so well that I kind of begun to think about goin' myself. Mr. Wallis said we 'd close the house here, and go an' board through the winter. But he

never heard a word from him, and the disappointment was one he never got over. I think of it now different from what I did then. I often used to be kind of disapproving to Mr. Wallis; but there, he used to be always tellin' over his great projects. Somebody told me once that a man by the same name of the one he met while he was to court had got some patents for the very things Mr. Wallis used to be workin' over; but 't was after he died, an' I don' know 's 't was in him to ever really set things up so other folks could ha' seen their value. His machines always used to work kind of rickety, but folks used to come from all round to see 'em; they was curiosities if they wa'n't nothin' else, an' gave him a name."

Mrs. Bickford paused a moment, with some geranium leaves in her hand, and seemed to suppress with difficulty a desire to speak even more freely.

"He was a dreadful notional man," she said at last, regretfully, and as if this fact were a poor substitute for what had just been in her mind. "I recollect one time he worked all through the early winter over my churn, an' got it so it would go three quarters of an hour all of itself if you wound it up; an' if you 'll believe it, he went an' spent all that time for nothin' when the cow was dry, an' we was with difficulty borrowin' a pint o' milk a day somewheres in the neighborhood just to get along with." Mrs. Bickford flushed with displeasure, and turned to look at her visitor. "Now what do you think of such a man as that, Miss Pendexter?" she asked.

"Why, I don't know but 't was just as good for an invention," answered Miss Pendexter timidly; but her friend looked doubtful, and did not appear to understand.

"Then I asked him where it was, one day that spring when I 'd got tired to death churnin', an' the butter would n't come in a churn I 'd had to borrow, and he 'd gone an' took ours all to pieces to

get the works to make some other useless contrivance with. He had no sort of a business turn, but he was well meanin', Mr. Wallis was, an' full o' divertin' talk; they used to call him very good company. I see now that he never had no proper chance. I've always regretted Mr. Wallis," said she who was now the widow Bickford.

"I'm sure you always speak well of him," said Miss Pendexter. "'T was a pity he had n't got among good business men, who could push his inventions an' do all the business part."

"I was left very poor an' needy for them next few years," said Mrs. Bickford mournfully; "but he never 'd give up but what he should die worth his fifty thousand dollars. I don't see now how I ever did get along them next few years without him; but there, I always managed to keep a pig, an' sister Eliza gave me my potatoes, and I made out somehow. I could dig me a few greens, you know, in spring, and then 't would come strawberry time, and other berries a-followin' on. I was always decent to go to meetin' till within the last six months, an' then I went in bad weather, when folks would n't notice; but 't was a rainy summer, an' I managed to get considerable preachin' after all. My clothes looked proper enough when 't was a wet Sabbath. I often think o' them pinched days now, when I'm left so comfortable by Mr. Bickford."

"Yes'm, you've everything to be thankful for," said Miss Pendexter, who was as poor herself at that moment as her friend had ever been, and who never could dream of venturing upon the support and companionship of a pig. "Mr. Bickford was a very personable man," she hastened to say, the confidences were so intimate and interesting.

"Oh, very," replied Mrs. Bickford; "there was something about him that was very marked. Strangers would always ask who he was as he come into meetin'. His words counted; he never

spoke except he had to. 'T was a relief at first after Mr. Wallis's being so fluent; but Mr. Wallis was splendid company for winter evenings, — 't would be eight o'clock before you knew it. I did n't use to listen to it all, but he had a great deal of information. Mr. Bickford was dreadful dignified; I used to be sort of meechin' with him along at the first, for fear he 'd disapprove of me; but I found out 't wa'n't no need; he was always just that way, an' done everything by rule an' measure. He had n't the mind of my other husbands, but he was a very dignified appearing man; he used 'most always to sleep in the evenin's, Mr. Bickford did."

"Them is lovely bo'quets, certain!" exclaimed Miss Pendexter. "Why, I could n't tell 'em apart; the flowers are comin' out just right, are n't they?"

Mrs. Bickford nodded assent, and then, startled by sudden recollection, she cast a quick glance at the rose in the window.

"I always seem to forget about your first husband, Mr. Fraley," Miss Pendexter suggested bravely. "I've often heard you speak of him, too, but he 'd passed away long before I ever knew you."

"He was but a boy," said Mrs. Bickford. "I thought the world was done for me when he died, but I've often thought since 't was a mercy for him. He come of a very melancholy family, and all his brothers an' sisters enjoyed poor health; it might have been his lot. Folks said we was as pretty a couple as ever come into church; we was both dark, with black eyes an' a good deal o' color, — you would n't expect it to see me now. Albert was one that held up his head, and looked as if he meant to own the town, an' he had a good word for everybody. I don't know what the years might have brought."

There was a long pause. Mrs. Bickford leaned over to pick up a heavy-headed Guelder rose that had dropped on the floor.

"I expect 't was what they call fallin' in love," she added, in a different tone; "he wa'n't nothin' but a boy, an' I wa'n't nothin' but a girl, but we was dreadful happy. He did n't favor his folks, — they all had hay-colored hair and was faded-looking, except his mother; they was alike, and looked alike, an' set everything by each other. He was just the kind of strong, hearty young man that goes right off if they get a fever. We was just settled on a little farm, an' he'd have done well if he'd had time; as it was, he left debts. He had a hasty temper, that was his great fault, but Albert had a lovely voice to sing; they said there wa'n't no such tenor voice in this part o' the State. I could hear him singin' to himself right out in the field a-ploughin' or hoein', an' he did n't know it half o' the time, no more 'n a common bird would. I don' know 's I valued his gift as I ought to, but there was nothin' ever sounded so sweet to me. I ain't one that ever had much fancy, but I knowed Albert had a pretty voice."

Mrs. Bickford's own voice trembled a little, but she held up the last bouquet and examined it critically. "I must hurry now an' put these in water," she said, in a matter-of-fact tone. Little Miss Pendexter was so quiet and sympathetic that her hostess felt no more embarrassed than if she had been talking only to herself.

"Yes, they do seem to droop some; 't is a little warm for them here in the sun," said Miss Pendexter; "but you 'll find they 'll all come up if you give them their fill o' water. They 'll look very handsome to-morrow; folks 'll notice them from the road. You've arranged them very tasty, Mis' Bickford."

"They do look pretty, don't they?" Mrs. Bickford regarded the three in turn. "I want to have them all pretty. You may deem it strange, Abby."

"Why, no, Mis' Bickford," said the guest sincerely, although a little perplexed by the solemnity of the occasion.

"I know how 't is with friends, — that having one don't keep you from wantin' another; 't is just like havin' somethin' to eat, and then wantin' somethin' to drink just the same. I expect all friends finds their places."

But Mrs. Bickford was not interested in this figure, and still looked vague and anxious as she began to brush the broken stems and wilted leaves into her wide calico apron. "I done the best I could while they was alive," she said, "and mourned 'em when I lost 'em, an' I feel grateful to be left so comfortable now when all is over. It seems foolish, but I'm still at a loss about that rose."

"Perhaps you 'll feel sure when you first wake up in the morning," answered Miss Pendexter solicitously. "It's a case where I don't deem myself qualified to offer you any advice. But I 'll say one thing, seein' 's you've been so friendly spoken and confiding with me. I never was married myself, Mis' Bickford, because it was n't so that I could have the one I liked."

"I suppose he ain't livin', then? Why, I was n't never aware you had met with a disappointment, Abby," said Mrs. Bickford instantly. None of her neighbors had ever suspected little Miss Pendexter of a romance.

"Yes 'm, he's livin'," replied Miss Pendexter humbly. "No 'm, I never have heard that he died."

"I want to know!" exclaimed the woman of experience. "Well, I 'll tell you this, Abby: you may have regretted your lot, and felt lonesome and hard-shipped, but they all have their faults, and a single woman's got her liberty, if she ain't got other blessin's."

"'T would n't have been my choice to live alone," said Abby, meeker than before. "I feel very thankful for my blessin's, all the same. You've always been a kind neighbor, Mis' Bickford."

"Why can't you stop to tea?" asked the elder woman, with unusual cordiality; but Miss Pendexter remembered that

her hostess often expressed a dislike for unexpected company, and promptly took her departure after she had risen to go, glancing up at the bright flower as she passed outside the window. It seemed to belong most to Albert, but she had not liked to say so. The sun was low; the green fields stretched away southward into the misty distance.

II.

Mrs. Bickford's house appeared to watch her out of sight down the road, the next morning. She had lost all spirit for her holiday. Perhaps it was the unusual excitement of the afternoon's reminiscences, or it might have been simply the bright moonlight night which had kept her broad awake until dawn, thinking of the past, and more and more concerned about the rose. By this time it had ceased to be merely a flower, and had become a definite symbol and assertion of personal choice. She found it very difficult to decide. So much of her present comfort and well being was due to Mr. Bickford; still, it was Mr. Wallis who had been most unfortunate, and to whom she had done least justice. If she owed recognition to Mr. Bickford, she certainly owed amends to Mr. Wallis. If she gave him the rose, it would be for the sake of affectionate apology. And then there was Albert, to whom she had no thought of being either indebted or forgiving. But she could not escape from the terrible feeling of indecision.

It was a beautiful morning for a drive, but Mrs. Bickford was kept waiting some time for the chaise. Her nephew, who was to be her escort, had found much social advantage at the blacksmith's shop, so that it was after ten when she finally started with the three large flat-backed bouquets, covered with a newspaper to protect them from the sun. The petals of the almond flowers were beginning to scatter, and now and then little streams

of water leaked out of the newspaper and trickled down the steep slope of her best dress to the bottom of the chaise. Even yet she had not made up her mind; she had stopped trying to deal with such an evasive thing as decision, and leaned back and rested as best she could.

"What an old fool I be!" she rebuked herself from time to time, in so loud a whisper that her companion ventured a respectful "What, ma'am?" and was astonished that she made no reply. He was a handsome young man, but Mrs. Bickford could never cease thinking of him as a boy. He had always been her favorite among the younger members of the family, and he now returned this affectionate feeling, being possessed of an instinctive confidence in the sincerities of his prosaic aunt.

As they drove along, there had seemed at first to be something unsympathetic and garish about the beauty of the summer day. After the shade and shelter of the house, Mrs. Bickford suffered from even a more contracted and assailed feeling out of doors. The very trees by the roadside had a curiously fateful, trying way of standing back to watch her, as she passed in the acute agony of her indecision, and she was annoyed and startled by a bird that flew too near the chaise in a moment of surprise. She was conscious of a strange reluctance to the movement of the Sunday chaise, as if she were being conveyed against her will; but the companionship of her nephew John grew every moment to be more and more a reliance. It was very comfortable to sit by his side, even though he had nothing to say; he was manly and cheerful, and she began to feel protected.

"Aunt Bickford," he suddenly announced, "I may's well out with it! I've got a piece o' news to tell you, if you won't let on to nobody. I expect you'll laugh, but you know I've set everything by Mary Lizzie Gifford ever since I was a boy. Well, sir!"

"Well, sir!" exclaimed aunt Bick-

ford in her turn, quickly roused into most comfortable self-forgetfulness. "I am really pleased. She'll make you a good, smart wife. Ain't all the folks pleased, both sides?"

"Yes, they be," answered John soberly, with a happy, important look that became him well.

"I guess I can make out to do something for you to help along, when the right time comes," said aunt Bickford impulsively, after a moment's reflection. "I've known what it is to be starting out in life with plenty o' hope. You ain't calculatin' on gettin' married before fall, — or be ye?"

"'Long in the fall," said John regretfully. "I wish t' we could set up for ourselves right away this summer. I ain't got much ahead, but I can work well as anybody, an' now I'm out o' my time."

"She's a nice, modest, pretty girl. I thought she liked you, John," said the old aunt. "I saw her over to your mother's, last day I was there. Well, I expect you'll be happy."

"Certain," said John, turning to look at her affectionately, surprised by this outspokenness and lack of embarrassment between them. "Thank you, aunt," he said simply; "you're a real good friend to me," and he looked away again hastily, and blushed a fine scarlet over his sun-browned face. "She's coming over to spend the day with the girls," he added. "Mother thought of it. You don't get over to see us very often."

Mrs. Bickford smiled approvingly. John's mother looked for her good opinion, no doubt, but it was very proper for John to have told his prospects himself, and in such a pretty way. There was no shilly-shallying about the boy.

"My gracious!" said John suddenly. "I'd like to have drove right by the burying ground. I forgot we wanted to stop."

Strange as it may appear, Mrs. Bickford herself had not noticed the burying

ground, either, in her excitement and pleasure; now she felt distressed and responsible again, and showed it in her face at once. The young man leaped lightly to the ground, and reached for the flowers.

"Here, you just let me run up with 'em," he said kindly. "'T is hot in the sun to-day, an' you'll mind it risin' the hill. We'll stop as I fetch you back to-night, and you can go up comfortable an' walk the yard after sundown when it's cool, an' stay as long as you're a mind to. You seem sort of tired, aunt."

"I don't know but what I will let you carry 'em," said Mrs. Bickford slowly.

To leave the matter of the rose in the hands of fate seemed weakness and cowardice, but there was not a moment for consideration. John was a smiling fate, and his proposition was a great relief. She watched him go away with a terrible inward shaking, and sinking of pride. She had held the flowers with so firm a grasp that her hands felt weak and numb, and as she leaned back and shut her eyes she was afraid to open them again at first for fear of knowing the bouquets apart even at that distance, and giving instructions which she might regret. With a sudden impulse she called John once or twice eagerly; but her voice had a thin and piping sound, and the meditative early crickets that chirped in the fresh summer grass probably sounded louder in John's ears. The bright light on the white stones dazzled Mrs. Bickford's eyes; and then all at once she felt light-hearted, and the sky seemed to lift itself higher and wider from the earth, and she gave a sigh of relief as her messenger came back along the path. "I know who I do hope's got the right one," she said to herself. "There, what a touse I be in! I don't see what I had to go and pick the old rose for, anyway."

"I declare, they did look real handsome, aunt," said John's hearty voice as

he approached the chaise. "I set 'em up just as you told me. This one fell out, an' I kept it. I don't know 's you 'll care. I can give it to Lizzie."

He faced her now with a bright, boyish look. There was something gay in his buttonhole: it was the red rose.

Aunt Bickford blushed like a girl. "Your choice is easy made," she faltered mysteriously, and then burst out laughing, there in front of the burying

ground. "Come, get right in, dear," she said. "Well, well! I guess the rose was made for you; it looks very pretty in your coat, John."

She thought of Albert, and the next moment the tears came into her old eyes. John was a lover, too.

"My first husband was just such a tall, straight young man as you be," she said as they drove along. "The flower he first give me was a rose."

Sarah Orne Jewett.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

"DOWN TO TOWER'D CAMELOT."

THE squire was from home for a day or two, on business. When he came back, he asked the ladies, "What have you been doing while I was away?" They answered, "We took Mr. Foster to Camelot, to convince him that it was Cadbury in Somersetshire, and not Winchester, which he declared Caxton to have said it to be."

Squire. Caxton was a wise as well as a good man, and his knowledge was great; but even he did not know everything. In the Introduction to the Globe Edition of *Morte Darthur* you will find the reasons for holding that King Arthur's Camelot — probably from Camelus, the Celtic god of war — was the Cadbury Castle you saw yesterday. But perhaps you are already convinced that you had seen the true Camelot, and that Arthur really held his court there?

Foster. Certainly. I felt like Mopsa, who loved a ballad in print, because then she knew it to be true.

Squire. I should like to hear your account of the expedition. I know you keep a journal.

Foster (fetches a notebook, and reads from it). "We got to Sparkford at about one o'clock on a day of terrible midsum-

mer heat; from there we drove to South Cadbury, about two miles off. The drive was across a plain; in fact, the end of the great valley which runs up from the sea, roughly speaking, bounded by the Mendip range on one side, and the Polden hills, parallel to Mendip, on the other, and the beginning of the downs which join on to the system of Salisbury Plain, shutting in the valley at right angles to Mendip and the Polden hills. In this great trench are islands: near the sea, such ones as Brent Knoll; further up, Glastonbury Tor; and furthest from the sea, and just under the downs, lies Camelot. As we drove, we could see, looking towards our right, the downs bounding the horizon with their characteristic slopes, the flat tops and steep sloping sides and general plainness of surface which give to downs an individuality among hills. Along their ridges were to be seen scars on their sides showing old encampments. Close under these downs stands Camelot, a long, regularly sloped hill, quite isolated, its top at a distance looking nearly horizontal, while the two ends present a slope of about the same angle; the side towards us was thickly wooded, and so no ramparts were

to be seen. At South Cadbury, a pretty village, with its little church and pollard poplar-trees round it, we began our walk. A narrow lane, with steep banks, leading out of the highroad, and called Castle Lane, began to go up the hill. After a short distance we reached a gate: here the lane widened, and seemed to go straight up the hill in a broad ditch. A short way up, roads branched to right and left; on the one to the left was a gamekeeper's cottage. These branching roads were, in fact, the first ditches at the top of the first slope of earthwork. Before telling of our ascent of the fort, I will describe the general lines on which the defenses are made, as this will simplify the account I am going to give of the details. Imagine to yourself a plain out of which rises a hill, two hundred feet high, of regular shape on the northern side; a slight slope up from the plain suddenly turns into a steep rampart of about fifty feet, so steep that we, like Camden, found it easier to run down it than walk. Gaining the top of this first rampart, you find yourself on a narrow edge, sloping steeply down to a ditch, a slope of perhaps ten feet; from the bottom of this ditch rises the second rampart, of about the same height as the first, which again ends in an edge sloping down to a second ditch, from which rises the third rampart, like the second, but not so high as the first and second, though as steep; this, too, has its ditch, and from it rises the fourth and last rampart. The top of this one is embanked about ten feet above the nearly flat top of the hill. This is a space of some twenty acres, and at the eastern end enters the roadway leading up from the bottom to where I have said we first began to climb, the roadway cutting through ditches and ramparts. This entrance was, no doubt, protected by the iron gates which still live in tradition. So the road enters the oval top of the hill at the eastern end. Opposite, at the western end, another road just like this

one comes up from the bottom; a little to the north of this western gate the ground rises in a knoll, called Arthur's Castle, and is the highest part of the hill, being five hundred feet above the sea. It has steep sides, which seem partly the result of art, and partly natural.

"One could not help being struck by the simple earth walls and their primitive strength, and feeling how different must have been the people who lived here in rude strength from the gorgeous images of the Camelot of Malory. How entirely the life here must have differed from the mediæval surroundings from which he drew his color! And we could not help wondering who were the people who began to make a fortress out of the hill, and what were the names of those who had brought these earth mounds and ditches to such perfection of strength. Strange that the genius that planned and the energy that executed should have left only the work accomplished, and no record of those by whose might it was framed! Strange that a people so great, who could carve the everlasting hills into citadels, and whose mounds and ditches have survived 'the drums and trappings of three conquests,'¹ should have left no name even in the histories of nations now dead!

"'But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the Pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it.'¹

"The greater part of the hill is wooded. This, unfortunately, hides the ramparts and ditches, except at close quarters, but then they are seen clearly. We made our way up through the eastern entrance, walked across the oval top, and went out at the western gate down the hill to the bottom, where we found a wall below the last rampart shutting in the hill from the fields round. We then

¹ Sir Thomas Browne, *Urn Burial*.

walked round the northern slope inside this wall, in search of the Wishing Well. After going a little way, the squire's daughter saw a cow" —

Squire (interrupting). And you all ran for your lives, I suppose?

Foster. No, we did not. The young lady only availed herself, as her father would have done, of the opportunity for the exercise of the higher criticism, as you will see if you let me go on, — "saw a cow on the top of the first rampart above us (here not very high), and thought this might indicate water. We went to the place only to find a muddy pool, and were thinking of going on farther, when the other lady of the party, her sister-in-law, noticed, a little to the right of the pool, a few steps above it, a small inclosure some twenty feet square, made by a low, dry wall; going into this, she found the well. The second rampart slopes up at the back of the little inclosure, making one of its walls; in its side, on the ground, is the Wishing Well. A block of stone, about four feet long, has been hollowed out into a circular arch, the inside of which is cut into a scallop shell; this block might be the top part or roof of a semicircular niche, though here it rests on no pillars, but on the ground, so the opening is only some two feet high and three long; the surface of the water was about a foot below the ground, in a little basin built, apparently, of brick, on the same plan as the scalloped roof, — that is, in front straight, the back a half-round. The water was of crystal clearness and of icy coldness. Although the shape of the stone was evidently not very old, possibly of the time of Queen Anne, as it is sometimes called Queen Anne's Well, still, here it seemed a living thing of the past. The soft gurgle of the spring, as it ran away in some hidden channel, heard only when one bent close to the water, made one feel it was thus that this spring ran when those ramparts over our heads, now slumbering in peaceful decay, had

resounded to the busy life of a capital city of the old British kingdom, or had echoed to the battle cry of a mightier race, the torrent of whose conquest this citadel had stayed, but not arrested. Not only did the well put us in touch with 'the clouded forms of long past history,' but we also thought of those whom poets have made much clearer.

"'Feigned of old or fabled since,
Of faery damsels met in forest wide
By Knights of Logres or of Lyones,
Lancelot of Pelleas or Pellenore.'

For, at Camelot, Arthur and his knights still ride at the full moon and water their horses at this well. The hill of ramparts and ditches rose in the imagination to something much more than a stockaded camp of a savage tribe, and, like Leland before us, we felt that we were at the local habitation of those airy nothings, those fancies of poets' brains, King Arthur and his Knights of the Round Table, whose deeds had played as important a part as had Troy the ancient, and influenced the modern world as greatly. Whether it was from such thoughts as these or not I cannot say, but the water of the Wishing Well seemed a draught inspiring beyond all other water. But we had other things to see yet, and above all to prove if the hill were hollow; for the legends of the country assert that a noise made at King Arthur's Well is heard at the Wishing Well; so the ladies stayed at the latter, while I started in search of King Arthur's Well, the other spring on the hill. This I found at no great distance, close to the cottage, and on the left side of the eastern road up the hill. This was a stone with a round hole in it about two feet across, the well below being a circular place about four feet deep, full of filthy and all but stagnant water, and quite powerless to excite the imagination. At the appointed time I made much noise by hitting boards and sticks on the mouth of the well; but on going back to the Wishing Well found

that my noises had not been heard. Considering that we had drunk deep of the clear spring, I was relieved to think it did not communicate with the poisonous waters of King Arthur's Well. We now set out to see more of the southern side, and, walking along past the cottage, found ourselves on the top of the first rampart. On the southeastern slope the walls of earth stand out in bald grandeur, for there are no trees, and here we could appreciate the enormous strength of the ramparts rising tier above tier over our heads. I have seen other camps of this kind, but never anything like this; the steepness of the sides and the regularity of the slopes make it a striking spectacle. As we got farther round on the south side, trees began again, though more scattered; and as we climbed up gradually, startling countless rabbits, and at one place a badger, the views became of great beauty, till, reaching the top of the southern side, near the west gate, we looked down on the village of Sutton Montis. Nothing could have been more lovely. A little brook with willows skirted the fortress, after leaving the downs opposite whence it rose; across this brook lay a vast orchard, the orderly rows of its great trees clearly seen from our height; beyond this came the 'pleasant villages and farms adjoined,' — one especially glowing roof of almost crimson tiles took the eye; beyond this, again, the church, and then the vast sweep of view towards Dorsetshire. From here we went through the western gate of the top of the camp, and descended the hill by the road at that end, leaving Camelot by the west, having come there by the east. We then went a pleasant way across the grounds, orchards and fields, till a path near the river took us back into Sparkford, where the interval till our train was due was filled by many cups of tea in a pleasant old inn. The train took us home in a golden evening, and we were left with visions of romance

and of the monumental handiwork of a vanished people, all seen through a halo of midsummer sunlight."¹

Squire. Very good geography, physical, military, and archæological; not without a touch, too, of purple patch, and some of a very fine purple.

Foster. If it had been full moon or the eve of St. John, I think I should have begged the ladies to stay with me, or to leave me there, that I, too, might hear and see Arthur and his knights come riding down King Arthur's Lane, as, according to local tradition, they have never left off doing since the days of Leland, whose account I have just been reading, who tells us of the silver horseshoe that one of them had cast in such a ride.

Squire. I have often fancied that if I had the poet's gift of looking into and seeing the imaginary past, while the senses of the present are laid asleep, the vision would come to me on the grassy mound called Arthur's Castle, at the top of the hill of Camelot. Even now that vision rises before me with successive magic scenes, "apart from place, withholding time," but always in that golden prime of Arthur and his knights. I seem to see the town of Camelot, while within the hall is the Round Table, its seats filling with knights come to the feast of Pentecost, though Arthur will not take his place till he hears from Sir Kay, the Seneschal, that an adventure is at hand, since some unknown lady or knight can be seen riding down the road. Scene after scene rises before me of things done, and words spoken, and quests undertaken, in that hall; and not least that when the Holy Grail, covered with white samite, passed through, offering every knight for once to partake of that mysterious food, and awaking in him the resolve to achieve that quest. And then,

"I see no longer, I myself am there," among the crowd of ladies and knights

¹ An account of an actual visit, by my son, Mr. Henry Strachey.

who gathered to see the barge which came floating down the river with the dead but beautiful Elaine, the Lady of Shalot, and hear Sir Launcelot tell her sad tale. The river may be seen by the bodily eye, and in the light of summer day; and so may Glastonbury and Avalon, no longer, indeed, an island on the one hand, and the site at least of the nunnery of Almesbury on the other. But now the vision rises before me of the twofold story of Malory and Tennyson, of that parting, solemn to awfulness, of Arthur and Guenever, when he rode out through the mist, without looking back, to the battle which he knew was to be his last; of the battle, and of the coming of that barge with the weeping ladies who bore away the dying king to Avalon. Then, again, those last laments of Launcelot over Arthur and Guenever, and of Ector over Launcelot himself. These actions are very real to me; and yet, as I speak, I know, like Prospero, that they are melting into air, into thin air.

Foster. My sympathies are all with you, squire, but yet forgive me if I ask, as I heard your little grandson ask the other day when you were telling him a story, "Is it true? Tell me something real." And I should be glad to think that the fabric of your vision is not altogether baseless.

Squire. Yes, and no. And first, yes. Camelot itself, call it castle, or fortress, or camp, as you will, stands there with its smaller outlying forts in the forefront of my answer. It stands in the very place where you would draw the line at which the onward progress of the English towards the southwest was stopped for one hundred years after they had won the battle of Deorham in 577, and taken the cities of Sarum and Bath. Is it not clear, so far as reasonable inference can supply the lack of direct historical record, that it was this Camelot which stayed their advance,—a fortress formed and held by Freedom's hands? And if Arthur was a king of Britain or of the

British during part of that hundred years, it is not unreasonable to believe that it was at Camelot that he held his camp, if not his court.

Foster. But was there an Arthur at all? Milton, with all his admiration for Arthur and his knights as heroes of romance, did not believe in his historical existence; so you will hardly expect me to satisfy my doubts by the historical arguments by which Caxton tells us that many noble and divers gentlemen satisfied his doubts, nor even by the evidence which they called in of Gawain's skull, Cradock's mantle, and Launcelot's sword.

Squire. Though you took his word for it that Camelot was Winchester. But I can give you better authority than that of Caxton, or Milton, or any one else. Here (opening a drawer, and taking out a letter) is the last letter which I received from my old friend Edward Freeman. He writes:—

"Guest taught me to believe in Arthur, and there is a notice of him which, if not history, is at best very early legend, in the Life of Gildas. It proves a good bit, anyhow. Then R—— seemed to disbelieve in him, and now he seems to have taken to him again. I tell R—— that I live much too near to Avalon, which is Glastonbury, to give him up altogether, and that I can't part with him to them of Strathelyde."

But it is a very slight and dim existence at best. You just now compared the story of Arthur to that of Agamemnon; and I might add that Camelot is to Malory's Morte Darthur what Dr. Schliemann's Troy is to the Iliad.

Foster. Your answer to my question was to be "no" as well as "yes."

Squire. But I cannot say "no," after all. Those knights and ladies do live to me, as I trust that they will live to many an English-speaking boy and girl yet unborn. But I will answer your question in the best Dryasdust fashion that I can. I do not attempt to follow

up the old legends to those pre-Christian and even prehistoric sources of which some learned writers believe that they can get occasional glimpses. I am content to believe that in the ages in which war was more to men than peace, and imagination more than cool reason, the legends somehow grew up. The British bards termed the actual losses of their countrymen glorious gain and triumphs of poetry; and when they were driven back into Cornwall and Wales and Scotland, they found everywhere new Camelots and Round Tables at Tintagel, Caerleon, and Carlisle, and across the sea in Brittany. Mr. Symonds tells us that in the Middle Ages the legends of Arthur were greater favorites with the educated classes in Italy than the earlier ones of Charlemagne, which were left to the common people. And it is a curious fact that Gervase of Tilbury, writing early in the thirteenth century, gives a story of the discovery in the woods of Mount Etna, in Sicily, of King Arthur, there biding his time in solemn seclusion, which exactly corresponds with the like story which has been told of the Somersetshire Camelot by a peasant girl to a lady now living. The minstrel, or troubadour, wandered far; and he carried everywhere with him not only the name, but the local habitation of his hero.

Foster. Were not the Chivalry romances chiefly French?

Squire. If you except the greatest of all, that of Sir Thomas Malory, perhaps they were. He says there were in Welsh many, and in French many; and he also makes use of old English romances. But the Curate found in Don Quixote's library a pretty good number of Spanish romances. And you must remember that French was the language of the English Norman lords and ladies, and that England was first of the lands of chivalry, whatever was its chief language.

Foster. I think Southey says, in the preface either to his Amadis or Palmerin, that the Spanish and Portuguese ro-

mances bear evidence, in their references to England, that this was so.

Squire. I like to see significance in the fact, pointed out by Frederick Maurice, that the man whom the Germans, the French, the Italians, and the Spaniards honored as ritter, chevalier, cavaliere, caballero, the rider of the war horse, was to the English the knight, the knecht, the servant of all men.

Foster. Is not Amadis of Gaul the most perfect embodiment of the ideal of knighthood? He is as pure as Perceval or even Galahad, without their monk-like asceticism; and as true and ardent a lover as Launcelot, without his guilty "honor rooted in dishonor," as Tennyson calls it.

Squire. The loves of Amadis and Oriana are, indeed, charming. There is nothing in Malory like that description of them in Southey's translation:—

"Oriana was about ten years old, the fairest creature that ever was seen; therefore she was called the one 'without a peer.' The Child of the Sea (that is, Amadis) was now twelve years old, but in stature and size he seemed fifteen, and he served the queen; but now that Oriana was there, the queen gave her the Child of the Sea, that he should serve her, and Oriana said that 'it pleased her;' and that word which she said the Child kept in his heart, so that he never lost it from his memory, and in all his life he was never weary of serving her, and his heart was surrendered to her; and this love lasted as long as they lasted, for as well as he loved her did she also love him. But the Child of the Sea, who knew nothing of her love, thought himself presumptuous to have placed his thoughts on her, and dared not speak to her; and she, who loved him in her heart, was careful not to speak more with him than with another; but their eyes delighted to reveal to the heart what was the thing on earth that they loved best, and now the time came that he thought he could take

arms if he were knighted; and this he greatly desired, thinking that he would do such things that, if he lived, his mistress should esteem him."

I often feel the force of the arguments of the worthy Ascham against the tales of chivalry, and wish that Malory had made Amadis, and not Launcelot, his principal hero. But then I recur to what Caxton had written long before, as if in anticipation of the charge, and how Tennyson has brought out, in full life and proportion as well as with the lineaments of the noblest poetry, this contrast between good and evil, and triumph of good over evil, which Caxton eulogizes in Malory's story.

Foster. Milton, too, while he expresses a pious and thankful wonder that his youthful footsteps should have been directed in the paths of chastity by the tales of chivalry, among which Malory's Morte Darthur no doubt found a chief place, seems to recognize that the moral effect on his young mind had been good, and not evil.

Squire. The growth and progress of moral life are as marked and worthy of notice in our tales of chivalry as in any other form of our civilization. And it was our happy lot that, just at the right time, a William Caxton was ready to print and publish the great national epic which he had found and encouraged a Sir Thomas Malory to write. Like the Iliad, it is partly of that lofty and serious kind in which the imagination can believe and find enjoyment. A little later, the old tales of chivalry could only have supplied the material for a moral allegory like that of the Faerie Queene, or a genial burlesque like that of Don Quixote, or a hard, cynical, political satire like that of Hudibras.

Foster. You have said nothing of Tennyson's revival, may I say, of the old faith in the old poems. It is true, they are idyls, little pictures, and you call Sir Thomas Malory's romance an epic. Do you hold to that eulogistic

designation of Malory's Morte Darthur, in face of the half-patronizing, half-contemptuous language in which the Caxtons of the present day have described the very book on which they have just lavished all the learning, labor, and cost of many years, — a work which very few will care for or appreciate at its proper value, though many may enjoy the popular fruits of it all?

Squire. So it is, and must be. I have the sincerest respect for a learning, industry, and generous self-devotion to the cause of letters such as I can make little pretension to. But while I know enough of these things to appreciate what these scholars have done for us, I see no proofs that I ought to submit myself to their authority on a question on which it contradicts my own literary judgment. Look at this book of Malory's Morte Darthur as it actually is, and not as the critics say it ought to have been, if he had properly followed his sources. You will find on every page the marks of a work of true though early and somewhat rude art; and then, if you will look again with your own eyes, and not with those of the critics, you will see that his art is all his own, and not to be found in the older legends which he has used as materials. I do not know whether Malory had acquaintance with any of what have been called the masterpieces of antiquity, nor whether he was conscious at all that he was himself creating one of such masterpieces. But his work itself lies before us. He has taken the legends of an old national hero and fashioned them into a work of art, with the main characteristic features of the epic, or the drama, of all ages and countries. It is what Carlyle would have called the perennial battle between God and the devil, — the contest between man's free will and his circumstances; the Nemesis which attends his way during that contest, and his triumph by help of a higher power than his own. $\Delta\iota\delta\varsigma\ \delta'\epsilon\tau\epsilon\lambda\epsilon\iota\epsilon\tau\omicron\ \beta\omicron\upsilon\lambda\acute{\eta}$. Arthur is born

into a world of anarchy, for which the lawlessness of his father is more or less responsible; Merlin watches over him, and, by help of his counsels, Arthur, on reaching manhood, is able to establish and consolidate his kingdom, and even to extend it over that of the Emperor of Rome; and the Round Table at which he sat as the centre and head of his knights was the sign and token of this world under kingship. But there was a canker at the root of all this glory. After many years of prosperity and of great deeds, both good and evil, the coming of the Holy Grail brought a test which could not be escaped; the fellowship of the Round Table was broken up, and Mordred, the child of the guilty loves of Arthur and Morgan le Fay long years before, became the instrument of divine judgment and retribution. Thus the personages of the story, through whose action its several threads are woven or unwound, are as artistically varied and distinguished as are the events. Both these points of the story and the characters are discussed at some length in the Introduction to the Globe Edition of *Morte Darthur*, to which I may refer you, if you care for more. Only for the humor of it, do read me the account of the Bishop of Canterbury's excommunication of Mordred. You will find a mark at the page.

Foster. "And then came the Bishop of Canterbury, the which was a noble clerk and an holy man, and thus he said to Sir Mordred: Sir, what will ye do, will ye first displease God, and sithen shame yourself and all knighthood? Is not King Arthur your Uncle, no further but your mother's brother, and are not ye his son, therefore how may ye wed your father's wife? Sir, saith the noble clerk, leave this opinion, or else I shall curse you with book, and bell, and candle. Do thy worst, said Sir Mordred, wit thou well I shall defy thee. Sir, said the Bishop, and wit you well I shall not fear me to do that me ought to do. Also

where ye noise where my lord Arthur is slain, and that is not so, and therefore ye will make a foul work in this land. Peace, thou false priest, said Sir Mordred, for and thou chafe me any more, I shall strike off thy head. So the Bishop departed, and did the curse in the most orgulous wise that might be done. And then Sir Mordred sought the Bishop of Canterbury for to have slain him. Then the Bishop fled, and took part of his goods with him, and went nigh unto Glastonbury, and there he was as priest hermit in a chapel, and lived in poverty and in holy prayers: for well he understood that mischievous war was at hand."

Squire. That touch of the bishop escaping into a humble and quiet hermitage, but prudently taking some of his goods with him, after he had done the cursing in the most orgulous manner, always strikes me as very happy. Sir Thomas Malory was a humorist; and his pathos is greater than his humor. Let us hear those last words of Sir Launcelot and Sir Ector. One can never be weary of them.

Foster (reads). "Truly, said Sir Launcelot, I trust I do not displease God, for He knoweth mine intent, for my sorrow was not, nor is not, for any rejoicing of sin, but my sorrow may never have end. For when I remember of her beauty and of her noblesse, that was both with her King and with her; so when I saw his corpse and her corpse so lie together, truly mine heart would not serve to sustain my careful body. Also when I remember me how, by my default, mine orgule, and my pride, that they were both laid full low, that were peerless that ever was living of Christian people, wit you well, said Sir Launcelot, this remembered, of their kindness and mine unkindness, sank so to my heart, that I might not sustain myself."

And again:—

"Ah, Launcelot, he said, thou were the head of all Christian knights; and now I dare say, said Sir Ector, thou Sir

Launcelot, there thou liest, that thou were never matched of earthly knight's hand; and thou were the courtiest knight that ever bare shield; and thou were the truest friend to thy lover that ever bestrode horse, and thou were the truest lover of a sinful man that ever loved woman; and thou were kindest man that ever strake with sword; and thou were the goodliest person ever came among press of knights; and thou was the meekest man and the gentlest that ever ate in hall among ladies; and thou were the sternest knight to thy mortal foe that ever put spear in the rest."

Squire. Here again I would refer you to the *Globe* Introduction for proof that in these and other instances the passages are either Malory's own, or have been converted by him into poetry out of mere prosaic materials. In his twenty-first, or last book, in which I think his art is at its highest, he frequently alters or changes the incidents from those in the French books which he is always quoting; and in each case it seems to me that the variation has been made for the sake of artistic effect.

Foster. You call *Morte Darthur* a poem, then, and Malory a poet?

Squire. He has the poet's eye to see into the life of things, and the poet's power to endow what he sees with outward form and color, but he wanted that essential qualification of the proper poet which Wordsworth calls the accomplishment of verse.

Foster. Did not Carlyle say that poetry would be better if it were written in prose instead of in verse, and that it might be hoped that the poetry of the future would be so written?

Squire. I suppose we are all more ready to justify than to confess our mental deficiencies; and though Carlyle had much poetic insight, he had not the poet's proper faculty of expression.

Foster. How would you define this poetical mode of expression? It is something more or other than the skillful art

of making lines of ten syllables with or without rhymes at the end.

Squire. One characteristic — I had almost said *the* characteristic — of verse, in the highest meaning of the word, is its reticence. It was said of the great linguist, Cardinal Mezzofanti, that he could keep silence in forty languages; and the poet is a man who can and does keep silence in the midst of his wealth of rushing thoughts and words; and it is in this accomplishment of verse that he finds that the limitations of verse make this silence both proper and profitable. His words must be few while and because every one of them must be a creation, a cosmos, in itself, pregnant with life and meaning. Tennyson evidently saw and understood this in the formation of his style, — in part cultivated his poet's art which makes his style, in the highest sense of the word, and in which it has been well said to be the man himself. Mr. Knowles tells us¹ that he said "Wordsworth would have been much finer if he had written much less;" and he told Browning in my presence that "if he had got rid of two thirds, the remaining third would be much finer."

After saying that, and when Browning had left us, he enlarged on the imperative necessity of restraint in art. "It is necessary to respect the limits," he said. "An artist is one who recognizes bounds to his work as a necessity, and does not overflow illimitably to all extent about a matter. I soon found that if I meant to make any mark at all it must be by shortness, for all the men before me had been so diffuse, and all the big things had been done. To get the workmanship as nearly perfect as possible is the best chance for going down the stream of time. A small vessel on fine lines is likely to float further than a great raft."

Foster. And so you contrast these small vessels, the *Idylls*, with Malory's great raft of *Le Morte Darthur*?

Squire. Yes. And if you like to shift

¹ Nineteenth Century for January, 1893.

the metaphor from the ship to the river, you may quote Denham and say : —

“Oh, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example as it is my theme !

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet
not dull ;

Strong without rage, without o’erflowing full.”

Each generation has its own authorities and teachers. I quote Tennyson now ; fifty years ago I thought Coleridge’s distinctions of poetry and romance, prose and verse, the best possible ; and indeed I think you will still find them worth reading.

Foster. I know them well, though I did not read them fifty years ago. Judged by Coleridge’s standard, is not Malory’s book a romance rather than a poem ?

Squire. Perhaps it is. I am not at all willing, even for Malory’s sake, to break down the distinction between prose and verse which I think so real and so important. I will content myself with saying that it is a work of art, real though rude ; and for this I have the voice of the world of letters, gentle and simple, on my side, the few and minute critics notwithstanding. Whatever side lights their learning may have supplied to Spenser, Milton, and Tennyson, there can be no reasonable doubt that the Arthur and his knights whom they knew are the king and knights of Malory. The popular voice of approval has never been silent since Caxton printed his first edition ; and during the present century it has been raised, with an ever-increasing volume, to what Tennyson may be said to have given a not inappropriate expression when he said, “There is no grander subject in the world than King Arthur.”

Foster. The bibliography of the book is curious and interesting, especially as to Upcott’s very ingenious interpolations to supply the missing pages of the Althorp copy. It seems odd that the truth had remained undiscovered for fifty years till you told the story in the Introduction to the Globe Edition.

Squire. When I came to look into the

history of the text for myself, I was astonished at the inaccuracy and slovenliness of the professional critics, and their habit of putting second-hand guesses in the place of verified facts. But I venture to say that you may depend on the bibliography of the Globe Introduction and the Prolegomena of Dr. Somer. The work of Dr. Somer is, indeed, a wonderful monument of German learning, industry, and contentment with the reward of the approval and admiration of the few scholars competent to judge of its merits.

Foster. I am afraid that you cannot include the authorities of the British Museum among those who justly appreciate the worth of Malory’s book, when they allowed the one perfect copy of the original edition to go to America.

Squire. From what I have heard, I guess that they outwitted themselves by the overdone caution — not uncommon with buyers at auctions — of trying to make their purchase without giving their bidding agent a free hand. I was very sorry when I first heard that the precious volume which, when it lay in the Osterly Park library, had been seen by very few but myself, was gone to Brooklyn instead of to Bloomsbury. But I could no longer grudge the loss when I remembered that the treasure had only gone to our brothers — may I say our sister ? — across the Atlantic, with whom, as its possessor, Mrs. Abby E. Pope, tells me, it is prized more than it was among ourselves. I could only wish that it may be as safe from risks of fire and other damage as it would have been in the British Museum, and that the present possessor of the Althorp copy will obtain — as would no doubt be allowed — a photograph facsimile of the missing pages, to be substituted for the very inaccurate though beautifully written transcript by Whittaker. But here comes tea. Queen Guenever and her ladies never poured out that at the Round Table, nor invited Arthur and his knights to “five o’clocker.”

Edward Strachey.

MARINA SINGS.

THIS is the song Marina sang

To forlorn Pericles :

Silver the young voice rang.

The gray beard blew about his knees,
And the hair of his bowed head, like a veil,
Fell over his cheeks and blent with it :

He knew not anything.

Above him the Tyrian fold
Of the curtain billowed, fringed with gold,
As might beseem a king.

Sunset was rose on every sail
That did along the far sea flit,
And rose on the cedarn deck
Of the ship that at anchor swayed ;
And the harbor was golden-lit.

He lifted not his neck
At the coming of the maid.
She swept him with her eyes,
As though some tender wing
Just touched a bleaching wreck
In sheeted sand that lies ;
Then she began to sing.

THE SONG.

Hush, ah hush ! the sea is kind !
Lullaby is in the wind ;
Grief the babe forgets to weep,
Lapped and spelled and laid to sleep :
His lip is wet with the milk of the spray ;
He shall not wake till another day.
Ah hush ! the sea is kind !

Who can tell, ah who can tell,
The cradling nurse's croonèd spell ?
While the slumber-web she weaves
Never nursling stirs or grieves :
The tears that drowned his sweet eye-beams
Are turned to mists of rainbow dreams.
Ah hush ! she charms us well !

"All thy hurts I balm and bind ;
All thy heart's loves thou shalt find !"
Yea, this she murmurs, best of all :
"It was not loss that did befall !
All thy joys are put away ;

They shall be thine another day!"

Ah hush! the sea is kind!

She sang; she trembled like a lyre;

Her pure eyes burned with azure fire;

About her lucent brow the hair

Played like light flames divine ones wear:

The maid was very fair.

But when she saw he gave no heed, —

Close-mantled up in ancient pain

As in some sad-wound weed,

Dumb as a shape of stone,

Being years past all moan, —

She tried no other strain,

But softly spake: "Most royal sir!"

He raised his head and looked at her.

So might a castaway, half dead,

Lift up his haggard head,

Waked by the swirl of sudden rain,

A cool, unhopèd-for grace,

Against his tearless face:

And see, with happy-crazèd mind,

Upon his raft a Bright One stand, —

His love of youth, her grave long left behind

In some sweet-watered land.

Helen Gray Cone.

TEN LETTERS FROM COLERIDGE TO SOUTHEY.

IN the autumn of 1798, shortly after the publication of *Lyrical Ballads*, which contained *The Ancient Mariner*, Wordsworth and Coleridge went to Germany. Wordsworth made a short stay, but Coleridge spent a year abroad, part of the time at Ratzeburg, in the house of the village pastor, and part at Göttingen. Shortly after his return to England, at the close of 1799, he settled in London, and made a connection with the *Morning Post*. Before the end of 1800 he had left London, and established himself in Keswick.

Saturday, *January 25*, 1800.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — No day passes in which I do not, as it were, yearn after

you, but in truth my occupations have lately swoln above smothering point. I am over mouth and nostrils. I have inclosed a poem which Mrs. Robinson gave me for your *Anthology*.¹ She is a woman of undoubted genius. There was a poem of hers in this morning's paper which both in metre and matter pleased me much. She overloads everything; but I never knew a human being with so full a mind, — bad, good, and indifferent, I grant you, but full and overflowing. This poem I asked for you, because I thought the metre stimulating, and some of the stanzas really good. The first line of the twelfth would of itself redeem a worse poem. I think you will agree with me;

¹ The *Bristol Anthology*, edited by Southey.

but should you not, yet still put it in, my dear fellow, for my sake and out of respect to a woman-poet's feelings.

Miss Hays¹ I have seen. Charles Lloyd's conduct has been atrocious beyond what you stated. Lamb himself confessed to me that, during the time in which he kept up his ranting, sentimental correspondence with Miss Hays, he frequently read her letters in company, as a subject for *laughter*, and then sate down and answered them quite *à la Rousseau*! Poor Lloyd! Every hour new-creates him; he is his own posterity in a perpetually flowing series, and his body unfortunately retaining an external identity, *their* mutual contradictions and disagreements are united under one name, and of course are called lies, treachery, and rascality! I would not give him up, but that the same circumstances which have wrenched his morals prevent in him any salutary exercise of genius; and therefore he is not worth to the world that I should embroil and embrangle myself in his interests. Of Miss Hays's intellect I do not think so highly as you; or rather, to speak sincerely, I think not contemptuously, but certainly *despectively* thereof. Yet I think you likely, in this case, to have judged better than I; for to hear a thing, ugly and petticoated, ex-syllogize a God with cold-blooded precision, and attempt to run religion through the body with an icicle, an icicle from a Scotch hog-trough, — *I* do not endure it! My eye beholds phantoms, and “nothing is, but what is not.”

By your last I could not find whether or no you still are willing to execute the History of the Levelling Principle. Let me hear. Tom Wedgewood is going to the Isle of St. Nevis. As to myself, Lessing out of the question, I must stay in England. . . . Dear Hartley is well

and in high force. He sported of his own accord a theologico-astronomical hypothesis. Having so perpetually heard of good boys being put up into the sky when they are dead, and being now beyond measure enamoured of the lamps in the street, he said, one night, coming through the streets, “Stars are dead lamps; they be n't naughty; they are put up in the sky.” Two or three weeks ago he was talking to himself while I was writing, and I took down his soliloquy. It would make a most original poem.

You say I *illuminate*. I think that property will some time or other be modified by the predominance of intellect, even as rank and superstition are now modified by and subordinated to property. That much is to be hoped of the future; but first those particular modes of property which more particularly stop the diffusion must be done away as injurious to property itself: these are priesthood and the too great patronage of government. Therefore, if to act on the belief that all things are the process, and that inapplicable truths are moral falsehoods, be to *illuminate*, why, then I *illuminate*. I know that I have been obliged to *illuminate* so late at night, or rather mornings, that eyes have smarted as if I had *allum in eyes*. I believe I have misspelt the word, and ought to have written Alum; that aside, 't is a *humourous pun*.

Tell Davy² that I will soon write. God love him! You and I, Southey, know a good and great man or two in this world of ours.

God love you, my dear Southey, and your affectionate

S. T. COLERIDGE.

My kind love to Edith. Let me hear from you, and do not be angry with me that I don't answer your letters regularly.

¹ Mary Hayes, a friend of Mary Wollstonecraft, whose opinions she advocated with great zeal, and whose death she witnessed. She wrote a novel, *Memoirs of Emma Courtney*.

² Afterward Sir Humphry Davy. He contributed some verses to Southey's *Anthology*. If De Quincey is to be trusted, Coleridge cooled toward Davy when the brilliant man of science became a great figure in London society.

[Early in 1800.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I shall give up this newspaper business; it is too, too fatiguing. I have attended the Debates twice, and the first time I was twenty-five hours in activity, and that of a very unpleasant kind, and the second time from ten in the morning till four o'clock the next morning. I am sure that you will excuse my silence, though indeed after two such letters from you I cannot scarcely excuse it myself.

First, of the book business. I find a resistance which I did not expect to the *anonymity* of the publication. Longman seems confident that a work on such a subject without a name would not do. Translations and perhaps satires are, he says, the only works that booksellers now venture on *without a name*. He is very solicitous to have your Thabala, and wonders (most wonderful!) that you do not write a novel. That would be the thing! And truly, if, by no more pains than a St. Leon requires, you could get four hundred pounds, or half the money, I say so too. If we were together, we might easily *toss up* a novel, to be published in the name of one of us, or two, if that were all, and then christen 'em by lots. As sure as ink flows in my pen, by help of an amanuensis, I could write a volume a week. And Godwin got four hundred pounds for it! Think of that, Master Brook! I hope that some time or other you will write a novel on that subject of yours. I mean *The Rise and Progress of a Laughter*. Le Grice¹ in your eye, — the effect of laughing on taste, manners, morals, and happiness. But as to the Jacobin book, I must wait till I hear from you. Phillips would be very glad to engage you to write a school-book for him, — *The History of Poetry in all Nations*; about four hundred pages. But this, too, *must* have

your name. He would give sixty pounds. If poor dear Burnett were with you, he might do it, under your eye and with your instructions, as well as you or I could do it, but it is the *name*. Longman remarked, acutely enough, "The booksellers scarcely pretend to judge the merits of the book, but we know the *saleableness* of the name; and as they continue to buy most books on the calculation of a *first* edition of a thousand copies, they are seldom much mistaken, for the name gives them the excuse for sending it to all the Gemmen in Great Britain and the colonies, from whom they have standing orders for new books of reputation." This is the secret why books published by country booksellers, or by authors on their own account, so seldom succeed.

As to my schemes of residence, I am as unfixed as yourself, only that we are under the absolute necessity of fixing somewhere, and that somewhere will, I suppose, be Stowey. There are all my books and all our furniture. In May I am under a kind of engagement to go with Sara to Ottery. My family wish me to fix there, but *that* I must decline in the names of public liberty and individual free-agency. Elder brothers, not senior in intellect and not sympathizing in main opinions, are subjects of occasional visits, not temptations to a co-township. But if you go to Burton, Sara and I will waive the Ottery plan, if possible, and spend May and June with you, and perhaps July; but she must be settled in a house by the latter end of July or the first week in August. Till we are with you, Sara means to spend five weeks with the Roskillies, and a week or two at Bristol, where I shall join her. She will leave London in three weeks, at least, perhaps a fortnight, and I shall give up lodgings, and billet myself, free of expense, at my friend Purkis's at Brentford. This is

¹ Valentine Le Grice, a Bluecoat boy, and friend of Lamb and Coleridge. He was a wit and scholar, who took orders, and acquired some note by being inhibited from preaching because

of his free opinions. He is the C. V. le G. of Elia's *Christ's Hospital Five and Thirty Years Ago*.

my present plan. O my dear Southey! I would to God that your health did not enforce you to migrate; we might most assuredly continue to fix a residence somewhere which might possess a sort of centrality. Alfoxden would make two houses sufficiently divided for unimpinging independence. . . .

Tell Davy that I have not forgotten him, because, without an epilepsy, I cannot forget him; and if I wrote to him as often as I think of him, Lord have mercy on his pocket!

God bless you again and again.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

I pass this evening with Charlotte Smith at her house.

[Postmark, *February 18, 1800.*]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — What do you mean by the words "it is indeed by expectation," speaking of your state of health? I cannot bear to think of your going to a strange country without any one who loves and understands you. But we will talk of all this. I have not a moment's time, and my head aches. I was up till five o'clock this morning. My brain is so overworked that I could doze troublously and with cold limbs, so affected was my circulation. I shall do no more for Stuart. Read Pitt's speech in the Morning Post of to-day (February 18, Tuesday). I reported the whole with notes so scanty that — Mr. Pitt is much obliged to me. For, by Heaven, he never talked half as eloquently in his lifetime. He is a stupid, insipid charlatan, that Pitt. Indeed, except Fox, I, you, or anybody might learn to speak better than any man in the House. For the next fortnight I expect to be so busy that I shall go out of London a mile or so to be wholly uninterrupted. I do not understand the Beguin-nings of Holland.¹ Phillips is a good-for-nothing fellow, but what of that? He will give

you sixty pounds, and advance half the money now, for a book you can do in a fortnight, or three weeks at farthest. I would advise you not to give it up so hastily. Phillips eats no flesh. I observe wittily enough, that whatever might be thought of innate ideas, there could be no doubt to a man who had seen Phillips of the existence of innate beef. Let my Mad Ox keep my name. Fire and Famine do just what you like with. I have no wish either way. The Fears in Solitude, I fear, is not my property, and I have no encouragement to think it will be given up, but if I hear otherwise, I will let you know speedily; in the mean time, do not rely on it. Your review-plan *cannot* answer for this reason. It could exist only as long as the ononymous anti-anonymists remained in life, health, and the humour, and no publisher would undertake a periodical publication on so gossamery a tie. Besides, it really would not be right for any man to make so many people have strange and uncomfortable feelings towards him; which must be the case, however kind the reviews might be — and what but nonsense is published? The author of Gebir I cannot find out. There are none of his books in town. You have made a sect of Gebirites by your review, but it was not a fair, though a very kind review. I have sent a letter to Mrs. Fricker, which Sara directed to you. I hope it has come safe. Let me see, are there any other questions?

So, my dear Southey, God love you, and never, never cease to believe that I am

Affectionately yours,

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Love to Edith.

No. 21, BUCKINGHAM STREET, Saturday.
[Early in 1800.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I will see Longman on Tuesday, at the farthest, but I pray you send me up what you have done, if you can, as I will read it

¹ Southey's Letters contain a minute account of the Beguines at Ghent, but his visit was made in 1815.

to him, unless he will take my word for it. But we cannot expect that he will treat finally without seeing a considerable specimen. Send it by the coach; and be assured that it will be as safe as in your own *escritoire*, and I will remit it the very day Longman or any bookseller has treated for it satisfactorily. Less than two hundred pounds I would not take.

Have you tried warm bathing in a high temperature? As to your travelling, your first business must of course be to *settle*. The Greek Islands, and Turkey in general, are one continued Hounslow Heath, only that the highwaymen there have an awkward habit of murdering people. As to Poland and Hungary, the detestable roads and inns of them both, and the severity of the climate in the former, render travelling there little suited to your state of health. Oh for peace and the south of France! What a detestable villainy is not the new Constitution! I have written all that relates to it which has appeared in the *Morning Post*; and not without strength or elegance. But the French are children. 'Tis an infirmity to hope or fear concerning them. I wish they had a king again, if it were only that Sieyès and Bonaparte might be *hung*. Guillotining is too republican a death for such reptiles!

You'll write another quarter for Mr. Stuart? You will torture yourself for twelve or thirteen guineas? I pray you do not do so! You might get, without the exertion and with but little more expenditure of time, from fifty to an hundred pounds. Thus, for instance, bring together on your table, or skim over successively, Brûcker, Lardner's *History of Heretics*, Russell's *Modern Europe*, and Andrews' *History of England*, and write a history of levellers and the levelling principle under some goodly title, neither praising nor abusing them. Lacedæmon, Crete, and the attempts at Agrarian Laws in Rome, — all these you have by

heart. . . . Plato and Zeno are, I believe, nearly all that relates to the purpose in Brûcker. Lardner's is a most amusing book to read. Write only a sheet of letter paper a day, which you can easily do in an hour, and in twelve weeks you will have produced (without any toil of brains, observing none but chronological arrangement, and giving you little more than the trouble of transcription) twenty-four sheets octavo. I will gladly write a philosophical introduction that shall enlighten without offending, and therein state the rise of property, etc. For this you might secure sixty or seventy guineas, and receive half the money on producing the first eight sheets, in a month from your first commencement of the work. Many other works occur to me, but I mention this because it might be doing great good, inasmuch as boys and youths would read it with far different impressions from their fathers and god-fathers, and yet the latter find nothing alarming in the nature of the work, it being purely historical. If I am not deceived by the recency of their date, my Ode to the Duchess and my Xmas Carol will *do* for your *Anthology*. I have therefore transcribed them for you. But I need not ask you, for God's sake, to use your own judgment without spare.

February 28, 1800.

It goes to my heart, my dear Southey, to sit down and write to you, knowing that I can scarcely fill half a side — the postage lies on my conscience. I am translating manuscript plays of Schiller. They are *poems*, full of long speeches, in very polish'd blank verse. The theatre! the theatre! my dear Southey! it will never, never, never do! If you go to Portugal, your *History* thereof *will* do, but, for present money, novels or translations. I do not see that a book said by you in the Preface to have been written merely as a book for young persons could injure your reputation more than Milton's *Accidence* injured his. I

would do it because you can do it so easily. It is not necessary that you should say much about French or German literature. Do it so. Poetry of savage nations — Poetry of rudely-civilized — Homer and the Hebrew Poetry, etc. — Poetry of civilized nations under Republics and Polytheism — State of Poetry under the Roman and Greek Empires — Revival of it in Italy, in Spain and England — then go steadily on with England to the end, except one chapter about German Poetry to conclude with, which I can write for you.

In the Morning Post was a poem of fascinating metre by Mary Robinson; 't was on Wednesday, February 26, and entitled The Haunted Beach. I was so struck with it that I sent to her to desire that [it] might be preserved in the Anthology. She was extremely flattered by the idea of its being there, as she idolizes you and your doings. So, if it be not too late, I pray you let it be in. If you should not have received that day's paper, write immediately, that I may transcribe it. It falls off sadly to the last, wants tale and interest; but the images are new and very distinct; — that "silvery carpet" is so *just* that it is unfortunate it should seem so bad, for it is really good; but the metre, — ay! that woman has an ear. William Taylor,¹ from whom I have received a couple of letters full of thought and information, says what astounded me, that double rhymes in our language have always a *ludicrous* association. Mercy on the man! where are his ears and feelings? His taste cannot be *quite* right, from this observation; but he is a famous fellow — that is not to be denied.

Sara is poorly still. Hartley rampant, and emperorizes with your pictures. Harry is a fine boy. Hartley told a gentleman, "Metinks you are *like Southey*," — and he was not wholly un-

like you; but the chick calling you simple "Southey," so pompously!

God love you and your Edith.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

Love to Davy.

GRETA HALL, KESWICK.

[May 6, 1801.]

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — I wrote you a very, very gloomy letter; and I have taken blame to myself for inflicting so much pain on you without any adequate motive. Not that I exaggerated anything as far as the immediate present is concerned; but had I been in better health and a more genial state of sensation, I should assuredly have looked out upon a more cheerful future. Since I wrote you, I have had another and more severe fit of illness, which has left me weak, very weak, but with so calm a mind that I am determined to believe that this fit was *bonâ fide* the last. Whether I shall be able to pass the next winter in this country is doubtful, nor is it possible I should know till the fall of the leaf. At all events, you will (I hope and trust, and if need were *entreat*) spend as much of the summer and autumn with us as will be in your power; and if our *healths* should permit it, I am confident there will be no other solid objection to our living together in the same house, divided. We have ample room, room enough and more than enough, and I am willing to believe that the blessed dreams we dreamt some six years ago may be auguries of something really noble which we may yet perform together.

We wait impatiently, anxiously, for a letter announcing your arrival; indeed, the article Falmouth has taken precedence of the Leading Paragraph with me for the last three weeks. Our best love to Edith. Derwent is the boast of the county — the little River-God is as beautiful as if he had been the child of Venus Anaduomene previous to her emersion. Dear Hartley! we are at times alarmed by the state of his health,

¹ William Taylor, of Norwich, who did much to introduce the knowledge of German literature into England.

but at present he is well. If I were to lose him, I am afraid it would exceedingly deaden my affection for any other children I may have.

A little child, a limber elf
Singing, dancing to itself;
A faery thing with red round cheeks
That always *finds*, and never *seeks*,
Doth make a Vision to the Sight,
Which fills a Father's eyes with Light
And Pleasures flow in so thick and fast
Upon his Heart that he at last
Must needs express his Love's Excess
In words of Wrong and Bitterness.
Perhaps it is pretty to force together
Thoughts so all unlike each other;
To mutter and mock a broken charm;
To dally with Wrong that does no Harm;
Perhaps 't is tender, too, and pretty
At each wild word to feel within
A sweet Recoil of Love and Pity;
And what if in a World of Sin
(O sorrow and shame, should this be true!)
Such Giddiness of Heart and Brain
Comes seldom, save from Rage and Pain,
So talks as it's most used to do!

A very metaphysical account of fathers calling their children rogues, rascals, and little varlets, etc.

God bless you, my dear Southey! I need not say, write.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

P. S. We shall have peas, beans, turnips (with boiled leg of mutton), cauliflowers, French beans, etc., etc., endless! We have a noble garden.

Wednesday, July 22, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — Yesterday evening I met a boy on an ass, winding down *as picturish a glen* as eye ever looked at, he and his beast no mean part of the picture. I had taken a liking to the little blackguard at a distance, and I could have downright hugged him when he gave me a letter in your handwriting. Well, God be praised! I shall surely see you once more, somewhere or other. If it be really impracticable for you to come to me, I will doubtless do anything rather than not see you, though in simple truth travelling in chaises or coaches even for one day is

sure to lay me up for a week. But do, do, for heaven's sake, come, and go the shortest way, however dreary it be, for there is enough to be seen when you get to our house. If you did but know what a flutter the old moveable at my left breast has been in, since I read your letter. I have not had such a fillip for a many months. My dear Edith! how glad you were to see old Bristol again!

I am again climbing up that rock of convalescence, from which I have been so often washed off and hurried back; but I have been so unusually well these last two days that I should begin to look the damsel Hope full in the face, instead of sheep's-eyeing her, were it not that the weather has been so unusually hot, — and that is my joy. Yes, sir! we will go to Constantinople; but as it rains there, which my gout loves as the devil does holy water, the Grand Turk shall shew the exceeding attachment he will no doubt form towards us by appointing us his Viceroy in Egypt. I will be Supreme Bey of that showerless district, and you shall be my supervisor. But for God's sake, make haste and come to me, and let us talk of the sands of Arabia while we are floating in our lazy-boat on Keswick Lake, with our eyes on massy Skiddaw, so green and high. Perhaps Davy might accompany you. Davy will remain uninvited — his deepest and most recollectable delights have been in solitude, and the next to those — with one or two whom he loved. He is placed, no doubt, in a perilous desert of good things, but he is connected with the present race of men by a very awful tie, that of being able to confer immediate benefit on them; and the cold-blooded, venom-toothed snake that winds around him shall be only his coat of arms, as God of Healing.

I exceedingly long to see Thalaba, and perhaps still more to read Madoc over again. I never heard of any third edition of my poems, I think; you must have confused it with the L. B. Long-

man could not surely be so uncouthly ill-mannered as not to write to me to know if I wished to make any corrections or additions. If I am well enough, I mean to alter, with a devilish sweep of revolution, my tragedy, and publish it, in a little volume by itself with a new name, as a poem. But I have no heart for poetry. Alas! alas! how should I, who have passed nine months with giddy head, sick stomach, and swoln knees? My dear Southey, it is said that long sickness makes us all grow selfish, by the necessity which it imposes of continuously thinking about ourselves. But long and sleepless nights are a fine antidote.

Oh, how I have dreamt about you! Times that *have been*, and never can return, have been with me on my bed of pain, and how I yearned towards you in those moments I myself can know only by feeling it over again. But come "strengthen the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees. Then shall the lame man leap as a hart, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

I am here, in the vicinity of Durham, for the purpose of reading from the Dean and Chapters Library an ancient of whom you may have heard, Duns Scotus! I mean to set the poor old Gemman on his feet again; and in order to wake him out of his present lethargy, I am burning Locke, Hume, and Hobbes under his nose. They stink worse than feather or assafetida. Poor Joseph!¹ he has scribbled away both head and heart. What an affecting essay I could write on that man's character! Had he gone in his quiet way on a little poney, looking about him with a sheep's eye cast now and then at a short poem, I do verily think, from many parts of the Malvern Hills, that he would at last have become a poet better than many who have had much fame; but he would be an epic, and so

Victorious o'er the Danes, I Alfred preach,
Of my own Forces Chaplain-General!

¹ Joseph Cottle?

. . . Write immediately, directing, "Mr. Coleridge, Mr. George Hutchinson's, Bishop's Middleham, Rushiford, Durham," and tell me when you set off, and I will contrive and meet you at Liverpool, where, if you are jaded with the journey, we can stay a day or two at Dr. Crompton's, and chat a bit with Roscoe and Curry, whom you will like as men far, far better than as writers.

O Edith! how happy Sara will be, and little Hartley, who uses the air of the breezes as skipping-ropes, and fat Derwent, so beautiful, and so proud of his three teeth that there's no bearing of him.

God bless you, dear Southey, and S. T. Coleridge.

P. S. Remember me kindly to Danvers and Mrs. Danvers.

DURHAM, Saturday, July 25, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY,—I do loathe cities, that's certain. I'm in Durham, at an inn—and that too I do not like—and have dined with a large parcel of priests, all belonging to the cathedral, thoroughly ignorant and hard-hearted. I have had no small trouble in gaining permission to have a few books sent to me eight miles from the place, which nobody has ever read in the memory of man. Now you will think what follows a lie, and it is not. I asked a stupid, haughty fool, who is the librarian of the Dean and Chapters Library in this city, if he had Leibnitz. He answered, "We have no museum in this library for natural curiosities; but there is a mathematical instrument setter in the town, who shews such animalcula through a glass of great magnifying powers." Heaven and earth! he understood the word "*live nits*." Well, I return early to-morrow to Middleham, to a quiet, good family that love me dearly—a young farmer and his sister; and he makes very droll verses in the northern dialects and in the metre of Burns, and is a great humorist, and the woman is so very good a woman

that I have seldom indeed seen the like of her. Death! that everywhere there should be one or two good and excellent people like these, and that they should not have the power given 'em to edit a crepitus strong enough to whirl away the rest to Hell!

I do not approve the Palermo and Constantinople scheme, to be secretary to a fellow that would poison you for being a poet, while he is only a lame versemaker. But verily, dear Southey, it will not suit you to be under any man's controul or biddances. What if you were a consul? 'T would fix you to one place, as bad as if you were a parson. It won't do. Now mark my scheme! St. Nevis is the most lovely as well as the most healthy island in the West Indies. Pinny's estate is there, and he has a country-house situated in a most heavenly way, a very large mansion. Now, between you and me, I have reason to believe that not only this house is at my service, but many advantages in a family way that would go one half to lessen the expences of living there; and perhaps Pinny would appoint us sine-cure negro-drivers, at a hundred a year each, or some other snug and reputable office; and perhaps, too, we might get some office in which there is quite nothing to do under the Governor. Now I and my family, and you and Edith, and Wordsworth and his sister, might all go there, and make the island more illustrious than Cos or Lesbos! A heavenly climate, a heavenly country, and a good house. The seashore so near us, dells and rocks and streams. Do now think of this. But say nothing about it on account of old Pinny. Wordsworth would certainly go if I went. By the living God, it is my opinion that we should not leave three such men behind us. N. B. I have every reason to believe Keswick (and Cumberland and Westmoreland in general) full as dry a climate as Bristol. Our rains fall more certainly in certain months; but we

have fewer rainy days, taking the year through. As to cold, I do not believe the difference perceptible by the human body. But I feel that there is no relief for me in *any part* of England. Very hot weather brings me about in an instant, and I relapse as soon as it coldens.

You say nothing of your voyage homeward, or the circumstances that preceded it. This, however, I [would] far rather hear from your mouth than your letters. Come! and come quickly. My love to Edith, and remember me kindly to Mary and Martha and Eliza and Mrs. Fricker. My kind respects to Charles and Mrs. Danvers. Is Davy with you? If he is, I am sure he speaks affectionately of me. God bless you! Write.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

SCARBOROUGH, August 1, 1801.

MY DEAR SOUTHEY, — On my return from Durham (I foolishly walked back) I was taken ill, and my left knee swelled "pregnant with agony," as Mr. Dodsley says in one of his poems. Dr. Fenwick has earnestly persuaded me to try horse-exercise and warm sea-bathing, and I took the opportunity of riding with Sara Hutchinson to her Brother Tom, who lives near this place, where I can ride to and fro, and bathe with no other expence there than that of the bath. The fit comes on me either at nine at night or two in the morning: in the former case it continues nine hours, in the latter five. I am often literally *sick* with pain. In the daytime, however, I am well, surprisingly so, indeed, considering how very little sleep I am able to snatch.

Your letter was sent after me, and arrived here this morning; and but that my letter *can* reach you on the 5th of this month, I would immediately set off again, though I arrived here only last night. But I am unwilling not to try the baths for one week. If therefore you have not made the immediate pre-

parations, you may stay one week longer at Bristol; but if you have, you must look at the lake, and play with my babies three or four days, though this grieves me. I do not like it. I want to be with you, and to meet you — even to the very verge of the lake country. I would far rather that you would stay a week at Grasmere (which is on the road, fourteen miles from Keswick) with Wordsworth than go on to Keswick, and I not there. Oh, how you will love Grasmere!

All I ever wish of you with regard to wintering at Keswick is to stay with me till you find the climate injurious. When I read that cheerful sentence, "We will climb Skiddaw this year, and scale Etna the next," with a right piteous and humorous smile did I ogle my poor knee, which at this present moment is larger than the thickest part of my thigh.

A little Quaker girl (the daughter of the great Quaker mathematician Slee, a friend of anti-negro-trade Clarkson, who has a house at the foot of Ulleswater — which Slee Wordsworth dined with, a pretty parenthesis), this little girl, four years old, happened after a very hearty meal to *eructate*, while Wordsworth was there. Her mother *looked* at her, and the little creature immediately and *formally* observed, "Yan belks when yan's fu' and when yan's empty;" that is, "One belches when one's full and when one's empty." Since that time this is a favourite piece of slang at Grasmere and Greta Hall, whenever we talk of poor Joey, George Dyer, and other perseverants in the noble trade of Scribbleism.

Wrangham, who lives near here, one of your Anthology friends, has married again, a Lady of a neat £700 a year. His living by the Inclosure will be something better than £600, besides what little fortune he had with his last wife, who died in the first year. His present wife's cousin observed, "Mr. W. is a lucky man; his present lady is very weakly and delicate." I like the idea of a man's speculating in sickly

wives. It would be no bad character for a farce.

That letter 卅 was a kind-hearted, honest, well-spoken citizen. The three strokes, which *did* for him, were, as I take it, (1) the Ictus Cardiacus, which devitalized his moral heart; (2) the Stroke of the Apoplexy in his head; and (3) a stroke of the palsy in his right hand, which produces a terrible shaking and impotence in the very attempt to reach his breeches pocket. O dear Southey, what incalculable blessings, worthy of thanksgiving in heaven, do we not owe to our being and having been poor! No man's heart can wholly stand up against property.

My love to Edith.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

NETHER STOWEY, BRIDGEWATER,
December 31, 1801.

DEAR SOUTHEY, — On Xmas day I breakfasted with Davy, with the intention of dining with you; but I returned very unwell, and in very truth in so utter a dejection of spirits as both made it improper for me to go anywhere, and a most unfit man to be with you. I left London on Saturday morning four o'clock, and for three hours was in such a storm as I was never before out in, for I was atop of the coach; rain, and hail, and violent wind with vivid flashes of lightning that seemed almost to alternate with the flash-like re-emersions of the waning moon from the ever-shattered, ever-closing clouds. However, I was armed cap-a-pie in a complete panoply, namely, in a huge, most huge Roquelaire, which had cost the Government seven guineas, and was provided for the emigrants in the Quiberon expedition, one of whom, falling sick, stayed behind, and parted with his cloak to Mr. Howel, who lent it me. I dipped my head down, shoved it up, and it proved a complete tent to me. I was as dry as if I had been sitting by the fire. I arrived at Bath at eleven

o'clock at night, and spent the next day with Warren, who has gotten a very sweet woman to wife, and a most beautiful house and situation at Whitcomb on the Hill over the bridge. On Monday afternoon I arrived at Stowey. I am a good deal better; but my bowels are by no means de-revolutionized. So much for me.

I do not know what I am to say to you of your dear mother. Life passes away from us in all modes and ways, in our friends, in ourselves. We all "die daily." Heaven knows that many and many a time I have regarded my talents and acquirements as a porter's burthen, imposing on me the capital duty of going on to the end of the journey, when I would gladly lie down by the side of the road, and become the Country for a mighty nation of Maggots.

For what is life, gangrened, as it is with me, in its very vitals, domestic tranquillity? These things being so, I confess that I feel for you, but not for the event, as for the event only by an act of thought, and not by any immediate shock from the like feeling within myself.

When I return to town I can scarcely tell. I have not yet made up my mind whether or no I shall move Devonward. My relations wish to see me, and I wish to avoid the uneasy feeling I shall have if I remain so near them without gratifying the wish. No very brotherly mood of mind, I must confess, but it is, nine-tenths of it at least, a work of their own doing.

Poole desires to be remembered to you. Remember me to your wife and Mrs. Lovell. God bless you, and

S. T. COLERIDGE.

FROM WINTER SOLSTICE TO VERNAL EQUINOX.

My first glimpse of the morning was through a loophole of the frosted window pane. I saw the morning star and a light at a neighbor's, both of which struck out a thousand sparkles on the frosted glass. I was reminded of saline flakes and spars in a white cavern suddenly illuminated by a torch.

How the air burns one's eyes on such a morning! The snow was everywhere bluish in its tint, or as though colored by the intervening air. Minute snowballs hung upon the sprays of privet, and looked like some sort of cool May bloom. An evergreen hedge rounded up with snow, without hollow or wrinkle anywhere, furnished a long, narrow pallet or couch where an anchorite might sleep, if it were not something too luxurious. The space between the banks of the creek, now at its lowest winter ebb, was smoothly spread with snow, yielding a

white, clean highway, or lowway, for invisible and unimagined travelers, — spirits of the keen and tenuous air. One tree, as I passed under, whispered with its dozen dry leaves, "Pity, oh, pity me!" For "pity," indeed, I would have plucked and thrown away its leaves, had they been within reach. But all its fellows slept, or dreamed, in seasonable quiescence.

To-day, the noise of the woods was twofold: the great wave or surge sound in the treetops as the wind swept through them; then, the fitful, cautionary, light whisper, the "sh" and "hist," that ran everywhere among the dry leaves. And what is the tragedy of the cast-off honors of the tree, that, as the feet stir the leafy drift, there go forth the syllables, "hor-ror, hor-ror"?

I was, indeed, admonished to leave

the woods, through the falling of a tree but a few yards away from where I sat at the roots of another tree. What a boon is life when Fate makes a feint of snatching it away from us, and then, with a grim, aboriginal humor, satisfied with having frightened us out of our wits, smilingly hands it back for us to keep a little longer! I might, then, come another year; I might again smell the sweet odor of the moist forest mould in that place, and gather the violets of a coming spring from the knoll near by, where they first peep forth. This and more, thus epitomized or symbolized, were yet in my portion. So it was not possible death, but potential life, with a warmer impetus in the currents of being, which in that moment surged into my quickened consciousness. How should we feel what death is, who can never taste the draught without quite draining the cup? But hint at death, merely, and the experience of life runs the deeper, awaking a stronger cry of inalienable possession.

Most haunting of all are those morn-
ing visions which the dream-artist fails
to finish.

A sleeper awakes with the dream of a voice
 Enchaining the ear;
Not a tone, not a word, yet there is no choice
 All day but to hear.
 O voice of Fate,
Out of dreams be fulfilled or early or late!

A sleeper awakes with the dream of a face,
 Wavering, fair;
And all day long its shadowy grace
 Follows everywhere.
 O face of Fate,
Out of dreams be fulfilled or early or late!

Fog and frost,—a weather antago-
nism, a meeting of elements phlegmatic
and fiery, since frost is the fire that burns
by freezing.

Though it was still twilight, I could
see that all exposed surfaces, as the
trunks of trees and fences, were coated

with frost, which seemed to shine by its
own light. Each blade of grass would
have been found to be striped with white,
and resembling the variegated or ribbon
grass of the old-fashioned garden. All
was soil for this hibernal vegetation,
which, like true mosses and fungi, seemed
preying upon the irresolute and passive
life of nature. And as I stepped upon
the planks of the bridge, it was as though
sugar was crushed underfoot, so thick
and crisp was the frost. One set of
tracks only preceded mine. He who left
them upon the frosty planks appeared
to be a genuine *matutinus homo*, all in
gray, as an early-morning man should be;
yet his garments had not been selected
with reference to the morning gray, but
to his business of dealer in flour! A
span of bay horses passed. These had
their plushy winter coats well mixed with
the tingling gray of the frost; or rather,
it was suggested that they were slowly
undergoing transformation into horses of
snow.

About turning home, I heard a high,
quavering note, apparently uttered by
some bird on the wing, possibly a be-
lighted owl. The note died so gradually
away, the attentive silence of the hour
retained it so long, that I could not be
sure when I actually ceased to hear it.

It continued growing cold. The sun,
though shining without let or hindrance
of any cloud, was feeble and ineffectual,
only serving to make cold visible as well
as sensible to the touch. A glittering
ricochet of beams was flashed back from
every pool of ice; lending the impres-
sion that there may be reflected cold as
well as reflected heat. A glassy trail of
light extended from the gate to the door,
like the trail of light upon wrinkled
waters.

Looking off to the distant woods, my
attention was attracted by the mysteri-
ous play of two wind-blown smoke-plumes
proceeding from farmhouse chimneys.
Against the sombre background of the
woods, these two jets of smoke seemed

like white waving flames impaled at some point and struggling to wrest themselves free. In a mythological view, these might have been regarded as signals raised by the *genii loci* inhabiting the woody bound of earth, — Homeric tokens and messages, as when Simois lifted a crystal billow to call a brother river to his aid. Or say so much fog was compressed into two spiral moulds, and that the houses whence these proceeded were reservoirs of solid brume and cold weather.

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A field of old snow harrowed by the winds, it appeared. All recent loose snow had been blown away, and the surface thus left had the look of having been trodden by innumerable feet of herds; no single track showing plainly, but track upon track, in rugged confusion. Fine, light snow driving over the field might have been clouds of miraculously bleached and sifted summer dust; or smoke or steam exhaling from the ground was suggested. Sweeping along the surface of roadside pools, the whited gust lent the apparent motion of swiftly running water seen through transparent ice.

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To the lake this afternoon, by the Jericho road. As we approached, it was impossible, at a half mile's distance, to determine where the shore left off and the water began, so monotonous was the prevailing dead whiteness of the prospect. A few rods out from the beach was a line of ice upheaval. The great boulder-like masses thus formed sloped towards the shore, but were jagged and abrupt on the north or lake side, rising to perhaps eight feet in height, and appearing to have been rent up from the level by the wind from that quarter. There was some resemblance in their shape to the rooty masses of upturned forest trees, — the ascribed origin of the "cradle-knolls" of the farmer's parlance. Between these solidly strenuous waves there was, in one place, a small cave or

passageway, roofed with a pendent arabesque, which, when broken off, simulated crystal pipes and trumpets, — the pieces of a hyperborean orchestra to discourse a "frozen music"! Beyond this line of rough ice the lake looked like a level field with slightly harrowed clods and small stones. Far on the horizon was a formation of ice that vaguely suggested the piers of a bridge or a viaduct.

I was told that these glacial masses are sometimes thrown up to the height of twelve feet; and illustrating how treacherous is this architecture of the ice-king, I heard the account of a man who had scaled the side of one of these masses, and at the top had broken through and fallen into the water. The roofing ice was but a thin film caused by the washing of the water up the side of the frozen wave. Thus there was produced an air-hole on a large scale, a pit-fall in the shape of an ice-pen.

I have often wondered how much the clouds passing over the lake have to do with the mobile streakings of its summer waters, — how much of this variability in color is due to the clouds, how much to the motion and to the differing depth of the water. To-day, standing on a high bluff overlooking the hollow of the frozen lake, I was greatly impressed, seeing the shadow of a cloud (and that but a small one) move slowly over the desolate white plain. The progress of the cloud was marked by a dark streak extending from east to west, just as in the summer, only now there was neither color nor motion of waves. How that slim, traveling shadow accentuated the dreary void and savageness of the scene, as though it had been the phantom epitome of some caravan that once had attempted to cross that bleak Sahara!

Returning, I read the fable of a show-er of gold, — read it rather by means of fancy than by the natural eye. Particles of snow, light and fine, like dust motes, kept falling through the sunny air; or rather, every atom wavered and

floated and scintillated, as though buoyed up by an electric current. Only in the sunlight could this fine, glancing snow-dust be seen. The shadows showed no least trace of it.

What liberality of affection in the universal have we if we do not love the life of all nature, including dumb animals, which, for all we may know, are endued with a portion of the same spirit as ourselves? To love humanity alone, to have no compassionate interest in these unlanguageed ones, is like loving the members of our own house and family, merely, with no feeling to spend on any unrelated individual. Humanity is our own immediate family; but, not to be clan-ish, let us make friends with the blameless good citizens outside this kinship bond. I would enter by sympathetic imagining into the life of bird and beast; would try to resolve their possible questionings, reminiscences, hopes, and fears.

What are the winter cogitations of the little brown bat that lives in the closet, and is called their "familiar" by the N—— family? They brought the creature out for my inspection. Its hair, or fur, of a medium shade of brown, is soft and fine. Its upright, rather large ears, yet of a membranous delicacy and thinness, give their owner an expression of alertness and sagacity. Its face is long, and narrows towards the nose, suggesting the pig's physiognomy. The eyes, round, scarce a pin-head in size, are like black diamond points. Its mouth, when open, shows a pink interior; teeth white and tiny; and the tongue, a bit of pink tape or ribbon, is wonderfully dexterous in its motions. The "familiar," when a toy saucer of water was placed before it, drank, or lapped, with a kind of dog-day thirst. The toed and fingered wings (why not *pterodactyl*?), when spread out, were half transparent in their thinness, the underside color being reddish in spots. A little water was poured into the box inhabited by the bat, who there-

upon sat up nearly erect, deliberately bent its head around between body and outspread wing, and proceeded to lick off the water, very much after the fashion of puss when surprised by a sudden shower bath.

It is a distressing siege for the sparrows and other small birds. Opening the door this morning, I picked up, on the step, a dead sparrow, frozen, like a pebble with feathers fastened to it. If these small mites were human, I can guess what their reflections would be in this trying time; they would question, what offense had they ever committed, that Heaven should inflict such punishment? But the sparrows, as if they accepted once and for all the parable which mercifully mentions them, enter into no discriminations arraigning Providence. If they survive the freezing night, their spirits and hopes suffer no visible diminution.

This morning, a downy woodpecker, after tapping about the posts that support the clothesline, and finding small entertainment there, flew to the ground, where crumbs from the table had been thrown and frozen under, unluckily, by the dripping of the eaves. With hammer-like blows, how vigorously he pecked at the stubborn ice! I did not remember that I had ever before seen a woodpecker alight upon the ground. And now the dear little chickadee sits on his bone (tacked by careful hands to the plum-tree for his sole benefit), sits, and sings, and says most enchanting things, in the intervals between nipping and picking. He has one note which sounds like the human voice practicing *mi, re, mi, re*, — a clear musical note, filled with sentiment, and somewhat unlike the piquant conversation usually exchanged by a flock of his merry fellows.

What a very gymnast is the typical chickadee! As he twists himself on his perch, bringing his head under his feet, I

am reminded of similar grotesque actions in the parrot. How tame and curious, hopping down through the branches, until just above one's head! There is a winnowing sound in the flight of the chickadee which recalls the rustling noise of the humming-bird's wings, or the night-moth hovering over flowers, in the far-away antipode of the season. Responsive to this sweetest note heard in all winterdom comes the terse staccato "yah, yah," of the fellowshipping nuthatches. This sharp note, sounded from so many different places, might be paralleled by the going off of firecrackers, one after another, here and there, at random.

A young farmer tells me a good story about a woodpecker. While chopping in the woods, he observed one of these birds perseveringly boring in one particular spot high on the trunk of a tree. As the bird kept up this industry all the forenoon, in the afternoon the farmer, out of curiosity, and with the prodigality of our Western woodsmen, cut the tree down, and proceeded to investigate by deepening the hole already made by the persistent woodpecker. Finally, there was laid bare a large white grub, which rolled out and fell to the ground. The best part of the story is this: the woodpecker, which had all the time remained on the field of action, now came and devoured the grub. I dare say the woodpecker innocently thought that the man had seen its honest effort to secure food, and had generously come to its assistance.

Watched the morning star out of the sky. It stood forth, sparkling and clear, in color between gold and silver, foiled by the pale sapphire of the sky. I thought it would be a short and easy thing to see the end of the chase, with the sun so close upon the star's track, so I proposed a walk towards the east, keeping the bright fugitive in view until

it should disappear. It was almost a thrilling chase; for, as I walked, the star, to all intents and purposes of the eye, also hurried along, seeming to thread in and out among the treetops, like a very firefly of the morning! Finally, I took up a stationary watch. The star, too, kept watch of the sun, showing some tremulous apprehension; yet it stayed, growing all the time finer and mistier, till one who had not watched it from the start could scarcely have detected its form or place. Looking away, I was able to find it again only by tracing its position with reference to a certain roof and treetop. To the tense nerve of vision, the sky became alive with phantasmal stars; these, however, quite separable from the real star. Once, as a light cloud of chimney smoke went up, the star was more definitely seen, as when the sun is looked at through smoked glass. The red orb of the sun soon pushed up between two bands of dark cloud; and yet the star would not out! It was not until fifteen minutes later that its bright ore sank to rise not again, in the broad flow of daylight. Quite as I expected: I did not see the star *disappear*; while I was looking, behold, there was no star there, but the instant of its withdrawal was not marked. We never see the stars come into the sky, or vanish out of it. Presto, they are there, or they are absent, without warning!

What pleasure the eye finds in discovering sharp antitheses, even of the most trivial nature! Looking across the snowy roof just now, I observed a pleasing effect produced by a sooty chimney against the pale blue sky as background. Encouraged by that delicate, faint-tinted foil, the chimney soot insists upon looking like some sort of rich brown-black efflorescence or rust, a velvety growth of mould, or a minute black fungus. The chimney becomes, at this moment, as piquing to my fancy as if it were some storied tower or column. I am

aware that this is "all in my eye," as the common saying is. But, more than this, the eye is a great autocrat, and will not be denied; if it seeks luxury, grandeur, adventure, out of the simplest elements, it will itself construct all these.

It is surely not well to look back repiningly, to trouble ourselves with the sorrowful enumeration of what the individual lot has foregone or has failed to achieve; yet a sort of generous disquiet may haunt us on this subject of losses. And not from altruism, merely, but from a kind of sublimated economics, which desires the conservation of blessings, we may fairly enough, if vainly also, wish that others might grasp the opportunity we failed to grasp, that some one shall win where our speed and strength fell short.

"Thus Nisus stumbled on the slippery place

While his young friend performed and won the race."

Would we might each know our Euryalus!

Hast thou found what I have lost,
All among the wild days tossed?
Alien, outlaw, slave, or thief,
Or of rogues the very chief, —
Care I not, if any one
Of my kind beneath the sun
Might but follow, might but find
What the wave and what the wind,
Ever beating on my track,
Made me leave, and ne'er look back!
Hast thou found what I have lost,
Any of Earth's motley host?

A star, or the light of a lamp with a dark space about it, to the eye takes the shape of a three-pointed star; one pencil of rays vertical, the other two drawn obliquely from the common centre downwards. Some slight variation from this figure occurs by bending the head to left or right; but the three divisions are still sufficiently indicated.

The evening is one of unusual beauty in respect to frost scintillations. Patches of snow here and there sparkle as though nothing less precious than diamond dust had been sprinkled abroad, or, to seek a homelier comparison, as

though the whole body of snow, like the fur of some animals, were charged with electricity. Dark places, bare of snow, dry blades of grass, also, twinkle with pin-points of keen, clear light, as they might if sprinkled with a more vivid dew. This is, indeed, winter dew; and the effect of the frost is all the more enchanting and unaccountable because of the complete silence. The faint, occasional glitter of the dew in summer nights appears half to proceed from the motion of insect life hidden under the grass blades. Besides, the wind and all leafy stir seem to help account for the flickering changes of the dew. But this frozen dew, the frost, glints elfishly along the still surface of the winter-bound earth, and, by a twinkling pantomime, appears to keep up communication with those greater frost crystals overhead, the stars and planets of the December night.

The moon this evening is not queen in an absolute monarchy; all the eminent stars keeping their places and shining splendidly with live fire of silver beams. How different always is the light of the stars from that of the moon, which is surely the lamp of the dead, throwing a dead planet's lack-lustre eye-beams! And to-night the stars appear not very far away.

"The black elm-tops among the freezing stars,"

says one. Yonder bevy of beauties gazes out through a lattice work of lithe maple.

The circumpolar movement of the stars, in these jocund clear nights of the winter, suggests a familiar and perhaps too trivial comparison. I think of the whole sparkling company as of a ring of children moving with hands joined about one of their own number placed in the centre of the circle. They dance on and on, around and around, disappear, return, disappear. I could fancy the sky swims giddily with their changeful splendors.

Last night when I stretched the thread

of enchantment between the sashes of the window, Day-before-Yesterday and Day-after-To-Morrow immediately met in the caressing sound that arose from the windswept chord. Again, as always before, the sound seemed such as I might at any time have heard, had I but listened for it. And to-night there comes a sound faintly tentative, more like a low, deep note from a horn than the vibration of a chord. The very window, where the slight thread is stretched between wooden keys, seems to me haunted; to the ear a strange, solemn, mournful apparition coming and going, now advancing, now retiring. What does it seek? A brave trumpeter! Where fell the legion which its fanfare incited? And do they not fight the fatal fight over again to-night in the windy fields of heaven?

Examining the wind-harp later in the evening, I find that it has, instead of keys of wood at each end of the crevice, two drops of ice, holding the thread between them, some ten inches apart. Thus Nature has far more to do with this simple instrument than have mortal hands. I provide the silken string only; Ice keys it and gives the pitch, and Wind plays upon it at will.

The wind-harp is not so unlike other searchers and singers of the unknown. Always uprises the strain bravely through the first, third, and fifth of the scale, but the ear waits in vain to hear the key-note reached; only the wailing seventh is achieved. But one poor half-tone is wanting; yet great Æolus himself cannot overcome the law which governs the chord. So likewise fail of completion the ascending thought and utterance of the artist whom the winds of imagination and emotion sway as they list. How seldom is the cadence satisfied!

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This slender homesick tree that died
Set in an alien soil unkind,
Upturn in autumn, cast aside,
Lay bare to winter's frost and wind.

I brought it to my hearth last night;
I said, "Thy gardener will I be!"
And in a bed of coals so bright
I planted there the young dead tree.

"Now live, and bloom a little span."
The kindly flames compliant laughed:
They bathed its roots, and blithely ran
Along the bare and piteous shaft.

Then fiery buds did deck the tree
That never one green leaf had graced.
O Gardener, do the same by me,
Not leave me blanching on the waste!

.

Remembering Milton's requirement that he who would write an heroic poem should lead an heroic life, I am persuaded that he who would write lyrics must lead a lyrical life. He must in his thoughts be buoyant, impressible, keenly alive in all the senses; answering, as an echo, the music of many-voiced nature and human life. He must not suffer himself to be dulled, though in contact with dullness; must not be made poor, though keeping Poverty's company in an attic; must not be piqued into sordid curiosity; must not fret at time's deceitful slipping away, or at opportunity's non-arriving. Light, light, light must be his step, and list, list for all sweet and stirring sounds of the way. Whatever is met therein, he must, as a stranger, give it welcome.

NO NEW WAYS OF GRIEF.

Think not that thou wast set apart
Past touch of all relief.
Remember, O sad heart,
Thou shalt not taste untasted smart,
Nor strike an unknown reef;
Remember, thou sad heart,
That there are no new ways of Grief.

Grief long ago tried all her art;
No strange shaft leaves her sheaf.
Remember, O sad heart,
Of those she sets to ply the dart
Still Love and Death be chief;
Remember, thou sad heart,
That there are no new ways of Grief.

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When "commonplace" becomes an admitted grievance, it may be suspected

that the perfectly insulating quality of one's enthusiasm is deteriorating; that one is one's self becoming dull to those finer sights and sounds, those luminous impressions, which are not the prize of all, nor perhaps of any at all times. In genuine and unalloyed rapture one does not question whether he sees and hears more than others may see and hear. The vision being reality to him who has it, it does not profit to quarrel with those who may not entertain the same. It is only when the visionary faculty departs or weakens that we perceive the wretchedness and vacuity of life without it, and that we question curiously how they manage to live who have no use of this faculty.

A savage Western blizzard fanning boreal frosty fire from its wings. The rudest, if not the coldest day of the season thus far. Looking out on the white gale, it seemed to us that we were in the very mill of the storm, — the place where the chaff was winnowed and where the grist was ground, to be distributed by revolutions of the wind every whither over the face of the earth! A few steps taken out of doors in such a storm lend the excitement and sense of adventure of an arctic expedition compressed into minutes instead of months; while the knowledge that home is close by, though sheeted by the wrath of the storm to invisibility, piques and comforts with the contrast presented. Out of the west comes a wild raid of wind lifting the snow around us. These are the driving sands of the White Desert. These deserted ways are streets of that City of Desolation wherein dwell, according to the Swedish seer, the thrice inane shades of those who were esteemed wise on the earth, but who loved and benefited none of their fellow-beings.

The trees are not proof to such rigor, if one may judge by the voice of protest which arises from them in the dead

stillness of the keen night. One maple creaks like an old wellsweep in a summer drought. A deep fissure in its bark extends several feet downwards from the forking of the trunk, showing how frost has already driven an entering wedge.

The cracking of timbers in the house is a sound rather of the night than of the day. Although the added stillness of the night might seem to explain the phenomenon, it can more easily be accounted for on a mythological basis; say there is a lurking, mischievous Norse spirit who, when sober householders are sound asleep, delights, with great double fist, to smite the timbers, and terrify slumbering mortals in their puny dwellings.

The chosen articulation of cold weather is a fine falsetto, or the utterance of a tense, well-rosined string. How shrill, though small, the sound of bits of icicles clashing and falling together! The snow squeaks underfoot with the peevish cry of a bat; or the noise might be likened (since we are fond of making extremes meet in our weather characterizations) to the hissing of a hot iron when water is poured upon it.

In walking over slippery ground, the muscles in the soles of the feet involuntarily contract, as though, for security's sake, a sort of suction process were employed; perhaps similar to that which enables a fly to make the tour of the ceiling overhead. There is a prehensile effort on the part of the foot, the toes endeavoring, as it were, to make of themselves fingers, the better to take hold of the ground.

A Silver Day. Since morning the trees and the grass have been thickly hung with ice. Nothing could be more pleasing in its way than this flashing garniture draped over the dissoluteness and general squalor of the half-melted old snow. The trees, covered, limb, branch, and twig, with ice, were, to the eye, of the density which the first leafage imparts in May. They looked as though

they were indeed budding a crystal foliage, — a springtime thought in the deep heart of winter. The sun, coming out upon these laden trees, showed them to be clothed as with the lightning. On the east side of each twig the ice had gathered in the form of a cord as thick as the twig itself; and the tops of all the trees were bent somewhat towards the east. The crust of the snow was here and there glazed with ice, lending the suggestion that oil had been poured abroad at random, to assuage the storm, and had afterwards settled in puddles.

When at last it begins to rain, there is a curious crackling sound in the stiffened treetops, reminding one of the crepitation of breaking wave-crests; or one might fancy that in some aerial street the constant passing of feet is to be heard.

Later, when the rain from heaven has ceased, the thawing trees rain lesser showers of their own, from time to time casting off resounding links and plates of their glacial armor; and even the window panes are pelted with this "elfin storm from fairyland." The evening is musical with the clatter of the running eaves; just as though the house were islanded in the silver arms of some pleasant mid-air brook.

My daily walk has come to be bounded by that limit where, with delicate laughter and prattle, little Lalage slips under the sidewalk and the road, and takes her way to the great sea. When I listen to her thus sweetly speaking, sweetly laughing, I seem more *en rapport* with the old inland surrounding than anywhere else in this seaboard world. She runs to the great sea. But all small streams the world over talk as if they expected to run together into one eventual river. They speak the language of childhood, which can never be alien to the heart, whatever its adult tongue shall prove to be. And hearken how the voice of the water continues the same, summer

or winter. Once set free, it awakes with the same word and tone with which it fell asleep in December. To-day, closing my eyes, and listening to the soft *palabra* of the little brook, I could have believed the season to be June.

"Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

Goes on forever with its infinitesimal pretty babbling and gossip.

At times we seem to be merely hoarding life; not living very much on some days, in order that we may live redundantly on others. It is winter sleep at the bottom of a dark, safe hibernaculum. Like the jelly-fish in the descriptions, we too have our periods of "rhythmical propulsion" followed by "intervals of exhaustion." Or say that these dull and ineffectual seasons are as a sort of moist rich mould, in which germs of luxuriant plants are sinking ever deeper, their dry husks finally to burst asunder and let a new life of thought up and out to the daylight. The unfruitful season, — when is it? Harvesting is a kind of preparation towards squandering or consuming. All the growing and quietly ripening time preceding the ingathering is perhaps the fruitful season pre-eminently. Yet deep snows, also, are not unfruitful; for by them the ground and its seed-vested hopes are protected and treated with a kind of brooding tenderness. Why should we be any more troubled by the lets and interruptions the spirit meets in its perverse moods than is the grass that a little while ago caught rumor of the spring and grew apace, but is now under the snow again with all its forward blades? If not those very blades, others will hasten up to the sun, when the snow is gone; and this will be repeated with every relaxing of wintry influence, until the winter has power no longer. Besides, I suspect, when we most bitterly complain of torpor, it is no sign that we

are mentally enchained. How should we know it, if we were indeed sunk in apathy? What sleeper ever dreamed that he was asleep? The man who froze both hands, lately, on the coldest day of the year, had not *felt* any great degree of cold, and was surprised at finding out his calamity. Conversely, it may be no sure token of most vigorous life and activity when to ourselves we seem most energized and effective.

Ay, brave he is! Such fire is in his eyes
Its darted fervor chases frosty fear;
And trembling ones that listen to his cheer
Take heart, and to strange deeds of prowess rise.

Yet doubt not that he heeds where safety lies,
For none holds this delightful life more dear,

And none has read life's worth in lines so clear;

Doubt not that spirit brave is also wise!

Why moves he, then, where densest fly the darts?

Why sets his sails, to cleave the wintry sea?
Because where ease and quiet lap our hearts,
Where Fortune of her softening gifts is free,
There ever must his thick of peril be:
He's only safe where strife a deathless zeal imparts!

What endless exhortations to be spun from the old, strong, if time-worn lines of Chapman for text! —

"There is no danger to a man
Who knows what life and death is."

The most delicate kind of flattery is that which refrains from all flattery when it is perceived that no obvious and expressed measures are acceptable. In the midst of much uttered and perhaps sincere approbation, the silence of one person may be the sweetest pæan of all.

How dost thou make me rich, thou bounteous one,

Who, when the world its various gifts would reach

To these desirous hands, dost smile on each,
And give best gifts although thou givest none!
How dost thou praise what hand or heart hath done,

Who dost each careless praiser's tongue impeach!

Thou Golden Silence to his Silver Speech,
Still warn me what to seek and what to shun!
Bitter the praise bestowed like scattered alms,
But sweet the praise that meets the heart's desire

When joined with heart's desert in one strong plea;

And sweet the censure that with caustic fire
First sears, then laves with comfort-dropping balms.

Such censure and such praise be mine from thee.

The scent of the thaw precedes the actual process. I should think that the snow must soon be swept away, by the flavor of the air, which tastes of the heaven of spring distributed through the wintry mass. And yet the spring is still far distant.

Sap flowing, resinous bark, breathing buds, all are suggested in the fragrant draught of the moist air. In years gone I have been much puzzled to trace to its origin this compound perfume sprinkled upon the keen breath of winter. I have at last tracked it to its source in the evergreens. Though the fragrance is to be noticed at other seasons, it is never so marked as in the winter time. Is it possible that the odor is enhanced by the shedding of the leaves, now going on? There was a touch of extra refinement to-day when, as I passed under their swinging boughs, the old fir-trees shed the breath of the hyacinth upon my path.

The lingering snow, to which partial thawings have given an icy grain, though stained with wear and weather, does not offend the eye's sense for purity as when a new-fallen snow is subject to rough usage. Mixed with mud, the snow has now a flinty, durable look, as of crystal flakes and spars mingled with earth, — a firm conglomerate. Each drift suggests a change to some mineral substance, granite boulder, or loose shale.

As the thaw proceeds, the snow takes on a darkish tint, just as when a snow-

ball is dipped in and out of the water. In the partial thawing that goes on from day to day, I notice that the icy roads are marked by serpentine channelings or grooves, forming a pleasing arabesque. If some warmth-absorbing substance lay in sinuous lines directly beneath the surface, the snow would melt in just such patterns. The gradual wasting of the drifts produces certain curious effects. Sometimes, for instance, where but a little frozen snow remains, it lies in notched oblique planes, in the figure of a skeleton leaf, with serrate edges. Such drifts might be fancied to be the anatomy or framework upon which the whole architecture of the great snow had rested; now its ruined and crumbling beams and rafters.

The season had not seemed intolerably long until, the other day, my eye fell upon a spot of uncovered turf where already the grass looked as if it had some faint thoughts springward. That tuft of faded grass, with its gray-brown blades, ever so scantily threaded with anxious green, seemed to set a period, and to lengthen wonderfully the retrospective time. Long winter lay behind us.

THE GIFT OF THE MAPLE.

Lo! I, the dryad
Guarding this tree,
From its warm heart-blood
Drained this for thee;
Clear-dropping ichor
Drawn from deep wells,
Trickling in sunshine
Through the white cells!

Southern winds fanned it,
Sipped its mild wine;
Sacred fire brewed it,
Nectar divine;
Last, the rich fluid,
Poured in a mould,

Bodies in amber
Virtues untold.

Happy, O taster,
Happy art thou,
In the sweet tribute
Root, branch, and bough
Spare from their pleasures
In summer to-be!
Lo! I, the dryad
Guarding this tree,
Bid thee in tasting
Be mindful of me!

The curling smoke from the sugar-bush proclaims the initial industry of a new season. Heard or unheard, there is now a drop in the woods which wears away the stone heart of winter. Where the drop falls, from woody fibre to wooden receptacle, resorts a more conscious awakening life: there drink the first returning birds, the wintering chipmunk, and perchance the field-mouse, too,

"Meagre from its cellèd sleep."

Nature occasionally puts on an unwonted *supernatural* look. The air, the common daylight, fills with fables. So looked the earth, the sky, or the waters to some dreamer in pagan times. I should not find it easy to define the impression that came upon me to-day when walking, as I looked up at the sky, which was clouded halfway to the zenith with gray vapor softening to white at the edges, and thinly veiling the sun. It was the appearance of the orb itself that made the moment an enchanted one, shaping forth pictures of the Iliad and the masking deities of the heathen heavens. The day-god showed no radiating light; only a flat white disk, rather larger to the eye than usual, gliding through diaphanous gray cloud. It was the silver sun of March, and the winged herald of the lengthening day.

Edith M. Thomas.

HELEN.

SHE sits within the wide oak hall,
Hung with the trophies of the chase, —
Helen, a stately maid and tall,
Dark-haired and pale of face;
With drooping lids and eyes that brood,
Sunk in the depths of some strange mood,
She gazes in the fireplace, where
The oozing pine logs snap and flare,
Wafting the perfume of their native wood.

The wind is whining in the garth,
The leaves are at their dervish rounds,
The flexile flames upon the hearth
Hang out their tongues like panting hounds.
The fire, I deem, she holds in thrall;
Its red light fawns as she lets fall
Escalloped pine cones, dried and brown,
From loose, white hands, till up and down
The colored shadows dye the dusky wall.

The tawny lamp flame tugs its wick;
Upon the landing of the stair
The ancient clock is heard to tick
In shadows dark as Helen's hair;
And by a gentle accolade
A squire to languid silence made,
I lean upon my palms, with eyes
O'er which a rack of fancy flies,
While dreams like gorgeous sunsets flame and fade.

And as I muse on Helen's face,
Within the firelight's ruddy shine,
Its beauty takes an olden grace
Like hers whose fairness was divine;
The 'dying embers leap, and lo!
Troy wavers vaguely all aglow,
And in the north wind leashed without,
I hear the conquering Argives' shout;
And Helen feeds the flames as long ago!

Edward A. Uffington Valentine.

WOLFE'S COVE.

THE cannon was for the time silent, the gunners being elsewhere, but a boy's voice called from the bastion : —

"Come out here, mademoiselle. I have an apple for you."

"Where did you get an apple?" replied a girl's voice.

"Monsieur Bigot gave it to me. He has everything the king's stores will buy. His slave was carrying a basketful."

"I do not like Monsieur Bigot. His face is blotched, and he kisses little girls."

"His apples are better than his manners," observed the boy, waiting, knife in hand, for her to come and see that the division was a fair one.

She tiptoed out from the gallery of the commandant's house, the wind blowing her curls back from her shoulders. A bastion of Fort St. Louis was like a balcony in the clouds. The child's lithe, long body made a graceful line in every posture, and her face was vivid with light and expression.

"Perhaps your sick mother would like this apple, Monsieur Jacques. We do not have any in the fort."

The boy flushed. He held the halves ready on his palm.

"I thought of her. But the surgeon might forbid it, and she is not fond of apples when she is well. And you are always fond of apples, Mademoiselle Anglaise."

"My name is Clara Baker. If you call me Mademoiselle Anglaise, I will box your ears."

"But you are English," persisted the boy. "You cannot help it. I am sorry for it myself; and when I am grown I will whip anybody that reproaches you for it."

They began to eat the halves of the apple, forgetful of Jacques's sick mother, and to quarrel as their two nations have

done since France and England stood on the waters.

"Don't distress yourself, Monsieur Jacques Repentigny. The English will be the fashion in Quebec when you are grown."

It was amusing to hear her talk his language glibly while she prophesied.

"Do you think your ugly General Wolfe can ever make himself the fashion?" retorted Jacques. "I saw him once across the Montmorenci, when I was in my father's camp. His face runs to a point in the middle, and his legs are like stilts."

"His stilts will lift him into Quebec yet."

The boy shook his black queue. He had a cheek in which the flush came and went, and black sparkling eyes.

"The English never can take this province. What can you know about it? You were only a little baby when Madame Ramesay bought you from the Iroquois Indians who had stolen you. If your name had not been on your arm, you would not even know that. But a Le Moyne of Montreal knows all about the province. My grandfather, Le Moyne de Longueuil, was wounded down there at Beauport, when the English came to take Canada before. And his brother Jacques that I am named for — Le Moyne de Sainte-Hélène — was killed. I have often seen the place where he died when I went with my father to our camp."

The little girl pushed back her sleeve, as she did many times a day, and looked at the name tattooed in pale blue upon her arm. Jacques envied her that mark, and she was proud of it. Her traditions were all French, but the indelible stamp, perhaps of an English seaman, reminded her what blood was in her veins.

The children stepped nearer the par-

apet, where they could see all Quebec Basin, and the French camp stretching its city of tents across the valley of the St. Charles. Beneath them was Lower Town, a huddle of blackened shells and tottering walls.

"See there what the English have done," said Clara, pointing down the sheer rock. "It will be a long time before you and I go down Breakneck Stairs again to see the pretty images in the church of Our Lady of Victories."

"They did that two months ago," replied Jacques. "It was all they could do. And now they are sick of bombarding, and are going home. All their soldiers at Montmorenci and on the point of Orleans are embarking. Their vessels keep running around like hens in a shower, hardly knowing what to do."

"Look at them getting in a line yonder," insisted his born enemy.

"General Montcalm is in front of them at Beauport," responded Jacques.

The ground was moist underfoot, and the rock on which they leaned felt damp. Quebec grayness infused with light softened the autumn world. No one could behold without a leap of the heart that vast reach of river and islands, and palisade and valley, and far-away melting mountain lines. Inside Quebec walls the children could see the Ursuline convent near the top of the slope, showing holes in its roof. Nearly every building in the city had suffered.

Drums began to beat on the British ships ranged in front of Beauport, and a cannon flashed. Its roar was shaken from height to height. Then whole broadsides of fire broke forth, and the earth rumbled with the sound, and scarlet uniforms filled the boats like floating poppies.

"The English may be going home," exulted Clara, "but you now see for yourself, Monsieur Jacques Repentigny, what they intend to do before they go."

"I wish my father had not been sent with his men back to Montreal!" ex-

claimed Jacques in excitement. "But I shall go down to the camps, anyhow."

"Your mother will cry," threatened the girl.

"My mother is used to war. She often lets me sleep in my father's tent. Tell her I have gone to the camps."

"They will put you in the guard-house."

"They do not put a Repentigny in the guard-house."

"If you will stay here," called the girl, running after him towards the fortress gate, "I will play anything you wish. The cannon balls might hit you."

Deaf to the threat of danger, he made off through cross-cuts toward the Palace Gate, the one nearest the bridge of boats on the St. Charles River.

"Very good, monsieur. I'll tell your mother," she said, trembling and putting up a lip.

But nothing except noise was attempted at Beauport. Jacques was so weary, as he toiled back uphill in diminishing light, that he gratefully crawled upon a cart and lay still, letting it take him wherever the carter might be going. There were not enough horses and oxen in Canada to move the supplies for the army from Montreal to Quebec by land. Transports had to slip down the St. Lawrence by night, running a gauntlet of vigilant English vessels. Yet whenever the intendant Bigot wanted to shift anything, he did not lack oxen or wheels. Jacques did not talk to the carter, but he knew a load of king's provisions was going out to some favorite of the intendant's who had been set to guard the northern heights. The stealings of this popular civil officer were common talk in Quebec.

That long slope called the Plains of Abraham, which swept away from the summit of the rock toward Cap Rouge, seemed very near the sky. Jacques watched dusk envelop this place. Patches of faded herbage and stripped corn, and a few trees only, broke the

monotony of its extent. On the north side, overhanging the winding valley of the St. Charles, the rock's great shoulder was called Côte Ste. Geneviève. The bald plain was about a mile wide, but the cart jogged a mile and a half from Quebec before it reached the tents where its freight was to be discharged.

Habit had taken the young Repentigny daily to his father's camp, but this was the first time he had seen the guard along the heights. Montcalm's soldiers knew him. He was permitted to handle arms. Many a boy of fifteen was then in the ranks, and children of his age were growing used to war. His father called it his apprenticeship to the trade. A few empty houses stood some distance back of the tents; and farther along the precipice, beyond brush and trees, other guards were posted. Seventy men and four cannon completed the defensive line which Montcalm had drawn around the top of the rock. Half the number could have kept it, by vigilance. And it was evident that the officer in charge thought so, and was taking advantage of his general's bounty.

"Remember I am sending you to my field as well as to your own," the boy overheard him say. Nearly all his company were gathered in a little mob before his tent. He sat there on a camp stool. They were Canadians from Lorette, anxious for leave of absence, and full of promises.

"Yes, monsieur, we will remember your field." "Yes, Captain Vergor, your grain as soon as we have gathered ours in." "It shall be done, captain."

Jacques had heard of Vergor. A few years before, Vergor had been under arrest for giving up Fort Beauséjour, in Acadia, to the English without firing a shot. The boy thought it strange that such a man should be put in charge of any part of the defensive cordon around Quebec. But Vergor had a friend in the intendant Bigot, who knew how to reinstate his disgraced favorites. The

arriving cart drew the captain's attention from his departing men. He smiled, his depressed nose and fleshy lips being entirely good natured.

"A load of provisions, and a recruit for my company," he said.

"Monsieur the captain needs recruits," observed Jacques.

"Society is what I need most," said Vergor. "And from appearances I am going to have it at my supper which the cook is about to set before me."

"I think I will stay all night here," said Jacques.

"You overwhelm me," responded Vergor.

"There are so many empty tents."

"Fill as many of them as you can," suggested Vergor. "You are doubtless much away from your mother, inspecting the troops; but what will madame say if you fail to answer at her roll call to-night?"

"Nothing. I should be in my father's tent at Montreal, if she had been able to go when he was ordered back there."

"Who is your father?"

"Le Gardeur de Repentigny."

Vergor drew his lips together for a soft whistle, as he rose to direct the storing of his goods.

"It is a young general with whom I am to have the honor of messing. I thought he had the air of camps and courts the moment I saw his head over the side of the cart."

Many a boy secretly despises the man to whose merry insolence he submits. But the young Repentigny felt for Vergor such contempt as only an incompetent officer inspires.

No sentinels were stationed. The few soldiers remaining busied themselves over their mess fires. Jacques looked down a cove not quite as steep as the rest of the cliff, yet as nearly perpendicular as any surface on which trees and bushes can take hold. It was clothed with a thick growth of sere weeds, cut

by one hint of a diagonal line. Perhaps laborers at a fulling mill now rotting below had once climbed this rock. Rain had carried the earth from above in small cataracts down its face, making a thin alluvial coating. A strip of land separated the rock from the St. Lawrence, which looked wide and gray in the evening light. Showers raked the far-off opposite hills. Leaves showing scarlet or orange were dulled by flying mist.

The boy noticed more boats drifting up river on the tide than he had counted in Quebec Basin.

"Where are all the vessels going?" he asked the nearest soldier.

"Nowhere. They only move back and forth with the tide."

"But they are English ships. Why don't you fire on them?"

"We have no orders. And besides, our own transports have to slip down among them at night. One is pretty careful not to knock the bottom out of the dish which carries his meat."

"The English might land down there some dark night."

"They may land; but, unfortunately for themselves, they have no wings."

The boy did not answer, but he thought, "If my father and General Levis were posted here, wings would be of no use to the English."

His distinct little figure, outlined against the sky, could be seen from the prisoners' ship. One prisoner saw him without taking any note that he was a child. Her eyes were fierce and red-rimmed. She was the only woman on the deck, having come up the gangway to get rid of habitantes. These fellow-prisoners of hers were that moment putting their heads together below and talking about Mademoiselle Jeannette Descheneaux. They were perhaps the only people in the world who took any thought of her. Highlanders and seamen moving on deck scarcely saw her. In every age of the world beauty has

ruled men. Jeannette Descheneaux was a big, manly Frenchwoman, with a heavy voice. In Quebec, she was a contrast to the exquisite and diaphanous creatures who sometimes kneeled beside her in the cathedral, or looked out of sledge or sedan chair at her as she tramped the narrow streets. They were the beauties of the governor's court, who permitted in a new land the corrupt gallantries of Versailles. She was the daughter of a shoemaker, and had been raised to a semi-official position by the promotion of her brother in the government. Her brother had grown rich with the company of speculators who preyed on the province and the king's stores. He had one motherless child, and Jeannette took charge of it and his house until the child died. She was perhaps a masculine nourisher of infancy; yet the upright mark between her black eyebrows, so deep that it seemed made by a hatchet, had never been there before the baby's death; and it was by stubbornly venturing too far among the parishes to seek the child's foster mother, who was said to be in some peril at Petit Cap, that Jeannette got herself taken prisoner.

For a month this active woman had been a dreamer of dreams. Every day the prison ship floated down to Quebec, and her past stood before her like a picture. Every night it floated up to Cap Rouge, where French camp fires flecked the gorge and the north shore stretching westward. No strict guard was kept over the prisoners. She sat on the ship's deck, and a delicious languor, unlike any former experience, grew and grew upon her. The coaxing graces of pretty women she never caricatured. Her skin was of the dark red tint which denotes a testy disposition. She had fierce one-sided wars for trivial reasons, and was by nature an aggressive partisan, even in the cause of a dog or a cat. Being a woman of few phrases, she repeated these as often as she had occasion for speech, and divided the world

simply into two classes: two or three individuals, including herself, were human beings; the rest of mankind she denounced, in a voice which shook the walls, as spawn. One does not like to be called spawn.

Though Jeannette had never given herself to exaggerated worship, she was religious. The lack of priest and mass on the prison transport was blamed for the change which came over her. A haze of real feminine softness, like the autumn's purpling of rocks, made her bones less prominent. But the habitantes, common women from the parishes, who had children and a few of their men with them, saw what ailed her. They noticed that while her enmity to the English remained unchanged, she would not hear a word against the Highlanders, though Colonel Fraser and his Seventy-Eighth Highland regiment had taken her prisoner. It is true, Jeannette was treated with deference, and her food was sent to her from the officer's table, and she had privacy on the ship which the commoner prisoners had not. It is also true that Colonel Fraser was a gentleman, detesting the parish-burning to which his command was ordered for a time. But the habitantes laid much to his blue eyes and yellow hair, and the picturesqueness of the red and pale green Fraser tartan. They nudged one another when Jeannette began to plait her strong black locks, and make a coronet of them on her sloping head. She was always exact and neat in her dress, and its mannishness stood her in good stead during her month's imprisonment. Rough wool was her invariable wear, instead of taffetas and silky furs, which Quebec women delighted in. She groomed herself carefully each day for that approach to the English camp at Point Levi which the tide accomplished. Her features could be distinguished half a mile. On the days when Colonel Fraser's fezlike plumed bonnet was lifted to her in the camp, she went up the

river again in a trance of quiet. On other days the habitantes laughed, and said to one another, "Mademoiselle will certainly break through the deck with her tramping."

There was a general restlessness on the prison ship. The English sailors wanted to go home. The Canadians had been patient since the middle of August. But this particular September night, as they drifted up past the rock, and saw the defenses of their country bristling against them, the feeling of homesickness vented itself in complaints. Jeannette was in her cabin, and heard them abuse Colonel Fraser and his Highlanders as kidnappers of women and children, and burners of churches. She came out of her retreat, and hovered over them like a hawk. The men pulled their caps off, drolly grinning.

"It is true," added one of them, "that General Montcalm is to blame for letting the parishes burn. And at least he might take us away from the English."

"Do you think Monsieur de Montcalm has nothing to do but bring you in off the river?" demanded Jeannette.

"Mademoiselle does not want to be brought in," retorted one of the women. "As for us, we are not in love with these officers who wear petticoats, or with any of our enemies."

"Spawn!" Jeannette hurled at them. Yet her partisan fury died in her throat. She went up on deck to be away from her accusers. The seamed precipice, the indented cove with the child's figure standing at the top, and all the panorama to which she was so accustomed by morning light or twilight passed before her without being seen by her fierce red-rimmed eyes.

Jeannette Descheneaux had walked through the midst of colonial intrigues without knowing that they existed. Men she ignored; and she could not now account for her keen knowledge that there was a colonel of the Seventy-

Eighth Highlanders. Her entanglement had taken her in the very simplicity of childhood. She could not blame him. He had done nothing but lift his bonnet to her, and treat her with deference because he was sorry she had fallen into his hands. But at first she fought with silent fury the power he unconsciously held over her. She felt only the shame of it, which the habitantes had cast upon her. Nobody had ever called Jeannette Descheneaux a silly woman. In early life it was thought she had a vocation for the convent; but she drew back from that, and now she was suddenly desolate. Her brother had his consolations. There was nothing for her.

Scant tears, oozing like blood, moistened her eyes. She took hold of her throat to strangle a sob. Her teeth chattered in the wind blowing down river. Constellations came up over the rock's long shoulder. Though it was a dark night, the stars were clear. She took no heed of the French camp fires in the gorge and along the bank. The French commander there had followed the erratic motions of English boats until they ceased to alarm him. It was flood tide. The prison ship sat on the water, scarcely swinging.

At one o'clock Jeannette was still on deck, having watched through the midnight of her experience. She had no phrases for her thoughts. They were dumb, but they filled her to the outermost layer of her skin, and deadened sensation.

Boats began to disturb her, however. They trailed past the ship with a muffled swish, all of them disappearing in the darkness. This gathering must have been going on some time before she noticed it. The lantern hanging aloft made a mere warning spot in the darkness, for the lights on deck had been put out. All the English ships, when she looked about her, were to be guessed at, for not a port-hole cast its cylinder of radiance on the water. Night muffled

their hulls, and their safety lights hung in a scattered constellation. In one place two lanterns hung on one mast.

Jeannette felt the pull of the ebbing tide. The ship gave way to it. As it swung, and the monotonous flow of the water became constant, she heard a boat grate, and directly Colonel Fraser came up the vessel's side, and stood on deck where she could touch him. He did not know that the lump of blackness almost beneath his hand was a breathing woman; and if he had known, he would have disregarded her then. But she knew him, from indistinct cap and the white pouch at his girdle to the flat Highland shoes.

Whether the Highlanders on the ship were watching for him to appear as their signal, or he had some private admonition for them, they started up from spots which Jeannette had thought vacant darkness, probably armed and wrapped in their plaids. She did not know what he said to them. One by one they got quickly over the ship's side. She did not form any resolution, and neither did she hesitate; but, drawing tight around her the plaidlike length of shawl which had served her nearly a lifetime, she stood up ready to take her turn.

Jeannette seemed to swallow her heart as she climbed over the rail. The Highlanders were all in the boat except their colonel. He drew in his breath with a startled sound, and she knew the sweep of her skirt must have betrayed her. She expected to fall into the river; but her hand took sure hold of a ladder of rope, and, creeping down backward, she set her foot in the bateau. It was a large and steady open boat. Some of the men were standing. She had entered the bow, and as Colonel Fraser dropped in they cast off, and she sat down, finding a bench as she had found foothold. The Highland officer was beside her. They could not see each other's faces. She was not sure he had detected her. The hardihood which had

taken her beyond the French lines in search of one whom she felt under her protection was no longer in her. A cowering woman with a boatload of English soldiers palpitated under the darkness. It was necessary only to steer; both tide and current carried them steadily down. On the surface of the river, lines of dark objects followed. A fleet of the enemy's transports was moving towards Quebec.

To most women country means home. Jeannette was tenaciously fond of the gray old city of Quebec, but home to her was to be near that Highland officer. Her humiliation passed into the very agony of tenderness. To go wherever he was going was enough. She did not want him to speak to her, or touch her, or give any sign that he knew she was in the world. She wanted to sit still by his side under the negation of darkness and be satisfied. Jeannette had never dreamed how long the hours between turn of tide and dawn may be. They were the principal part of her life.

Keen stars held the sky at immeasurable heights. There was no mist. The chill wind had swept the river clear like a great path. Within reach of Jeannette's hand, but hidden from her, as most of us are hidden from one another, sat one more solitary than herself. He had not her robust body. Disease and anxiety had worn him away while he was hopelessly besieging Quebec. In that last hour before the 13th of September dawned, General Wolfe was groping down river toward one of the most desperate military attempts in the history of the world.

There was no sound but the rustle of the water, the stir of a foot as some standing man shifted his weight, and the light click of metal as guns in unsteady hands touched barrels. A voice, modulating rhythm which Jeannette could not understand, began to speak. General Wolfe was reciting an English poem. The strain upon his soul was more than he could bear, and he relieved it by those low-uttered rhymes. Jeannette did

not know one word of English. The meaning which reached her was a dirge, but a noble dirge; the death hymn of a human being who has lived up to his capacities. She felt strangely influenced, as by the neighborhood of some large angel, and at the same time the tragedy of being alive overswept her. For one's duty is never all done; or when we have accomplished it with painstaking care, we are smitten through with finding that the greater things have passed us by.

The tide carried the boats near the great wall of rock. Woods made denser shade on the background of night. The cautious murmur of the speaker was cut short.

"Who goes there?" came the sharp challenge of a French sentry.

The soldiers were silent as dead men.

"France!" answered Colonel Fraser in the same language.

"Of what regiment?"

"The Queen's."

The sentry was satisfied. To the Queen's regiment, stationed at Cap Rouge, belonged the duty of convoying provisions down to Quebec. He did not further peril what he believed to be a French transport by asking for the password.

Jeannette breathed. So low had she sunk that she would have used her language herself to get the Highland colonel past danger.

It was fortunate for his general that he had the accent and readiness of a Frenchman. Again they were challenged. They could see another sentry running parallel with their course.

"Provision boats," this time answered the Highlander. "Don't make a noise. The English will hear us."

That hint was enough, for an English sloop of war lay within sound of their voices.

With the swift tide the boats shot around a headland, and here was a cove in the huge precipice, clothed with sere herbage and bushes and a few trees; steep, with the hint of a once-used path

across it, but a little less perpendicular than the rest of the rock. No sentinel was stationed at this place.

The world was just beginning to come out of positive shadow into the indistinctness of dawn. Current and tide were so strong that the boats could not be steered directly to shore, but on the alluvial strip at the base of this cove they beached themselves with such success as they could. Twenty-four men sprung out and ran to the ascent. Their muskets were slung upon their backs. A humid look was coming upon the earth, and blurs were over the fading stars. The climbers separated, each making his own way from point to point of the slippery cliff, and swarms followed them as boat after boat discharged its load. The cove by which he breached the stronghold of this continent, and which was from that day to bear his name, cast its shadow on the gaunt, upturned face of Wolfe. He waited while the troops in whom he put his trust, with knotted muscles and panting breasts, lifted themselves to the top. No orders were spoken. Wolfe had issued instructions the night before, and England expected every man to do his duty.

There was not enough light to show how Canada was taken. Jeannette Descheneaux stepped on the sand, and the single thought which took shape in her mind was that she must scale that ascent if the English scaled it.

The hope of escape to her own people did not animate her labor. She had no hope of any sort. She felt only present necessity, which was to climb where the Highland officer climbed. He was in front of her, and took no notice of her until they reached a slippery wall where there were no bushes. There he turned and caught her by the wrist, drawing her up after him. Their faces came near together in the swimming vapors of dawn. He had the bright look of determination. His eyes shone. He was about to burst into the man's arena of glory. The woman, whom he drew up because she was

a woman, and because he regretted having taken her prisoner, had the pallid look of a victim. Her tragic black eyes and brows, and the hairs clinging in untidy threads about her haggard cheeks instead of curling up with the damp as the Highlandman's fleece inclined to do, worked an instant's compassion in him. But his business was not the squiring of angular Frenchwomen. Shots were heard at the top of the rock, a trampling rush, and then exulting shouts. The English had taken Vergor's camp.

The hand was gone from Jeannette's wrist, — the hand which gave her such rapture and such pain by its firm fraternal grip. Colonel Fraser leaped to the plain, and was in the midst of the skirmish. Cannon spoke, like thunder rolling across one's head. A battery guarded by the sentinels they had passed was aroused, and must be silenced. The whole face of the cliff suddenly bloomed with scarlet uniforms. All the men remaining in the boats went up as fire sweeps when carried by the wind. Nothing could restrain them. They smelled gunpowder and heard the noise of victory, and would have stormed heaven at that instant. They surrounded Jeannette without seeing her, every man looking up to the heights of glory, and passed her in fierce and panting emulation.

Jeannette leaned against the rough side of Wolfe's Cove. On the inner surface of her eyelids she could see again the image of the Highlandman stooping to help her, his muscular legs and neck showing like a young god's in the early light. There she lost him, for he forgot her. The passion of women whom nature has made unfeminine, and who are too honest to stoop to arts, is one of the tragedies of the world.

Daylight broke reluctantly, with clouds mustering from the inverted deep of the sky. A few drops of rain sprinkled the British uniforms as battalions were formed. The battery which gave the first intimation of danger to the French gen-

eral, on the other side of Quebec, had been taken and silenced. Wolfe and his officers hurried up the high plateau and chose their ground. Then the troops advanced, marching by files, Highland bagpipes screaming and droning, the earth reverberating with a measured tread. As they moved toward Quebec they wheeled to form their line of battle, in ranks three deep, and stretched across the plain. The city was scarcely a mile away, but a ridge of ground still hid it from sight.

From her hiding-place in one of the empty houses behind Vergor's tents, Jeannette Descheneaux watched the scarlet backs and the tartans of the Highlanders grow smaller. She could also see the prisoners that were taken standing under guard. As for herself, she felt that she had no longer a visible presence, so easy had it been for her to move among swarms of men and escape in darkness. She never had favored her body with soft usage, but it trembled now in every part from muscular strain. She was probably cold and hungry, but her poignant sensation was that she had no friends. It did not matter to Jeannette that history was being made before her, and one of the great battles of the world was about to be fought. It only mattered that she should discern the Fraser plaid as far as eye could follow it. There is no more piteous thing than for one human being to be overpowered by the god in another.

She sat on the ground in the unfloored hut, watching through broken chinking. There was a back door as well as a front door, hung on wooden hinges, and she had pinned the front door as she came in. The opening of the back door made Jeannette turn her head, though with little interest in the comer. It was a boy, with a streak of blood down his face and neck, and his clothes stained by the weather. He had no hat on, and one of his shoes was missing. He put himself at Jeannette's side without any hesitation, and joined her watch through the broken

chinking. A tear and a drop of scarlet raced down his cheek, uniting as they dripped from his chin.

"Have you been wounded?" inquired Jeannette.

"It is n't the wound," he answered, "but that Captain Vergor has let them take the heights. I heard something myself, and tried to wake him. The pig turned over and went to sleep again."

"Let me tie it up," said Jeannette.

"He is shot in the heel and taken prisoner. I wish he had been shot in the heart. He hopped out of bed and ran away when the English fired on his tent. I have been trying to get past their lines to run to General Montcalm; but they are everywhere," declared the boy, his chin shaking and his breast swelling with grief.

Jeannette turned her back on him, and found some linen about her person which she could tear. She made a bandage for his head. It comforted her to take hold of the little fellow and part his clotted hair.

"The skin of my head is torn," he admitted, while suffering the attempted surgery. "If I had been taller, the bullet might have killed me; and I would rather be killed than see the English on this rock, marching to take Quebec. What will my father say? I am ashamed to look him in the face and own I slept in the camp of Vergor last night. The Le Moynes and Repentignys never let enemies get past them before. And I knew that man was not keeping watch; he did not set any sentry."

"Is it painful?" she inquired, wiping the bloody cut, which still welled forth along its channel.

The boy lifted his brimming eyes, and answered her from his deeper hurt:—

"I don't know what to do. I think my father would make for General Montcalm's camp if he were alone and could not attack the enemy's rear; for something ought to be done as quickly as possible."

Jeannette bandaged his head, the rain spattering through the broken log house upon them both.

"Who brought you here?" inquired Jacques. "There was nobody in these houses last night, for I searched them myself."

"I hid here before daybreak," she answered briefly.

"But if you knew the English were coming, why did you not give the alarm?"

"I was their prisoner."

"And where will you go now?"

She looked towards the Plains of Abraham and said nothing. The open chink showed Wolfe's six battalions of scarlet lines moving forward or pausing, and the ridge above them thronging with white uniforms.

"If you will trust yourself to me, mademoiselle," proposed Jacques, who considered that it was not the part of a soldier or a gentleman to leave any woman alone in this hut to take the chances of battle, and particularly a woman who had bound up his head, "I will do my best to help you inside the French lines."

The singular woman did not reply to him, but continued looking through the chink. Skirmishers were out. Puffs of smoke from cornfields and knolls showed where Canadians and Indians hid, creeping to the flank of the enemy.

Jacques stooped down himself, and struck his hands together at these sights.

"Monsieur de Montcalm is awake, mademoiselle! And see our sharpshooters picking them off! We can easily run inside the French lines now. These English will soon be tumbled back the way they came up."

In another hour the group of houses was a roaring furnace. A detachment of English light infantry, wheeled to drive out the bushfighters, had lost and retaken it many times, and neither party gave up the ready fortress until it was set on fire. Crumbling red logs hissed in the thin rain, and smoke spread from

them across the sodden ground where Wolfe moved. The sick man had become an invincible spirit. He flew along the ranks, waving his sword, the sleeve falling away from his thin arm. The great soldier had thrown himself on this venture without a chance of retreat, but every risk had been thought of and met. He had a battalion guarding the landing. He had a force far in the rear to watch the motions of the French at Cap Rouge. By the arrangement of his front he had taken precautions against being outflanked. And he knew his army was with him to a man. But Montcalm rode up to meet him hampered by insubordinate confusion.

Jeannette Descheneaux, carried along, with the boy, by Canadians and Indians from the English rear to the Côte Ste. Geneviève, lay dazed in the withered grass during the greater part of the action which decided her people's hold on the New World. The ground resounded like a drum with measured treading. The blaze and crash of musketry and cannon blinded and deafened her; but when she lifted her head from the shock of the first charge, the most instantaneous and shameful panic that ever seized a French army had already begun. The skirmishers in the bushes could not understand it. Smoke parted, and she saw the white-and-gold French general trying to drive his men back. But they evaded the horses of officers.

Jacques rose, with the Canadians and Indians, to his knees. He had a musket. Jeannette rose, also, as the Highlanders came sweeping on in pursuit. She had scarcely been a woman to the bushfighters. They were too eager in their aim to glance aside at a rawboned camp follower in a wet shawl. Neither did the Highlanders distinguish from other Canadian heads the one with a woman's braids and a faint shadowing of hair at the corners of the mouth. They came on without suspecting an ambush, and she heard their strange cries — "Cath-

Shairm!" and "Caisteal Duna!" — when the shock of a volley stopped the streaming tartans. She saw the play of surprise and fury in those mountaineer faces. They threw down their muskets, and turned on the ambushed Canadians, short sword in hand.

Never did knight receive the blow of the accolade as that crouching woman took a Highland knife in her breast. For one breath she grasped the back of it with both hands, and her rapt eyes met the horrified eyes of Colonel Fraser. He withdrew the weapon, standing defenseless, and a ball struck him, cutting the blood across his arm, and again he was lost in the fury of battle, while Jeannette felt herself dragged down the slope.

She resisted. She heard a boy's voice pleading with her, but she got up and tried to go back to the spot from which she had been dragged. The Canadians and Indians were holding their ground. She heard their muskets, but they were far behind her, and the great rout caught her and whirled her. Officers on their horses were borne struggling along in it. She fell down and was trampled on, but something helped her up.

The flood of men poured along the front of the ramparts and down to the bridge of boats on the St. Charles, or into the city walls through the St. Louis and St. John gates.

To Jeannette the world was far away. Yet she found it once more close at hand, as she stood with her back against the lofty inner wall. The mad crowd had passed, and gone shouting down the narrow streets. But the St. Louis gate was still choked with fugitives when Montcalm appeared, reeling on his horse, sup-

ported by a soldier on each side. His white uniform was stained on the breast, and blood dripped from the saddle. Jeannette heard the piercing cry of a little girl: "Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens! The marquis is killed!" And she heard the fainting general gasp, "It is nothing, it is nothing. Don't be troubled for me, my children."

She knew how he felt as he was led by. The indistinctness of the opposite wall, which widened from the gate, was astonishing. And she was troubled by the same little boy whose head she had tied up in the log house. Jeannette looked obliquely down at him as she braced herself with chill fingers, and discerned that he was claimed by a weeping little girl to whom he yet paid no attention.

"Let me help you, mademoiselle," he urged, troubling her.

"Go away," said Jeannette.

"But, mademoiselle, you have been badly hurt."

"Go away," said Jeannette, and her limbs began to settle. She thought of smiling at the children, but her features were already cast. The English child held her on one side, and the French child on the other, as she collapsed in a sitting posture. Tender nuns, going from friend to foe, would find this stoical face against the wall. It was no strange sight then. Canada was taken.

Men with bloody faces were already running with barricades for the gates. Wailing for Montcalm could be heard.

The boy put his arm around the girl and turned her eyes away. They ran together up towards the citadel: England and France with their hands locked; young Canada weeping, but having a future.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

SAMUEL CHAPMAN ARMSTRONG.

It was, I think, in the winter of 1860, when I was rooming in East College at Williams, that into my introspective life nature flung a sort of cataclysm of health named Sam Armstrong. He came, like other cyclones, from the South Seas, — was a Sandwich Islander, son of a missionary. Until Miss Murfree wrote her *Prophet of the Great Smoky Mountains* it would have been impossible to describe Armstrong's immediate personal effect. There was a quality in it that defied the ordinary English vocabulary. To use the eastern Tennessee dialect, which alone could do him justice, he was "plumb survigrous." To begin with, as Mark Twain might express it, he had been fortunate in the selection of his parents. The roots of his nature struck deep into the soil of two strong races. He bore the stamp of both Saxon and Scot. Then, too, he was an islander: his constitution smacked of the seas; there was about him something of the high courage and the jollity of the tar; he carried with him the vitalities of the ocean. Like all those South Sea Islanders, he had been brought up to the water; it had imparted to him a kind of mental as well as physical amphibiousness. It seemed natural for him to strike out in any element. But what impressed one most was his schooling. Not but that it was in unison with the man; it was, in fact, remarkably so; but it was so entirely out of the common, so free-handed and virile. His father had been minister of public instruction at Hawaii. The son had accompanied him on his official tours, and had been let into the business. He could manage a boat in a storm, teach school, edit a newspaper, assist in carrying on a government, take up a mechanical industry at will, understand natives, sympathize with missionaries, talk with profound theorists, recite well in Greek or

mathematics, conduct an advanced class in geometry, and make no end of fun for little children. In short, he was a striking illustration of that Robinson-Crusoe-like multiformity of function that grows up perforce under the necessities of a missionary station. New England energy, oceanic breeziness, missionary environment, disclosed themselves in him. Such was Armstrong as he first came into my life, bringing his ozone with him.

Williams College was at that time a remarkable place. Nature seemed to have made preparations for greatness. The mountains compassed it about, forming a giant amphitheatre. The buildings were few and poorly fitted up, the apparatus was meagre, the faculty small in numbers. I doubt, however, if there were many institutions where so much thought-stuff was generated. True, our teachers did not represent metropolitan culture, nor was the mass of knowledge which they communicated prodigious; they were, however, good drill masters, and, still better for those under their care, they were men of mental and moral muscularity. Two or three were of that highly organized New England type, original in their thought, and impetuous as a Berkshire torrent. It is said that the most important agent in the cultivation of the soil is the microbe that sets free the nitrogen. In the process of intellectual cultivation, those men do most who set thought free. Far at the head of all such was President Hopkins. He was a man of undoubted genius, and, happily for his students, that genius had specialized itself on teaching. Furthermore, his genius was fed by a great overshadowing personality. He was a philosopher from sheer love of nature: therefore his philosophy was not of the dryly intellectual kind; it was filled with life, and was deep rooted in the man's heart. He stood

always face to face with nature; he felt her mystery, he caught her spiritual import; his soul was full of wonder and inquiry; he cared more for life than for his theory of it, more for men than for institutions, more for an individual student than for his own success; he first loved, then thought, then taught. His recitation room was more entertaining than a play; the textbook was a starting-point,—no man could shirk that,—but it was soon left far behind; the method was conversational, Socratic, and spiced with humor. He drew out the thought of each student in turn, and gently compelled each member of the class to wrestle with him; extending the utmost hospitality to his peculiar views, meeting his arguments with perfect fairness, encouraging him to free his mind and to differ with his teacher, but compelling him at last to face the remorseless logic of his chosen position in a manner sometimes most ludicrous. He was peculiarly gentle, also, toward the weak-minded, keeping them on their intellectual legs as long as he could, and letting them down as easily as possible. The whole process was exciting, amusing, and stimulating to the last degree; and when it was over, the student knew that free thought meant the power to think rationally, and that the power to think rationally was not the inalienable endowment of every American citizen. Over and above the dialectic skill and the mental vitality communicated by such a process was a profound impression regarding the truth itself, its reality, its transcendence above all human conceptions of it, and its nutritive value to the human mind. In fact, while Dr. Hopkins taught a most original and valuable philosophy, it was not this which was the aim or principal result of his teaching. It was rather to make his students themselves citizens of that realm of thought, and to enable them to read the book of life at first hand, and particularly to see the commonly misunderstood relationship between the

natural and the spiritual world. The curriculum was organized upon his plan. Without pretending to be so, it really was socialistic in the best sense. The theory was to acquaint the student with man, and thus to put him in working relations with the race to which he belonged.

Armstrong gravitated to Williams College by a social law: it was the resort for missionaries' sons; there was the haystack at which the missionary enterprise was started; it was a kind of sacred soil, a rendezvous for spiritual knight-errants, and Armstrong, though not very spiritual, was a knight-errant to the core. Like other missionaries' sons, he poked fun at natives, and entertained small circles with the ridiculous phases of missionary life; yet he was a kind of missionary in disguise, always ready to go out of his way for the purpose of slyly helping somebody up to a better moral or physical plane. His "plumb survigorousness" gave him an eternal effervescence; in fact, his body was a kind of catapult for his mind; it was forever projecting his mental force in some direction, so that he was continually carrying on intellectual "high jinks," going off into extravaganzas, throwing every subject into a grotesque light: as a result, he was never serious, though always earnest. He took to Williams College as to a natural habitat; he enjoyed the extra molecules of free thought in the atoms of the college atmosphere; he reveled in the class room discussions; he bristled with arguments and swarmed with new ideas; he lifted up his "plumb survigorous" voice and made intellectual pandemonium at the dinner table.

He was a trifle above middle height, broad-shouldered, with large, well-poised head, forehead high and wide, deep-set flashing eyes, a long mane of light brown hair, his face very brown and sailor-like. He bore his head high, and carried about an air of insolent good health. He was unconventional in his notions, Shake-

spearean in sympathy, wished to see all sides of life, yet he never formed affiliations with the bad side. If he touched pitch, he got rid of it as soon as he could; pleasantly if possible, but at all events decidedly. He had a robust habit of will, and laid hold always of the best in his environment.

Intellectually he was a leader. Spiritually he was religious; that is, he had a profound faith in God, and a deep reverence for his father's life and work, as appears in his *Reminiscences*, a delightful little book, full of the rarest humor and tenderness. Yet everybody felt he was under tremendous terrestrial headway. Sometimes he seemed to have little respect for the spiritual: he shocked people by his levity; he was irreverent in speech. But there was about him at all times a profound reverence of spirit for God, manhood, womanhood, and all sacred realities. Indeed, with him reverence and religion alike were matters not of form, but of an inward principle whose application he had not yet mastered. Other men were original in thought; he was original in character; but above all there was an immediacy of nature. His greatest tendency seemed to be to go ahead; he has, in fact, often reminded me of Harry Wadsworth, the hero of E. E. Hale's *Ten Times One Are Ten*. He was the most strenuous man I ever saw. Naturally he was a problem to us, — what would he come to? Dr. Arnold said of himself, "Aut Cæsar, aut nullus." Armstrong said of himself, "Missionary or pirate."

He joined us in the junior year. With the senior year began the war. Its tumultuous scenes penetrated by report into our cloisters. Armstrong was more patriotic than many native-born Americans; he had a stronger intellectual estimate of our country's worth. As soon as he graduated he helped form a regiment. "I thought I had seen energy before," said one of his soldiers, "but I never did till I saw him." It needed

little to turn him into a veritable Mars, but he did not at once "drink delight of battle with his peers." Instead of that, he ate salt pork, and slept in the mud in a little hole in Virginia; thence came letters in which Hotspur, Artemus Ward, and the Hebrew prophets seem strangely commingled. Armstrong was uncomfortable, plainly. He writes: "I am on pins. I am tired of this puttering round in Virginia mud. Why live I here? Here's to the heathen; rather, here's to the nigger. I wish there were fewer girls, no devil, and a sweet valley like Typee for every mortal. The great conflagration cannot be averted much longer. The cry of the poor is so piteous, of the good so imploring and just, and of the persecuted and enslaved so terrible that it seems as if the fullness of time were accomplished already, and that a devouring fire was needed to quench the wrong and restore the right. I hope that until the slave, and every slave, can call himself his own, and his wife and children his own, the sword will not cease from among us; and I care not how many the evils that attend it, — it will all be just. The above will do. I feel better."

Nonsense was Armstrong's relief from hard work and strong feeling; it was the escape valve of his brains. He soon had a happier time; there was plenty of fighting even for him. At Gettysburg he distinguished himself for bravery. His own account of it was that, knowing a moving target was the hardest to hit, he tore up and down the lines like a madman, shouting to his men to come on, which seemed to onlookers the height of gallantry, but was to him the height of prudence. Before long he accepted the command of a colored regiment. Here he first learned the sterling qualities of that race, noting particularly how it was capable of being lifted above the fear of death. A friend who went to see him in camp near Petersburg found the regiment safely quartered in a ra-

vine, while the colonel's tent was pitched on a little elevated plateau, across which the enemy's cannon shot were continually ricocheting, after a manner which, according to the narrator's account, "turned his liver to water." He remonstrated with Armstrong on living in a place where, day and night, he was liable to be disemboweled; but he replied that the morale of the colored troops required it, and that they would do anything for a man who showed himself superior to fear. At the close of the war, he had, without assistance, risen to the rank of brevet brigadier general, but he had not attained to his best manhood. Militarism was not his field; he was essentially constructive; he was not made to smash things, but to build them.

Thrown in with General Howard, he was led by the influence of that philanthropist to take charge of the Freedmen's Bureau at Hampton, Virginia. Some ten thousand black refugees were there huddled together, mostly in wretched hovels, on confiscated land. The United States government issued them rations, the American Missionary Association sent them missionaries. Their condition was incoherent and miserable.

Armstrong was always "helping lame dogs over stiles." He gathered about him a staff composed of broken-down classmates and war comrades, — I was one of the lot. I was ill on my bed one day, when the door was flung open, and in came Armstrong, his head up in the air, his military cap on one side, and flourishing a rattan cane in his hand. Four other young fellows were following him, and all were roaring out at the top of their lungs, "Hinky, dinky, darby, ram! hinky, dinky, da!"

Yet that roistering militarism was mere blowing off of steam; underneath it there lay the germ of a profoundly great and sympathetic manhood. The destructives mature young, smashers of armies, creeds, and the like. But Armstrong did not belong to that class; his

powers were of the highest order, his development had just begun. There were no holes in his mind; everything good he had kept. In the mud, by the camp fire, the great ideas of the class room had recurred to him. Amid the wild scenes of the war, he had been putting together the elemental principles of human life; he had studied human nature profoundly, and had critically sifted a wide range of facts. He was not emotional nor sentimental; was inclined to take a ludicrous view of the "darks," as he called him; was not unconscious of the fact that he had made a brilliant record. Glory tasted good in his mouth; furthermore, he was offered a brilliant position in the business world. But he had carried away, like others of us, from Dr. Hopkins's class room a touchstone by which to test glory and all other things, and deep within him there was a principle of which he had never let go, but which was ever coming more and more to the front. What it was appears between the lines in his Reminiscences. As one reads the description of his boyhood's home in Honolulu, taking in as it does both the noble and the droll side of mission life; as one sees how he dwells on the sacrifices of his father and mother, one thing becomes clear, — the standpoint of his life. He never ceased to look at things from the doorway of that missionary home. Fundamental in him, inmost treasure of his heart, was that principle of sacrifice and service for the race, for any and every kind of man, because he was a man, and because Christ had died for him, putting on him a divine valuation; and along with this principle there was at his heart's core the germ of that kind of faith that obtains promises and stops the mouths of lions.

At this very time, writing to his old college chum, he says: "Well, chum, I'm rolling over lots of wild schemes in my head, and one of these days I'll strike out. I want you along. But mind,

effort leads to success. There is a point where one ends and the other begins, and here lies the difference in men: one man will not do a thing till he shall see exactly where this point shall be; another cares not if between where effort stops and success begins there is a gulf, be it ever so wide. Such are the extremes; men are ranged all along between. I rather lean to the latter extreme, where the eye of sense sees no continuity, but labor and its results widely separate. A certain faith steps in and binds them together; and trusting to this faith, some men will go forward as freely as if there were no break, no doubt; for just here is the place of doubt." The after story of his life was a commentary on these words.

So, in the midst of the hard work of the bureau, jolly times with his old comrades, and harmless flirtations with pretty teachers; he was revolving the question how the sacrifices that were being made for the negro might be made practical. The result, as every one knows, was the Hampton Normal and Agricultural Institute. That belongs to history, but three things ought to be said about it here: (1.) It was like the colored regiment in the ravine, with the colonel's tent on the hill, under fire. Armstrong's own soul hovered over it, transfused it, and was given for it, life for life. Never in modern times did a heroic personality give a more wondrous perpendicular lift to other souls. Not for one instant would I minimize the skillful and self-denying work of that noble band who toiled by his side; nevertheless Armstrong himself was the institution and the education. It could not be otherwise. As he himself once said, the greatest institution is a man. (2.) Allowing a large percentage of dead materials, Hampton has sent out into the world hundreds of students, each one of whom, in whatever little dark community he may be, bears the stamp of Armstrong's character, and shares in the work of putting men thereabouts

en rapport with what is best and most practical in human life. (3.) The institution has survived financially by the unparalleled struggles of Armstrong himself. The whole of that gigantic educational industry was created and sustained by a man who never had a penny beyond his salary. There was no accident in this. Armstrong's constructive qualities were of the highest order, his executive ability was immense. He had a creative imagination, and not only the kind of intellect that sees the means to an end, but that naturalistic turn of mind which comprehends instinctively nature's organism for producing results. With astute insight, Armstrong not only saw exactly the character and function of the African nature; he took in the organic value of a New England deacon, a Boston millionaire, a Quaker philanthropist, and a Virginia legislature; he understood the gearing by which they could be united; he understood the relation of Providence to organisms of all kinds. Speaking of the original bill by which Virginia gave her serip to her educational institutions, he said to me, "It will pass, because it is God's movement, and there are so many rascals in the legislature."

He had, too, another essential characteristic of every great constructive mind: he saw things in broad relations, he was loyal to his own principles, but he did not needlessly collide with other people; he made the wolf to lie down with the lamb, he combined the energies of the skeptic and of the believer. To some this seemed a want of genuineness on his part. The fact simply was that he saw and made for those broader unities in which all good men stand together. This clear perception not only of wide unities, but of different fields of unity, is in fact the most important quality of the true up-builder; for to build is really to coördinate. He had, too, that quality of getting along with things, that patience with existing conditions, so wittily described by Dr. Holmes in his *Over the*

Teacups. He was emphatically an "As," not an "If." When Academic Hall burned, he said it was the best thing that could have happened.

When certain persons reviled the Scriptures, in which he believed, he said, "So much the worse for them, but it will do the Scriptures good." In short, he was at all times a buoyant optimist. Then there was about him the unfailing genial play of humor, by which he subdued the tone of both sacrifices and cares. When reproached by a ministerial friend for the old slouch hat he wore, his reply was, "We are different; you need a hat to walk round the walls of Zion with."

One day, after he had been paralyzed, he reverently bowed his head at dinner to ask the usual blessing, but instantly afterwards burst into a hearty laugh, and said, "I could n't shut but one eye." The ludicrous side even of the sharpest distress struck him at once, and when he felt the worst he laughed.

It was a great sight to see him, in the prime of his manhood, sitting clad in his school uniform, with his short jacket just like the boys, in his little dry-goods box of an office, — an embodiment of business and dispatch; a great sight to see him in Virginia Hall on a Sunday evening, his sturdy form erect, his head thrown back, leading the school, at the top of his voice, in some old plantation song, or, with one hand in his pocket, talking to them about hard facts, with something of the kindness of a father, the directness of an army officer, and the hard-headed sagacity of an old slaveholding Virginia planter.

It was a greater sight to see him teach Dr. Hopkins's Outline Study of Man to his own senior class of colored boys and girls. The task would have daunted most college professors, but Armstrong, like his beloved teacher, had a profound belief in the capacity of the humblest soul to receive the greatest truth, provided that truth were properly

put. At it, therefore, he went, with all the enthusiasm of his nature; and he invariably declared that it was the thing which of all things he most enjoyed. He had two rare points as a teacher: with all his powerful originality, he could shut himself up to the patient teaching of another man's book; and he understood the fact that because of some personal hitch a large percentage of every class fails to catch the educational movement. He never raved at dull students; it no more angered him when one did not take hold than it irritates a good fisherman when a particular trout will not rise to the conventional brown hackle. It is that particular trout whose personal equation the good angler enjoys studying. Armstrong always prepared the way for the coming lesson; reading it over to the class sentence by sentence, stopping at every difficult word, drawing out the mind of the class as to its meaning, conversing shrewdly with them about it, bringing out their peculiarities, and so finding the personal hitch of each member.

Like many of the most original and successful thinkers, Armstrong reached his important conclusions from the study of a concrete fact. That fact was, in his case, the missionary history of the Sandwich Islands. It was to him an absorbingly interesting problem in social science. It was also the problem of his father's life, and of the New Testament as related to modern times. He published a little pamphlet on the subject. It was a hurriedly constructed thing, thrown out in the midst of pressing cares, its ideas half formulated; yet it is educationally of the highest value. It shows how important it is for us that the ages do not all go tandem. Happily, some of the savage ages are abreast of us.

Armstrong fully realized the value of this little segment of history, and his pamphlet shows what a perfectly fair and sympathetic yet acutely critical intellect could do with it. He could not

bear to call Hawaiian Christianity a failure ; still his judgment compelled him to do so. What was the trouble ? Clearly it did not lie in the religion itself ; this was obvious to his mind from what he saw in cases which he cites. Where the religion had a chance, it showed itself the same transcendently glorious thing that it was in the apostolic days. It performed moral miracles. Where then lay the trouble ? Evidently with the conditions of the social and industrial structure. To this Armstrong was himself an eye-witness. It precluded morality, he declared. The Christian native struggled vainly with it. The best that could be expected from him was faith's struggle, not faith's victory. The only thing that could possibly help him was to teach him so to build the social and industrial edifice that it should harmonize with Christianity. A hut with only one room and a race with no fixed habit of industry are not unitable with Christianity. What was the meaning of this, then ? That Christianity could not stand alone ? Precisely. It never was meant to stand alone. It was meant to take its place in a world of reciprocal organisms among which it is the supreme organism. Education, religion, industry, are different departments of one great process, which he called the building of manhood. It is impossible that one should advance well in any one of these departments without its correlatives. "We have learned," he says, "how to make money, but not how to build men." From this solution of the problem comes his idea of education. It is easy to talk about Armstrong having devised a good scheme of education for the negro and Indian. It is a grave question whether he has not solved the whole problem of education. Strip his system of its external form, and the principle is this : Take what force the man has and put it to practical use at once. First make him a useful organ of humanity, then give him humanity's knowledge. It is the completion of Dr.

Hopkins's idea. If it could be carried out, it is possible that the educative process now going on in a good many young gentlemen might be almost as much improved as was the education of the negro and Indian when Armstrong took hold of it.

It would be no fair assessment of his work if I closed without saying a word about his religion. He was not naturally religious ; there was about him too much of earthly interest, science, combativeness, and general absorption in the world ; besides, he was keenly critical and alive to the ridiculous, singularly destitute of fear, and not at all inclined to be anxious about his sins or anything else. Yet he saw the worth of religion ; and though mystified by its apparent conflict with science, and also by its spiritual processes, he, with his sturdy practical sense and a conviction that it was meant for him as he was, laid hold of the side that was handiest to him and held on. It proved to be, "Teneo et teneor." In his earlier days he said to me, "Work is the best prayer." In his later days he reversed that saying. In fact, he became a kind of saint. Spiritual things were those on which he had strongest hold. When under terrible pressure, he was in the habit of devoting a tenth of his time to devotional reading, at one time using Thomas à Kempis, his robust spiritual digestion receiving no harm from its asceticism, while he took great delight in its spiritual revelations. I judge he had by no means reached the maximum of his powers ; he still seemed full of undeveloped potentiality. With his wondrous physique, at the time of his death he should have been in the prime of life. As a matter of fact he died from exhaustion, worn out, not by his legitimate function of education, but by his unexampled labors in securing money for his institution.

If Lincoln stood for the emancipation of the negro's body, no less did Armstrong stand for the emancipation of his

mind. The former represented the conduct of the war; the latter, its tremendous issues. The life of a free people is centred not so much in its political as in its educational organs. The death of a great popular educator in the midst of his work is an exceedingly critical event. It would seem, therefore, that in their failure to support such a God-given leader the American people may have inflicted upon themselves a grievous blow; nor can a nation more than an individual expect that Providence or good luck will mend such mistakes. As for Armstrong himself, it is not wonderful that, seeing the fortunes amassed by many of his countrymen, and the relative pittance doled out to meet the moral and educational necessities of the nation, he was carried away by a scorn of what he called hoarding, and that when he received a personal gift he flung it into the treasury of the institution. His death was, to the minds of some, a martyrdom; others criticised the struggle that led to it as a rash expenditure of power. If there be truth in the latter view, it becomes us to be gentle in our judgment. Probably he could not help it. Every man has his necessities, some noble, some ignoble. A certain excess was perhaps a necessity of his profoundly impassioned nature. When he took the cup of sacrifice, he could but drink deep of it, and he was satisfied.

A friend who was his guest during the naval review, April 22, 1893, writes, in a private letter, of his last days:—

"Sunday morning, the 23d, he seemed very weary and feeble, but in the evening walked laboriously up all those stairs to Virginia Hall, and spoke to the students for half an hour. It was a singularly dramatic sight, all those dark faces looking toward him, as he stood leaning on his cane, with his drawn white face and almost white hair and those wonderful deep-set eyes, talking to them as only he could talk; impressing upon them, whatever they did, no matter how

trivial, to do it well and with their whole heart.

"They sang 'They look like men of war,' one of his favorite hymns, and marched out to 'Jerusalem the golden,' and I thought I could almost wish he might die then, among them.

"It was his last Sunday in Virginia Hall. After that, he went in a boat through the fleet, with the choir, to serenade the flagships, and did n't get back till twelve o'clock. Monday, he went with us to see the fleet sail. We climbed on to the outer ramparts, leaving him in the carriage; but he could n't see there, so he climbed the lighthouse stairs and watched the ships. He seemed fairly well when we left, that night; but the heart-failure attack came Tuesday, and though he pulled through it, he never really rallied, and suffered terribly; every breath was anguish, night and day, in spite of everything love and science could suggest or do. At the last the end came very suddenly: he had a suffocating turn, — no worse than others, — and then was gone. . . .

"The whole front of the platform of that beautiful great church, flooded with sunshine, was lined with potted lilies and plants; the pulpit had a fringe of bridal wreath, and above were massed roses of all colors, — in the centre the splendid Jacques that grow on his own house, — and just in front of it he lay in his coffin, with the heavy folds of a splendid flag covering it. Two negroes stood at the head, and two Indians at the foot, with their furled flags draped in black. The plate on the coffin said fifty-four years; but it was hard to believe he was only fifty-four, when one looked from it to that worn, tired face, the face in whose drawn lines and sunken, tired eyes was seen the weight of the burden that had killed him. A few hours after his death, the commanding officer at Fortress Monroe sent, asking the honor of giving the general a funeral of full military honors (an absolutely unheard-of thing for an

ex-officer), sending the garrison of the fortress, and he came himself as a member of the Loyal Legion. . . .

"They carried him out through the main door, the bells tolling, and the splendid fort band playing a Dead March. He was borne by the ten school captains, five negro, five Indian, with the coffin covered with the flag, and his hat and the sword he carried at Gettysburg laid over him. Every head was bared and bent, as, very slowly, they bore him to the caisson. The troops fell into line, then the caisson drawn by twenty stu-

dents, then the four clergymen, the generals and the eight Loyal Legion men, the three carriages with family friends, and then the entire school. He was buried, at his own request, in the school cemetery; and as the caisson could not go in, he was carried on the shoulders of the ten captains. The grave was lined with locust blossoms, which also covered the earth. The service was short, and the students sang the Battle Hymn of the Republic, 'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,' and then we left."¹

John H. Denison.

¹ After his burial, these Memoranda, from which I am allowed to make extracts, were found among his papers.

HAMPTON, VA., December 31, 1890,
New Year's Eve.

MEMORANDA. — Now when all is bright, the family together, and there is nothing to alarm and very much to be thankful for, it is well to look ahead, and perhaps to say the things that I would wish to have known, should I suddenly die.

I wish to be buried in the school graveyard, among the students, where one of them would have been put had he died. . . .

Next, I wish no monument or fuss to be made over my grave, and only a simple headstone; no text or sentiment inscribed, only my name and date. I wish the simplest funeral service, without sermon or attempt at oratory, — a soldier's funeral. . . .

I hope that there will be enough friends to see that the work continues; unless some one makes sacrifices for it, it cannot go on. A work that requires no sacrifice does not count for much, in fulfilling God's plans; but what is commonly called sacrifice is the best natural use of one's self and one's resources, the best investment of time, strength, and means. He who makes no such sacrifice is most to be pitied; he is a heathen, because he knows nothing of God. In the school, the great thing is, not to quarrel, to pull together, to refrain from hasty, unwise words or actions, to unselfishly and only seek the best good of all, and to get rid of workers whose temperaments are unfortunate, whose heads are not level, no matter how much knowledge or culture they may have. Cantankerousness is worse than heterodoxy.

I wish no effort at a biography of myself made. Good friends might get up a pretty

good story, but it would not be the whole truth. The truth of a life usually lies deep down. We hardly know ourselves. God only does. I trust his mercy.

The shorter one's creed, the better. "Simply to thy cross I cling," is enough for me.

I am most thankful for my parents, my Hawaiian home, my war experiences, my college days at Williams, and for life and work at Hampton. Hampton has blessed me in so many ways. Along with it have come the choicest people in the country for my friends and helpers, and then such a grand chance to do something directly for those set free by the war, and indirectly for those who were conquered. And Indian work has been another great privilege. Few men have had the chances I have had. I never gave up or sacrificed anything in my life; have been seemingly guided in everything.

Prayer is the greatest power in the world; it keeps us near to God. My own prayer has been most weak, wavering, inconstant, but it has been the best thing I have ever done. I think this a universal truth; what comfort is there except in the broadest truths!

I am most curious to get a glimpse of the next world. How will it all seem? Perfectly fair and perfectly natural, no doubt. We ought not to fear death; it is friendly. . . .

Hampton must not go down; see to it, you who are true to the black and red children of the country and to just ideas of education.

The loyalty of my old soldiers and of my students has been an unspeakable comfort to me. It pays to follow one's best light, — to put God and country first, and ourselves afterwards.

S. C. ARMSTRONG.

Taps have just sounded.

Memoranda of S. C. Armstrong, to be read immediately on my death.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XIV.

LORENZO TAFT'S arrival at his home, that afternoon, might have seemed to the casual observer an event of the simplest significance. It is true, a country trader, on his return from a bout of barter at that emporium the cross-roads store, seldom casts about him so vigilant an eye, or sustains so controlled and weighty a manner, or wears a countenance of such discernment, its alert sagacity hardly at variance with certain predatory suggestions, — on the contrary, finding in them its complement of expression. But these points might only have argued ill for the profits of the bargainer with whom he had dealt. As the great lumbering canvas-hooded wagon came to a halt in the space beneath the loft of the log barn, under partial shelter, at least, and he began to unharness and turn out the two mules, the anxious glances he cast toward the house might have betokened impatient expectation of assistance in unloading the ponderous vehicle, and carrying into the store the cumbrous additions to its stock represented in saddles, cutlery, sugar, bolts of calico, stacks of hats, — the integrity of all more or less endangered by the weather. But no one emerged from the house, and after feeding the mules he turned hastily, took his way in great strides through the rain across the yard, which was half submerged in puddles and running water, and unlocked the door. As he entered, big, burly, and dripping with rain, prophetically at odds with the falling out of the yet unknown events, he gazed about the dim interior with a dissatisfied, questioning eye. All was much as usual, save dimmer and drearier for the storm without. Here the unseen rain asserted its presence by the fusillade on the roof and the splashing from the eaves. The wind rushed

furiously in recurrent blasts against the windowless walls. Since the denizens within could not mark how it bent the greatest tree, they might thus judge of its force, and quake beneath its tempestuous buffets. Now and again the writhen boughs of the elm just outside beat as in frantic appeal on the clapboards. The chimney piped a tuneless, fifelike note, and occasional drops fell a-sputtering into the dull blaze of the fire. Cornelia Taft herself was dull and spiritless of mien, as she sat on a low stool on the hearth knitting a blue yarn stocking. The room, lurking in a state of semi-obscurity, seemed the dreariest possible expression of a dwelling; only as the fitful blaze flared and fell were distortions of its simple furniture distinguishable, — the table with its blue ware, the bed and its gaudy quilt, the spinning-wheel, and the old warping-bars, where now merely skeins of cobwebs were wont to hang from peg to peg, since Cornelia Taft's precocity did not extend to weaving. A black cat sat blinking her yellow eyes before the fire. She had so conversational an aspect that it might seem that Taft had interrupted some conference, — of a dismal nature, doubtless, for there were traces of recent tears on the little girl's face, and a most depressed expression.

"Whar's Copley? Whar's yer uncle Cop?" he demanded, looking hastily about the shadowy place.

She paused to roll up her work methodically, and thrust the knitting needles through the ball of yarn.

"He ain't hyar," she said, lifting reproachful eyes; "an' he ain't been hyar since ye been gone."

He stared down at her in silent surprise.

"Ye jes' went off an' lef' me an' Joe hyar by ourse'fs, an' we been mos'

skeered ter death," she added, with a sob.

A sudden apprehension crossed Taft's face.

"I lef' Cop hyar. Ain't he been in ter git his vittles?"

She shook her head.

"Did ye call him in the store?"

She nodded.

"Mebbe he war in the barn."

"I blowed the hawn fur him; he ain't eat a mite sence ye been gone."

Taft turned hastily toward the door, his florid face paling. Then he turned back. "Whar's Joe?"

"He hev runned away!" cried Sis, with a burst of sobs. "Las' night we-uns hearn sech a cur'ous hurrah — some-whar — I dunno — sech cur'ous talk an' hollerin' 'way down in the groun' — an' — an' — diggin' — an' —"

He had paused, looking amazed at her. Then his face changed, aghast with a sort of certainty upon it. "Jes' some boys diggin' in the Lost Time mine," he urged, however, plausibly.

"But — but" — she protested — "Joe, he say, they — they air — *dead*."

She looked at him, hoping for some sufficient adult denial of this terrible fantasy; but his face betokened only its confirmation, and she fell to shivering and sobbing afresh.

"Whenst it got so turrible in the middle o' the night, Joe, he looked out'n the winder upsteers, an' the moon hed riz. An' he clomb down by the tree. He 'lowed he would n't bide no mo' an' listen. So he jes' skun the cat out'n the winder. He war 'feared."

And once more she covered her face with her hands and wept. Nevertheless, between her fingers, as the tears trickled down them, she furtively surveyed him.

"Wunst," she said tentatively, "I 'lowed 't war revenuers. An' then I wisht 't war. I hed ruther hev hearn *them* 'n — 'n — dead ones."

His countenance did not change a muscle.

"Revenuers arter what?" he demanded.

She was now alarmed by her own temerity. In the long ordeal of solitude and fright she had lost control of her small nerves, or she would not have overstepped her habitual caution so far. Her father's incidental, unconcerned manner reassured her.

"Arter the 'wild-cat,' I reckon," she hazarded.

He affected to consider the suggestion.

"Some boys *mought* be talkin' 'bout startin' a still down thar in the Lost Time mine. I'll roust 'em out mighty quick, ef they do! Ef thar's enny whiskey sold round hyar, I'm countin' on doin' it out'n my store, sure. I got a license ter sell."

She looked at him narrowly, suspiciously, hardly more credulous than he himself.

"I won't hev *my* profits sp'iled. Whiskey's the best trade I got," he added, as he turned about. "Waal, I 'lowed Copley would be in hyar ter help me tote the truck in; but, howsever, set a rock afore the door ter hold it open, Sis, whilst I make a start, ennyhow."

His show of industry as he toiled across the rainy yard, now with a keg, now with a box, on his shoulder, of anxiety for the safety of his goods, his sedulous care in displaying them to the best advantage on the shelves to lure customers, might have deceived a wiser head than Cornelia Taft's. Her long-cherished suspicions were gradually dispelled, as she ran hither and thither, carrying the lighter packages in her arms, eagerly helping to bestow them, making place for them when she could do no more. It was not until she had gone back briskly to her task of preparing an early supper that he ventured to descend from the store to the room below, and take his way along the dark tunnel to the still in the recess of the mine. He paused surprised at the disordered and careless disarray about the entrance to the tun-

nel: some of the boards of the partition were on the ground, others aslant, none as they were habitually adjusted. With a steady hand he rectified this, and went forward forthwith, his lantern swinging in his grasp. Once he paused to listen: no voice, no stir; only the heavy windless silence. As he progressed, the faint tinkling of the running water smote his ear, and presently he had crossed it. No sound came from about the still; there was no suffusion of red light on the terracotta walls that sometimes glowed at the terminus of the tunnel when the furnace door stood open. He could hardly be said to have had a premonition. He was prepared for disaster by the previous events; but he could scarcely realize its magnitude, its conclusiveness, when the timid flare of the lantern illumined the dreary walls of the moonshiners' haunt, the dead cold furnace, the tubs of mash, — on the margin of one of which a rat was boldly feeding, scarcely pausing to look around with furtive, sinister bright eyes, — and his two lieutenants, whom he had left to guard Larrabee, bound and gagged upon the floor.

The craft which characterized Lorenzo Taft was hardly predicable of so massive an organization. It was an endowment of foxlike ingenuity, sinuous, lithe, suggestive of darting swiftness and of doubled tracks. The expression of blunt dismay on his big jowl dropping visibly beneath his broad yellow beard, the widening stare in his round blue eyes as he gazed about the dismal place, his heavy, lumbering motion as he carefully set the lantern down upon the cold masonry of the fireless furnace, gave no intimation of the speed with which his mind had canvassed the situation, accepted the inevitable, and fixed upon his future course. It was hardly a moment before he was on one knee beside the prostrate form of the elder moonshiner, and had drawn from over his head the grain sack that had served both to gag him and to obscure his coun-

tenance. The glimmer of the lantern, like a slow rill of light trickling feebly through the darkness, illumined the expression of eager appeal in the haggard wild face and eyes of Copley. An instant longer was too long to wait, yet wait he must! Taft's thumb jerked over his shoulder at the other prostrate form, convulsed now in a frenzied effort to attract the attention of the new-comer, whose footsteps had brought the only hope of speedy deliverance.

"Drunk agin?" he asked, in a low voice.

Copley made shift to nod his head affirmatively. Then again that frantic plea for release illumined his eyes and contorted his anxious features.

Taft, regardless, rose, with the slow swinging motion common to many bulky men, and, with the lantern swaying in his hand, made his way to the opposite side of the furnace, where the young drunkard lay — very sober now, in good truth — cramped in every hard-bound limb, racked with the tortures of thirst, and half famished. Taft had partly unbound the ropes from about the furnace and cut them in twain, thus dissevering the companions in misery; he swiftly knotted those that held the elder moonshiner, while the ends of Dan Sykes's bonds lay loose along the floor.

"Why, Dan," he cried roughly, "what sort'n caper is this?"

The prostrate young fellow made an effort to rise, so strong that the already loosened cords relaxed; and as Taft emphasized his demand by a sharp kick in the ribs, and an urgent exhortation to the young sot to "quit this damned fooling," the sack which Sykes had worn some twenty hours as hood and gag, and which, since his wakening from his long drunken sleep, he had strained in every fibre by his mad lurches of fright and efforts for freedom, rolled off, his pinioned arms were at liberty, and it seemed he had naught to do but to sit up and untie his craftily bound feet and legs.

"Ye demented gopher!" cried Taft angrily, as Sykes stupidly sat up, blinking in the gleam of the lantern. "What ails ye? Drunk agin?"

If his bursting skull were admissible testimony, — but he shook his head stoutly in pious negation. Taft kicked him once more in the side with a scornful boot.

"Then the worst fool you-uns! Look-a-hyar!" he cried furiously, as he caught the young man by the collar and pulled him to his staggering feet, cutting with one or two quick passes with the knife the ropes about his legs. "Look-a-hyar, ye gallus-bird, what ye hev done in yer drunken tantrums! Murder! murder! or mighty nigh it!"

He swung the lantern round, so that its flickering gleams might rest on the figure of Copley, whose genuine bonds so closely resembled the plight which Sykes had thought his own. His blood-shot eyes distended, as he groped bending toward it in the darkness.

"Who's that? Lar'bee?" he said.

"Lar'bee!" exclaimed Taft scornfully. "Lar'bee's been out'n the still ever since yestiddy evenin'."

It was Sykes's drunken recollection that Larrabee was here when Taft departed; but alack! in a cranium which is occupied by a headache of such magnitude, memory has scarce a corner to be reckoned on. Nevertheless he blurted out: —

"Ye tole me ter watch him," — he set his teeth in a sort of snarl, and glanced up under his eyebrows with a leer still slightly spirituous, — "ter gyard him like a dog. 'Hold fast!' ye said, 'hold fast!'"

Taft suddenly shifted the lantern, to throw its full glare upon his own serious, grim, threatening face as he loomed up in the shadows.

"Sykes," he said, "this is a bad business fur you, an' ye'll swing fur it, I'm a-thinkin'. Nobody never set sech a besotted cur ez ye ter watch nobody.

I let Lar'bee out myse'f. Ye an' Copley war lef' hyar ter keep sober an' run the still; an' what do ye do? Ye murder him!"

As he lowered his big, booming, dramatic voice, the young fellow's blood ran cold.

"Ye murder him, an' tie him up like that, an' then do yerse'f up sorter fancy with bags an' a rope. Ye'll hev closer dealin's with a rope yit; I kin spy out that in the day that's kemin'." His eyes gleamed with a sinister smile.

Sykes's knees shook.

"Oh, my Lord!" he exclaimed wildly. "Air — air he dead? 'T war n't me! God A'mighty knows 't war n't me!" The ready tears rushed to his eyes. "'T war Lar'bee! 'T war Lar'bee!"

"Shucks!" Taft turned wearily away. "Ain't I tole ye I seen Lar'bee set out 'fore I did? Blackenin' Lar'bee won't save ye, Dan! *Drink — drink!* I tole ye drink would ruinate ye; always brings a man to a bad e-end. Pity ye hed n't put some water in the jug beforehand, stiddier all them tears in the dregs o' yer spree." He shook his head. "So it is! So it is!"

"Oh, is he dead, — air ye sure he is dead?" cried the young fellow in a heart-rending voice of appeal, flinging himself upon his knees beside the still, stark, motionless form of the elder moon-shiner.

Taft swung the lantern slightly, and its lurid gleams played over the haggard, cadaverous face, ghastly with fatigue and the pallor of anxiety.

The boy drew back, with a shudder of repulsion. "Oh, I never went ter do it! I never went ter do it! I war drunk! crazy drunk! devil drunk! Oh" —

"They say," Taft interrupted suddenly, — "leastwise the lawyers do, — ez a man bein' drunk in c'mittin' a crime ought n't ter influence a jury, — the law makes no allowance; but," with an encouraging nod, "they say, too, ez it *do* influence the jury *every time*. An' the

court can't help it. The jury *will* allow suthin' fur a man bein' drunk."

The white face of the boy, imposed against the darkness with all the contour of youth, had hardly a characteristic that was not expressive of age, so pinched, so lined, so drawn, so bloodless, was every sharpened feature. The natural horror of his supposed deed, his simple, superficial repentance of the involuntary crime, were suddenly expunged; his whole being was controlled by a single impulse; a passion of fear possessed him. Jury, crime, lawyer, — these words looking to a legal arraignment first brought to his horror-stricken mind the idea of a responsibility other than moral for his deed. What slight independence of thought he had, what poor capacity for sifting and judging and weighing the probabilities his easily influenced mind might have exerted as he more and more recovered from his recent inebriation, became nullified upon the instant. He did not look once again back to the past, but to the future, wild, quaking, frenzied, as Taft elected to foretell the event.

"That's why," Taft coolly said, nodding sagely, and inclining his head toward the breathless, frantic, almost petrified creature, "I'd leave it ter men."

Sykes recoiled, with a shudder.

"Yes," reiterated Taft, weightily and slowly. "The jury would take yer drunk inter account; an' on the witness-stand I'd testify ez ye war gin over ter the failin'."

The young fellow's gray, stony face did not change as Taft ceased to speak. Taft felt its fixed look upon him as he stood, his head bent, his big hat thrust back on his yellow hair; one hand was laid meditatively on his long beard, as he gazed down on the prostrate figure of Copley; with the other hand he held the lantern, whose spare white glimmers of light out into the surrounding obscurity seemed so meagre in the darksome place, never cheerful at best, but without the roar and heat of the furnace, the

keen, brilliant glinting from the crevice of the door when closed or the red suffusive flare when it was swung ajar, the dreariest presentment of subterranean gloom.

"Yes," Taft continued thoughtfully, "I'd ruther leave it ter men — ter the courts, ye know — 'n ter hev the folks round hyar ez war frien'ly ter Copley undertake ter settle ye fur it; they'd — Hey?" he interrupted himself.

For the young fellow had reached out his arm and laid his hand with a vise-like grip upon Taft's wrist. His head was thrust forward; he seemed about to speak, but his parted lips, drawn tight across his large, prominent teeth, emitted not a sound, although his wild, dilated, bloodshot eyes looked an eager protest. His voice had failed in framing the obnoxious words, which, however, Taft spoke patly enough.

"Why, ye know, they would, they would. Jedge Lynch is the only court fur this kentry. What sati'faction is it ter the folks hyarabouts ter hev a man kerried ter jail, thirty mile away, ter stan' his trial in the courthouse year arter nex', mebbe, an' then arter all 's come an' gone cheat hemp at las'? Yes, that's yer bes' chance; set out fur Colbury straight, an' s'render yerse'f thar."

He paused, apparently thinking deeply. "Ef ye hed enny kin, though, in enny out'n-the-way place, my advices ter ye would be ter cut an' run, an' bide along o' them; fur this hyar air a mighty bad job, an' it's goin' ter go hard with the man ez done it."

Once more the pallid, evasive light flickered in feeble vibrations across the long, motionless, rope-bound figure, and the stark face curiously distorted and painfully repulsive with the gag in its stretched jaws.

"Ye ain't got no kin in no'th Georgy, say?" Taft demanded.

"Naw," replied the boy huskily.

The suggestion seemed to have restored his voice, albeit muffled and shaken; into

his eyes, staring, wide and bloodshot, into the gloom, was creeping a definiteness of expression, as if he beheld, instead of the vacant black darkness, some scene projected there as a possibility and painted by his expectation. His grip on Taft's arm had relaxed. It had been close and hard, and Taft rubbed the wrist a trifle with the hand that still held the lantern, setting the feeble glimmer a-swinging swiftly about the dark walls.

"That's a pity,— that's a tur'ble pity," Taft averred gloomily; then, with an air of rousing himself, "Waal, ye 'll jes' hev ter leave it ter men. That's the bes' ye kin do." He was turning briskly toward the tunnel. "I 'll undertake ter gin ye the matter of a two hours' start of the folks 'bout hyar by not tellin' 'bout old Copley till then. But ye hed bes' ride with speed, fur they 'll be hot shod on yer tracks, sure."

As he went forward with his swinging, elastic stride, swaying the lantern back and forth, according to his wont, to illumine the path, his manner, his words, his expression, so tallied with the situation he had invented and the rôle he had played that even the most discerning might have descried no discrepancy in point of fact. The young moonshiner, barely sobered and wholly frightened, was easily to be deluded by a verisimilitude far less complete. He followed, his clumsy feet stumbling and stepping awry, as if his gait were still subject to spirituous influences from which his brain was freed. His cramped limbs yet felt the numbness of their long constraint and the pain of his bonds, for Larrabee's ropes had not been adjusted with due regard to the free circulation of the blood. His progress was far slower than his host's, who paused from time to time and waited to be overtaken. On these occasions it soon became apparent that there was something in his mind on which he had begun to ponder deeply; for whereas at first he had visibly hastened to join Taft on seeing him whirl

around, the lantern describing in the distance a wheel of pallid white light against the dense blackness of the tunnel, he now continued to plod heavily, slower and slower, even when the light settled to a shining focus, again motionless. Taft lifted it once as Sykes approached, throwing its force full upon the swollen, mottled, absorbed face, the fixed introspective eyes, the heavy slouching shoulders and bent head. At that moment of careful reconnoitre a genuine expression was on Taft's face, keen, furtive, triumphant; it passed unobserved. He whirled around again, leading the way with the lantern, and it was with a perfectly cloaked satisfaction that he began to observe the young fellow's convulsive haste to depart as they neared the exit from the tunnel, his flimsy pretense of heed to his elder's advice, and finally his heedlessness altogether, no longer able to maintain attention or its semblance.

He was gone at last, and Taft, returning to his prostrate comrade in the still, dismissed him from his mind, and thenceforward from his life, with a single comment. "That drunken shoat hev got an uncle in north Texas," he said, as he placed the lantern on the cold brickwork of the dead and fireless furnace. "I knowed that, so I fixed it so ez he'd light out fur them furrin parts d'ree'ly. He ain't dawdlin', I'm thinkin'."

Then, as he addressed himself to removing the gag and cutting the bonds of the elder distiller, his brow darkened.

"That cuss Lar'bee's work, hey?" he demanded gruffly; and as the liberated Copley gasped out an assent he growled a deep oath, his face scarlet, his hands trembling with rage, his anger unleashed, and his whole nature for the nonce unmasked.

"That kems from sparin' powder an' lead," he declared vindictively. "Why n't ye or Sykes shoot him?"

"He war too suddint," gasped Copley. "Ye never see a painter so suddint an' sharp."

"An' why n't ye be suddint, too?" retorted Taft aggressively.

Copley might have protested that in his own interest he had been as "suddint" as he could, and had done his best. He evidently felt, however, much in fault, and as, in silence, he ruefully rubbed his numbed limbs, just free from their ligatures, tingling painfully with the renewal of the circulation of the blood, he gazed about, crestfallen and humbled, and even grief-stricken, at the scene of his wonted labors. It was but faintly revealed by the lantern on the masonry of the furnace, — the dimly white focus with divergent filaments of rays weaving only a tenuous web of light in the darkness which encompassed all. The great burly forms of tubs and barrels were but vaguely glimpsed as brownish suggestions in the blackness; a yellow gleam from the copper still gave the effect of an independent illumination rather than the resources of reflection, so dull and unresponsive was all else upon which the lantern cast its glimmer. Taft sat, according to his habit, upon the side of a barrel, his legs crossed, his elbow on one knee, his head bowed upon his hand, his big hat intercepting all view of his face. Copley gave a long sigh, as his spiritless glance noted the dejection of his friend; but his grooved and wrinkled face seemed as incapable of expressiveness as before, and, with its tanned tints and blunt, ill-cut features, resembled some unskillful carving in wood or a root. His thoughts swerved presently, almost with the moment of reattaining his liberty, from the immediate disaster to the details of his drudgery which so habitually occupied his every waking faculty.

"That thar mash must be plumb ripe by this time," he remarked, his eyes fixed upon a spot in the darkness where presumably the tub in question was situated. "'T war nigh ripe whenst Lar'bee jumped up demented, it 'peared like, an' tuk arter we-uns."

Taft lifted a red face and a scowling brow. With an air of reckless desperation he strode to the tub, and the next moment Copley heard the splash as the contents were poured out down the shaft.

"Laws-a-massy, 'Renzo!" with the decisive ring of anger in his voice and all the arrogations of the expert, "why n't ye let me examine it? Ye ain't got my 'speriunce; ye ain't ekal ter jedge like me. Why n't ye" —

"Ye miser'ble mole!" Taft retorted angrily. "Ye may be a jedge o' fermentin' an' stillin' an' sech like, but ye hev got powerful leetle gumption 'bout'n the signs o' the times. Thar ye sit, a-yawpin' away 'bout yer mash, ripe or raw, an' I'm lookin' fur the shootin' iron o' the marshal's men under my nose every time I turn my head."

He suited the action to the word at the moment, looking down with a sudden squint which gave a frightfully realistic suggestion of the muzzle of a weapon held at his very teeth.

"The thing's busted!" Taft cried desperately. "It's done! Kin ye onderstan' that? We-uns hev got ter the jumpin'-off place!"

The bewildered Copley looked vaguely at the verge of the deep shaft, perilously near.

"That Lar'bee's loose now, full o' gredges fur bein' helt hyar. We-uns oughter shot him, or let him shoot himself. An' the dep'ty sher'ff's on his track, 'lowin' *he* be Espey, an' s'picionin' moonshinin'. The dep'ty sher'ff ain't got nuthin' ter do with sech ez moonshinin' hisse'f, but he air tryin' ter find Espey, an' settle his gredges with him; so he'll gin the revenue dogs the word 'bout Lar'bee an' distillin', an' whenst Lar'bee's tuk he'll take a heap o' pleasure in guidin' 'em hyar, I'll be bound. He mought even turn informer hisse'f, ter git even."

He sunk down suddenly on the barrel.

"It's powerful hard on me!" he cried. "I hev treated them boys like they war my own sons." He had forgotten, in this arrogation of age and paternal feeling, his recent youthfulness of matrimonial pretensions. "I hev tuk 'em in," — he did not say in what sense, — "an' divided fair with 'em; an' they hev gotten mo' money out'n me than they'd ever otherwise view in thar whole lifetime. An' I hev been keerful an' kep' the place secret an' quiet. I hev tuk good heed ter all p'int. An' we-uns mought hev gone on peaceful an' convenient till the crack o' doom, ef it hed n't been fur them. Oh, thar never war sech a place!" He looked round with the eyes of gloating admiration on the gruesome, shadowy den about him, so singularly suited to his vocation. "An' even the danger 'bout'n the hotel is done with, an' the lan' percessioned by now, I reckon, an' thar won't be no mo' packs o' strangers in the Cove; an' yit — an' yit — all fur nuthin'!"

He took off his hat, and rubbed his corrugated brow with his hand with a gesture of desperation.

It is a singular trait of what might perhaps be called sentimental economy that every individual in this world should be the object of the hero worship of some other. It may be submitted that there are no conditions so sterile as to induce a dearth of this perfectly disinterested, unrewarded admiration and acceptance of some embodied ideal. It is familiar enough in the higher walks of life and with worthy objects. But there may be a champion among beggars. It is a potent agent. Its purblind flatteries have advanced many a dullard to a foremost place. The plainest face has some devotee of its beauty; and even the most unpromising infant is a miracle of grace and genius to a doting grandmother. Hardly a hero of the world's history is more dignified on his elevated plane than was Lorenzo Taft in the eyes of his humble coad-

jutor. His wiliness was wisdom; his domineering spirit, his dictatorial aggressiveness, the preëminence of a natural captaincy; his self-seeking a cogent prudence; and his natural courage — with which, indeed, he was well endowed — the finest flower of the extravaganza of valor.

Copley looked at him now with the respectful sympathy which one might well feel in witnessing the fall of a very great man. He scarcely remembered his own interests, inextricably involved. Every inflection of the mellow, sonorous voice raised to a declamatory pitch found a vibrating acquiescence in chords of responsive emotion. Every unconscious gesture of the massive and imposing figure, as histrionically appropriate as if acquired by labor and tuition, since it was indeed the nature that art simulates, was marked with appreciative eyes. A rat in a trap is hardly esteemed a fit object of sympathy by civilized communities, but consider the aspect and magnitude of the catastrophe to his friends and neighbors, the emotional melodrama within the small circuit of the wires!

"Don't take it so tur'ble hard, 'Renzo," expostulated Copley, still seated on the floor.

For Taft was standing motionless, his eyes staring and fixed, his hat far back on his head, exposing his set, drawn face with its teeth hard clenched, one hand mechanically clutching his flowing yellow beard, the other continually closing and unclosing on the handle of a pistol which he had half drawn from his pocket, — a habit of his in moments of mental perplexity, as if he instinctively appealed to this summary arbiter to decide on questions far enough removed from its jurisdiction.

"Don't be so tur'ble desolated; some way out'n it, sure ez ye air born," urged Copley in a consolatory wheeze.

The sound of his voice seemed to rouse Taft. He caught himself with a

start and turned hastily away, looking about as if in search of something. He took the lantern presently to aid him in this, and when it came back, glimmering through the dusk, he carried a box of tools in the other hand.

"Thar's one way out'n it, sure," he said in a muffled, changed voice, "though it's gone powerful hard with me ter git my own cornsent ter take it."

He placed the lantern upon the furnace, and, as he went vigorously to work, the astounded Copley, still upon the ground, began to perceive that he was taking the apparatus carefully apart; he was disconnecting the worm from the neck, when his amazed coadjutor found his voice.

"Hold on, 'Renzo," he remonstrated; "ye ain't a-goin' ter take the contraption down, surely" —

"Ruther hev the revenuers do it?" said Taft, showing his teeth in a sarcastic smile as he looked up. "They'll make wuss slarter with the worm 'n I will." Then, pausing, with a frown of rancorous reminiscence, "I hed a still o' bigger capacity 'n this one over yander in Persimmon Cove, an' they cut it up in slivers, an' the worm war lef' in pieces no longer 'n that," measuring with both hands, "an' the furnace all tore up. I never seen sech a sight ez whenst I cropped back ter view the wreck. I'lowed I'd never git forehanded enough ter start ter manufacture sperits agin in this worl'."

He stood idly gazing down these vistas of memory grimly enough for a moment; then, turning back to the still, "I'll make a try ter save the property this time, so when the storm blows over we kin git started agin another way an' another day. I'll fix it so ez when Lar'-bee tells, his words will be cast back in his teeth fit ter knock 'em all down his own throat. He'll be sorry enough, sure 's ye air born. They'll be hard swallowin'."

The natural fortitude of Taft's character, the elastic quality of his strength,

his big, bluff mental methods, combined to support him in this ordeal to a degree which contrasted advantageously with the weak, almost supine grief that Copley manifested. Perhaps, too, Taft's dinner was a material element which gave cohesion and decision to his mental resolves. Now, Copley, half starved, nervous, wild with anxiety, dread for the future, regret for the past, doubt of the present, would angrily protest, even while he aided in dismantling the apparatus; and then, after a word or two of argument, would admit its necessity, its urgency, and again lament it as futile. He almost wept when the object of his solicitude, which he had served as if it were a fetich, was finally dismembered, and he found only a partial consolation in being himself permitted to pack it, secure from injury, in boxes which Taft brought down from the store. This scanty satisfaction was short-lived, for, despite his objection, Taft poured out upon the ground the liquor which remained after the shipment of the two barrels to the cross-roads. The tubs were cut into pieces in true "revenuer" fashion, the mash was poured out, the furnace was demolished out of all semblance to its former proportions and uses, before Taft began to lay the train to blow the place up, and thus effectually silence its testimony forever.

"S'pos'n' — s'pos'n' " — Copley shivered — "s'pos'n' somebody war in the Lost Time mine, down thar" —

Taft paused, with a lot of tow in his hands which he was arranging for a fuse; he glanced around, the lantern swinging on his arm, as if waiting for the sequel to the unfinished sentence; then, as Copley remained vaguely staring as if at a vision of possible laborers in Lost Time mine, "Skeer 'em powerful, I reckon," he said casually, and bent once more to his work.

"But — but" — Copley recommenced, in a tone so urgent that Taft once more desisted to listen, with an inquiring look

on his half-turned face — “but — but — s’pos’n the — a — ’splosion o’ the powder war — war ter bring down the rocks an’ the timbers in some o’ them tunnels an’ open shafts, an’ somebody war in thar, hey? hey?” with eager insistence.

“Shut ‘em in thar fur good an’ all, I reckon, — git buried a leetle before thar time, that’s all,” said Taft coolly, and went on with his work as before.

Perhaps some vague premonition, perhaps an intuition of subterranean proximity to an unsuspected wanderer in the Lost Time mine, perhaps only a morbid aversion to the whole project, induced by the lack of that conscience-fortifying force, dinner, actuated Copley, but for the third time he sought to disaffect Taft’s mind toward it.

“Mebbe somebody mought be passin’ an’ hear the ’splosion; mought n’t they ’low ’twar cur’us? What would they make of it?”

Taft did not now pause in his work; he answered still bending down to the ground laying the train.

“Yearthquake,” he said composedly, “or else jes’ some o’ the rottin’ timbers o’ the mine settlin’ an’ givin’ way. Besides,” he added, straightening himself up, “nobody’s passin’ at this time o’ night, nohow.”

“Night!” exclaimed Copley. “Is it night?”

“Midnight,” replied Taft laconically.

He stood silent, thinking, a moment, and resting after the labor of cautiously adjusting the charges; and then, so quiet it all was, not the stir of a breath, not the whisper of a word, not the silken rustle of a ribbon of flame in the demolished furnace, he heard, what he had never before heard so far as here in the still-room, the regular stroke of a pickaxe sounding down the tunnel, and cleaving the ground with the regularity of a practiced workman. He said not a word to Copley; he walked along the tunnel toward it, a chill thrill stealing over him despite the fact that his temerity was a

trifle more pronounced than usual because he was about to leave the place forever. The strokes continued, now growing louder, now more muffled, always accurately timed; and suddenly the faint clamors of that high, queer, false-ringing voice that seemed to seek out and shock every nerve within him. He recoiled with fright and an unreasoning anger. He turned himself about, and swiftly changed the position of a can filled with powder which was to aid in the demolition of the place, arranging it in a niche in the earth close to the wall whence the sound came.

“I make ye my partin’ compliments,” he said, with a sarcastic smile and a mocking wave of the hand to the gruesome unknown. The next moment his expression changed to a frightened gravity, and he ran through the black tunnel as if he consciously had the devil at his heels, pausing not until he was safe in the cellar beneath the store.

The paroxysm, if so it might be called, passed in a moment, and he was laughing as he stood at the aperture of the tunnel, holding the lantern, red-faced and a trifle shamefaced, when Copley, left far behind, came hobbling up slowly and painfully. Taft was quite restored; it was with his own assured, definite manner and elastic stride that he presently took his way along the tunnel again and applied the match to the fuse. He evidently accomplished his work thoroughly, for he had no doubts of its efficacy when he returned and stood leaning against a pile of boxes, waiting quite carelessly as here and there tiny stellar lights sprang up along that darksome way that was not wont to blossom out such constellations.

Stars? No; lines of fire, vermicular, writhing, growing, serpentine, swiftly gliding, armed with venom, with destruction, under their forked tongues; for suddenly a flare, a frightful clap as of thunder, a wrench as if the foundations of the earth were torn asunder, and the

two men were thrown to the ground and the lantern extinguished in the jar.

The reverberations were slow to die away; only gradually quiet came. A stillness ensued, stifling with dust, and with such strong sense of alternation with that moment of deafening detonation that the pulses quivered with expectancy, and the slightest movement set the nerves to jarring. Taft had groped for a light, and as the faint coruscation of a match, then the steadier gleam of the lantern, pierced the darkness, the nearest results of the explosion were open to view. The timbers roofing the tunnel had been shaken down, and close at hand masses of earth had fallen with them and lay banked at the very door. If Taft had been warned in a dream, he could hardly have made his defense more perfect. He and his one trusted adherent worked there the rest of the night. The old original timbers of the house, partly rotten and time-stained, were replaced as formerly, leaving no trace that there had ever been a door into the abandoned mine; and when at last Taft clambered through the aperture of the counter into the store, he left the door broadly flaring after him.

"Trust Sis ter notice it," he remarked. "She 'll git used ter it in ten minits, an' it 'll 'pear like she always knowed 't war thar."

The still was conveyed some miles away and buried in a marked spot, and thus the business of moonshining was abandoned at the moment when the project of the summer hotel, from which it had so much to fear, was pretermitted amidst its varied entanglements, and the Cove, which certainly could not have comfortably contained both, was left without either for the nonce.

XXV.

As Julia entered her father's house, quite fresh and dry after the tumults of

the storm, each of the group gathered about the fireside was too insistently pre-occupied at the moment to notice the discrepancy between her spotless attire and the aspects of the weather, except indeed Luther. The details of their attire she marked at once, and dimpled at the sight. These rain-lashed victims of the processioning had hustled into their cast-off gear; and albeit the fashions of the day were not exigent in the Cove, very forlorn appeared these ancient garments, having long ago seen the best of their never very good days. Captain Lucy's brown coat was like a russet old crinkled leaf, as it clung, out of shape and ruffled by unskillful folding, about him; Luther wore one of his own of former years, far too small now for his burly shoulders that threatened to burst out of it at every seam, and his long arms that protruded their blue shirt sleeves, only half covered from the elbow. He met her glance with a resentful glare, as if he could imagine now no cause for mirth, which was untimely in its best estate. His Sunday coat graced the form of Jasper Larrabee, who sat on the other side of the fire, and who, albeit not of the processioning party, had been caught in the rain in coming hither. Although as tall as Luther, he was much more slender, and he seemed to have shrunk, somehow, in the amplitude of his host's big blue coat. He gave Julia a formal greeting, and was apparently much perturbed by the untoward state of mind in which he found Captain Lucy. And indeed Captain Lucy's face seemed to have adopted sundry wrinkles from his coat, so old, so awry, so crinkled, so suggestive of better days, had it suddenly become. Julia was reminded all at once of the business interests at stake.

"How did the percessionin' turn out, dad?" she inquired, as she stood with her hand on the back of a chair, and looked across the fire at him.

If any eyes might watch Fortune's wheel undismayed, whether it swing

high or low, one might deem them these, surely, with perpetual summer blooming there, as if there were no frosts, no winter's chill, no waning of time or love or life. What cared she for land or its lack?

The forelegs of Captain Lucy's chair came to the floor with an irascible thump. He turned and surveyed the room; then, looking at her, "Air yer eyesight good?" he demanded.

"Toler'ble," she admitted.

"D'ye see that thar contraption?" he continued, leaning forward, and pointing with great *empressement* at a spinning-wheel in the corner.

"I see it," she said, meeting his keen return glance.

"D'ye know what it's made fur?" he inquired, dropping his voice, and with an air of being about to impart valuable information.

"Fur spinnin'," she answered wonderingly.

"Oh, ye know, do ye? Then — mind it."

And thus he settled the woman question, in his own house at least, and repudiated feminine interest and inquisitiveness in his business affairs, and spurned feminine consolation and rebuke as far as he could, — poor Captain Lucy!

Larrabee had that sense of being ill at ease which always characterizes a stranger whose unhappy privilege it is to assist at a family quarrel. He was divided by the effort to look as if he understood nothing of ill temper in the colloquy, and the doubt as to whether he did not appear to side with one or the other, — to relish Julia's relegation to the spinning-wheel, or to resent Captain Lucy's strong measures; or perhaps he might seem lightly scornful of both.

He gazed steadily out of the open door, where a great lustrous copper-tinted sky glassed itself in myriads of gleaming copper-tinted ponds made in every depression by the recent rains; between

were the purplish-black mountains cut sharply on the horizon. He heard a mocking-bird singing, and what a medley the frogs did pipe! Then rushed out into the midst the whir of Julia's spinning-wheel, that made all other songs of the evening only its incidental burden. She sat near the door, her figure imposed upon those bright hues of sky and water as if she were painted on some lustrous metal. Their reflection was now and again on her hair; she might have seemed surrounded by some glorious aureola. Not that he definitely discerned this. He only felt that she was fairer than all women else, and that the evening gleamed. The bird's song struck some chord in his heart that silently vibrated, and the whir of her wheel was like a hymn of the fireside. He wished that he had never left it for Taft and his gang, and the hope of making money for a home of his own, of which his mother's hospitality had well-nigh bereft him. The thought roused him to a recollection of his errand.

"I kem hyar ter git yer advices, Cap'n Lucy," he began.

Captain Lucy turned upon him a silent but snarling face. He needed all his "advices" for himself.

"I ain't got nuthin' ter hide from you-uns," Larrabee continued, after a pause for the expected reply. "Ye know all I do," — a fleeting recollection of the still came over him, — "that I'm able ter tell," he added; for the idea of betraying the secrets involving Taft and the other moonshiners had never entered his mind.

Captain Lucy's scornful chin was tossed upward.

"We-uns feel toler'ble complimented," he averred, "ter hev it 'lowed ez we-uns knows *all* you-uns do, fur that's a heap, ez ye air aimin' ter tell."

"I mean — I went ter say, Cap'n Lucy" — Jasper Larrabee's words, in their haste, tripped one over the other,

as they sought to set their meaning in better array.

"He jes' means, uncle Lucy, ez it ain't no *new* thing," Adelia interposed to expound, touched by the anxious contrition of the younger man, who was leaning eagerly forward, his elbow on his knee, toward the elder, and to allay the contrariety of spirit of "uncle Lucy."

"An' meddlin' ain't no new thing, nuther, with you-uns, Ad'licia," snarled Captain Lucy, much overwrought. "I wish ter Gawd, with all the raisin' an' trainin' I hev hed ter gin ye, I could hev larnt ye ter hold yer jaw wunst in a while whenst desir'ble, an' show sech manners ez — ez T'bithy thar kin." He pointed at the cat on the hearth, and gave a high, fleering laugh, in which the sarcastic vexation overmastered every suggestion of mirth.

A slight movement of Tabitha's ears might have intimated that she marked the mention of her name. Otherwise she passed it with indifference. With her skimpy, shabby attire, — her fur seemed never to flourish, — her meek air of disaffection with the ways of this world, her look of adverse criticism as her yellow eyes followed the movements of the family, her thankless but resigned reception of all favors as being less than she had a right to expect, her ladylike but persistent exactions of her prerogatives, gave her, somehow, the style of a reduced gentlewoman, and the quietude and gentle indifference and air of superiority of the manners on which Captain Lucy had remarked were very genteel as far as they went.

Adelia seemed heedless of the mentor thus pointed out. She noisily gathered up her work, somewhat cumbrous of paraphernalia, since it consisted of a small cedar tub, a large wooden bowl, and a heavy sack of the reddest of apples which she was paring for drying, and carried it all around the fireplace to seat herself between the two parties to this controversy.

"Now, uncle Lucy, ye jes' got ter gin Jasper yer advices, an' help him out'n whatever snap he hev got inter."

Her deep gray eyes smiled upon the young man, as the firelight flashed upon her glittering knife and the red fruit in her hand, although her delicate oval face was grave enough. Ever and again she raised her head, as she worked, to toss back the tendrils of her auburn hair which were prone to fall forward as she bent over the task. There was a moment's silence as Jasper vainly sought to collect his ideas.

"Tell on, Jasper," she exhorted him. "I'm by ter perfect ye now. An' enny-hows, uncle Lucy's bark is a long shakes wuss 'n his bite."

She smiled encouragingly upon the suppliant for advice; her own face was all unmarred by the perception that matters had gone much amiss with the processioning of the land, for uncle Lucy was a man often difficult to please, and sometimes only a crumple in his rose leaf was enough to make him condemn the queen of flowers as a mere vegetable, much overrated. The girl's aspect was all the brighter as she wore a saffron-tinted calico blouse and apron with her brown homespun skirt, and she seemed, with her lighted gray eyes, her fair, colorless face, and her ruddy auburn hair, a property of the genial firelight, flickering and flaring on the bright spot of color which she made in the brown shadows where she sat and pared the red apples. She reverted in a moment to that proclivity to argue with Captain Lucy which was so marked in their conversation.

"An' who is the young men ter depend on in thar troubles, uncle Lucy, ef not the old ones?" she demanded.

"On the young gals, 'pears like," promptly retorted "uncle Lucy," pertinently and perversely.

Then he caught himself suddenly. In the impossibility, under the circumstances, to concentrate his mind exclu-

sively on his own affairs, his interest in correlated matters was reasserted. It occurred to him that it behooved him to foster any predilection that Adelia might show for any personable man other than the fugitive Espey. He could see naught but perplexity and complication of many sorts to ensue for himself and his household should Espey return; and although Captain Lucy selfishly hoped and believed that this was, in the nature of things, impossible, still he had reluctantly learned by bitter experience the fallibility of his own judgment. It seemed to him a flagrant instance of inconstancy on Adelia's part, but Captain Lucy gave that no heed. Few men truly resent a woman's cruelty to another man. Adelia might have brought all the youth in the county to despair, for all hard-hearted Captain Lucy would have cared. And thus her appeal for Jasper Larrabee was not altogether disregarded.

"Goin' ter set thar an' chaw on it all day, Jasper?" he demanded acridly. "Why n't ye spit it out?"

"Why," said Larrabee, "it's 'bout this hyar Jack Espey."

The apple dropped from Adelia's hand, and rolled unheeded across the hearth; the spinning-wheel was suddenly silent, and Julia, all glorified in the deeply yellow glare about her, sat holding it still with one hand on its rim. Captain Lucy's head was canted to one side, as if he were prepared to deliberate impartially on some difficult proposition.

"This Jack Espey, — I met up with him at the cross-roads store, an' struck up a likin' fur him, an' brung him home an' tuk him in, an' he hev been thar with me fur months an' months — an' — an' he never tole me ez he hed enny cause ter shirk the law."

"He war 'feared ter, I reckon, Jasper," said Adelia.

"He never meant no harm, Jasper," the silent Julia broke in from where she

sat in her dull red dress and the tawnily gilded glories of the western sky.

Beyond a mechanical "Hesh up, Adelia," Captain Lucy gave them no heed, but Luther glanced sharply from one to the other.

Jasper Larrabee replied in some sort: "Then he never treated me with the same confidence I done him. An', Cap'n Lucy," he continued, "ye yerse'f seen the e-end o' it. He purtended ter the sher'ff ter be *me*, an' tuk advantage o' my mother's callin' him 'sonny,' an' wore my name, an' went with 'em a-sarchin' fur hisse'f; an' whenst he got skeered, thinkin' ez they knowed him, he resisted arrest, an' kem nigh ter takin' the officer's life, whilst purtendin' ter be *me*, in my name!"

"He never meant no harm," faltered Adelia, aghast at this showing against her absent lover.

"None in the worl'; he never went ter harm nuthin'," protested Julia's flute-like tones.

"Did ye kem hyar ter git my advices fur Jack Espey?" demanded Captain Lucy sourly. "He needs 'em, I know, but" —

"Naw, Cap'n Tems. Ikem ter git it fur myse'f, fur I don't know which way ter turn. You-uns hyar saw the e-end o' it, — the night the dep'ty kem a-sarchin' fur Jasper Lar'bee, who he 'lowed he hed flung over the bluffs, an' I went along at his summons, knowin' 't war Espey ez hed got away from him, purtendin' ter be *me*."

Captain Lucy nodded.

"Now I hev hearn that dep'ty air in the Cove agin."

Captain Lucy remembered the dark, facetious, malicious face that the officer had borne as a spectator of the procession of the land. He nodded again. "I hev seen him hyar ter-day."

"Ef I war knowed ez Lar'bee, I mought be 'rested fur harborin' a fugitive, ez holpin' out the murder arter the fac' — an' — an' my mother — Espey

gin me no chance, no ch'ice! Would n't ye 'low ez ennybody — *ennybody* — would hev tole me that, Cap'n Lucy, ter gin me the ch'ice o' dangerin' myse'f afore he tuk so much from me an' mine?"

Captain Lucy changed countenance. This was a new view of the matter. He had not judged from Larrabee's standpoint; for he himself had had full knowledge of the circumstances and the fact that they were withheld from Espey's entertainer. This was made suddenly manifest.

"Why, Jasper," expostulated Adelia, her eyes full of tears, her vibrant tones tremulous with emotion, "he 'lowed ter we-uns ez he war sure the man would n't die o' the gunshot wound, bein' powerful big an' hearty; but he tuk out an' run, bein' tur-r'ble 'feared o' the law — arrest an' lyin' in jail fur a long time, waitin', an' uncle Lucy said" —

She paused suddenly, for Jasper Larrabee had leaned forward in his chair, scanning the faces about him with a blank amazement so significant that it palsied the words on her tongue.

"Espey tole *you-uns*! An' Espey tole yer *uncle Lucy*! Why, then ye all knowed him ter be a runaway, an' ye knowed ez he war a-playin' his deceits on nobody but me an' my mother ez hed got him quartered on us, an' mebbe war liable ter the law fur it."

Adelia leaned back trembling in her chair. Captain Lucy cast an infuriated glance upon her, and then, with a hasty, nervous hand, rubbed his brow back and forth, as if to stimulate his slow brain that brought him no solution of the difficulty. Jasper Larrabee still sat leaning forward, his clear-cut face full of keen thought, a flush on his pale cheek, a fire kindling in his brown eyes, and a sarcastic smile curving his angry lips.

"My Gawd!" he exclaimed, "it is a cur'ous thing ez my mother ain't got a frien' in this worl'! She says she don't work fur thanks, an' I'll take my livin'

oath she don't git 'em. That thar door o' the widder's cabin on the Notch hev stood open ter the frien'less day an' night since I kin remember. Her table's spread for the hongry. Her h'a'th's the home o' them ez hev no welcome elsewise an' elsewhere. An' her nigh neighbor an' old frien' sees a s'pected murderer quarter himself thar, an' bring s'picion an' trouble *ennyhow*, an' danger mebbe, on her an' hern. Ye mought hev advised Espey ter gin her her ch'ice, or leave. Ye mought hev done ez much ez that! My mother's a ole 'oman; an' she's a proud 'oman, though ye mought n't think it, an' the bare idee o' sech talk ez that, — of s'picion, an' arrest, an' jail, — it would kill her! it would kill her!"

Captain Lucy sat almost stunned, as under an arraignment. He pulled mechanically at his pipe, but his head was sunk on his breast, and his face was gray and set. The circumstances so graphically placed before him seemed to have no relation to those of his recollection; they wore a new guise. He had known all his life instances of collision in which powder and lead had played more or less a tragic part; but the rôle of the law had always been subsidiary and inadequate in the background of the scene, sometimes represented only by an outwitted officer, and the jollity of details of hair-breadth escapes. This construction of crime was beyond his purview of facts. He did not know, or he did not remember, that aught that others than the principal could do subsequent to a crime might render them liable as accessory after the fact. Espey had, in a fight, shot his antagonist, — such things were of frequent occurrence in Captain Lucy's memory. He never expected to see or to hear of the beagles of the law on the trail of the fugitive; his care, and his only care, was to prevent his niece from marrying an expatriated man while expatriated.

He thought now with a grievous sense

of fault of old "Widder Lar'bee," — her softness, her kindness, her life of thought for others; and then he thought of Rodolphus Ross and his crude brutality, his imperviousness to any sanctions, his rough interpretation of fun, his eagerness to shield his own lapses of care and official vigilance, his grudges against the supposed Larrabee, and his threats. What mischief might a chance word work!

The dusky red of the last of the evening glow was creeping across the floor. All the metallic yellow glare was tarnished in the sky. Instead were strata of vaporous gray and slate tints alternating with lines of many-hued crimson, graduated till the ethereal hue of faintest rose ended the ascending scale of color. Still the frogs chorused and still the bird sang, but shadows had fallen, and they were not all of the night. Something of melancholy intimations drew his eyes to the purple heights without as Jasper Larrabee spoke.

"Waal, I'm her friend, ef she ain't got nare nother." And then, as if he felt he were arrogating unduly to his purpose, "An' I s'pose I'm a friend o' my own, too, an' I know I ain't got nare nother. I kem hyar ter-night fur yer advices, Cap'n Tems; but ez ye don't 'pear ter hev none ter gimme, I b'lieve I'll take my own. I'll settle this thing for myse'f. I'll find Jack Espey! I'll track him out. I'll run him down. I'll arrest him myse'f, an' I'll deliver him ter the law. An' let the door o' the jail that he opened fur me be shut an' barred on him!" There was a concentrated fury in his face as he said this. "I won't hide no mo' like a beast o' the yearth in a den in the ground, consortin' with wuss 'n wolves an' bar an' painters. I won't skulk homeless like a harnt no mo' through the woods. I won't shirk the sher'ff no mo' fur Jack Espey's crimes, an' kase I done him nuthin' but good an' kindness! I'll find him, — the yearth can't

kiver him so I can't find him, — an' I'll deliver him ter the law!"

He stood for one moment more, and then he strode across the room to the door, his shadow blotting out the last red light of the day, leaving the circle about the fire gazing wistfully and aggrieved after him, except Luther, who was picking up the borrowed coat which Larrabee had tossed aside as he passed.

Outside the night had fallen suddenly. The west was clouded, despite the lingering red strata, and the twilight curtailed. He looked through purple tissues of mists that appeared to have the consistency of a veil, to where yellow lights already gleamed through the shadows. They came from the shanties of the workmen beneath the cliffs, on which the ruins of the hotel had at last ceased to smoke. He hardly knew whither to turn. What pressure for explanations, what unbearable inquisitive insistence, would meet him at home, where Henrietta Timson reigned in the stead of his mother, he could well forecast; to venture near the Lost Time mine, within reach of Taft, was, he knew, as much as his life was worth. Larrabee hesitated now and again, as he went aimlessly up the road; regretting his outbreak at the Tems cabin; coveting its shelter, its fireside, the companionship of the home group; half minded to return thither; but resentment because of their half-hearted friendship, as he deemed it, pride and anger and shame, conspired to withhold him. Once again, as he ascended the mountain, he turned and looked down at the cluster of orange-tinted lights from the workmen's shanties that clung so close together in the depths of the purple valley, and he hesitated anew as he looked at them. White mists were abroad on their stealthy ways; a brooding stillness held the clouds; the mountains loomed sombre, melancholy, against them, indistinguishable and blent with them toward the west, save when the far-away lightnings of the past storm

fluctuated through their dense gray folds, and showed the differing immovable outlines of the purple heights. In the invisible pools below these transient lines of fire were glassed, shining through the gloom. The reflection of stars failed midway, because of the mists. There were few as yet in the sky, but as he lifted his eyes he beheld again, immea-

surably splendid in the purple dusk, that sudden kindling of ethereal, palpitating, white fire which he had marked once before, — that new and supernal star, strange to all familiar ways of night hitherto, shining serene, aloof, infinitely fair above the melancholy piping mountain wilds and the troublous toils of the world.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

THE TRANSMISSION OF LEARNING THROUGH THE UNIVERSITY.

WE are beginning to perceive that the modern view of the origin of man is greatly to affect our understanding as to his true place in this world. So long as we looked upon ourselves and our fellow-beings as creatures placed upon the earth by some process other than that of natural law, it did not seem worth while to seek in the realms of nature any counsel as to the conduct of life. It is one of the most admirable and distinguishing features of our time that it has given us a new insight into the relations of man with the nature which is about him, and thereby has brought into his command new means of inquiry, and has opened vast perspectives of knowledge of which the men of other days never dreamed. We of this generation recognize a bondage, or better an alliance, with the past, which gives new understandings and makes new paths of duty clear. Nowhere else is this so evident as in the information which we have gained as to the relations of mankind to the lower life.

From this enchainment of our being with that of the lower creatures of the past, this fact to be accepted and reconciled to our thought and action, must date a new period in human affairs. Henceforth we have to adapt our conduct not only, as our forefathers did, to the commands of religion and the behests of

ordinary social law, but also to the guiding truths of that science which shows us how we have struggled through the wildernesses of the ages from the inconceivably remote time when our being came forth out of the earth and began its long upward way. Beholding ourselves here as the result of immemorial order, we have to look over the stages of our advancement to gather the important lessons of the new revelation. We are to see in what ways we can apply these teachings, so that we may with our own reason continue the development which has led us from the darkness into the light.

First among the many problems which the new dispensation of knowledge brings before us we may place that of the transmission of learning. It needs no argument to show that the immeasurably great task of handing down from generation to generation the ever-accumulating store of valuable experience imposes a heavy burden upon the men of our time, a burden which increases with each successive age. The only way in which we can hope to accomplish this work in a satisfactory manner is by studying its nature, guiding ourselves in the inquiry by the history of the processes of transmission from the beginning to the present day. In this undertaking we cannot limit ourselves to the human period; we must endeavor to

survey the records of the earlier time when life was in its lower stages, slowly yet surely making ready for its position in man. There we shall find much to instruct and guide our efforts.

In the lowest states of organization in nature, in such aggregations as the molecules, the crystals, and the celestial spheres, we find structures of great variety and much complication, with many resemblances, both in form and function, to organic species. We readily note, however, that these primitive bodies differ from those forms which we properly term organic in that they acquire from their contact with the world about them nothing which they can hand on to their successors. So far as we can discern, they remain in their unchanged primitive forms through all space and time. The molecules and the crystals of quartz formed in the earliest ages of the earth are like those produced to-day; they are probably the same in the remotest stellar sphere in which the physical conditions permit of their formation.

We easily see that it is otherwise with the organic creations. Their essential peculiarity, separating them by an infinite difference from the lower realm, consists in these facts: they manage to adjust themselves to their environment; they fit the changing conditions of the world about them; they learn from the events of life, and hand on the ever-increasing store of experience to their successors. Unlike the individualities of the mineral kingdom, these truly living species are never in successive generations the same. While successful, they are normally ever advancing; when unfortunate, they swiftly decline; success and failure are alike determined by the measure in which they profit from the experience the individuals have received from their ancestors or have themselves acquired. We also note that almost at the outset of the organic series the life of the individual form is restricted; it is here but for a brief time; it develops in the manner and degree deter-

mined by its inheritances; it gives birth to its progeny, and passes quickly from the vital stage. The institution of successive and ordered birth and death in many distinct groups of animals and plants shows clearly that the Power which determines the order of nature, and which has lifted the scale of being upward to ourselves, finds the succession of generations a fit element in the plan. With each stage in the advance, the limitation of the time of existence, the establishment of the time of death, becomes more definite, until, in the higher creatures, the period is fixed within a narrow range.

This institution of death is apparently made in order that the species may have the advantages arising from the process of selection, which can operate only by the rapid presentation of successive individuals to the stern election which chooses the fit to live, and the unfit to die. There can be no doubt that the advance of the organic groups has intimately and absolutely depended on this order of nature which allows each individual but a momentary dwelling on earth. At the same time, as we readily see, the interruption of death tends exceedingly to complicate the task of handing on through each form the inheritances and acquisitions of its progenitors. These difficulties are met by an almost infinite number of contrivances, of which we can note the nature only in the most general way. This array of ingenuities constitutes a distinct world, in which the observant naturalist may spend a lifetime of study, and still feel himself an essentially ignorant inquirer.

In the lower forms of animals and plants, the forefathers give to their offspring the share of inheritable gains by storing — we know not how — the transmissible qualities in the spore, bud, or germ. At this stage in the development of the generational system, the parent gives but the beginnings of life, the tendencies which lead towards certain shapes and functions. This is sufficient

to guide the young only a little way on their career. At a higher level, we find the egg or seed containing a considerable store of nutriment derived from the parent; this may serve to maintain the young creature for a longer period of growth, and thus permit it to attain a higher plane of structure. In our birds, this provision of food contained in the egg may amount in weight to as much as one fifth of the mother's body. By this provision, the chick is enabled, during the period when it is within the shell, to advance from the simple state of the germ to a condition of high organization. As we advance in the organic series to the creatures which give milk, we find yet more complicated and efficient ways by which the parents give physical sustenance to their young, and so lead them far onward in their bodily growth. An inspection of the vegetable kingdom shows us a similar advance in the means whereby each generation, in its prime, devotes its strength to the duty of helping the offspring to win the difficult way from birth to the adult or perfected condition of the body.

But in the animal realm the bodily contrivances by which the parents endeavor to help the offspring are surpassed by the intellectual. As soon as creatures attain to any share of intelligence, they begin in most varied ways to care for their young; in fact, their minds may be said to develop most distinctly on the side of parental care. By artfully constructed nests, by a thousand diverse attentions to the shelter, sustenance, and protection of their progeny, they lead them past the dangers which assail all weak forms, and start them fairly in the race of life. In some cases these contrivances are most singular, as in the instance of the mud wasps, which build a cell of clay, and deposit in it first a collection of spiders, each of which has been benumbed, but not killed, by stinging, and then the eggs; the whole being so managed that the young wasps feed upon

the spiders, and find in them just enough food for their needs. Philosophical naturalists have speculated how this remarkable result is brought about, but their arguments have been quite without point. In such special instances, as in the larger field of the less conspicuous phenomena which beset the observer when he surveys the realm of instincts relating to the care of offspring, he cannot, except in rare cases, hope to unveil the details of the fact. He must, however, recognize the truth that by far the larger part of animal intelligence has arisen from and been devoted to this endless effort to convey to the young the goods which have been won by their predecessors of the species.

Although this effort to bridge the gap which death makes in the life of the kind is one of the most insistent in the lower forms of life, it attains in the higher races of our own species a dignity and importance which are unapproached elsewhere in this world. In these, as in other respects, man, though akin to the more ancient and lowlier creatures, so far transcends them that by the upward step he enters into a new realm. Among the inferior animals, there is rarely any considerable store of inheritances, material or intellectual, which can be handed on from the individuals in their prime to those who are to be their successors on the stage. They give their lives to the work, but they have, as compared with man, but little to hand on.

With the most primitive men, the problem of inheritance is nearly as simple as with the highest of their animal predecessors. They have little beside their habits and traditions which can be transmitted to their progeny. They have no material wealth; even the weapons and ornaments of the dead are usually buried or burned with the body. Yet even in this social station we find the beginning of that attention to the task of transmitting the learning which the generations have accumulated. Thus, among our

American Indians as first seen by Europeans, there was practically no private wealth, and little trace of a system by which goods could be passed even from parent to child; but the knowledge which they had gathered from their observation of nature, an extensive and curious body of information, was carefully treasured and skillfully handed down to the youths of the tribe. There were orders of priests whose duty it was to pass on the traditional customs, the songs and tales. There were societies, which in a way resembled our masonic and other fraternities, whose purpose it was to maintain and extend what we may well call the literature of the primitive people.

The evidence clearly shows that the first wealth was not that of goods, but that which depends upon and affords culture. It was indeed at a relatively late stage in the history of our kind that the devices for amassing and transmitting the ordinary forms of property were invented. The teacher, in the largest sense of the word, was the first of the classes to be separated from the mass of men for particular duties connected with the common store of the people. It is true that, as the keeper and transmitter of knowledge, he was also the priest. These two functions were naturally and for a long time associated. We may with truth say that only during the present century have they been to any extent separated among our own people. The merchant, the banker, the lawyer, those agents engaged in the problems arising from the transmission of tangible property, began to find their place in society when it took on the civilized form; like the goods with which they deal, they are things of yesterday in the history of mankind.

From the simple beginnings of the task of transmitting learning by special teachers, the process has been steadfastly developing with the advance of civilization. For a time the greater part of the deliberately continued teaching was left to the priestly class, and was limited to the

traditions of religion and the simple arts and learning, such as reading and the elements of number. With the creation of literature the tasks of the teacher began rapidly to increase, and with the advent of natural science his functions became vastly more extensive and important. In the Elizabethan age it was still possible for a learned man to attain something like mastery of all the arts and sciences. A youth could look to a single teacher for guidance from the beginnings of his education to the time when he entered the world fairly provided with the more valuable learning of the earlier ages. An "Admirable Crichton," a man masterful in all the arts and sciences and skilled in all polite learning, was then possible, as he has not been in the later centuries.

To the naturalist, the devices which men have instinctively invented in order to accomplish the transmission of learning are most interesting, for the reason that they are framed on the same general principles as those by which the ever-increasing needs for the work of the organic body are provided for. In this natural process, we observe that the organism which in the lower state performs all its simple yet important functions indifferently with every portion of its frame, gradually, with its elevation in the scale of being, delegates these several duties to particular parts or organs which do their appointed tasks independently, yet under the control of the whole being. Thus, the senses, though acting individually, are associated in their work by the brain which presides over them: they are at once individual parts and members of a society in which they are coöperators. So, too, in that other and vaster organism, which we term the state, civilization, or humanity, according as we view it, — a structure which, though invisible and elusive, is still perfectly real, — the separate functions are united in their action, so that the whole has a true, and

in a sense personal quality. Those who would conceive the nature of human society should carefully note that the process of evolution leads to ever more and more complicated orders of association. Organically, simple bodies are succeeded by those which are more complex, until, in these bodies of our own, to which we are so well accustomed that they seem commonplace affairs, we have a multitude of organs, each composed of innumerable cells; and the poorest of us is a host greater than that mustered by Xerxes. This array of existences, which had to be assembled through the ages in order to constitute the human form, is marshaled and associated by our personality.

All this work of organizing the individual body, so that it may inherit from the past and transmit to the future, vast and in a way infinitely important as it is, appears to the philosophical inquirer to be a mere laying of foundations for the social edifice. This social body, in which the minds of men play a part like that of the cells in the human form, began likewise in exceeding simplicity, and is, day by day, before our eyes and in virtue of our deeds, swiftly ascending in the grades of structure. To those who attentively contemplate this majestic process of ongoing, the spectacle can be compared only to the sunrise, when each moment reveals new realms. The process is not one of growth by accretions, but rather like the swift unfolding of a structure which, like our springtime blossoms, has been shaped and stored away in other days. The social evolution is yet more peculiar in the fact that we may take a conscious part in the process; not only may we behold actions in their spontaneous march, but we may contribute to the efficiency of the work, save it from the mischances which inevitably attend the rude, wasteful, and often cruel ways of nature, giving it the finish and accomplishment which characterize human art

alone. This is the understanding to which man has been brought by our modern learning, a position more noble than our ancestors of a few generations ago could have conceived, and not yet pictured in its true nature by the noblest men of our own time.

In considering this vast spiritual body of our social system as it is taking shape before our eyes, and it may be somewhat from the labor of our hands, we readily observe that, like the earlier natural body, it has for its chief task the accumulation and transmission of inheritances. These slowly gathered transmittenda consist of very varied things. Perhaps first in order come the experiences in the conduct of life, those recognitions of moral truths which afford the subject matter of religion. Such are, by common consent, committed to that part of the organism termed the priesthood. Then we have the principles of action of man with man, which, though they may rest on the canons or rules of religion, need the interpretation and sanctions which are the keeping of jurists. Next in the hierarchy, where there is as yet no determined precedence, come the multifarious occupations of men relating to the care of the body, the production, preservation, and transmission of material resources. In a way assembling all these functions, and over-arching them, is the work of the teacher.

At every step the question arises as to the means whereby the coming generation may be given possession of the accumulations of the past, and at the same time be made ready to secure its own advance. Whatever the branch of activity under consideration, this question is essentially pedagogic: it concerns the supreme art of transmitting learning. Whatever the practical application of the task may be in the crafts, the arts, or the sciences, the problem is mainly for the teacher. It is his duty to find how the learning may be gathered into a safe store, and de-

livered to the youths in such a manner that it may not only be passed on, but shall gather depth and elevation from generation to generation.

The first duty of those who have a share in this great task — a share, indeed, falls to every man and woman — is to perceive that the social organization, with its traditions, its motives, and its learning, though a structure of many parts, is, as before remarked, an organic whole. Its true significance can be understood only by those who look upon it, not as a thing of shreds and patches, as it is apt to appear on a hasty view, but as a structure like unto our own bodies in its complexity; where the individual parts have their separate life, but where the true being arises from the association of their activities; where health and disease are alike to be found. Furthermore, it must be remembered that the social body, unlike the frames of those who compose it, is to a great extent determinable by the intelligence and the forethoughtful labor of the men and women who share the benefits it confers. Thus, while such societies are to a great extent spontaneous, and exist even in highly developed forms without the conscious care of their members, their best success, the elevation to which we may hope to see them attain, depends upon the intelligence and self-devotion of their citizens. Those who bear the responsibilities of teachers are particularly charged with the implantation of these motives in the social structure; for it is only from the growth of such an understanding that we may hope to elevate human society to its highest attainable plane. Clearly, their most eminent task is to make men see the history of their present status, and their duty in the light of this understanding.

Coming now to the special duties of those whose province it is to care for the immediate tasks connected with the transmission of learning, let us see what light the natural history of the matter

casts upon the problem. The most important observation which the naturalist has to make is that the system by which this end is effected should be such as to convey to each member of the society enough of the motives of his kind to insure his thorough initiation into the brotherhood of man. It is of course obviously impossible, in any complicated social system such as our own, to transmit to each youth any considerable share of the traditions and motives which reside in it. Therefore a selection must be made; some of the young men or women are to enter on particular employments, and need the learning of their special occupations, — a learning which would be useless to those of other callings. This system of division, already begun, must evidently go far. All the definite professions, such as law, medicine, engineering, the various employments where long training of eye and hand as well as skill of mind is required, will have to be provided for by a certain amount of special education. The main point is to attain this end in such a manner that the youth may not, in gaining his special training, be too far separated from the best traditions of his people.

The educator who considers his problems in the large way clearly sees that the important task is to put each student in possession of the motives of his kind in such a way that the transmission will have the most improving effect; he looks upon all specialization which demands or threatens to require the separation of the youth from the general current of cultivation as an evil; he naturally seeks every means of accommodation by which the end of the specialist can be attained without diverting the student too far from the main tide of those influences which experience has shown to be uplifting. This view as to the need of general culture in education is by no means novel: it has found more or less expression in the writings

of many of the great students of such questions; it is distinctly indicated in the system of education which we have inherited; it is indeed at the foundation of our plan of common school education, and finds its fullest expression in our greater universities.

So long as the store of culture remained in a form where it could be appropriated in something like its fullness by each seeker, the system of schooling which, from the time of the Greeks through successive advancements, culminated in the modern university, served the cause of education in a fairly complete way. The student who was so fortunate as to be destined to receive an extended training began his tasks with the theory that the first eighteen years or so of his life should be devoted to the acquisition of the large inheritances of knowledge, and that on this general foundation his special training of a professional nature should be made to rest: the lawyer, the clergyman, and the physician had in most cases the same preliminary education. With the recent advance of science and the development of the arts which depend upon the new learning, there has been a tendency to specialize the education of engineers, chemists, and the other men who deal with the new professions, so ordering their training that they are entirely separated from their brethren of other intellectual employments. This seems to me in its nature a mistake which every considerate educator should deplore.

The first, and as yet the most evident tendency to specialize our education, so that each profession may have the largest share of time for the training of those who seek to enter it, is seen in the establishment of technical schools, with their plan of work so arranged that their students seek no learning which does not more or less directly bear upon the craft they intend to pursue. These detached trade schools originated in Europe, where they were founded with the

deliberate intention of separating the education of engineers from that deemed appropriate for the gentry or the men of the learned walks of life. The parting of the old and new educations clearly rests in the main upon the rather preposterous assumption that the modern or scientific arts are in a way less respectable or dignified than the ancient and more culture-breeding occupations, and in part upon the belief that the new employments require less well informed men than the old. Other and equally unfounded assumptions occasionally have a share in determining the separation of the schools of applied science from the established institutions of culture. Now and then it is urged that the spirit of the universities is disengaged from the practical affairs of men, so that the students in them fail to acquire that sense of duty and devotion to it which is demanded in the bread-winning occupations. Again, we hear that time and money, those elements of capital which have ever to be considered, are alike wanting in the case of our youths who are to take charge of the practical work of the world.

Separately stated, and taken without an understanding as to the place in the transmission of learning which, after many centuries of experience, has been assigned to universities, these arguments for the separation of mechanical and industrial education from the old culture seem plausible, but in a large analysis of the situation they are seen to be fallacious. No one who has come to understand the relation of the application of energy to our civilization can doubt that, in the world's esteem, the engineer is soon to take the place of the military man, and that those who are to apply force in the peaceful occupations of the arts are to have a station coequal, at least, with that of the soldier who devotes his life to the ancient and destructive uses of power. Whatever of opprobrium may at first have pertained to mechanical tasks will disappear as their intellectual station

comes to be recognized, as it needs must be. The notion that these modern occupations do not call for the same enlarging education that has been devoted to the old professions is likewise due to a misconception. It is necessary, indeed, that those who are engaged in the great industrial revolutions should understand the nature of those societies in which their work is to be done. We are surely right in demanding for them all the enlargement of perspective given by the training which is to prepare the theologian, the jurist, or the physician.

If it be in any measure true that our universities are, by their motives, separated from our economic life, and that they fail to inform their pupils concerning such important matters, it is because they do not have among their students and teachers a due number of those who are concerned with the modern callings. The claim should be, not for a plan which will still further separate these agents for the transmission of learning from the body of the people, but rather for measures which may remedy the defect, and make the universities effective in transmitting the new as they have been in handing down the ancient culture.

As for the claim that time and money cannot be spared for the education of men who are to devote themselves to engineering and mechanic arts, except within the limits of their immediate necessities, the argument is no stronger than it is when applied to those who are to enter on the old professions. Pushed to its legitimate conclusion, it would limit an extended education to youths of wealth and prospective leisure. It is, moreover, clear that, decade by decade, through the advance of the mechanic arts, our societies are able to devote more wealth to the enlargement of promising youths. This is no time to begin to pauperize our education. Least of all is it fit that its advantages should be denied that class of men to whom we look with confidence for an ever-increasing share

of comfort and spiritual advantage to every citizen.

It is evident that the foregoing considerations bring us to the problem as to the place and functions of the university in our modern life. Although the question is far too large to be treated adequately in this writing, there are certain general facts deserving of notice which may be briefly set forth. In the first place, it seems plain that this great business of handing down the intellectual capital of society must be lodged in some institution. It cannot safely be left to haphazard. At first, and through long experiment, essays were made in giving over this work to the churches; the result was failure. In the later time, which has indeed not yet passed away, an endeavor was made to confide these interests to civil governments, to states which had already quite enough to do in caring for other interests. It seems to me clear that if there is to be any headship, any source of direction, in our educative work, it must be found in the universities, the only institutions which have proved themselves in any way fit to discharge this duty.

If we look upon universities as institutions which are to maintain and guide the spirit which leads to the transmission of learning; if we expect from them accomplishment comparable to that of the churches in caring for religion, or of the state in guarding civil liberty, certain very grave responsibilities are seen to rest upon them. Their first duty is to provide all classes of men with a large share of those impulses and understandings which have controlled human progress. Their function is, so far as in them lies, to see that none go forth to the directing work of the world without some guiding sense of those motives which have inspired civilization. So far as the system of our universities hinders or does not favor this end, it should be reformed. If they are to guide in the transmission of learning, they must deal

with the matter in a broad and inclusive way.

It seems to me that without determined plan, without, indeed, any conscious understanding of the conditions, our universities have already gone far on the way of preparing themselves to deal with the varied culture of our modern life. To take but one instance, chosen because of no favor, but for the reason that it alone is well known to me, I may set forth the steps by which Harvard University has pushed forward in the work of adapting the instruction which it gives to the needs of this country. For about a century and a half the requirements of the public seemed to be sufficiently met by the ancient college. The first enlargement led to the establishment of separate schools which met the needs of the ancient professions, divinity, medicine, and law. With the beginning of the present half century we note a further effort to adapt the system of instruction to the more differentiated state of public affairs. The Lawrence Scientific School was established, and in rapid succession schools of agriculture and horticulture, dentistry, and veterinary surgery were founded. A number of great establishments, having research for their primary object, and yet of teaching value, have grown up within the university. The Astronomical Observatory, the Arnold Arboretum, the Museum of Comparative Zoölogy, and the Peabody Museum of American Ethnology and Archæology, as well as several other lesser laboratories of research, indicate something of the progress which has been made in adapting this institution to the needs of our society.

Of late years, the work of fitting the university system to the public need has in good part been accomplished through the enlargement effected in the Lawrence Scientific School. When first instituted, this school was scantily supported by laboratories and the other elements of plant demanded in its work. The cre-

ation and enlargement of these establishments have now made it possible for that school to provide departments in which the student may make himself fit for eight different occupations which demand a science training. This brief history of the enlargement and application of instruction in Harvard University is but an illustration of what has been going on in every important seat of culture in this country.

There are other ways in which our universities have gone forth towards the work of the world. So far as the elective systems of the University of Virginia and of Harvard College have been extended, they have enabled the student to combine his work of culture for its own sake with the preparation for a calling. It seems certain that we shall enter on the next century with a college system which will lead men towards rather than away from the paths of professional duties. The experience with elective work appears sufficient to show that culture in the best sense is not to be lost by this liberty which has been granted to peculiar capacities and needs. In the schools of science which have been established alongside of the colleges, a successful effort has been made to adapt the entrance requirements to the instruction given in the public high schools. As the elective system makes head in these secondary institutions of learning, the way will be opened by which the children of the people may pass directly to the undergraduate work of the universities.

It now appears that the conditions which led, in the greater number of our American institutions, to the grouping of professional schools around an original college, or seat of what has been termed pure culture, afford certain peculiar advantages. To the college proper we may assuredly look for the perpetuation of those ancient ideals of learning to which we need so far as possible to conform in all our advancement. Experi-

ence shows, in Harvard University at least, that we may trust to the dissemination of this spirit throughout the whole of a great establishment. Teachers and pupils alike acquire those enlarged views of education which we cannot hope to develop under any other conditions. In this spontaneous response of our universities to the demand which our American public make upon them we have the best possible evidence as to their fitness

to assume a directing function, in the task of transmitting the body and spirit of learning. It is clear that our people have been right in their curious affection for these establishments. They have, after the manner of free men, discerned something of the great work which these institutions were to do. In proportion as they see the task the more clearly, we may expect them to magnify this work.

N. S. Shaler.

LOWELL, BROOKS, AND GRAY IN THEIR LETTERS.

Of all devices for trapping personality, perhaps the private letter is the most effective. Men have been known to box themselves up in a sonnet, and an autobiography, if long enough, may have a corner in which the person is at last discovered; but letters, whether they tell what the writer knows or what he does, are often fairly indicative of what he is. There is just enough of form about them to distinguish them from the amorphism of talk; not so much as to drive out the spontaneity which betrays the secret of self. And if, when we read letters, we know enough of the writer otherwise to apply the necessary correctives and explanations, the letters are often singularly interpretative, and especially valuable for giving just that comprehensive look at a person which almost justifies us in saying that we know him.

The season has brought us an unusual gift in three books which contain, with a minimum of editorial intrusion, portraits thus self-drawn of three notable Americans of our generation, a great humanist, a great preacher, and a great savan. It is possible in each case to approach the subject with a tolerably full knowledge of the deliberate contribution each has made toward the ad-

vancement of learning or the enrichment of the spirit. Lowell's writings were gathered and revised by their author shortly before his death; the six volumes of Brooks's sermons, his lectures on preaching, and his noble tract on toleration form no mean precipitate of a life which ran eloquence; and the library of Gray's work in botanical science is well represented by the volumes which he published, and those collected after his death from his scattered writings. Yet, though one may have had this previous acquaintance, rather because he has had it, he will discover in these several groups of letters new and delightful modes of access to the men themselves.

In a letter to Mr. Fields, who had apparently been waving his wand over him to conjure a novel, Lowell makes the confession: "As for the novel, in the first place I can't write one, nor conceive how any one else can; and in the next — I would sooner be hanged than begin to print anything before I had wholly finished it. . . . The truth is, my brain requires a long brooding time ere it can hatch anything. As soon as the *life* comes into the thing it is quick enough in chipping the shell." In these two sentences Lowell hits off well the limitations and the familiar working of his

mind, and the letters which fill two delightful volumes¹ are expansions of the theme. There is scarcely a trace of any dramatic narrative, or characterization of persons other than by a witty phrase now and then, and little to indicate that he had any constructive power; but he was a student of his own personality, a generous lover of his friends, a wholesome recipient of the best the world could give; and when it came to expression, so free and spontaneous that it almost seems as if it made little matter to whom he was writing, he needed only an occasion, an invitation. Of course the critic cannot know what omissions the discreet editor may have made, but since he has been willing to print many agreeable words which Lowell used toward his correspondents concerning their work and his affection for them, it is not easy to account for the almost entire absence of comment by Lowell on his contemporaries, except on the ground that he was not given to such comment. "You will divine," he says in one of his latest letters, "by what I say about gossip, that I am growing old. I used to be as stern about it as Wordsworth. You remember his 'I am not one,' etc.? 'T is senescence or London, I know not which; perhaps a mixture of both." Thus, though Lowell, both in his Cambridge home and in his contact with the world of Madrid or London, knew many famous men and women, was indeed eagerly sought as a companion, the reader of these volumes is rarely reminded of the fact; and though Lowell, in his friendliness, himself sought and invited companionship, these frank, affectionate letters disclose the delightful fact that he had more than most men of genius a sense of the sanctity of friendship, and that the men and women about him were not subjects for his speculation. Rather, if he must

needs amuse himself with the drama of life, his birds or the mice in the wainscot provided him with *dramatis personæ*.

On the other hand, if there was an absence of dramatic faculty, a failure to assume the personality of other men, so that he had no inclination to write novels, and a simple amazement at the power of others to write them; no interest, apparently, in historic narrative, so that among his ventures none seemed to take the direction of historic composition, there was in Lowell a deep and firm sense of his own nature, and through its remarkable sympathy a faculty, intuitive almost in action, of criticism, of penetration, of broad sagacity in judging movements among men. Neither dramatist, novelist, nor historian, he was, instead, poet, seer, prophet.

It is interesting to observe this self-centred nature in its early struggle after equipoise. So far as any revelation of the man is concerned, no letters in these two volumes surpass in value those contained in the first chapter. His vacillation of mind regarding his vocation, his apparent fickleness of purpose, the conflict going on between his nature craving expression and the world with its imperious demands, the stirring within him of large designs, and the happy contentment in the pleasures of the day, all seek outlet in his natural yet uneasy letters. He was finding himself in these early days, as many another young man, and there are glimpses all through Lowell's letters of this restlessness, this subtle sense of one's self which in weaker natures hardens into self-consciousness. Now and then he turns upon himself in a sort of mingled pride and shame, as if at once aware of his power and angry that he has it not wholly at his beck. But for the most part one is aware of a nature singularly at one with life, and finding its greatest satisfaction in getting at the world through the reflection of the world in literature. No one would

¹ *Letters of James Russell Lowell*. Edited by CHARLES ELIOT NORTON. In two volumes. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1894.

deny that Lowell was eminently a man of books, but it would be a wholly inadequate phrase which described him as a bookish man. That he was at home in his library these letters frequently show, but they show also how, even in his early years, he read through his books into life, and interpreted history and literature by means of an innate spiritual faculty which was independent of intellectual authority. How significant it is to find him, in his twenty-first year, before Carlyle or Kingsley had given the word, writing to his friend Loring: "Those old Roundheads have never had justice done them. They have only been held up as canting, psalm-singing, hypocritical rascals; as a sort of foil for the open-hearted Cavalier. But it were a strange thing indeed if there were not somewhat in such men as Milton, Sidney, Hampden, Selden, and Pym. It always struck me that there was more true poetry in those old fiery-eyed, buff-belted warriors, with their deep, holy enthusiasm for liberty and democracy, political and religious, with their glorious trust in the arm of the Lord in battle, than in the dashing, ranting Cavaliers, who wished to restore their king that they might give vent to their passions, and go to sleep again in the laps of their mistresses, deaf to the cries of the poor and the oppressed."

It is this criticism at first hand, this swift, direct penetration of the reality, which marks emphatically what we have characterized as Lowell's self-centred nature. He tells us that his brain requires a long brooding time ere it can hatch anything. He is speaking, of course, of the matter of expression; but the phrase is a fit one for his habitual temper. The superficial charge of indolence could apply only to his apparent disregard of bustling activity. His nature was of the sort that knows the power of stillness, and though he upbraids himself in his letters for his unproductiveness at times, he had plainly

the instinct which waits on opportunity. His faculty of absorption was very strong, but it was no stronger than his power of assimilation; and thus it was that when opportunity came he had not hurriedly to adjust himself to the situation. What specific preparation had this poet and professor for the work which he was called on to do at Madrid and London? He passed an examination for the bar in his youth, and then fell to writing verses; he edited a literary magazine for four years,—there was no special preparation for a publicist in that; he read Old French, and taught the Romance languages, and lectured on Dante, on Chaucer, on Dryden; he published literary criticism, and wrote some keen political satires and acute judgments on domestic politics; his sole participation in practical politics, as the term is, was to attend a national convention once as delegate, and to have his name used as a presidential elector. He had no special preparation, but he had what was more fundamental, a large nature enriched by a familiar intercourse with great minds, and so sane, so sound in its judgment, that whether he was engaged in determining a reading in an Elizabethan dramatist or in deciding to which country an Irish colossus belonged, he was bringing his whole nature to the bench. No one can read Lowell's dispatches from Madrid and London, which we hope may some day be published, without being struck with his sagacity, his readiness in emergencies, his interest in and quick perception of the political situation in the country where he was resident, and his unerring knowledge as a man of the world.

The Letters bring out this ease of greatness, and add thus to the knowledge of the man in his relation to other men. But they intimate even more; for these qualities of mind which suppose a generous intellectual appointment, though they seem almost to require that sense of humor which was the governor

in Lowell's mental engine, do not necessarily include the unselfish spirit, the fine conscience, the moral sensitiveness, and the hearty affection which abound in expression in these Letters. Goethe, for example, had somewhat the same sort of intellectual equipment as Lowell, but was terribly deficient on this side. From the first page to the last of these two volumes the reader will find a spontaneity which forbids any notion that when Lowell wrote a letter he thought posterity was looking over his shoulder; and as he gives himself up to the enjoyment of a friendship with a book, such as is rarely to be had, he will find, as he closes it, that he has come into close contact with a nature as lovable as it was quick with intellectual power.

The title of the volume of Bishop Brooks's letters¹ intimates the limitation of the selection. The authoritative Life to be published will doubtless take account of the several transoceanic journeys as a characteristic part of the preacher's career, and will, let us hope, contain letters written from Philadelphia and Boston as well; in this volume we have to content ourselves with such glimpses of the man as we can get when he was on his vacation. Indeed, it is a little unfortunate, in one aspect, that the first interior view which the public is permitted is so exclusively private and familiar. These letters, with but two exceptions, are addressed to the immediate family circle, and a number of them are written to the children of the household. There can be no question that the book is thus singularly emphatic in outlining the domestic nature of the man; but to turn so strong a calcium light upon the most familiar and informal relations of his life is to throw that particular aspect of the person into exaggerated prominence. One cannot help feeling that if these letters had been

saved for the Life, and then used judiciously to illustrate and give symmetry to the figure, they would have had greater value than when presented, as here, in a volume by themselves. It is true, Phillips Brooks was so conspicuous a man, and held so large a place as a public character, that the reader who approaches this book may be said already to have known that which the Life will tell, and needs such a disclosure as these family letters make to correct a too partial view. But when one considers that Brooks had large reserves, and especially was sensitive in all matters of personality, as one can see by his extreme reluctance to having his portrait published, one is disposed on his account to be hypercritical even over such a publication as this.

For what, after all, does the book reveal of the man himself? As we open it with avidity, and read page after page, we begin to ask, What does it even reveal of the man's doings? Here are travels in England, Ireland, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, and beyond, Egypt, Palestine, India, and Japan, and yet not until the reader reaches the Holy Land does he find much more than a rapid itinerary with the hurried mention of persons and places. There is more detail in the account of his life in Syria and India, but for the most part one gets little more than free, animated narrative of travel, such as a facile writer would send home to his friends. This is not to say that the narrative is indifferent. Its freedom, its good humor, its very carelessness of detail, give it a charm, and something of the largeness of the man comes out in the rapid strokes. But seldom does he linger over a scene or spend much thought in characterizing men. In one instance he appears to bethink himself, and for the pleasure of his correspondent takes some pains with a portrait of Tennyson; but as he passes from one renowned person to another in a recital of his social pleasures, he scarcely

¹ *Letters of Travel.* By PHILLIPS BROOKS, late Bishop of Massachusetts. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1893.

stops to give an inkling of his impressions.

In a negative way all this is interesting. We come to think of him, not as blind, but as living so heartily, so naturally, in the present that he contents himself with the lightest possible record. Moreover, we catch a notion of what is behind the written record when we come frequently upon the phrase "Some day I will tell you all about it." He had an enormous faculty for absorbing everything that came in his way, not for immediate expression, but for future use, when, in the leisure of talk or the excitement of speech, the window of memory would fly open, and out would come troops of figures.

But with the fluent narrative of sights and events there are mingled strains which positively reveal the nature of the writer. It would seem that no sooner had he cut loose from home than he was eager to be back again. There is no morbid homesickness about the letters, but there is a healthy, ardent attachment to home and the home circle which appears almost to be the uppermost feeling of the man. It breaks out in the most unexpected fashion; it lays hold of places, it hungers for response. Wherever he goes, the image of the fireside, of the North Andover home, is forever rising to view. A niece is ill in one of his absences; he is ready to break off all his plans and come home to her, if it can help. There is an impetuous rush of this feeling at times which makes one almost hold his breath; and again there is almost a cry for rest, for green fields and freedom from care, which betrays the repressed nature of the man. These passages largely account for the very fact of the journeying. Reading them, one can understand better the need which he had to escape, not from himself, but from that projection of himself into the life of the community which became at times like a huge shadow cast on the world. Out of it all he rushed into the

activity which he must have, but an activity unincumbered by immediate responsibility; and once away from the hurly-burly of his crowded days, his affectionate nature flew back to those he held dear; he lavished on them his tenderness, and in the remoteness from home began to dream again of a world where he should be simply his humble self. Perhaps because of all this revelation of a fine nature we may look more leniently upon the editor of this genuine book.

If the letters of Bishop Brooks show him during vacation, those of Dr. Asa Gray¹ show him chiefly during his working hours; for although the correspondence covers a period which included seven journeys to Europe and more than one extensive trip in his own country, it is for very few pages at a time that Dr. Gray gets away from the intimation of hard work at his calling. It is not often that the activity of a scientific scholar is set forth so fully in his letters, or that one receives so distinct an impression of intellectual rush and unceasing industry. In an appendix to this work there is a partial list of his writings distributed among textbooks and independent volumes, contributions to publications of societies, papers in reports of United States surveys, and articles in periodicals. Many of these separate writings are brief, to be sure; but when, after citing the titles of forty articles contributed to Silliman's Journal, the editor adds that besides these Dr. Gray "printed in its pages 380 communications, devoted chiefly to critical reviews of works on botany and kindred subjects and to biographical sketches of botanists," and mentions the full bibliography of Dr. Gray's writings covering forty-two pages octavo, the reader who has already finished reading a mere selection from the great mass of Dr. Gray's letters and journals lays down the two

¹ *Letters of Asa Gray.* Edited by JANE LORING GRAY. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

volumes with a faint notion of the extraordinary labors of this man of science.

Yet no numerical computation of Dr. Gray's letters and writings can convey such an impression of his eager earnestness as results from a familiarity with the letters themselves. An autobiographic fragment, copiously and effectively annotated, covers the early years, and leaves Dr. Gray started on his career as a botanical student. This fragment hints at the impetuosity of the man when, in his twenty-eighth year, he made his first journey in Europe, and laid the foundation of his acquaintance with many men of science. In five pages he summarizes his excursions and investigations; in two hundred pages, nearly, the same experience is narrated in his detailed journal and letters; and both in the condensed statement and in the full record there is an almost headlong pace which is exhilarating to the reader, and expressive of the exuberance of Dr. Gray's spirits.

The conditions of botanical science in America, largely modified as they were by Dr. Gray's untiring zeal, determined much of his correspondence. Through his influence and that of a few others in sympathy with him, collectors accompanied government expeditions, or led solitary lives on the frontier and in the Spanish-American states. To them Dr. Gray wrote, sending encouragement and giving direction to their labor. But his chief scientific correspondence was with Torrey, the Hookers, father and son, Bentham, De Candolle, Engelmann, and Charles Darwin. His journeys to Europe gave him personal acquaintance with men of science there, and his comparative isolation in Cambridge led him into the constant association by letter with those whose pursuits were akin to his own. The result of his industry and the contribution under which he laid his contemporaries finds a graphic witness in the two views given in the two

volumes, the first of the Botanic Garden House in 1852, the second of the present range of buildings in the Botanic Garden. When one considers the library and collections housed here, and follows the correspondence of Dr. Gray, he can form some little notion of the man who stood at his post for forty-five years, and with no great fund at his command, by personal solicitation, by keeping close connection with collectors and correspondents, by giving as well as taking, by unwearied attention to minutest details, gradually built up this splendid memorial. His single-hearted devotion to his work and his cheerful neglect of personal ends are conspicuous in all this correspondence. There were times when his labors weighed so heavily that he must needs run away to Europe, only to plunge into fresh labors at Kew or the Jardin des Plantes. "I am half dead with drudgery, — half of it, at least, for other people," he writes to Darwin; "see no relief but to break up, and run over with wife, who needs a change, to your side of the water for a good long while."

It would be a mistake to suppose that Dr. Gray's letters to his scientific associates were crowded with technical details. No doubt the marks of omission indicate judicious suppression of such details; but inasmuch as Dr. Gray was in science a student of life, and not of mechanism, he wrote of what concerned him most deeply, and his letters to Darwin especially are quick with interest in the great questions which underlay the disclosures which Darwin's own investigations made. The alacrity with which he pounced on significant facts, the vividness with which he saw the relations of the new discoveries to fundamental law, the openness of mind and the steady judgment which made him so ready a sympathizer and so independent a critic, are delightfully illustrated in his letters.

It would be an interesting parallel which could be drawn between Gray,

abounding in life, impetuous, observant, throwing out interests in every direction, physically exuberant, and springing at every fresh exhibition of nature, and Darwin, profoundly immersed in his deep penetration of the secrets of nature, courageously rising above the downward pull of exhausted vitality, and wresting victory from defeat. But the most significant contrast would be drawn from a comparison of Darwin, so husbanding and concentrating his strength that the precious flower of his life was secured only by the atrophy of other parts of his nature, with Gray, feeding his life by contact with men of many kinds, and letting his interest and sympathy flow into most diverse channels. The letters recording his travel experience show him enthusiastic over both art and nature in landscape; the

delightful letters to Dean Church intimate his thoroughgoing interest in English politics and ecclesiastical affairs; and the letters during the war for the Union are stirring with their flashes of uncompromising patriotism. It is the generosity, the catholicity, of the man, as well as his enthusiastic eagerness and his happy devotion to science, that these letters reveal, and we count this memorial as one of exceeding value to students of life, since it displays in such full measure the proportions of a great scientist, and discloses the symmetry of nature which is possible in one whose absorbing interest seemed at first glance to be in a single field of scientific research.

In various degrees, the three works which we have considered all direct one's admiration to the nobility of genius unimpoverished by specialization of force.

MISS JEWETT.

THE publication in the same season of the latest collection of Miss Jewett's stories¹ and an illustrated edition of her earliest book² gives opportunity for a glance at the growth in artistic skill of one of our most happily endowed writers. Twenty years have elapsed since the first of the sketches appeared which, with others strung upon a light thread of personal narrative, formed the little volume now gracefully illustrated. The drawings which Mr. and Mrs. Woodbury have made for its decoration, it is not unfair to say, present in their variety and choice of subject the salient features of Miss Jewett's art with the delicacy of touch and the firmness of line which she is to-day disclosing in her maturer work.

Figures, landscapes, interiors, all are delightfully expressive of Miss Jewett; but their fine drawing, vividness of portraiture, and reserve of force belong to the Deephaven which Miss Jewett might write to-day. The feeling is the same; it is the art which has become more definite and clear. The designs are pictures where the text is a sketch. As an example, how thoroughly satisfactory is the picture of Miss Brandon at her Piano, in which Mrs. Woodbury has caught Miss Jewett's sketch capitally, and filled it out! One exception should be made. Good as is the portrait of Mrs. Dockum, and admirably as Mrs. Woodbury has reproduced Miss Jewett's idea, the author's own portrait of Mrs. Dockum, as

¹ *A Native of Winby, and Other Tales.* By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

² *Deephaven.* By SARAH ORNE JEWETT. Illustrated by CHARLES and MARCIA WOODBURY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

delineated in that excellent woman's address when introduced, is a bit of characterization as good as anything she is doing to-day. There are other passages in *Deephaven* which the reader will recall, equally humorous in conception and true in drawing. Such are those that portray the figures in the chapter *The Captains*, the sketch of Mrs. Bonny in her search for a tumbler, the meek widow with the appearance of a thin black beetle and a voice like the wail of the banshee, the funeral procession, and, in her various appearances, the carefully wrought Mrs. Kew. From time to time, and very often at that, the reader is surprised by the success with which a girl scarcely out of her teens caught the likenesses of these shore folk, and gave to her sketches a breadth as well as a refinement which seemed to come from careful training, yet really, we must believe, were the unerring product of a genuine gift of literary art illumined and warmed by an affectionate sympathy.

Miss Jewett tells us in her interesting preface — or rather reminds us, for she had been obliged to say it before — that her village and its people were not the simple result of camera work. The truthfulness, the fidelity to nature, and the frank, winning manner of the narrative easily persuaded readers that this young writer was innocently recording personal experience, and varying but slightly from actual fact. Much of this illusion was no doubt produced by the assumption of a sort of dual autobiographic character, but more, we think, by that frequent expression of delicate charity which was so refined and thoughtful, so instantaneous in its action when occasion arose, that the reader at once identified the writer with her creation, and, by a singular suppression of logic, believed her capable of doing what the character of the storyteller as delineated would have made impossible. Here was a most unconscious tribute to Miss Jewett's art; for art it is,

of a high order, which shines clearly in *Deephaven*, and reconciles one readily to that immaturity which Miss Jewett herself, in her preface, half humorously deprecates.

It is perhaps not far out of the way to say that *Deephaven* accurately embodies creative girlhood, as Andersen's stories, for instance, embody creative childhood. The book reproduces the angle of vision of that most elusive creature, the young girl, not as she is made by novelists, but as she is by nature, with all her capacity for enjoyment of life and her latent sense of responsibility, which turns into ready sympathy at a touch, and always discloses itself in a charity which is as sensitive as her delicately balanced nature can make it. Kitty Lancaster and Helen Denis look on this decayed gentility and sea-blown human life with laughing eyes, but they draw back at the least suspicion of laughing at the spectacle. For this reason the book is likely to have a long life, for it will appeal successively to generations that repeat the period for which it stands; and it will do this all the more surely because it reflects the vision of the young girl turned upon the outer world, and not turned in on herself.

It is natural for an author, when she is speaking of her work, to dwell upon those ethical considerations which underlie her purpose, and Miss Jewett speaks with a gentle earnestness of the impelling motive which sent *Deephaven* into the world; but we know well that in this instance, as in others, it was the delight in a beautiful art which made the book in its form possible. However critically the reader may intend to read it, as the early production of a writer with an assured position, he yields very soon to the charm of the narrative and the characterization, and recognizes through all the apparent naturalness the ease of the true artist. In the books which have followed *Deephaven* there have been at times expressions of a more conscious

purpose of construction, and it has been apparent that Miss Jewett, aware of the somewhat fragmentary and sketchy character of her writing, has aimed at a more deliberate structure; but the naturalness, the direct look at life, the clear sense of the value of the moment, have always been her protection against an artificial method; and with an increase of experience has come also an access of strength, though this strength has been shown rather in a firmer conception of the contrasting pathos and humor of life than in any outburst of passion or kindling emotion.

The volume of short stories which stands latest in the honorable series is delightful by reason of the freshness of the several situations and the delicacy with which they are expressed. As we have intimated, it is situations rather than dramatic action with which Miss Jewett concerns herself, and situations especially which illustrate character. Thus, in the volume before us, *A Native of Winby* sets forth the return to his old village home of a man who has won fame; his appearance, large as life, in the little schoolhouse which knew his boyish inconspicuousness; and his encounter with a woman who, as a girl, had known the boy. It is indicative of the reserve of Miss Jewett, her nice sense of the limits of her art, that she does not resort to any conventional device of rounding out her story, and Mr. Laneway does not pair off with Abby Hender as an effective conclusion. Miss Jewett cares more for the real interest of the situation, for the working of such a nature as Mr. Laneway's in this half-egotistic, half-shamefaced return. *Decoration Day*, again, as a story, could be told in a few lines, but as a reflection of a half-buried patriotic emotion it is of moving power. Rarely, we think, has this writer shown so well the fine reserve of her art. By the low tone in which all the scenes of this homely revival of patriotism are painted, she has touched the quiet, responsive passion.

The *Passing of Sister Barsett* has a witty climax, but, after all, it is the inimitable humor and pathos of the conversation between the two women which make the story a patch of New England life; and if there had been no witty turn, the reader still would have had his half-hour's worth. The *Flight of Betsey Lane* is the most complete story in the book, but it is a tale of adventure illustrative of character, and never does the reader lose his interest in the quaint figure who has the delightful escapade from any strong attraction to the issue of the story. In *The Failure of David Berry*, the absence of any plot is made more conspicuous by the presence of a little shadowy personage who, in the hands of an artist intent on a story, would have emerged out of the shadow into some sort of fairy godmother's sunshine. As it is, she goes back weeping into the obscurity from which she came, and, with scarcely a lineament for the reader to decipher, remains in his mind as one of the most real, most lifelike, of the few dramatic personæ of the story. It would be hard to find a better illustration of the power of Miss Jewett's imaginative sympathy to call into being and give endurance to a fleeting image of human life.

The last two sketches in the book have a special interest by their intimation, which we have pointed out before, of a direction which Miss Jewett's art may take in the way of subjects. In her previous collection of short stories, *The Luck of the Bogans* was an excursion into the field of Irish New England, and wholly successful, as it seemed to us; a little surprising, also, as showing how, when the writer left more familiar ground, she disclosed a vigor of handling which the material seemed to require. So here, in the graphic story *Between Mass and Vespers*, where the persons are all American Irish, with true instinct she apprehends the nature of her material, and again uses her pen in the delineation of a rougher, ruder life; yet

her inborn charity and refinement find a congenial subject in the fatherly priest. The last story in the book, *A Little Captive Maid*, is a still greater success. Here she has made the central figure a young Irish girl, and has woven her fortunes with those of an invalid, willful New England sea-captain. This latter personage is one whom we could trust confidently in Miss Jewett's hands, as we remember the gallery of his companions painted by her; but if any one fancies that Miss Jewett is indebted for her success to a mere concentration of her art on a few types among which she had grown up, let him observe the speech and manner, and further still the nature, of Nora Connelly, and he will see that the artist who drew her might be trusted with any subject where her sympathy and insight had clear opportunity. This story, with its blending of the native and foreign, is as delicate and winning a study of life as any in which the New England character alone is depicted, and it invites the hope that Miss Jewett's art will include hereafter more of such suggestive contrasts.

Thus, our examination of these two books not only discloses a genuineness of gift, which has been developed by

conscientious practice into an assurance of artistic power, the more confident in that it recognizes the scope of its effectiveness, but intimates also a widening of the field of vision. It is scarcely to be expected that Miss Jewett will ever attain the constructive power which holds in the grasp a variety of complex activities and controls their energy, directing it to some conclusive end; but her imagination is strong to conceive a genuine situation, to illustrate it through varied character, to illuminate it with humor and dewy pathos; and as she extends the range of her characters, so she is likely to display even more invention in the choice of situations which shall give opportunity to those delightful characters who spring at her bidding from no one class, and even from no one nation. Especially do we hope that she will mark in the art of literature that elusive period of New England life through which we are passing, when so many streams of race are now opposing, now blending, now flowing side by side. She has caught and held firmly some phases of that life which are already historical. Let her record with equal art some phases of that life still in formation, and she will lay the foundations of a fresh fame.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Holiday and Illustrated Books. The Century Gallery, Selected Proofs from The Century Magazine and St. Nicholas. (The Century Co.) Sixty-four large plates, of exceeding interest not only for the subjects and the artists, but for the technical qualities in the execution. The strength of much of the treatment is very notable. It would be hard to find a more masculine and yet refined piece of work than Wyatt Eaton's painting and T. Cole's engraving of *The Man with a Violin*. Now and then one feels as if the printing of a picture had been relied upon almost to efface the en-

graver's lines, as in *A Dance at the Ranch*; but again one is struck by the admirable manner in which the whole lovely tone of a picture has been secured by the frankest use of the engraver's tool, as in Alfred Parsons's *In the Beech Woods*. Altogether, the collection is the most splendid exhibition we have yet had of American art as expressed through wood engraving. It is an honor to the magazines that called it out. — By an interesting coincidence Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons publish at the same time *French Illustrators*, by Louis Morin, with a Preface by Jules Cla-

retie. There are five parts to the work, containing fifteen plates and a large number of text illustrations. The text is a lively running comment on the men and women here represented, and the work done by them, — Detaille, Leloir, Flameng, Buhot, Renouard, Kaemmerer, Vierge, Mme. Lemaire, Emil Bayard, Giacomelli, and many others. The book, brilliant in the extreme, offers an admirable opportunity to survey the current French book illustrators. It may be said, in a word, that the comparison shows how much more, specifically, these illustrators form a class in Paris as against the mingling of painters who illustrate with designers who paint in America. We hope to return again to both of these works. — *The Christ-Child in Art, a Study of Interpretation*, by Henry Van Dyke. (Harpers.) In speaking of this handsome volume as a Christmas book, the word "Christmas" must be used in a sense that does not limit its coming strictly to "once a year." There is necessarily a strong element of permanence in such excellent reproductions of some of the best pictures in the world as the book contains. Whether Dr. Van Dyke's judicious comments upon their artistic and religious significance are remembered by the readers of *Harper's Monthly*, it is tolerably sure that the larger class which looks at the pictures will remember these. And of the two classes into which mankind is divided at Christmas time, it may be said that the *Genus recipiens* will be glad to find this book among its gifts. — *Phillips Brooks Year Book*. (Dutton.) This volume of selections from the writings of Bishop Brooks is further enriched by admirable passages from poems by other men and women. These verses form, indeed, a striking commentary on the catholicity of the man whose words they confirm. Browning, Lanier, Walt Whitman, George Herbert, Thomas à Kempis, John Henry Newman, Lowell, Emma Lazarus, Pusey, Macdonald, — these are some of the names associated with Brooks. But interesting as is this embroidery, the stuff out of which the book is mainly made is royal purple, and it is like the sound of a trumpet or the rush of many waters, as one opens his ear to the impassioned voice that speaks in these pages. — The Van Twiller edition of Irving's Knickerbocker's History of New York (Putnams) is a two-

volume octavo, with a tinted border to the page, and a goodly number of illustrations, large and small, by Edward W. Kemble; initial letters, tailpieces, vignettes, and full-page designs, all of a humorous character, and in keeping with the gravity of Irving's drollery. One gets a little tired of seeing a not very decorative border repeated seven hundred and forty-four times, and Mr. Kemble's drawings sometimes have the spots knocked out of them by the insidious process reproduction, but there is a satisfaction in finding a designer who catches the spirit of his author so well. — *Columbia's Courtship, a Picture History of the United States, in twelve emblematic designs in color, with accompanying verses*, by Walter Crane. (Prang.) The old rhyme,

"In 1492

Columbus sailed the ocean blue,"

appears to have given Mr. Crane his inspiration as a poet; but it is not the reader who will find entertainment here so much as the picture-lover. Mr. Crane's strongest work is hardly seen in this trifle, though one of his designs, showing a group of foreigners, is effective, and he has managed to dress Columbia in the vivid colors of the American flag without distressing the lovers of bunting. — A companion book, *The Life of Columbus in Pictures* (Prang), has better verse by Emily Shaw Forman, but the pictures, by Victor A. Searles, seem chiefly designed to show how vigorously the artist and lithographer between them can treat color. — *Chinese Nights' Entertainments, Forty Stories told by Almond-Eyed Folks, Actors in the Romance of the Strayed Arrow*, by Adele M. Fielde. (Putnams.) The story of a man found by apes, and hailed and exalted as their ancestor, reminds us that the Chinese were capable of seeing Darwinism upside down centuries before we found it right side up. The tale makes the same sort of impression upon Occidental senses as the Chinese drawings without perspective which are reproduced to illustrate this book, though not, in any strict sense, its stories. The tales bear but a distant relation to the Romance of the Strayed Arrow, into which they are supposed to be woven, but in themselves have the merit not possessed by all things that are curious, in that they are also interesting. As folk-lore tales, many of them will appeal both to those who desire the

lore and to the less scientific who like the mere tales. It is a pity that the book was not made more a unit by a less strenuous effort to make it a unit at all. — *The Old Garden, and Other Verses*, by Margaret Deland. Decorated by Walter Crane. (Houghton.) Mrs. Deland's verses, which touch the flowers with a butterfly-like movement, are most aptly set in the frames of color devised by Mr. Crane. The figures, now graceful, now fantastic, now solemn; the emblems, frank and allusive; the sweep of line, which sometimes is delicate, and sometimes suggests largeness and breadth, even though the actual space is small; the color, which calls to mind, as do some of the designs, Blake's own printing, all conspire to render this a book to delight in when studying, and to study when one's eye is filled with pleasure. The flower forms are necessarily conventionalized, but one wonders a little if Mr. Crane ever saw the goldenrod, or even — we say it somewhat under our breath — a cow. — *With Thackeray in America*, by Eyre Crowe, A. R. A. (Scribners.) Except that Mr. Crowe seems to have crossed the Susquehanna in making a direct railroad journey from New York to Philadelphia, the record of his travels is rather disappointing. He was Thackeray's amanuensis during the American lecturing tour, and made many hasty sketches, somewhat in Thackeray's own familiar manner. Such of these as were not lost at the time, on their way to a London publisher, are surrounded in this book by a running comment upon the incidents they illustrate. The drawings are not all bad, — some of them are distinctly clever, — but still less can it be said that all of them are good. Indeed, the sketches of some of the distinguished men portrayed are merely ordinary caricatures. On the whole, the book strikes one as rather unnecessary, which could hardly be the case if there were in it a little more of Thackeray himself. — *The Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table*, by Oliver Wendell Holmes. With illustrations by Howard Pyle. In two volumes. (Houghton.) Mr. Pyle has shown an agreeable consistency of plan in his treatment of the *Autocrat*. In his full-page photogravures, some of them, as notably *The Trotting Match* and *A Reminiscence of the Marigold*, rich in character drawing, he has gently insisted on the his-

toric feature of the book; it is the *Autocrat*, not brought down to date, but put carefully in its historic setting. In his shadowy head and tail pieces he has intimated the poetic substratum of the famous work by using always the mythically conceived figure and the emblems of poetry. Perhaps one should not put last, in any mention of a holiday book, the choice typography, which here is clear-cut, and yet not so sharp as to offend the eye. — Mr. Thomas Nelson Page's story of *Meh Lady* has been reprinted in a volume by itself, with illustrations by C. S. Reinhart which scarcely do justice to the tale, for Mr. Page's narrative is marked by naturalness and grace. (Scribners.) — The series of *Literary Gems* (Putnam's), little eighteenmo volumes bound in stamped imitation morocco, and fronted by vignettes, portraits or other, has been increased and enriched this season by De Quincey on *Conversation*, Rossetti's sonnet sequence *The House of Life*, Goldsmith's *She Stoops to Conquer*, Keats's *Eve of St. Agnes* and *Sonnets*, Ruskin's *Ideas of Truth*, and Matthew Arnold's *Study of Poetry*. The attractiveness of these books consists not only in their being gift-worthy, but in being at once so clearly printed and so handy that one can carry them about singly with far greater ease than he can carry the daily newspaper, read them more readily, and get out of them much more profit and delight.

Books for the Young. On looking over one of those lists which many of the sophisticated children of the century's end make for the guidance of their elders (if not their betters) in the selection of Christmas gifts, we were impressed by the closing entry, brief yet comprehensive, — "Any books by Henty." The writer was a clever, and for his years well-read boy, and so a not unworthy exponent of the sentiment of who shall say how many English-reading lads. These youthful admirers will find no falling off in their author's latest volumes. (Scribners.) *St. Bartholomew's Eve*, a Tale of the Huguenot Wars, follows the fortunes of Philip Fletcher, who serves with his French mother's kindred in the civil strife which culminated in the great massacre. *A Jacobite Exile*, being the *Adventures of a Young Englishman in the Service of Charles XII. of Sweden*, deals with some of the Jacobite plots and counterplots in

the reign of William III., and is concerned with the opening years of the Swedish monarch's career. Through the Sikh War, a Tale of the Conquest of the Punjaub, relates the leading incidents in the hard-fought campaigns which resulted in the annexation of the Punjaub. The historical personages introduced are but conventional figures, and no attempt is made to give the coloring of time, place, or condition to the speech of the characters, who usually, one and all, converse in correct and decorous contemporary English; but due regard is paid to historic truth; the narratives are well constructed, full of life and movement, and wholesome in tone; the boy heroes are sturdy, honorable, high-spirited lads; and the tales, stories of war and adventure though they be, are quite free from vulgar sensationalism. They often create or foster a taste for history, and so lead to better things. — More English Fairy Tales, collected and edited by Joseph Jacobs. (Putnam's.) The editor's preceding volume, English Fairy Tales, in the four years that have passed since its publication, has established itself as the familiar friend of a great company of little readers, or rather hearers, who will eagerly welcome its successor. Notwithstanding the interesting and valuable notes appended to the Tales, the work must, after all, be regarded more as a delightful story-book for children than as a strictly scientific contribution to folklore. Does not the editor boldly state that he has actually at times introduced or omitted whole incidents, given another turn to a tale, finished one that was incomplete, and softened down over-abundant dialect? To the orthodox folk-lorist all these things must be anathema, but the children are the gainers. As before, Mr. John D. Batten contributes those admirable illustrations which are at once accepted as an essential part of the Tales. — The Brownies at Home, by Palmer Cox. (The Century Co.) If a thoughtful person were called upon for a reason for the high esteem in which the Brownies are held, he might truly say it is because of their indomitable energy. Their drollery of figure, face, and action is surely something to admire, but it is their energy, their dauntless refusal to be suppressed, that makes them just what they are. And is it too fanciful to imagine that Mr. Palmer Cox shares with his offspring

this excellent quality? When one thinks he has led his children their very last dance, lo and behold! he and they turn up again; and then it is all hands round, down the middle, into the secret places of the White House or over the face of the World's Fair, in just the same amusing, irrepressible swarms as of old. — The Century's World's Fair Book for Boys and Girls, being the Adventures of Harry and Philip with their Tutor, Mr. Douglass, at the World's Columbian Exposition, by Tudor Jenks. (The Century Co.) The boys of this book are not little Rollos, any more than their personal conductor is an Uncle George *redivivus*. Indeed, they and their doings, though brightly enough described, are of less importance in themselves than as an excuse for putting together in a book The Century Magazine's capital illustrations of the Fair, with reproduced photographs and other little pictures. The world is not to be allowed to forget its exposition, and such books as this will do good service in keeping alive the Fair's memory in the minds of young and old alike. — The White Conquerors, a Tale of Toltec and Aztec, by Kirk Munroe. (Scribners.) A writer like Mr. Munroe, who can construct tales of thrilling adventure out of the ordinary American boy life of to-day, — stories with a separate excitement for every chapter, — could not fail to succeed, after his manner, when he has such material ready to his hand as is to be found in the annals of the conquest of Mexico. The tale of the young Toltec who, filled with an undying hatred of the blood-stained superstition of the Aztecs to which his father has fallen a victim, escapes from the very altar of sacrifice to lead the Tlascalans in the army of Cortes, is told with the author's usual swiftness of movement and unflagging spirit. It should be added that he has taken no unreasonable license with historical facts. — The Wreck of the Golden Fleece, by Robert Leighton. (Scribners.) A sea story, following the fortunes of a clergyman's son who is apprenticed on board a Lowestoft fishing-lugger, in the last years of the eighteenth century. The rough life is vividly and forcibly described, while the crowd of exciting or harrowing incidents which make the substance of the tale are not unskillfully set in order; but Mr. Leighton's undeniable gifts as a story-

teller should lead him to trust less in this over-lavish use of strong effects and sensational methods.

Fiction. The Rebel Queen, by Walter Besant. (Harpers.) The pleasurable anticipations with which one naturally takes up a new novel by Mr. Besant are mingled, in the case of some readers, — rather frivolous readers, we fear the author would pronounce them, — with regrets that his stories have become so uniformly novels with a purpose. This new tale is no exception to the later rule; woman's rights, and, connected therewith in a way, a study of the Hebrew of to-day, are the main motives of the book. No character in Mr. Besant's hands can be altogether lifeless, but the rebel queen herself — a rich, beautiful, and clever Jewess, who refuses to submit to her husband after the manner of her people, and becomes a champion of the rights of her sex — and most of the other dramatis personæ show an alarming tendency to develop into types, rather than to play the parts of self-acting and occasionally inconsistent human beings. The author's enthusiasm in his Jewish studies compels the interest of the reader; but in comparing this book with *Children of the Ghetto*, for instance, one is struck anew by the difference in verisimilitude between outside and inside views. — *Social Strugglers*, by Hjalmar Hjorth Boyesen. (Scribners.) Mr. Boyesen shows his admiration for Mr. Howells not only in dedicating this novel to him, but in making a manifest attempt at another Silas Lapham. The performances of such acrobats as the Laphams and Mr. Boyesen's Bulkleys upon the social ladder are endurable only when the humor or the pathos of their situation is clearly brought out. Laughter and tears alike were left out of the making of *Social Strugglers*. Here and there a smile has crept in, but for the most part one is asked to take the people of the book with all too sad a seriousness. It is as if they were what the French call *struggleforlifeurs*. — *Tanis, the Sang-Digger*, by Amélie Rives. (Town Topics Publishing Co.) Tanis, a wild Southern mountain girl, of wonderful physical vigor and beauty, digs the ginseng root until she comes into contact with a civilized family, and learns that love is something better than the passion of her brutal lover. Then, at once for this creature and for the

woman who has shown her the way to better things, she makes a sacrifice virtually amounting to the giving of her life. For the greater part the story is told in a distressful dialect, rendered peculiarly bovine in sound by the constant change of *my* into *muh*. In spite of the difficulties, however, the reader finds that the narrative possesses some real power, and that the picture of a strong, savage nature fighting against its worst elements is effectively drawn. It is constantly a winning fight that Tanis carries on, and therefore, perhaps, the popularity of the author's other stories is hardly to be expected for this one. In imagination and in style — so far as it can be discerned through the cloud of barbarous speech — Mrs. Chanler seems, on the whole, to be learning the self-restraint which is better for herself than for the sale of her books. — *Nowadays, and Other Stories*, by George A. Hibbard. (Harpers.) A very modern young woman in one of the stories of this book announces that she is a "product;" and just as she did grow out of the present social scheme is Mr. Hibbard's book a "product" of the age of magazines. This is to affirm rather than to deny that the stories are in their way skillful, original, and readable. This is what the magazines demand, and the "product" supplies. Above the average in genuineness of impulse, however, stands out the opening story, *Nowadays*, and below it in originality falls "*Guilty Sir Guy*," a tale of a family ghost hired by a *parvenu*. Funny enough it is in bits, but its whole plan recalls Mr. Stockton's ghost stories so clearly as to give it a place among those half-successes which possess the one certain merit of making us feel more keenly how real the first whole-success was.

Literature. Introduction to Shakespeare, by Edward Dowden. (Imported by Scribners.) This little volume contains, with revisions and additions, the author's General Introduction to the Henry Irving Shakespeare. It opens with a sufficiently comprehensive life of the poet, followed by a short account of the rise of the English drama, by brief but often singularly felicitous and suggestive notes on the plays, by a summary of seventeenth-century appreciation and the commentaries of later times, closing with notices of some of the interpretations of Shakespeare by great ac-

tors, from Burbage to Macready. An appendix gives the dedication and address prefixed to the First Folio, together with Ben Jonson's commendatory verses and a note on the early editions. The work, which is done with excellent taste and judgment, is well proportioned and well arranged, and is in every way an admirable example of skillful condensation. The necessarily severe compression has not had an altogether unfavorable effect upon the writer's style, and the handbook can be heartily commended even to those readers who have been somewhat disinclined to follow the author in certain of his more elaborate Shakespearean studies. — The four volumes which open the new edition of Thoreau (Houghton) — *Walden*, that is, *A Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers*, *Cape Cod*, and *The Maine Woods* — are those which come nearest to finished books. From the nature of his studies and interests Thoreau was a journalizer rather than an artist. The artist faculty for wholes is strongest in *Walden*, for there again he is dealing with the one subject which possessed anything like unity in his mind, namely, *Himself*; but no one can read certain fragments of Thoreau's writing without discovering a singularly artistic power of creating epigrammatic sentences, and there are single scenes and incidents which are instinct with that fidelity to nature which is all the more striking when taken in conjunction with a mind so introspective as that of Thoreau. — *An Embassy to Provence*, by Thomas A. Janvier. (The Century Co.) The only pity about this book is that it does not contain at least a few of the pictures with which the text was illustrated in *The Century Magazine*, for it is preëminently of the sort of books to which good pictures are a help. Mr. Janvier's narrative is charming, as his embassy itself must have been. Accredited by a former American visitor to the Provençal poets living about Avignon, he, with his ambassadress, presented himself to Mistral and his fellows, and was made one of them, — a *Sociè dou Felibrige*. No less than for what it tells of this winning band of modern troubadours, the little book is delightful for the manner of its humor, admirably fitting a description of just such a progress as Mr. and Mrs. Janvier made. — *Safe Studies*, by the Hon. Mr. and Mrs.

Lionel A. Tollemache. *Stones of Stumbling*, by the Hon. Lionel A. Tollemache. (William Rice, London.) If a word on these two books can make them known to those who like fruity books, it will not be misspent. Mrs. Tollemache contributes to the former some agreeable verses, but for the most part the books are made up of speculations, biographical and critical studies. One of the most delightful is the paper on Mark Pattison, but all of the writing impresses one as the overheard talk of a delightful conversationalist, whose memory is stored with riches, who knows the best society in men and books, and takes an honest pleasure in human intercourse. — *Homer and the Epic*, by Andrew Lang. (Longmans.) Mr. Lang, who is a poetical scholar, and at the same time a curious student, brings to a discussion of the personality of Homer and the structure of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* an unusual equipment, and his conclusions thus not only have weight, but are the result both of analysis and of insight. The heartiness of his belief in a one Homer, author of both books, gives also a confidence to his study, and enables him to write with an un-failing freshness and humor. The whole subject is a singular instance of how a secondary question enables one to throw a flood of light on a primary one. In asking *Who wrote Homer?* one comes to determine *What is the Iliad?* — The forty-fifth volume of *The Century* covers the months from November, 1892, to April, 1893. (The Century Co.) One of the most noticeable things about it, to one studying the development of the American magazine, is the decay of the serial and the growth of the group system. — The trim little edition of the works of Charlotte, Emily, and Anne Brontë is brought to a close with Anne Brontë's *The Tenant of Wild-feld Hall* in two volumes, making volumes eleven and twelve. It was no doubt worth while to reproduce the writings of the sisters, though it must be confessed that it is not the novel-reader, but the psychologist and the literary historian who take the most interest in the irregular performances which were led off by Jane Eyre. The artist has rejected himself into the period with a somewhat painful conscientiousness. (J. M. Dent & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.)

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

My Musical Critic. It appears that the time is ripe for me to tell of George Washington and his ear for music. A short time ago, I would not have believed that the world had so progressed; but since Mr. Janvier, under cover of serious biography, has dared to make the most shameless autobiographical *exposé* of affection for that Hebrew of the animal creation, the maligned, persecuted, and tabooed cat, I begin to see the glimmer of a millennial dawn; and now that Miss Repplier's kitten has been allowed to play its capers in the very *adytum* of the American Academy, I cannot but hope that my own pet may be tolerated at least within the outer court, where nameless Contributors unbosom their nameless selves. He surely deserves it; he was — alas, *was*, for him

“with strange, darkling fate
The land of shadows clasped” —

he was a gifted being.

He had, as I said, an ear for music. Not that which is generally so understood, implying a love for the art. He hated music with a perfect hatred, — that is, vocal music, — and he particularly objected to *my* vocal music. This fact would make me melancholy, could I feel sure that his ear was correct. At any rate, it was keen, as keen as his claw, and, as will hereafter be shown, to play upon the one was to evoke the other.

I cannot tell at how early an age George Washington developed his peculiar lack of taste (surely, under the circumstances, I may denominate his views as peculiar, and him as lacking taste), for he came into my possession at the age of one year. He then stood over one foot in his stockings, which were white, and he weighed in pounds avoirdupois — to speak after the Dantesque fashion — three times as much as that number which an unskillful accountant fails to make of twice two. His muscular strength was tremendous, and his jaws were as strong as those of that athletic old man in the Wonderland version of Father William.

A being to have for a friend, not an enemy! Well, a friendlier cat than George never wore whiskers. Bears are not more

demonstrative, nor, it must be said, are sensitive plants more touchy. He had a temper like a tight-rope, and perilous was the footing thereof. He loved, — oh, how he loved! How he sprang into your lap and clung there, and snuggled, and *susurred*! With what ecstatic manifestations did he welcome your fingers in his thickly tufted cheeks, rubbing hard against them, rolling his great soft head from side to side with a wild, luxurious joy, as if wallowing in catnip or hypnotic valerian! But if you touched his crazy-bone, — and he seemed to have crazy-bones all over him, — woe betide you!

George was sensitive, also, to neglect. When he desired attention, and attention was not forthcoming, his manner became incisive; he has frequently bitten through my boot by way of attracting my notice. I do not live in a lockjaw country, therefore my powers of speech remain unimpaired, but I wonder I have any *Singstimme* left. Certainly that animal did his best to frighten it out of me.

I never can forget the first time he heard me sing. (Were he alive, I doubt not he would make a remark of a similar nature.) I had grown sleepy over my book, and went to the piano to get waked up, leaving George on the lounge in the back room, where he was making himself tidy after the manner of cats. I was having what our Western cousins would call a *way-up* time at the top of my lungs, when I felt the floor shake. It was George jumping from the lounge. He came and stood by my side, and fixed upon me a beseeching gaze which I interpreted as meaning, “Please let me out.”

No, that was not his wish. Did he then want his head scratched? Such courtesy never was out of season with him, and in good sooth, if he could have given me a name, I think it would have been either Peaseblossom or Mounsieur Cobweb. He did accept a little tickling, with a grand air as if to say, “I graciously permit your touch upon my royal person;” but evidently he was not hankering for it. I ran my fingers over the keys, and presently he returned to his wash-tub, as I called a certain de-

pression in the lounge where he nightly liked himself from neck to tail-tip.

Before many moments I again burst forth in song. Instantly came the thump upon the floor, and once more George stood beside me, this time visibly excited. His body quivered, his eyes glared glassily, and he gasped as if trying to mew with a nightmare upon him. I was singing, I remember, *The Clang of the Wooden Shoon*, and I sang it as I believed it should be sung, — not in the style of a clattering jig, but with a gentle, sentimental swing, and with a tender, suppressed passion, especially in the second part, where the movement changes, and the words grow regretful rather than reminiscent.

It was at this second part that I began to suspect what ailed George. I have always prided myself highly upon the middle register of my voice, particularly when employing the *timbre sombre*. Then "let the audience look to their eyes," for I would "move storms."

I had moved a storm indeed! George rose upon his hind feet, emitting a cry of anguish. Then he sprang upon a chair near by, and struck my hand with his paw. I continued to sing. He jumped on the keyboard and struck my mouth. I pushed him off to the floor, still continuing my singing.

It was getting to be a match between George Washington and me. Generally, in such a case, I feel exactly as did the Rollicking Mastodon towards the unappreciative Peetookle: —

"I never *will* sing to a sensitive thing
That shatters a song with a sneer."

If George Washington had approached in a cold, calm, critical manner, the while twisting his tail delicately in lithe scorn, and had looked at me rebukingly, as much as to say,

"You need some harroway seed,
And a little advice for your throat,"

I should have desisted, being quite unable to stand up against ridicule; but when he sought to bul— I should say, to intimidate me by violent and unlawful means, I felt an inclination to finish my song, even should the result be to burst the ear-drums of my auditor, and to destroy forever the equilibrium of his nervous system.

Moved, then, by a strictly human impulse, I stretched my throat to the utmost, and exaggerated the sombrouness of *timbre* to veritable inkiness, infusing into my wailing tones the most unheard-of amount of pathos. Truly, it was a part to tear a cat in, and the cat was forthwith torn.

This exceeding piercingness of vocal quality must have penetrated his vitals like a vulture's beak. But even now he would not proceed to extremities. He had already struck me, it is true, but successful appeal might yet be made to my better nature. So, to the clanging accompaniment of those wooden shoon, he mewed unearthly mewings, and pawed against me as if trampling down Satan.

I sang on. I marvel now at my own temerity, and, recalling what followed, I doubly value the sweet life that is left me. When, too, I reflect that George Washington first opened his eyes in the District of Columbia, under the shadow of the Senate Chamber (his mother was owned by the janitor of that department); moreover, that he ate animal food (cooked) but once a day, I can only admire the persistence of feral traits in him. Where he got his ear for music I do not pretend to conjecture, while as to his taste — But I must not forget how widely a cat's standard in these matters may differ from our own, — as widely, no doubt, as a Chinaman's; or — the idea has just struck me — perhaps George Washington thought I was trying to ridicule his relatives. Could he, oh, *could* he have regarded my singing as a burlesque performance?

Whatever the reason, the fact was patent: his state of misery was fast passing into a state of fury. I kept on singing, with inconceivable foolhardiness dwelling upon those notes which held qualities the most exasperating to George. I wanted to see what he would do.

And this is what I saw. He bounced from the chair, and began walking back and forth across the room with quick, uneasy, elliptical movements. From his open mouth came snorts of rage, thick, short puffs, as if his throat were on fire, — the tiger's grace before (raw) meat. Each turn brought him nearer to me, his body ever swinging closer to the floor. Now his legs appeared to have telescoped, and he slid about like a reptile.

I had reached the end of my song, and was prolonging the last note upon "shoon," making a round O of my lips, whence the sound issued in beating, brazen tones. It isn't every woman who can produce a *tremolo* below the staff. I was feeling very, very vain, meanwhile keeping an eye upon my audience. But my audience was already over the footlights. His whole body seemed to be in convulsions beneath its striped fur coat, the stripes themselves wavering horribly in long, uniform undulations, like serpents under drill.

Still I hung on to my "shoon." (By the way, life insurance companies will have nothing to do with me, for they say it is surely abnormal to be so long-winded.) George's gooseberry eyes had changed to fire-sapphires; he undulated like the whole first circle of the *Inferno*; his hinder parts were beginning to wriggle — slowly now — then quicker — quicker!

We sprang simultaneously, — I to my feet, he to my arm.

I was thickly clad, — it being winter time, — but twenty-four claws (George had six toes on each foot), four tusks (I mean canines), four incisors, ten maxilla — Really, at this critical moment you cannot expect scientific accuracy of terms; I fear I have already spoiled the effect of a thrilling *dénouement*. Let us say, then, that twenty-four claws and twenty-six teeth went through to my skin, thence penetrating the large, cushiony muscle upon the forearm. It was nip and tuck between us, but at length I shook him off, and — well, for a parallel in anticlimax we shall have to go to the king of France and his four thousand men; but in less time than it takes to write this George Washington was in his bath-tub again, scrubbing as if for dear life. All he asked was to be let alone. And I let him alone. That night I sang no more, and afterwards, whenever the song mania seized me, I saw to it that George was out of the way.

Had this thing happened in these days, I should probably have been dispatched straight to the Pasteur Institute. As it was, a witch-hazel pack soon restored my frayed flesh.

Whether any rabies remains in my system I know not. It were well to beware of me, for when I hear certain people sing I feel as George Washington must have

felt on that fateful night. But I do not bite nor scratch these people, and above all, I try never to behave as the Little Peetookle did. It is not well to have too sensitive a soul.

George Washington's sense of smell was not so discriminating as his ear for music. Once he mistook white paint for cream. It was a great disappointment to him, and one from which he never recovered.

The Evolution of a Familiar Quotation. — The business of literature is to find truth; and nothing is so but a poet shall some time get hold of it. And what was old yesterday is lost to-day, and shall be set up for a startling novelty to-morrow. It was, we suppose, apparent to Adam that the worst element in his exile was the Paradise which had been. From him it is a far cry to Tennyson's

"That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."

It is not uninteresting to make a partial list (for what reader extant knows the full roll-call?) of the lessees of this pathetic idea, a favorite one in the Latin literatures. Dante's Francesca utters it magnificently in her *Nessun maggior dolore* of the Fifth Canto: —

"No greater grief than to remember days
Of joy, when misery is at hand."

One of the German commentators, on the watch for analogies, compares this with the beginning of the famous and beautiful speech Virgil assigns to Æneas, —

"*Infandum, regina, jubes renovare dolorem*," —

as we cannot but think, erroneously; for Æneas means only that to speak of old wounds opens them afresh. Seneca's "*Nemo miser est, nisi comparatus*" is a much closer prototype. Boethius thought it out, in his time, "that in any hard pass of fortune, the most bitter thing to the unfortunate one is to have been happy, and to be so no longer." Chaucer, in his *Troilus* and *Cressida*, makes a conscious copy of Boethius: —

"For of fortuné's sharp adversitie,
The worst kind of infortuné is this:
A man that hath been in prosperitie,
And it remember when it passed is."

A couple of centuries later than Dante, his countryman, Marini, sings what we venture to translate as

"Suffering hath known not yet her fill of woes
Till she recall old bliss between the throes."

And promptly he is followed by Fortiguerra with a yet prosier couplet :—

"Remembering the good that's taken,
Grief now feels all the more forsaken ;"

but not before some brilliant Englishmen had got ahead of him. Beaumont and Fletcher put on the lips of their Baptista, —

"To have been happy, madam, adds to calamity."

Margaret of Anjou had been thinking this, though she did not fully express it, when she cried to the widow of King Edward, in Shakespeare's Richard III., —

"Compare dead happiness with living woe !"

A contemporary of the Elizabethans, Bishop Jean Bertaut, uses the old saw with charming idiomatic grace :—

"*Félicité passée
Qui ne peut revenir,
Tourment de ma pensée,
Que n'ai-je, en le perdant, perdu le souvenir ?*"

George Wither, in his very lovely Shepherd's Hunting, sighs over

"remembrance, poor relief !
That more makes than mends my grief ;"

and again, ludicrously enough, but graphically, in *Fidelia* :—

"For there 's no torment gripes me half so bad
As the remembrance of those joys I had."

Drummond of Hawthornden has left us one sweet archaic line in a sonnet :—

"Sith passéd pleasures double but new woe."

In the Georgian day, Blair, in *The Grave*, embodied the same sentiment :—

"Of joys departed
Not to return, how painful the remembrance !"

After which Lord Tennyson's music fills the air, and settles the shape in which a very ancient conviction shall forever be quoted. Observe how ornate, yet how obvious, is its last rendering. The order of development has not always been in the due chronological line ; the actual data of our search are of small value ; but in point of excellence and permanence it looks as if the laureate's verses may stand as representative of the other twelve. It is to be noted that he sets out to quote his passage, not to recast it ; to praise Dante, not to bury him. Still, to English readers, he supersedes his master, and the haunting memory of his words must color all that shall be said upon the subject hereafter ; must eventually drown out, even to a scholar,

the fair and serviceable sayings both of Beaumont and Fletcher and of Drummond. Difficult is the task of the aspiring soul of the twentieth century who would fain philosophize on the sadness of lost gladness. It may have been a comfort once to give an intelligent groan without feeling that you were doing it out of a book. But that privilege was sacred to Adam aforesaid. For the present, modern retrospective re-piners, who are hard up, indeed, inasmuch as they can revert to better days, have nothing to do but to quote Tennyson. As poets will, he steals the plaint out of our mouths, and makes us forget that anybody ever "said his good things before him."

A number of travelers have recently been giving us, in different reviews, their impressions of this country, and their articles have reminded me that there are two points concerning England in regard to which I have strongly desired to free my mind. One has been rather overlooked in the reports of travelers, and the other is so exceedingly curious an instance of the perversity of the human mind that it can never be sufficiently dwelt upon. I refer, of course, in this last, to the system of not checking baggage.

What have the English to say in defense of their perversity ? They usually find it enough to point out that they do manage to travel upon their system, and hence that there cannot be anything very bad about it. But occasionally they go so far as actually to defend it. Thus, the Earl of Meath, writing of American travel in a recent number of the *Nineteenth Century*, says : "To a Briton who does not like to be separated from his baggage, and who has been accustomed to give sixpence or a shilling to a porter [in spite of the notices in all English stations that the porters are paid by the company, and are not to be feed], and drive off in a few minutes with all his worldly goods on the top of his cab, it is irritating to find that neither cabs nor omnibuses are fitted to carry baggage, and that he is obliged to leave his luggage behind him, and quietly wait in faith at his hotel from half an hour to even four hours (as once occurred to the writer) before receiving his possessions." But the Earl of Meath makes a curious oversight in this passage. We do not defend everything American, but merely the system of check-

ing luggage ; and, in particular, we are far from congratulating ourselves upon the absence of cabs in America. The beautiful, bright, shining, flying London cab is alone enough to make London the most delightful city in the world to live in. But these two forms of comfort stand upon a totally different plane. We can't get the cabs by whistling for them. Cabs are dependent upon good pavements, and good pavements are dependent upon good city government, and good city government we cannot have, it seems, until we have made ourselves completely over. But the system of issuing checks is merely a matter of turning over the hand. The railroad companies have merely to say, "Let there be checks !" and immediately checks would be there. And no doubt the railroad companies would do their part quickly enough, if there were the slightest movement on the part of the traveling public, through the columns of the all-moving Times, in favor of it ; or even if the railroad companies were not well aware that the English people to a man love discomfort far better than they love change.

Really the most important consideration that has bearing upon the matter is the question of the safety of the luggage, and of the consequent peace of mind of the traveler, and not merely the ease of getting hold of your box after it has once been put out at the proper station. I must frankly confess that, as matter of fact, my own sufferings from the English plan were not unendurable, but I was never done wondering how it would work when trains were crowded. I was, therefore, particularly delighted when I came upon the following vivid description of the system when under strain, which is given by Mr. Knowles in his charming article on Lord Tennyson, in the Nineteenth Century for last January, as the only specimen of a familiar letter from the great poet : —

"I got to the station a full quarter of an hour before the time, but the place was *foumillante*. . . I stood and bawled ineffectually for porters, till at last I took my portmanteau in hand, and flung it into the truck of one of them, and told him to label it 'Lymington,' which he promised to do ; then I rushed to the ticket office, where I waited among the multitude, and only got my ticket after the time was up ; ran out

again, the whole platform seething and buzzing ; could not find my luggage ; at the very last saw it being wheeled trainward at the bottom of a heap of boxes ; asked whether it was labeled 'Lymington ;' bewildered porter knew nothing about it ; train began to move. I caught hold of an open door, and was pulled in by two passengers. When I came to Brockenhurst, no luggage for me ; guard intimated that he had noticed such a portmanteau as the one I described [!] labeled 'Southampton Junction ;' accordingly I telegraphed up the line. . . . This morning I sent a cart from Farringford to meet the earliest boat, and recovered my luggage at last." This passage ought to become classical.

If an educated man, accustomed to traveling, is subjected to such cruel anxieties as are here described, what must be the state of mind of women, young people, rustics, foreigners, all those who are not accustomed to taking care of themselves, and all those who have not come to love the system because it is their own ? We were not without experience of what happens in such cases. We were traveling third class, one day, when a working woman with three children got into our compartment. She was apparently going to make a journey of some length, and her husband was seeing her off ; but all the exchanges of affection natural to the occasion were rendered impossible by concern for the accompanying "box." The woman was at a loss to know how she was ever going to recover it, and the husband, after various forms of reassurance, finally said, "Why, it is in the luggage van which Harry has charge of. You know Harry. He will have an eye on it, and see that it is put out at the right place." Surely, a system in which one has to rely upon a personal acquaintance with the luggage-guard (if that is what they call him), to secure peace of mind in traveling, is a system which some one ought to be sufficiently benevolent to endeavor to reform.

But the second subject in regard to which I wish to free my mind is a matter of graver import ; for, after all, the first is largely a question of comfort. We had reserved England for the final part of our fifteen months' stay in Europe, and we had expected that there the charm which one looks for in the Old World would reach its greatest height. England, as I had known

it ten years before, had filled me with an acuter enjoyment than I had experienced in any other country of Europe. But the England of to-day is not the England of ten years ago. The England of to-day furnishes one impression which is deeper than any other, which penetrates and pervades and almost obliterates every other, and that is the impression of the ubiquitous advertisement. There is not a railway station in the whole country in which it is possible to make out the name of the station as the train draws in : far and wide, high and low, every available inch of space is covered with the monotonous announcements that Venus soap saves rubbing, that Pears' soap is matchless for the complexion, and that a thousand other things are indispensable to the comfort or the happiness of the traveler. Especially is this the case in the stations of the Underground Railway in London. As there is no guard, and as the name of the station is absolutely undiscoverable amid the sea of advertisements, one's place of alighting becomes a pure matter of chance, unless one's fellow-travelers are polite enough to come to the rescue.

London is an imposing city. Its streets contain vehicles of two sorts only, — the hansom cab, which is always handsome and highly polished, and goes at a very rapid pace, and the omnibus. The omnibus is smaller than with us, less lumbering, more lively, and it would be a pleasing object if it were not that it is one moving mass of advertisements. Everybody who is not old or infirm sits on top, as long as there are places to be had ; and to see the nicest-looking people walled in with announcements, in enormous letters in bright yellow and red and blue, of "Colman's Mustard," "Custard Powder, Saves Eggs," "Hudson's Soap,

Less Labor, Greater Comfort," strikes the traveler who is not accustomed to it as so strange that he can hardly believe he is not in the clutches of a bad nightmare. But when it comes to Oxford, the High Street of which is lined with the most beautiful college buildings to be found in England, the street in which one has always been told the poetic charm of the Old World reaches its highest point, — when one sees this street invaded by an enormous horse car with its high top wall emblazoned with "Happy Thought, Use Sunlight Soap," and all the other familiar devices, then one's feelings become far too deep for words. Oliver Wendell Holmes has said that England has of late years been turned into the home of Colman's mustard. It is, in fact, quite impossible to estimate the loss to the traveling American occasioned by seeing the loveliest country on the globe desecrated through and through by this absorbing passion for advertising. In one respect, we hasten to admit, a lower depth has been reached in America ; thanks, it may be, to a more jealous property in land in England, the landscape itself is not so basely treated as with us ; but, after all, mammoth advertisement in fields which are anyway without beauty is a far different thing from the absolute destruction of a species of loveliness which has no rival in the world. This is a feature of English scenery which travelers have seldom dwelt upon, and hence the surprise and shock with which one discovers it are so much the more painful. If it is an element of the so-called Americanization of England, it shows, I fear, that England is destined to out-America America in sacrificing every atom of the charm which once made life worth living to the conscienceless struggles of modern competition.

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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

IV.

DR. LAVENDAR always said that his brother Joseph lived with him; but the fact was, Mr. Joseph Lavendar could spend only his Sundays at the rectory. He used to come down from Mercer on the Saturday morning stage, but he traveled back again on Monday morning to his music-teaching. "My profession takes me away from home during the week," he used to explain. That one day with his brother really made a home for this simple, honest gentleman, whose occupation was to drill short-petticoated misses in their scales.

But although Mr. Lavendar came to Old Chester only to spend Sundays, the village, quite as much as his brother or himself, would have resented the suggestion that his home was not at the rectory; for everybody loved Joseph Lavendar. To be sure, he was something of an exquisite, which is not usually endearing: his suit of brown broadcloth was immaculate, his linen spotless, his shoes knew the polish of his brother's precious stones; indeed, he had more than once been seen to brush a speck of dust from them with his pocket handkerchief. But, though finical about himself, he was tolerant of other people's dusty shoes, to speak generically, and such tolerance is always endearing. Besides, the eager kindliness of his face was irresistible; his mild, somewhat prominent blue eyes were without a shadow of suspicion of any of the human race;

his bald, high forehead, with little tufts of reddish hair above each ear, was forever wrinkling with sympathy for somebody else. It was nothing more than sympathy, for he never dared to offer advice; it being his instinct to believe that other people knew more than he did. He accepted, joyously and gratefully, the opinions of his friends, especially his brother's opinion, for Dr. Lavendar's judgment was quite ultimate with Mr. Joseph, — except, indeed, when he disapproved of people. Then, almost always Mr. Lavendar acquired an opinion of his own, and ventured to differ. He did it in an apologetic, deprecating, timid way, but he differed. It seemed as though he were constitutionally obliged to take the side of the under dog.

It was this amiable and unreasoning tendency which brought the first note of discord into the friendship of the two brothers, — a friendship very tender and faithful, and almost sentimental in the admiration which each felt for the other.

Mrs. Pendleton came to live in Old Chester; and Dr. Lavendar, who had quite forgotten her in these twenty tranquil years since she "threw Joey over," suddenly found that he had not forgiven her. And certainly, the poor lady, with the best intentions in the world, did not endear herself. The fervency of her responses in church distracted the old clergyman from his own devotions; her foolish benevolences amazed him; her efforts — those pitiful efforts of the outsider to seem on terms of intimacy with recently

acquired acquaintances, efforts which are betrayed by speaking of comparative strangers by their first names — seemed to him only the unpardonable vulgarity which indeed they are. When she said “Susy” Carr behind Miss Susan’s back, Dr. Lavendar winced; and when she spoke of “Jane” and “Tommy,” he took immediate occasion to refer to Mrs. and Mr. Dove. Poor Mrs. Pendleton meant well, and in truth there was nothing upon which Dr. Lavendar could put his finger as his special reason for disliking her: perhaps that was rather an aggravation in itself; our sentiments towards “Dr. Fell” are probably heightened just because we “cannot tell.”

But it was in connection with Mrs. Pendleton that Mr. Lavendar’s constitutional tendency began to threaten the life of mutual admiration in the rectory. Mr. Joseph did no more than speak well of the little widow. He, too, had almost forgotten her, and he had quite forgiven her; but, spurred on by Dr. Lavendar’s dislike for her, he hunted in his memory for her good qualities, that he might defend her to his brother. No doubt the reviving remembrance of the pain she had made him suffer so long ago added to the warmth of his defense; which, to be sure, was eloquent in intention rather than in words, for he only protested, timidly, that he thought Mrs. Pendleton an exceedingly pleasing person. But that his taste, his discernment, his judgment, should be so at fault confounded and irritated Dr. Lavendar.

It would be as incredible as it is amusing, if only all the world did not know it to be true, that a difference in taste can be absolutely disastrous to friendship, and even to love. The absurd unhappiness begins at the moment when it becomes plain to each friend that the other ought to be convinced. What starts as a matter of opinion deepens into a question of principle.

This point had been reached by the two brothers. It was a long time since

the amiable routine of Joseph Lavendar’s thought had been so broken in upon as by his brother’s injustice to Mrs. Pendleton. Never before had Dr. Lavendar’s indulgent admiration for Joseph’s unreasonable good nature been shocked into a suspicious doubt of Mr. Lavendar’s intelligence. Each brother had been amused at first, and then amazed, and now each had become almost indignant.

“But, brother James,” Joseph would say, his mild, prominent eyes full of reproachful anxiety, “you don’t seem to be fair to the lady. It is n’t like you not to be fair.”

Even Dr. Lavendar saw the humor of that. “Ho!” he said, and grinned a little. “Well, perhaps I’m not always fair, Joey; but I’m never prejudiced; and I have a memory, sir!”

“Oh yes, I know what you mean; but that was twenty years ago, my dear James, and it was entirely my fault. She is a lady of great kindness, and” —

But Dr. Lavendar would fling out impatiently that Joey did not know what he was talking about!

“Kind? Well, yes, she has a good word for everybody. I think she’d speak well of the devil. I don’t call that ‘kindness,’ Joey. I call it silliness; silliness, sir, for the devil does n’t deserve a good word. You speak up for her as if you were going to — to marry her!” Dr. Lavendar had cried once, sawing the air with his pipe, and searching for the most preposterous illustration he could find.

“Marry — her? I never — why, I never thought of such a thing,” stammered the younger brother, his high forehead growing faintly red. “I never — dreamed of such a thing.”

“Well, well; there! I beg your pardon,” said Dr. Lavendar. “I may have seemed irritated, but not at all, not at all. I was merely emphatic. I can’t help being amazed at your lack of intelligence. An unintelligent person distresses me; and you ought surely to be able to see, Joey, that she” —

And so they argued on ; each convinced that he was right, and each sincerely troubled at the attitude of the other. Again and again, Mr. Joseph, with timid and anxious persistence, suggested that Dr. Lavendar should show more marked kindness to Mrs. Pendleton, because she was a stranger and — and his friend. Again and again, Dr. Lavendar asserted that he would do his duty as her clergyman, but nothing more, because he did not like her, and he saw no reason why his private opinions should be at the mercy of his official duties. "I'll call twice a year, or I'll bury her, cheerfully, — that's my duty ; but I won't pretend that she's a personal friend when she is n't!" he would insist.

It was in the winter that he had used the extraordinary illustration of marriage as a means of showing his brother how unreasonably far his defense of the little widow had gone. Until he said it himself, Dr. Lavendar had really never thought of anything so bad as that ; yet, even as he used it, the illustration became a possibility to him, and he realized in a flash that defense, if persisted in, will create a certain tenderness in the defender for the defended. All through the spring his own suggestion rankled in his mind. "But no," he would assure himself, "Joey has too much sense. It's only his ridiculous amiability." It never occurred to him that Joey, too, might brood upon that sarcastic suggestion, until the acceptance of it would seem natural and even chivalrous, and not sarcastic at all. But it will be readily perceived that if Mr. Joseph's "ridiculous amiability" could lead him to such a point, Mrs. Pendleton, or rather their disagreement about her, would mar the brothers' Sundays to such a degree that each would secretly find Monday, and Joseph's departure, a relief.

Dr. Lavendar was the first to recognize this, and it sobered him into momentary indifference to the object of their dispute. "Joey and I fall out!"

he said to himself, dismayed and almost frightened. "Joey and I quarrel about that foolish woman! What nonsense! We'll just drop the subject." Was there ever a disagreement in a matter of opinion which was not broken into chapters, as it were, by this determination to "drop the subject"?

The next Saturday, when Mr. Joseph climbed carefully down from the stage, and carried his carpet bag into the little hall in the rectory, Dr. Lavendar was saying to himself that he and Joey must not get into any more discussions about that person! Oddly enough, Mr. Lavendar, too, had determined to drop the subject, and, with this end in view, substituted another.

"My dear Jim," he said, "I have found a very admirable garnet. I saw it at Soomby's, and got it for a song, a mere song. But it needs a good deal of polishing." Mr. Lavendar pulled open a little leather pouch, the mouth of which was gathered on a string ; he carried his notes in this, each carefully rolled up like a lamplighter and folded four times ; he shook out of it, carefully, a wad of tissue paper. Dr. Lavendar, pleased and eager, bent his thin old hand into a cup to hold the stone.

"Yes, yes ; wants a bit of cutting, a bit of polishing. Joey, you are an extravagant dog! How much did this cost you, sir? I saw young Shore yesterday. (Yes, they're here. Came Thursday.) I told him he had got to give me a diamond when he gets rich. He says he'll never be rich. Very likely not. A man with a rich wife is a pretty poverty-stricken fellow, sometimes. I heard that she once sent her check for his club dues ; think of that!"

"Poor boy!" said Mr. Lavendar, his face wrinkling with pity. Mr. Lavendar's face showed his emotions as a little sheet of placid water shows the wind. "But I'm told she's a good housekeeper?" he defended her.

"Yes," Dr. Lavendar agreed ; "as far

as the bread which perisheth goes, the boy's well fed. But that's not enough, Joe?"

"No, that's not enough, Jim," said the other; and then they went out, as they always did on summer Saturday afternoons, to make, arm in arm, with Danny at their heels, the tour of the garden behind the rectory.

"The hollyhocks are not looking as thrifty as they did last year," Joseph observed, with concern.

"They've never done so well as they did eight years ago, — no, nine; it was the summer Philip and Cecil were married. Joey, how many pears do you suppose there are on that little jargonelle? I counted 'em last night."

The two brothers went across the deep soft tangle of the grass, and stood under the pear-tree. "It has twenty-seven pears, Joe!"

"I thought I saw twenty-nine," Mr. Joseph said mildly, after a moment's pause to count the still green fruit; "but no doubt I was mistaken."

After that, as they went down a little brick path, past the honey-locust hedge and the big laburnum bush, over to the south wall where the two beehives stood, Mr. Lavendar told, as usual, all the little details of his week's work. Dr. Lavendar knew the names of the pupils, though he had never seen them, and he had his questions to ask and his comments to make; and then he told Joseph all the Old Chester news. But both were conscious of an effort; each was aware that the other disapproved of him, and that made a strange, intangible barrier between them.

The level sunlight, piercing through the trees and bushes, stretched in powdery lines across the grass; it shone warm against the red bricks between the ivy leaves on the rectory, and it struck a sudden shine from all the little panes of glass set in their deep window frames. The brothers sat down under a trellis where the wistaria hung its purple, bee-

haunted blossoms above their heads; syringas pressed close about this little arbor, filling the air with heavy fragrance, and a thicket of lilacs, their dark, heart-shaped leaves spotted with white mould, made a dense shade behind it. There was a small wooden table in the arbor, and on it were a decanter and two glasses.

Dr. Lavendar, with a careful hand and an intent, puckered face, mixed the proper proportions of water and sugar and lemon with the contents of the decanter; then, his legs stretched out before him, the front of his waistcoat sprinkled with ashes from his pipe, his black skull-cap pulled down over his stiff white hair, he gave himself up to comfort. Danny had stretched himself luxuriously upon the grass checkered with moving leaf shadows, and was opening one eye occasionally to snap at an impertinent fly. Dr. Lavendar sipped, and sipped, and talked. Joseph listened, and agreed, and held his glass up before his eyes, narrowed to a beaming line so that they might catch the light through the liquor. It was not unnatural, everything being so harmonious, that Dr. Lavendar, with a view to dropping the subject, should do so with some well-chosen words.

"Joey, in connection with what we were speaking of last week, — I don't mean to discuss it; of course every man has a right to his opinions, and you have a right to yours; I'm the last person to dispute that, for, whatever else I may be, I'm tolerant, sir! — but, in that connection, I just wished to say to you that, in formulating your opinion of — of your friend Mrs. Pendleton, it seemed to me you overlooked one fact which I think bespeaks character: she enjoys giving away money to the poor so much that she gives it where it does harm. Now, that's pure selfishness, not generosity; she" —

"Brother Jim, do you not overlook the fact that she has a kind disposition?"

"I was not talking about her disposition!" declared Dr. Lavendar, frowning. "I'm not in the habit of discussing

a lady's disposition, sir. I don't know anything about her disposition. But I hope I am not trespassing upon any propriety when I say that her intelligence is at fault? She is not intelligent. She has gone and given some money to Job Todd. He does n't have to work, and so he gets drunk."

"A kind deed," Mr. Joseph began to explain, "may be an error of judgment, brother Jim, but" —

"It is n't kind if it's an error of judgment, brother Joe," cried the other; "you have n't any business to make errors in judgment in dealing with people like Todd."

"Well, but," protested Mr. Lavendar, his face quite agitated, and his kind, prominent blue eyes distressed and entreating, "everybody makes mistakes sometimes."

"No, they don't. Look at Susan Carr. Never made a mistake in her life! At least—you make me emphatic—I mean her judgment is good. Now, there's a woman I admire!"

Mr. Lavendar's face softened; he even blushed a little. "An admirable lady, yes; I agree with you," he said. "I am sure she has a kindly feeling for—the lady of whom we were speaking. And you respect her judgment, brother Jim?"

"Of course I do—in most things. I don't know her views on this subject. Utile Dulce is intelligent; she"—

But Joseph did not follow his brother's dissertation upon the estimable Miss Carr. "Miss Susan and I are going to look over a new *Te Deum*," he said; "I—I wrote her about it, and I shall take the liberty of stepping over to her house after tea."

"Good idea," assented the old clergyman, with a pleased look,—Joey was not apt to give up these discussions upon Mrs. Pendleton so readily; "excellent plan. I have a great regard for Susan Carr. Ah, Joey boy, *there* was a woman! When you were both younger, I

used to hope — But you'd had your deathblow, poor boy,—yes, your deathblow. It's queer that an unintelligent person can have such an effect. Well, I did n't mean to discuss it. Yes, of course, go over to Susan's. I think I'll step in with you myself."

"Oh, will you?" said Mr. Joseph, a little blankly; "that will be—very agreeable."

V.

Mrs. Drayton had just declared that it was a little bitter to take a mother's place to a child, and then be forgotten. "For Cecil has been here three days, and has n't called," she was saying, when she discerned her step-daughter walking indolently up the village street.

"Oh, *at last!*" she said, and glanced at the mirror at her side, to see if she were tidy. Mrs. Drayton was always careful to have the cheval glass near her, so that she might be sure of the delicate precision of her invalid costume. "The light hurts my eyes," she used to say patiently, with the air of one who suffers for a principle, "but I must be tidy!" And so she patted her faded hair, and pulled the ruffles down about her lean wrists, and looked again swiftly into the glass.

There was a nervous quiver in her small, blond countenance; she was afraid of Cecil. The smile at the corner of her step-daughter's lip, which seemed to say, "Yes, I understand you," confused and terrified her. At heart, she much preferred the diversion of being neglected, the interest of Cecil's unkindness, to the shivering apprehension which her dutifulness aroused.

"How well you look!" Cecil said cordially; and Mrs. Drayton kissed her nervously, and responded, "I don't look as I feel, then. I am far from well,—far from well!"

Lyssie glanced at her sister imploringly; had Cecil forgotten that her mother

did not like to be told that she looked well?

Cecil answered only by a surprised "Really? Well, one can't tell anything by looks. It seems to me you look younger and better than when I saw you last."

The frightened attention in Mrs. Drayton's face relaxed. "Well, I suppose I *am* a little older, but confinement indoors does spare the complexion,—I must admit that." As she spoke, she glanced at the mirror again, which made Cecil say that the reflection from the glass must try her eyes; and she even took the trouble to rise and throw her wrap across the tall carved frame and over the gleaming oblong of the mirror. She looked sidewise at her stepmother as she did it, and smiled. Mrs. Drayton gave a gasp, and had the air of one searching for a repartee. She found nothing more impressive to say, however, than that she thought Molly was looking well when Philip brought the child to see her. "Philip came three days ago," she declared significantly.

Lyssie, hovering on the outskirts of the conversation, ready to rush in as peace-maker, or to be silent when either of the two whom she loved best in the world seemed to be doing herself justice, said, hurriedly, something about Mr. Carey. Was he going to stay long? Did he like Old Chester?

"He is quite agreeable," Mrs. Drayton announced, before Cecil made any effort to reply. "He called yesterday. Your company came to see me, Cecil, though you did not."

Cecil opened her eyes in frank astonishment. "Why, he does admire you, Lys!"

The invalid frowned, and drew her little pale lips together. "Really, Cecil, such talk is quite indelicate. Young girls in Old Chester are not in the habit of hearing that they are admired."

"No, I should n't think they were," Cecil said dryly. "Lys is an exception.

But perhaps you don't mean her ever to have an admirer?"

"Ceci, you're a goose!" Alicia broke in. "How can anybody have an admirer in Old Chester? I am going to succeed Miss Susan as a model spinster."

"When the proper time comes," Mrs. Drayton said severely, "I hope Alicia will be suitably settled. But I don't approve of talking flippantly about a serious matter."

"It is serious," Cecil agreed, with an amused look. "But it does turn out well sometimes. Look at me! And your marriage, too; though you can hardly expect Lys to find a widower. I've heard you say that widowers make the best husbands."

Mrs. Drayton sat up very straight, and seemed to consider where she could strike a blow. "Yes, you are quite right; they do. And as for your father's being a widower, as you are unkind enough to remind me, Cecilia, I can't help saying that I don't mind being a second wife, but I never would have consented to be a second love!"

She almost sobbed, but Cecil said soothingly, "I am sure you were not a second love, Mrs. Drayton."

There seemed to be nothing objectionable in such an acknowledgment. "But she means something," the poor little woman thought, and repeated, with a catch in her voice, that there were people who said there was no husband so good as one who had learned a lesson of patience with a first wife, "even if it was a very youthful experience."

"Ah, well," Cecil objected seriously, "somebody's got to marry first, to make the widowers, I suppose?"

"Unfortunately," Alicia broke in, "we have no widowers, only a widow; and she can't get married unless she gives up the money her husband left her. Was n't it unkind in him to make a will like that?"

This well-timed remark diverted the threatening storm, and Mrs. Drayton

began to gossip about her neighbors, and to deplore their failings, which made her more good natured. For a virtuous discontent with other people imparts a sense of rectitude and a peace of mind hardly equaled by virtue itself. Cecil, looking out of the window, and watching the blowing silver of some willows at the foot of the lawn, and beyond them, now and then, the faint, rocking flash of the river, listened lazily. Alicia breathed freely, and doubtless all would have gone well had Mrs. Drayton only refrained from going back to her first grievance. "Yes, everybody in Old Chester is very kind to me; all my friends come to see me; they don't forget how lonely I am." She sighed, and glanced at her husband's miniature, which she wore on a long, slender gold chain about her neck.

Cecil was unable to resist this. "You must miss papa very much?"

"Oh, I do, — oh yes, indeed; it is a great cross; my one prayer is that" —

"That he will return?"

"That his health will permit him to return. I could never be so selfish as to wish him to run any risk for my sake; that is not my idea of love, Cecil."

"I should be so interested to know your idea of love," Cecil answered slowly; "but I was sure you would not wish him to return."

"Mother is so nervous about people's health," rushed in the tender young troubled voice; and then poor Lyssie said, breathlessly, she "wondered when Cecil and Philip would come to tea."

"Why, you don't seem to want to talk about our dear papa?" her sister said, laughing and rising; and then she bade her cowering stepmother good-by, and regretted that she must remove her wrap from the mirror.

"Ceci, how can you tease mother so!" Lyssie said hotly, as they went downstairs. "You know how nervous she is, and you know, in spite of — of the things you make her say, she really loves you, and" —

"Which of us is Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife?" Cecil broke in drolly.

"Cecil!"

"Ah, well, I ought not to tease Mrs. Drayton, — you are quite right," Cecil confessed frankly. "I won't. I'll stay at home. Lyssie, come to supper to-night and entertain your mother's admirer. Why did n't he tell me he had called?" And then she went away, smiling to herself at Mrs. Drayton's fright.

But Lyssie could not be spared that evening. Her mother had been so much agitated by Cecil's visit that she was too unwell to be left alone.

"Oh, I am a poor useless creature," said Mrs. Drayton, her voice quivering. "I interfere with your pleasures. I'm a burden to you. Yes, you need n't deny it, Lyssie; you would rather be with Cecil than stand here and comb my hair! I am a miserable burden; and if it were not wrong, I should wish that my heavenly Father would take me to himself!"

While Lyssie, with great good sense tempered by tenderness, was combating these opinions, Cecil, in the fragrant twilight on the terrace, talked about her stepmother to her husband and her guest; or it would be more exact to say, she talked to her guest, for Philip, sitting smoking on the steps of the terrace, took no part in the conversation. Molly, nestling down in his arms, listened to her mother's talk, and frankly resisted her father's efforts to gain her attention.

"I'd rather hear mamma talk. Mamma is so funny!" she said; and Philip had no choice, at last, but to lure the child down into the garden, to spare her some little childish delusions about her grandmother.

Roger Carey, listening, laughed and looked annoyed, and then laughed again. "The old lady is preposterous," he thought, "but she's Miss Drayton's mother. Mrs. Shore does n't seem to consider that." It occurred to him, at that moment, that this decent sensitive-

ness on his part was because she was Miss Drayton's mother. Nevertheless, he laughed until the tears stood in his eyes, when his hostess told him, with unsparing and clever truthfulness, this or that incident in which poor foolish Mrs. Drayton had taken herself seriously.

"And the funny part of it is, Lyssie does n't see how amusing her mother is," Mrs. Shore ended; "she takes her seriously, too, — dear little thing!"

"Well, that's fortunate," Mr. Carey commented.

"Fortunate? Why, not at all; it simply encourages Mrs. Drayton, and" —

"Yes; but don't you see," interrupted Roger Carey, "it would be fatal if she were ridiculous in her daughter's eyes? Absurdity is the one thing love can't stand; it can overlook anything else, — coldness, or weakness, or viciousness, — but just be ridiculous, and that's the end of it!"

"Ah, but not that kind of love," Cecil said. "My sister's feeling for her mother is not the lover's love, nor even the filial love; it is the maternal passion. One is never ridiculous to one's mother!"

Love is a most interesting topic between men and women. Mr. Carey's cigar went out while he laid down the law with all the emphasis of the theorist; until, by some chance, — perhaps it was in the way of an illustration of married love, — they came back to Mrs. Drayton again, and Cecil began to tell another absurd story about her. Then Roger Carey lighted his cigar, and frowned a little.

"It's awfully funny," he said, "but I feel as though I ought to apologize to your sister for listening to it."

The blunt rudeness made Cecil Shore look at him with attention. But he never thought of apologizing to her; instead, he began to talk of other things, with that good-humored determination to change the subject which is so irritating to the listener. Mrs. Shore felt it, and was almost relieved to see her hus-

band appear. Philip had mounted Molly on his shoulder; she was pulling his head over sidewise upon her little breast, and rumpling his hair about his eyes. When they reached the steps of the terrace, he slipped her gently down from her high perch, and made great pretense of horror at his disheveled condition, which enchanted Molly, who shrieked her desire for another ride.

"No, a merciful little girl is merciful to her beast. I've carried you round the garden three times, and how many times have I been carried round, I'd like to know? And it's your bedtime, too. Oh, what dissipation! It's a quarter past eight! Run along, now, to bed."

"Oh no, I want her," Cecil said gayly. "Don't you want to sit up with mamma a little while?"

And Molly, nothing loath to escape her nurse and her father's rule of bed at eight o'clock, climbed up into her mother's lap. Cecil clasped her in her arms and kissed her, rocking the child backwards, and catching her with a storm of caresses. Philip looked away, and then back again, and opened and shut his hands nervously. His glance had in it none of that deep and beautiful meaning with which a man may look at the woman and the child who are his, who stand to him forever as that other Mother and Child who belong to our humanity and divinity. Roger Carey felt the peculiar unhappiness which is experienced by a guest conscious that a domestic infelicity is occurring in his presence. He said impetuously, and with no regard for relevance, something about some stock quotation, and bewailed his luck.

"Hang it, the day after I bought, down it went!"

Philip, turning his back on those two on the terrace above him, said calmly, why had he not done thus and so? why had he not taken advantage of this and that? and then gave him a bit of information which made Roger slap his thigh

and cry out in grateful enthusiasm, "By Jove, that's the neatest thing I've heard of! I did n't know you were up to this sort of thing! You ought to be on the street; what a business man you would make!"

"Philip is a good business man," said Cecil kindly. "Since he has managed my property, my income has increased fifty per cent, — no, forty. How much did you tell me, Philip? Fifty per cent?"

Roger drew in his breath in a noiseless whistle; he did not look at his host.

"Your income has increased forty per cent," Philip answered.

"Well," said Roger, "if you have any more of these ideas lying around loose, do hand them over to me. I'm amazed to find that you have a genius for speculating."

"I have n't. It is Mrs. Shore's wish to invest her money in this way; I merely act for her. That's how I happen to know about it."

"Philip's one fear is that I shall grow what he calls disgustingly rich," Cecil murmured, over Molly's head. ("Now, Molly, go to bed. Mamma is tired. Come, don't be so slow! I hate people who dawdle. You absurd little monkey! you don't want to go to bed? Well, then, climb up in mamma's lap again.") Mr. Carey, you don't know all Mr. Shore's remarkable qualities: he is a single-tax man, a woman's-rights man, a — a — an artist, — all in one. Oh, and a financier; though that is not genuine; he prefers poverty, don't you, Philip?"

"I think I prefer a walk, at this moment," her husband said lightly, "if you will excuse me? Carey, shall I leave you with Mrs. Shore?" And then he lounged down into the summer dusk and disappeared.

Roger Carey debated with himself a moment, and looked after him. He did not like Mrs. Shore, but he liked to hear her talk; so his half-uttered excuse died upon his lips. "Shore's too polite to

her," he thought, and then gave himself up to the pleasure of looking at her and listening to her. But Cecil saw the moment's hesitation with an astonishment that had in it both amusement and annoyance.

VI.

Alone, Philip Shore drew a breath of relief; he let himself out into the grassy lane by the great iron gates at the foot of the garden, and as they clanged sharply behind him his face lost its look of restraint, and settled into the worn lines of habitual and troubled thought. It was an interesting face, gentle, intelligent, sad; the face, as Mr. William Drayton had recognized, of an ascetic, of a man who might even be a fanatic, but one in which the harassed bitterness could melt into sweetness when his eye caught a flower nodding against a blue sky, or when he heard the murmur of water under a vague moon, or when a child's hand touched his own. Even now, with eyes oppressed and heavy with thought, he stopped to notice some distant cypresses standing like black spires against the fading yellow in the west. He seemed to have no objective point in his walk; he went at first towards Miss Susan Carr's house, and then hesitated, and turned down the road, walking slowly and aimlessly until he reached the bridge which crossed the river, like a gray ribbon stretched between green banks. Though the sky was still faintly light, it was quite dark down there, for the river ran close to the hills; it was very silent, too.

Philip folded his arms upon the stone coping, and watched the slight heaving of the lily pads; there was a faint lap and slip of the water against the pier in mid-stream. As he leaned there, looking down at the black current, a sudden tremulous sparkle wavered up from its depths, and he lifted his eyes to see a star hanging low in the melting, translucent dusk above the hill; the star in the river shook

and trembled, plunging down like a golden plummet, or blotted out when a lily leaf swung across its upward track; but it grew brighter, for the darkness deepened, and still he leaned and watched it. He was saying over to himself words which clamored in his ears in all his silent moments: "How far is a man's own conception of his duty to weigh against accepted standards?"

It is a serious question. Most conscientious men and women must answer it one way or another in their lives. Philip Shore had been trying to answer it for three years. For it was just three years since he had acknowledged the hopelessness of his marriage, and had said to himself a hard saying: "Marriage without love is as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal." This once admitted, that unanswered question inevitably presents itself: Must a man be base in his own eyes, because the law approves? Shall he live a lie, because expediency and custom condone the offense? Or may his own conception of duty weigh against accepted standards?

Philip Shore was thirty-three that summer; but he looked older, for he had hardly known youth in the sense of joyous unconcern and divine, full-blooded humanness. The years before he went to college had not been young years; his uncle had made the lad his companion, and kept him reading and studying with him when he should have been at boarding-school, among boys of his own age. Philip's passionate feeling for color and form Donald Shore admired, with reverence, because he was himself quite without it. The boy should be an artist, he said; and Susan Carr agreed with him, and so they put their wedding off a little longer, that Donald might take Philip away for a year's study before he went to college. "When you are through college, boy," the uncle said, "we'll go abroad!" But before that time came Donald died, and Philip had to arrange for that study abroad without

the encouragement and stimulus of Mr. Shore's deep and quite unwarrantable belief in him.

Philip had been so happy with his uncle that he had not cared very much for the society of those of his own age, except indeed for Cecil Drayton's society, and hers not at all because she was the Everlasting Feminine. "Cecil has brains," he told his uncle; "she is n't girly." So it was not until he had finished college, and had come home to Old Chester for a month's visit before starting for Paris, that he fell in love with this tall, silent, mysterious Cecil. At least she seemed mysterious to him. Perhaps love, like art, needs mystery, for it does not always thrive in the unreserve of realism. Certainly, Philip's absence for the next three years kept him very ignorant and very devoted. He was very much in love in those few weeks before he went away. He said to her the old, beautiful words which every lover has whispered, and every mistress has believed: "No woman was ever loved as I love you — because there never was a woman like you!" Cecil, just home from boarding-school, wondering what life meant, still altogether potential, — Cecil smiled, and sighed, and consented; gazing with calm, innocent eyes at the extraordinary agitation in his face. She thought he would kiss her, but he knelt down and kissed the hem of her dress, and went away silently, leaving her amused, but not displeased. Then had come the three years of engagement and absence and letter-writing, — three things which most perfectly conceal character. When they ended, these two young persons knew each other less than at their beginning.

Cecil had been impatient for the engagement to end. She wanted to go abroad; she wanted to live the strange, fascinating Bohemian life of which her lover wrote her; she wanted — oh, how much she wanted! — to get away from Old Chester. "I'm rich, you know,"

she wrote him once, shyly ; and though he adored the noble frankness of her love, he must, he told her, feel that he was able to support her, and then — *then!*

And so he worked, his soul kindling with the thought of the woman he loved. His love was a form of art to him ; it was religion ; it was life ; it was his inmost self. It created in him the purity, the truth, the reverence, which it revealed in her. That she should love him filled him with that fine humility which exalts instead of depresses. It was the mystery of the Divine coming down to earth for us men and for our salvation : it was not to be understood ; it was to be accepted. Her potentiality did not trouble him ; her sweet ignorance of human passion exhilarated him.

Love such as this dwells less upon the beauty of the beloved, the touch of her hand, the ivory curve of her soft throat, — the things on which a young lover writes lame verses, and of which he is as proud as though he were responsible for their perfection, — such love thinks less, or not at all, of those things, and much of the God who is revealed in them. Of course, with the pathetic belief of youth that absolute confidence is possible between human souls, Philip used to write to her of all this spiritual significance of love ; and she, with gentle and non-committal sympathy, would answer that what he said was true, or wonderful, or beautiful ; and her lover's heart would glow at the "reserve," the "insight," which those words indicated.

Philip Shore was a man capable of sustained ecstasy, — a man who lived, not upon those occasional sunlit peaks of emotion which most of us touch now and then, but upon a high plateau of noble idealism, — and the three years of waiting became almost the novitiate of a holy life, so complete was his idealization of marriage, of love, and of the woman he loved. Very likely there was

a touch of the mystic in this young man ; mysticism is latent in most artistic temperaments, though it does not always show in artists, perhaps because the mercantile instinct which they so readily acquire chokes anything so unprofitable as mysticism. And Philip, unhappily, was never to be more than artistic ; his ability fell just short of making him an artist.

They were married rather unexpectedly, at last. The three years' study had not found Philip very far on the road to success, and the engagement might have been prolonged, had not Mr. William Drayton met him one day in Paris, and, in a burst of sudden fatherly interest, told him the engagement had lasted long enough. "She's got plenty of money, so what's the use of waiting? Take her or leave her ; don't shilly-shally!" said the unromantic father.

And Philip took her.

And so at length came the wonderful day. Now, nine years after, Philip, leaning over the parapet of the old bridge, staring down at the rocking lilies, remembered it, the color burning suddenly in his face.

The night before he arrived in Old Chester was as much a holy vigil to him as were those sacred hours which young knights spent on their knees before their armor. He was too solemn to know that he was happy ; his thoughts were prayers. The next day, as a priest might go to the altar, — nay, as a soul to its God, — Philip Shore went to the woman he loved.

Thinking of that supreme moment, here in the summer darkness on the bridge, he drew a breath that was like a groan. He remembered what he had meant to tell her ; he knew the very words in which he had intended to say that in these three years of absence the white thought of her had shown in every dark place of his nature ; she should see that the man's soul in him knelt before her womanhood. He meant, too, to share with her, with the generosity of

only the highest love, a deep distress of his own, at which, in his letters, he had only been able to hint, — the knowledge that had come to him of his own mediocrity in art, and the alternative of going on with a work which he loved, in which he could never excel, and the giving it up to put his shoulder to the wheel of life, and be of some use in the world. That she would counsel him as his own soul had counseled him he had never doubted. It was in this spirit that he met her.

Still in her eyes he found the same deep smile, the smile into which he had read every solemn meaning of life and death and love; still, still, that wonderful, sympathetic silence, which had again and again revealed him to himself by all its unuttered intelligence. There was all this, but there was something more. They sat together alone in the June dusk. There was the scent of jessamine about them; a star shook in the tender sky; far down in the orchard, a bird cry, as clear as a drop of honey, fell into the beating silence. Cecil, leaning back in her chair, bent her arm behind her head, and the full sleeve slipped up above her elbow; the warm shadow of her white chin fell across the curve of her bare throat; the dusky rose in her cheek deepened; she drew in her red lower lip, and lifted her eyes, full of the glints and lights of dark wine, and brimmed with strange, mocking, delicious meaning, and looked full at him. Then she laughed. It seemed to Philip that she said something, — he did not know what, — some commonplace about the wedding, perhaps; he did not hear it. A mad, unrecognized, latent Self leaped up. All his love burst into flame; the spiritual passion vanished. His hands tightened upon each other as he looked at her; his eyes glowed. Cecil's smiling silence intoxicated him; he crushed her hand in his savagely, kissing the warm palm, until she gave a little cry and laugh, and said he hurt her. "*Mine!*" the young man was saying to himself.

Those three years, in which his thoughts of her had been prayer, were forgotten; all he meant to say to her, face to face, heart to heart, man to God, was forgotten; all the solemn glory and whiteness of love went out, as a star in heaven might be blotted from a man's sight by the roar of some hot fire here on his little earth. Oh, love! love! love! This, then, was love, — this supremest expression of self?

Philip, remembering, his elbow on the crumbling parapet of the bridge, his chin on his clenched hand, ground his teeth. Well, so it had gone. Looking back upon it, he saw earnestness and ambition and responsibility flung aside; he saw art forgotten, or followed for the personal ends of amusement or occupation; he saw himself the prisoner of an ignoble passion, hiding his chains behind the cloak of marriage. He knew every step of the shameful, splendid, glowing way. He knew the ghastly moment when he looked back at the heights from which he had come, and recognized the dishonor he had done to love and the woman he loved. The remembrance of that moment, of that time of anguish and of struggle, turned him sick now, eight years afterwards; for it was a year before he awoke, a lurid, drunken year, in which he had no thought of anything but self. His awakening dated from their first quarrel which had in it anything deeper than some selfish irritation; there had been plenty of such contentions, followed by equally selfish reconciliations. This quarrel had sprung from his reviving determination to give up his painting. Cecil had refused to listen to anything so foolish. She adored the life in Paris, a life which had in it all the freedom of the Latin Quarter and all the luxury of the Champs-Élysées. Her resistance woke the old arguments for truth, the old reverence for art. There had been a violent altercation: Philip, in a half-dazed way, standing out for what, blindly, as though through

some mist of memory, he knew to be right; Cecil saying insolently that the money was hers, and she "would not allow it."

"Then you can stay by yourself!" he had flung back at her. "I've done with this pretense." And with a high hand he had carried out his wish, and they had come back to America.

That was the beginning. The old ideals crowded upon him, and he knew that he did not desire them. It was a time of dreadful remorse that seemed like some sickness in the very substance of the soul. Then it was that he turned to his wife for forgiveness, only to discover, with confusion and incredulity and dismay, that Cecil was not aware that she had anything to forgive.

After that came the long struggle to waken her dormant soul, — a struggle which amused, and then bored, and at last irritated her beyond words. At first she endured it with rallying tenderness and temptation, and he would fall for weeks or months into loathful ease and satisfaction in the comfort of his life; for, except when he teased her with visions and ecstasies, Cecil made his life full of lazy and beautiful comfort. With Molly's birth, which came just after their return to America, the revelation of fatherhood summoned him with solemn and irresistible voice to his spiritual manhood. That summons seemed to him so conclusive that he found Cecil's deafness to it incredible. She loved the child with a fierce unhumanness; she caressed it in a way that made him sometimes turn away his eyes. Yet, through Molly, with kindling hope, again and again and again he appealed to her. He called out with anguish to something which was dead, or had never lived.

But they came no closer together because of the child; their constant and bitter disagreement concerning her training made her little life like a wedge driven into the very heart of their marriage.

To Philip first had come the recognition of the hopelessness of the situation: he had thought to marry a beautiful soul, but had married instead a beautiful body. The woman whom he had loved had never existed. The woman who had for a time chained him to his senses, stifled his soul, insulted his heavenly vision, — that woman he had never loved, as he counted love. And that woman was his wife.

Cecil, by and by, had come to feel, with a dull sense of disappointment, that love, by its very nature, was a temporary and passing experience, but she was much too philosophical to be unhappy. She used to look at young lovers with some amusement, but no bitterness; her life was too comfortable for that. Besides, she did not dislike Philip. In those first days, when she had been fond of him, and they had quarreled, she had almost hated him; but that was all past, and now she was both tolerant and good natured.

"How far is a man's own conception of duty to weigh against accepted standards?" said Philip Shore to himself again, looking down at the swaying glimmer of the star. It was very dark now on the bridge; it was very silent. But the silence was clamorous with incisive questions: Is not a man's own conception of duty a dangerous and an egotistic guide? Is not obedience to an unwritten law merely fantastic and absurd when it interferes with all material well being; when it robs a man of a home; when it bids him turn his eyes away from the beautiful, unloved woman who is his wife; when it even means the possible renunciation of his child? Again and again Philip Shore had said to himself that such obedience was impossible.

And yet, coming back to the associations and ideals of his youth, here in his old home, he recognized, almost with terror, that it was possible. Those high demands spoke in all the silences of his luxurious living: "Is not marriage with-

out love as spiritually illegal as love without marriage is civilly illegal? And if it is, what is your duty?"

It needs a brave man to answer that question.

VII.

Miss Susan Carr's distress at Joseph Lavendar's folly was so genuine that she did not strain the truth when she said she was not well, and could not go to church, the first Sunday after she had received his letter. "No self-respecting woman will let a man have the chance to be refused," said Miss Susan, and she was glad that a headache came to her assistance in saving Mr. Lavendar from mortification.

Then it occurred to her, as a respite, to accept a long-standing invitation from some old friends in Ashurst, and so escape the next Saturday and Sunday. "But after all," she sighed to herself when, on Friday, she said good-by to the Misses Woodhouse, and turned her face again towards Old Chester, "after all, I can't be away from home every time Joseph Lavendar is in town. I suppose I've got to meet him some time. But my manner shall show him — he'll understand from my manner that I'm not — not thinking of such things!" She was saying this to herself as she climbed into the empty stagecoach at Mercer, and then sat waiting for it to start, and looking at the rain streaming on the window. "I will be severe," said this amiable woman, frowning at the vacant seats opposite her; "it's better that Mr. Joseph should think me disagreeable than misunderstand any mere friendliness. I could not respect myself if I allowed" — Just here the stiff handle of the door turned with a jerk, and Mr. Joseph Lavendar stepped into the coach.

"Oh dear!" said poor Miss Susan, shrinking back into her corner.

Mr. Lavendar sat down on the mid-

dle seat of the stage; it had a swinging strap for a back, and was quite narrow and far from comfortable. Mr. Lavendar took it for that reason; for though the stage was almost empty at present, it would doubtless fill up, and as a matter of course Joseph Lavendar took the least desirable seat. When he looked up and saw Miss Susan sitting opposite him, he felt the compensation which unselfish people are forever discovering in their sacrifices.

"Why, my dear Miss Susan!" he cried. "Why, this is very delightful, quite an unexpected pleasure. I feared that your visit was to be prolonged over another Sunday."

"I did think of it," said Miss Susan faintly. ("If nobody else gets in, I will get out," she decided desperately; "I'll say I forgot something — I'll say I'm ill — I'll say — Oh, how can he be going to Old Chester on Friday?")

Perhaps the distress in her face asked the question; at all events, he began, cheerfully, to explain his presence. One of his little pupils was ill, — poor dear child, — a most pleasing child, a son of poor Thomas Townsend. Miss Susan recalled Thomas Townsend? He died some fifteen years ago; he was a relative of — of our friend Mrs. Pendleton. "But as his illness is not serious, I can be grateful for the opportunity, which I very much appreciate (as you know, my dear Miss Susan), to spend an extra day in Old Chester."

Miss Carr began, nervously, to gather up her umbrella and bags. "I think I must" — she said hurriedly, but paused, and fell back into her corner again, for a large lady, in a tight black alpaca, was climbing, laboriously and with panting breath, into the coach. "He can't speak now," thought Miss Susan, relieved but unhappy.

The stage sagged forward, and started with a swaying jog; the rain clattered on its ribbed top, and on the rubber aprons that covered the trunks piled at

the back; and its three occupants resigned themselves to that peculiar jolting discomfort which only the inside rider knows.

"Let me see," said Mr. Lavendar pleasantly; "you have no later Old Chester news than I have myself? In fact, I have the most recent, as I only left town on Monday. But you can tell me something about our friends in Ashurst. I trust they are all well?"

"Yes," Miss Susan assured him, and made haste to repeat all the Ashurst gossip she could think of.

The large lady, whose chins were in terraces, was swaying about in her corner, as the coach swung and lunched, but she was so comfortably protected by her personality that she was able to doze a little, though sometimes, at a decided jolt, her eyes would spring sharply open, and then drop shut again. Miss Susan looked at her imploringly; if Mr. Joseph should see that she had fallen asleep, what might not happen?

"I was sorry not to see you last week," Mr. Lavendar said, when Miss Susan came to a pause in her Ashurst reminiscences; "and the week before you were indisposed, Lyssie told me. I was much disappointed."

Miss Susan murmured her apologies for having missed the choir practicing. She searched her memory desperately for further Ashurst gossip, but nothing presented itself.

Mr. Lavendar lifted his left leg across his right knee, and looked at it critically, brushing a little dust from the neat brown broadcloth.

"I was very much in hopes to have had a short — ah — conversation with you, my dear Miss Susan," he said; and then, the color mounting in his face, he added, "You received my letter, of course?"

Susan Carr dared not look at him. Was he going to — here, in a stage-coach? "Letter?" she said. "Oh yes, I — I believe I did. Don't you think we

had better open a window? It's quite warm in here. At least, if it will not inconvenience this other lady," said Miss Susan, raising her voice, so that Mr. Lavendar was quite startled, and their fellow-passenger opened her eyes in a sleepy gleam.

"It is warm," Mr. Joseph agreed, and he tugged at the window strap with an energy which made his face red, and wakened the stout lady so thoroughly that she sat up for a moment and looked about with frowning surprise. Then a gust of cold, wet air blew in upon the swaying, pitching occupants of the coach, and Susan Carr wondered if it would not keep her protector awake. "How fresh and delightful the air is, ma'am!" she said to the lady pleadingly.

"It's damp," returned the other, and closed her eyes.

"My letter did not call for a reply," Mr. Lavendar proceeded, in a low and confidential voice, "but I thought I should have seen you before this. There is so much I want to say," he ended simply.

"A man who talks on such subjects in a stagecoach must be — very much so," thought Miss Susan despairingly. "But I won't let him!" And, with this determination, she burst into eager and emphatic views about the weather. The rain beating against the closed windows made the landscape waver and glimmer; the woods were gray with mist, and the streams under the creaking wooden bridges were swollen and laced with tangles of foam.

"I think this is the equinoctial," announced Miss Susan breathlessly. "Just see how it pours! And the wind is very high! And did you notice, as we crossed the river, that the water was up to the middle of the pier, and?" — Here, to Miss Susan's joy, the other traveler awoke, and found the subject so interesting that she too expressed her opinion, while Mr. Lavendar said protectingly, "It's only a passing shower, ladies, — a passing shower," and watched patiently for a

chance to go back to the subject which was plainly uppermost in his mind.

As for Miss Susan, remembering her one experience in love-making, recalling Donald's quiet, matter-of-fact affection, his tranquil yielding to circumstances, she felt this intensity on the part of Joseph with a certain quickening of the heart. "Oh, I wish he would n't," she said to herself, "for this will spoil everything, though we've been friends all these years." She was almost ready to cry with the trouble and worry of it; and indeed, when at last, damp and tired, she reached home, and sat down in the dining-room to her solitary cup of tea, the tears really did stand in her kind eyes. In her thoughts she went over Mr. Lavendar's looks and words in the coach, and the result of her meditations was that another Saturday afternoon's practice passed, and "Miss Susan was a little under the weather, and could n't come." That the robust Susan Carr should be indisposed began to be food for comment in Old Chester. Alicia Drayton, as she walked down to the church to go over the hymns for the next day with Mr. Lavendar, wondered a little about it. "Why, this is the third time she's missed the practicing!" said Lyssie to herself; and then an absent look came into her eyes, and she thought no more about Miss Susan.

The rain of the day before had washed the July dust from the roadside weeds and grasses; the trees, all in a shining rustle with the fresh wind, made pretty shadows on the path, and the lines of moss between the flagstones were like stripes of green velvet. The very air seemed washed and shining and full of the Saturday afternoon feeling,—the feeling of order and cleanliness and readiness for the morrow.

Alicia, with her green singing-book under her arm, glanced along the river road. "Will he come before we begin to practice?" she said to herself. Ah, what chance have elderly ladies with

headaches for sympathy when such questions come into a girl's mind? She stood a moment on the threshold of the church, looking out at the sunshine, and hearing Mr. Lavendar up in the organ loft pulling out the stops and running his fingers along the keys.

"Miss Susan is not very well, Mr. Joseph," she said, as she pushed open the little baize door of the loft, "and she can't come this afternoon, so you and Mr. Tommy and I will have to practice by ourselves;" and then she nodded pleasantly at the other member of the choir, who, with his spectacles on, was poring over a manuscript of music.

"Dear, dear, I am sorry to hear that she is indisposed," said Mr. Joseph; "exceedingly sorry. Will you be so kind as to say so to her, Lyssie, if you see her this evening; say I had meant to call, but, as she is indisposed, I will not intrude?" But he sighed as he spoke, and then he pivoted round on the long wooden bench to his organ; his feet, searching for the keyboard, made a muffled sound in the listening silence of the church. Down below, the cheerful red cushions on the seats were all turned over to preserve their color, and the chancel was ghostly with white covers on the altar and the reading-desk; there was the scent of Prayer Books and dust, with strange, wandering hints of flowers which had lain here with the dead all these years, or denied death on Easter mornings.

From a little round window high in the wall behind the organ a bar of yellow sunlight shot down into the dusk: it threaded its noiseless way among the singing-books upon the benches; it struck a sudden sparkle from the ring on Mr. Tommy's thin veined hand as he held his music-book close to his eyes; and it shone through the soft hair about Alicia Drayton's forehead, turning it into a delicate aureole of light around the shadowed seriousness of her face. She had been listening for a hand on the outer

door of the church, a step on the graveled path, and she had even suggested timidly to Mr. Lavendar that — that perhaps the church door was locked, and perhaps — some one was trying to get in? Mr. Lavendar said mildly, "You came in last, Lyssie; did you lock it? Then of course it is n't fastened. Miss Susan can get in, if she changes her mind and wishes to come."

"Oh yes, so she can!" Lyssie answered. But still she listened.

Yet when Roger Carey did slip in, closing the door gently behind him, and starting the muffled echo of the empty church, Alicia, singing, the sun making that powdery halo around her head, did not hear him, and he looked up and saw her, and the young fellow's clear, positive, honest eyes filled suddenly with a reverence which the church itself had not brought into them.

When Lyssie saw him, there was a tremor in her pretty voice, which is natural enough in any nice girl's voice when she finds that somebody is listening to her. This, not being a conceited man, was the explanation Roger Carey made to himself while he waited for the practicing to end. He sat in one of the square pews, which had a straight, uncomfortable back covered with prickly red cloth, and a door whose lifting brass catch had doubtless invited many of those idle fingers for which Satan, even in Old Chester, finds some mischief still. Roger Carey's fingers began to lift it now, and then to let it fall with a clatter, while he wished Mr. Lavendar would not try "We praise thee, O God!" for a fifth time, and while he thought, smiling to himself, of this or that which Miss Alicia Drayton had said to him. Her quaint truthfulness, her enchanting modesty in matters of opinion, her wisdom unto that which was good, her simplicity concerning evil, had delighted him as he had come to know her better. When he watched her or listened to her, it was with the pleasure of the man who has

found something new. But he said to himself that he was not in love with her. Certainly, his appreciation of her sweet young womanhood was of the nature of his appreciation of a limpid morning in spring, or of a star, or of the pathos of innocence and happiness in a child's face, rather than that more selfish appreciation which comes when a man is falling in love. Roger Carey was profoundly stirred and happy; he felt lifted up to good things. But he was not, he said to himself, "in love with her."

He was impatient for the practicing to cease; he liked to hear her pretty voice, but he liked better to see her and to hear her talk. As he sat waiting for her, smiling now and then at some thought of her, and playing with the little brass catch on the pew door, he read the inscriptions on the two or three tablets on the walls, and that upon the brass plate in the chancel, in memory of the first minister of the church, — his name, his virtues, and the exhortation to "mark the perfect man," and after that those two dates which bound with solemn meaning the weakest or the meanest of lives, the dates of birth and death. The empty church, the silent tread of the light from the window in the organ loft up the aisle and across the chancel, the moving shadows of the leaves outside, and, through all, Alicia's voice, "O Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded," — all these things, the scene, the waiting, the old and beautiful words, fell into the young man's heart with a strange touch of melancholy, and his face was serious when he met Lyssie at the door and they went out into the sunset.

It was pretty to see these two young people together, and to mark the change that each produced in the other. Lyssie's shy anxiety, the anxiety that a girl just beginning to fall in love feels, and does not understand, — a desire to seem her best, to please, to win, all the little humility that, when she is alone, makes

her sigh and say to herself that she means to try to improve, — all that was gone in a flash, and instead there was a soft arrogance, a charming girlish imperiousness, and such joyousness!

Roger Carey seemed to have acquired all that Lyssie put aside; his impulsive dogmatism and careless good nature and frank criticism were lost, and in their place was a humbleness which was new to him, and an enchanting sense of delight in the sweetness of this young creature; he wanted to hear her talk, to see her smile, to protect her, to care for her. It was rather the feeling of the discoverer than the more serious joy of being himself discovered.

They did not go home at once, but wandered about in the churchyard and talked to each other. Once they grew so earnest that they stopped, and Lyssie sat down on an old tomb that stood like a low granite table under the shadow of a tulip-tree. She wore a little gray-and-white-striped gingham, and she had a bunch of laburnum in her belt. She took off her hat, and sat leaning her open palm on the lichen-covered name, looking up at Roger Carey with candid eyes of that color which lies on distant hills, and is neither blue nor violet. The

sunshine touched her face and dress; a leaf shadow swung back and forth across her hand, and over the assertion of endless love and grief on the old stone; and there they talked and listened, and looked and lived.

It was the usual talk: the girl's tentative expressions of opinion on great subjects; the man's instant acquiescence in them; the mutual astonishment at their unity of thought.

"You think so, too? Why, how strange! I've always felt that."

"You would rather see Egypt than any other country in the world? Why, how odd that is! Do you know, I've always said I'd rather go to Egypt than any place else."

"You really feel that a lie is the only thing you could n't forgive, Mr. Carey? Well, if I could n't forgive everything, — forgiveness is n't hard to me, — why, I think I should draw the line at a lie!"

Ah, well, well, it is the old, beautiful story. We laugh at the conviction of the glorious and harmonious future; the two souls and the single thought, built up in a moment, because views of Shakespeare and the musical glasses coincide; but all the same, it is a divine time and a true time, *and it does survive!*

Margaret Deland.

RECOLLECTIONS OF STANTON UNDER LINCOLN.

EDWIN M. STANTON entered President Lincoln's Cabinet in January, 1862, on the retirement of Mr. Cameron from the war office. He had previously been a member of the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, and continued in that of Mr. Johnson after Mr. Lincoln's death, until driven from it by the President in his quarrel with Congress over the results of the war. Although he was conspicuous in each of these Cabinets, still his fame and place in history will rest upon

his course and conduct in that of Mr. Lincoln, which covered substantially the entire period of the war.

The call of Stanton to office by Mr. Lincoln was a surprise in politics, and a departure from all precedent. He was a lawyer, not a politician, having attained prominence in his profession as a man of learning and power, with only two months' experience in the administration of public affairs, and that the limited experience of law officer in Mr. Buch-

anan's Cabinet. He was not in political affiliation with those who had placed Mr. Lincoln in power, and on the stump had opposed his election with some bitterness, while he had given no evidence of a change of views. Why then was one called into the council of the President, at that critical moment, who was neither his political nor personal friend, nor yet distinguished for long public service? He was summoned to take up the work of this very important department of the government, in the most serious crisis that had yet overtaken it, because he was a Union man, who had shown great energy, power, and courage in its behalf, regardless of personal or political consequences, during his brief service in the demoralized and paralyzed Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan. Mr. Lincoln needed and commanded the help of every Union man, wherever found. He had met and had been associated with Mr. Stanton professionally before his election, and had had occasion to note his great energy and will power joined with large capacity and brain force. He knew, too, that this man had been called into Mr. Buchanan's Cabinet to meet an emergency when it was *in extremis*, at the solicitation of Mr. Black, who, while attorney general, had employed him in some of the most important litigations in which the United States had been involved. What Stanton had done and had shown himself capable of doing had justified his appointment in President Buchanan's Cabinet, and was likewise President Lincoln's justification in summoning him to like service in his. Neither Lincoln nor Stanton thought of politics in the invitation or acceptance.

As a personal friend of Mr. Stanton, and a political friend of Mr. Lincoln, I had taken the former by the hand, on the night after he had accepted place under Mr. Buchanan, and had thanked him for having done so. I called upon Mr. Lincoln as soon as it became known that Stanton had accepted an appoint-

ment in his Cabinet, and congratulated him on having secured so valuable a coadjutor. Mr. Lincoln replied that it was an experiment which he had made up his mind to try, and that whenever a Union man was willing to break away from party affiliations, and stand by the government in this great struggle, he was resolved to give him an opportunity and welcome him to the service. He remarked that he had been warned against this appointment, and had been told that it never would do; that "Stanton would run away with the whole concern, and that he would find he could do nothing with such a man unless he let him have his own way." The President then told a story of a minister out in Illinois who was in the habit of going off on such high flights at camp meetings that they had to put bricks in his pockets to keep him down. "I may have to do that with Stanton; but if I do, bricks in his pocket will be better than bricks in his hat. I'll risk him for a while without either."

There had been much criticism of the management of the War Department before Mr. Cameron had left it, and a committee had been appointed by Congress to investigate its doings. The retirement of Mr. Cameron was so closely connected, in point of time, with these criticisms freely made in Congress that at first it was generally supposed they had had much to do with it. Although there was no foundation for this suspicion, yet two members of the committee having this investigation in charge, Elihu B. Washburn and I, received from Mr. Stanton an invitation to call at the War Department the next morning after his appointment. We found him with his coat off, busy, and surrounded with papers, endeavoring to bring into his notions of order the somewhat demoralized condition into which things had fallen. "I want a little conference with you, gentlemen, before I begin," was the direct and rather abrupt salutation we received almost as soon as seated. "I am surrounded with the as-

sistants and employees of the régime I am called upon to succeed. Their experience will be valuable to me; the aid of some of them seems now indispensable. But before I move I want to know from you if there is anything the matter with any of them." He then went on to speak of certain men in particular. "That gentleman in the adjoining room I have known myself for many years; he has no equal in his specialty. I cannot spare him unless I must. My own confidence in him would suffice, if I alone were to be consulted in this matter. But it is not enough that I do not doubt his honesty. The public must have confidence in him, also. I have no time to spend in vindicating him against false charges. It is as important that the public believe in him as that I do; and if they do not, he must go before I begin, for I am to open new books. Now, gentlemen, what do you say? Does anything appear against this man, in your investigations?" And so on with several others holding prominent positions in the department. This was Stanton's ideal of fitness and usefulness in the public service. He left all past disputes behind him, and left behind him, too, all debatable characters.

He was of as strange a make-up as Mr. Lincoln himself, and yet no two men were more unlike in all that enters into the character of men. The one was gentle-mannered, tender-hearted, trustful, hopeful; the other was brusque in his intercourse and stern in his dealings with others, on his guard at all times, and prone to despond. The one sorrowed over the calamities of the war; the other sorrowed that more was not achieved by it. Yet these two men, so wholly unlike in ways of work and thought, walked together arm in arm, each sustained in the load he carried by the arm he leaned on, and helped on his way by the caution and counsel of him who walked by his side. Still, there never was a moment when official rela-

tions were lost sight of, or command and obedience forgotten. There were doubtless occasions when there were sharp differences of opinion on points of administrative policy, — in which sometimes the chief yielded to the subordinate; but it was yielding to the force of reason and argument, and not to that of an imperious will. These occasions were greatly exaggerated, both in numbers and importance, by the gossip of the day, and perhaps not a little by Mr. Lincoln's own playful remark that he "had no influence with this administration," — an administration whose history has demonstrated that he was in truth its master, from the first to the last of its existence. But his standpoint and that of the Secretary were not in the same angle of vision, and consequently the relations of different objects to each other could with difficulty be seen in the same proportions. Mr. Lincoln was commander in chief not of the army alone, but also of the political forces which controlled the republic; and the guidance of the one was as necessary to success as that of the other. On the other hand, Mr. Stanton knew nothing of politics and would have none of them, and in the study of a campaign took no account of public opinion. It was inevitable, therefore, that often considerations not to be ignored by Mr. Lincoln had no weight with his Secretary in determining the policy of the war office. Hence, at times there were short antagonisms; but Mr. Lincoln, when he could not be convinced, always in the end won a cheerful acquiescence. Such an occasion was that when the President, yielding to special political considerations, had issued an order allowing the officials of a particular congressional district, short of its quota of men, to fill it out by enlistments of such rebel prisoners as, desirous of abandoning the enemy, were willing to take the oath of allegiance and enlist in our army. Mr. Stanton, looking at it solely from a mili-

tary point of view, considered it exceedingly unwise, and, fearing disastrous consequences, declined to comply with the order. At an interview, Mr. Lincoln was made to see pretty clearly the mistake, but, having gone too far to retreat in good faith, adhered to the order, simply answering, "I reckon, Mr. Secretary, you will have to execute the order." A sharp reply from Mr. Stanton, "Mr. President, I cannot do it. The order is an improper one, and I cannot execute it," brought back a response calm but unmistakable in its tone: "Mr. Secretary, it will have to be done." And it was done without further criticism. Mr. Lincoln afterward wrote to General Grant admitting the mistake, saying that the blunder was his, and not the Secretary's, and would not be repeated.

On another occasion, I myself experienced one of these storms, or, as the sailors would say, was out in one of these gales. It is worth relating only as it shows in contrast the striking elements of character which dominated these two men, carrying on harmoniously along a common line the great work of the war, yet thinking and acting all the while in different if not diverging directions. A quartermaster of one of the regiments from my own State had been caught in one of the dens in Washington gambling with the government money, and had been sentenced to five years' imprisonment in the Albany penitentiary. I had received a petition to the President, signed by many leading citizens of the neighborhood of the offender's home, indorsed and certified to by the physician of the penitentiary, and also by a leading physician of my own town, asking for his pardon on the ground of failing health, and representing him to be in a sad condition of decline, with every prospect of a speedy death unless he were released. I took this petition to Mr. Lincoln, who, after carefully reading it, turned to me and said, "Do you believe that statement?" "Certainly, I do, Mr. Presi-

dent, or I should not have brought it to you." "Please say so here on the back of it, under these doctors." I did as requested, adding, "And because I believe it to be true I join in this petition." As I signed my name he remarked, "We can't permit that man to die in prison after that statement," and immediately wrote under it all, "Let this man be discharged. A. L." He handed the paper back to me, and told me to take it to the war office and give it to Mr. Stanton. He saw at once something in my countenance which led him to think that I had already encountered some rough weather in that quarter, and had little relish for more. He took back the paper, and, smiling, remarked that he was going over there pretty soon, and would take it himself. The next day, on going to the House, I was met by two Michigan Representatives with the inquiry, "What have you been doing at the White House? We went up to get a poor Michigan soldier pardoned who had been sentenced to be shot for desertion, but we could n't do anything with the President. He told us that you were there yesterday and got him to pardon a man out of the penitentiary, and when he took the paper to Mr. Stanton he would n't discharge him, 'and told me,' said the President, 'that it was a sham, and that Dawes had got me to pardon the biggest rascal in the army, and that I had made gambling with the public funds perfectly safe. I could n't get him to let the man off. The truth is, I have been doing so much of this thing lately that I have lost all influence with this administration, and have got to stop.'" I went immediately to the White House, with my hair on end, but was greeted by the President in the mildest manner, and with a look which told me that he knew my errand. Indeed, his face was always a title-page. I said to him that I understood he had had some trouble with the pardon of the day before, and inquired if it had gone out. He replied that it had not, and then

recounted, in his quaint way, the scene in the war office, much as it had been already repeated to me. I said to him that I could not afford to have this matter rest on any uncertainty. "Retain this pardon, send a messenger to Albany, and make certain the truth or falsity of this statement, — at my expense, if we have been imposed upon." His reply was, "I think, if you believe it, I will. At any rate, I will take the risk on the side of mercy." So the pardon went out. And yet the sequel proved that Mr. Stanton was the nearest right of the three; for on my return to Massachusetts, at the adjournment of Congress, almost the first man who greeted me in the street was this same "dying" quartermaster, apparently as hale and robust as the best of the people around him.

Mr. Lincoln could never keep out of sight or mind the woes of the war. In the vision and thought of Mr. Stanton its issues were ever uppermost, often to the exclusion of every other consideration. The President strove to carry on the war and secure its great ends with as little pain as possible. To the Secretary war was in its nature terrible, and could not be made other than the work of a grim-visaged monster, whom to temper was to tame. All the friction which ever arose between these great co-laborers in the mighty work they had in hand can be traced to this difference in temperament, and not to any lack of harmony in purpose. They were the warmest of personal friends to the end, and were fond of each other's society, spending together the larger part of any leisure possible to both. Those were days which afforded very few opportunities for social amenities at the capital, and the least of them all fell in the way of the commander in chief and his war minister. What of leisure they had they seemed best to enjoy in each other's society, and after the labors of the day were over Mr. Lincoln would seek relaxation and rest in a brief visit to the then plain, un-

carpeted, and ungarnished rooms of the war office. There, if the public business permitted, or public perils did not forbid, these great functionaries unbent themselves in a free-and-easy social intercourse, which has been represented by those whose good fortune it was sometimes to enjoy it as having been of the most charming and delightful quality. There came of these brief social hours not only the necessary relaxation from the tension of arduous and unremitting daily duties, but that complete understanding and appreciation of each other which led to the most unreserved confidence and coöperation, ripening into the friendship and love of brothers.

I have spoken of the hard side of the character of Stanton in contrast with the tenderness of Lincoln, but it must not be inferred that this was wanton or carried beyond a stern sense of duty. What of sacrifice the war, in Stanton's judgment, demanded, that he exacted, and nothing more. Where, within its needs and exigencies, its ills could be averted or softened he never failed to embrace the opportunity. If he did not search out ways to relieve its distresses as much as did others, it was largely attributable to the engrossing character of its demands. There were many instances where a kindly nature led him to the most generous efforts in mitigation of the necessary asperities of flagrant war, and in removing those not inseparable from its presence. He had no patience with the petty persecutions visited by the disloyal sentiment in the States bordering on Washington upon Unionists. This sentiment was most intolerant, vindictive, and unrelenting, dividing families, severing personal ties, and destroying the peace of homes. He never failed, when it was in his power, to put himself between these persecutors and their victims. Many were the instances of special relief at his hands which were witness to the kindness of his nature. Families crossing the Long Bridge, homeless and penniless, were, by

orders from the War Department, put at work wherever opportunities were furnished in the variety of needs attendant upon the movement of armies. Contrabands, wandering hither and thither, aimless and helpless, fed on the manna of the War Department, and were provided an abiding-place in the vacant shelters under its control.

Mr. Stanton came into the Cabinet of Mr. Lincoln, as has been stated, from an outside political affiliation which never had any sympathy with the purposes towards which the current of events had early turned the war, and he took office with no intention of contributing to those ends. But by degrees he grew into the plans and methods forced upon his chief, and was daily driven farther and farther into that current which was sweeping on to their consummation. He was not long in the work before he became a convert to the necessity of the course pursued, and a believer in the righteousness of the retribution which was overtaking those seeking to build up the slave power on the ruins of the republic. The quickening influence of his sleepless energy was immediately felt in every branch and detail of the service. It was not two weeks before General McClellan, at the head of the army, which had not yet moved from its encampment on the heights around Washington, began to complain of the annoyance given him by this new force in the War Department which permitted no rest, and demanded a reason for every hour's delay.

In six months Mr. Stanton had so taken in the inevitable of the war, and had so imbibed its final and ultimate purpose, that, with only Mr. Bates of the Cabinet to join him, he urged the President to publish immediately his preliminary Emancipation Proclamation, when, in July, he first submitted it for their consideration. Under the advice of other members of the Cabinet, however, that publication was postponed till the 23d of September following. There is no occasion or oppor-

tunity to chronicle here the rapid succession of steps taken by the war minister, under the direction and inspiration of his chief, in that conduct of the war which forced the end and the results that gladdened all hearts. The work seemed to have greatly changed the whole nature of the Secretary, and to have made another man of him. His earnestness became so intense as to be at times actually fierce. When something had gone wrong or some bold stroke was in contemplation, it was well to give him a wide berth, for woe was sure to betide the man who approached him at such a time with a request for leniency towards some hapless soldier or delinquent brigadier. He always worked at a high desk in his office, and there he stood the day long, and into the late hours, if need were, with the persistency of a sentinel at his post, dispatching business with great rapidity, and brushing one side or the other, as rubbish in the way, everything that did not pertain to the business on hand. It was his habit to have his luncheon brought to him while he worked, and many were the dinners served him in the same way. It is apparent that, under such conditions, there could be no patient ear or opportunity for fair consideration of complaints or requests coming up to Representatives from their constituents serving in the army or lying in the hospitals. There was no one of us whose daily mail was not laden with matters of concern for us to attend to at the War Department, and the necessity of going there came to be looked upon, in many cases, as a painful duty. On these occasions, one could not reach the office so early in the morning as not to find the room full of those on similar errands, waiting their turn. There the Secretary would stand at his desk, surrounded by papers, with a stenographer at his side (that terror of those who came there twice for the same thing), and hear the story of one after another, passing each along to the door with a decision pro-

nounced in less time than it took to state the case. There was no place for a rehearing or time for reconsideration, and another case would often be half through before the decision that preceded it was fully comprehended. In the nature of things, justice could not be safe under such treatment. And to all this was added a lack of judicial temper. Mr. Stanton was too intense to make a good judge. He could brook no shortcoming, nor would he palliate any departure from a straight line. He was prone to be suspicious of those who did not work as he did, and was sometimes unconsciously ridden by his prejudices. Thus it was that in some cases he committed grievous wrongs which were never repaired. Some of them may be attributed to the haste which could not be avoided, and others to the lack of a full knowledge of the facts on which the cases rested. Still, there were those which are yet to be accounted for, cases of gross injustice for which a reason has not yet been given. Foremost among these was the order for the arrest of General Charles P. Stone, without charge; his imprisonment, without trial, for six months; and his final release, by force of an act of Congress, without explanation or apology from the War Department for the proceeding. General Stone was a native of my own congressional district, and, knowing him from a boy, I felt too keenly to forget or cover the wrongs he suffered under an order for which no explanation was ever given or redress offered. The author of this wrong and his victim are both dead, but the motive and cause are still a mystery. Until some future search shall unfold it, the burden and the reproach will rest upon him who struck the blow, and not on him upon whom it fell. Admiration for the great qualities of this ablest of war ministers and for his marvelous work must here find qualification until the silence shall be broken and the justification made complete.

But there was, after all, in Mr. Stanton

a very tender heart, and his attachments were like those of a lover. He loved those he trusted, and he trusted without question those he loved. When the end of his service under Lincoln came at last, and he stood by the bedside of his murdered chief, he broke down in his grief, and the iron man became a child.

When Mr. Stanton passed from the service of Mr. Lincoln to that of his successor, he was an old man. It is true that when he entered upon that service he was but forty-seven years of age, and that, by the calendar, three years and three months covered the entire period. But, measured by what of vital power he was called upon to spend in the work which fell to him during those three years, it was a lifetime. At the beginning he was a stalwart athlete; though short of stature and of a thickset frame, still alert and nimble in motion. His eye was dark, and both keen and soft. He wore a long full beard falling down over his chest, and was careless of his attire. But his hand was warm, and he greeted every one with a smile. On the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, he left the bedside of the great chief whom he had served to the end with all the powers at his command, and spent the next three hours in the discharge of such duties as the peril of the moment forced upon him, in a government without other head. At the end of that time he stood by the side of Mr. Johnson, as the new President took the oath of office at his rooms in the Kirkwood House. But he was not the same Stanton who entered the war office three years before. The eye had lost much of its lustre and fire; care had wrought wrinkles on his brow and angles in his face, while gray hairs had made grim his flowing beard, and elasticity of step had given place to the motions of one who had been bearing heavy burdens. He had overdrawn his bank account of vitality, and was never afterwards able to make it good. Those only who saw him on the day which

marked the beginning of his service with Lincoln, and on that which closed it, noticed this great change and understood its meaning. Could the curtain have lifted from the next three years of his life, even this contrast would have been lost in the marvel of the change.

We leave him at the threshold of his new service. He had already made his place in history, and the storm period which followed, valuable as it was in shaping results, added little of lustre or renown. The fame of a great character achieved in patriotic service was assured. If Lincoln was essential to the success of the cause of the Union, it is no less true that Stanton was essential to the success of Lincoln. They were complements of one great instrumentality which has had no parallel in our history. The life of neither of these great men can be written without that of the other. And yet there was no conspicuous character at any period of the war more bitterly denounced than Mr. Stanton. This was the penalty of fidelity, and its intensity certified his efficiency. It was because he laid hold of wrong with a strong hand, and never loosened his grasp, that its perpetrators hated him. With him absolute rectitude was an iron rule, and he exacted it of all in official service. The seekers of opportunity, those lying in wait for the gains and profits of war,

found him their enemy, and treated him as such. He was no courtier, but, on the contrary, was rough and blunt, especially with those in his way. He had no flattering tongue or sinister methods, and tolerated none: therefore he failed to be a popular leader as the world counts popularity. He had defects. His temper, often tried beyond measure, sometimes inflicted unnecessary wounds; prejudice sometimes led him to do injustice. Suspicion and uncharitableness were too often present with him, blinding his eyes. These were the scourges laid hold of by imbittered foes to drive him from his great work. But he heeded them not, and turned neither to the right nor to the left, nor slackened his endeavor while the day lasted and the need continued. He administered his office under the eye of Mr. Lincoln himself, and subject to his order, and during it all was his trusted, confidential friend, commissioned to carry out his policy by means he approved. In minor details he committed errors, for he was human. But his countrymen will judge him by his great achievements, not by his little errors. There is much material for his biographer in the national records of this period, and in the memory of contemporaries who still survive him, full of interest and instruction to every student of our history. It should not be lost.

H. L. Dawes.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

THE Rev. Cresswell Price was in his thirty-fifth year. He was not a striking preacher, of attractive appearance, or reputed to be able. He was lean and loose-jointed, with a thin face and ill-matched features. His one marked characteristic was awkwardness, and this

was phenomenal. Even his vestments seemed to enhance the ungainliness they should have hidden. He stooped, and this gave him the effect of being tall if he stood straight,—an effect heightened, as one noted, by his big shoes and sprawling hands. His clerical at-

tire intensified the impression. A parishioner of a race-track turn of mind used to say that "if Price could be properly groomed and trained he would n't make a half-bad show;" but the rector had neither wife, mother, nor sister to attend to this. He was absent-minded and intellectually slow, as it seemed. "But," observed the parishioners of St. Faith's, as they admitted the truth of these criticisms, "he is *so* good!" This, when sifted, appeared to mean that he did his duty, and did not complain of his small salary. St. Faith's had suffered from a series of impulsive and self-willed rectors, and the quiet which came with Mr. Price was welcome, if not inspiring. Report hinted that he had with difficulty passed his clerical examinations, and one pert theologian from Schein-Heiligen College remarked that "the man who could n't pass a divinity school would stick in sliding down a greased pole." But he had passed, as his letters of orders showed, and there was no reason why St. Faith's and its rector should not abide in amicable, if not enthusiastic union.

Being a small parish, there was naturally a leading man in it, quite rich enough to carry the whole cost in his pocket, and quite willing to do so in all extraordinary expenses which he could control. St. Faith's was blessed (or "tothered," as Joe put it) with a senior warden who was president of a city bank, and possessor of a "competence;" that is to say, at least a million. Other people in the parish gave "according to their means," — which often signifies, as Winifred Jenkins would have expressed it, "according to their meannesses." Mr. Pennybacker, the warden, let them do this, and after vestry meeting was over would say quietly to the rector, "Go ahead, and come to me for what balance you lack." If he did not say this, the rector knew that the plan might as well be postponed to the Greek calends.

That Mr. Price was unmarried did not endanger the peace of the parish. He was not a widower, but a vague legend was current that he had, as student or deacon, "loved and lost," which, as says the poet, is better than "never to have loved at all." This belief was so generally held concerning the rector that no spinster or lovelorn widow in St. Faith's so much as dreamt of disturbing the grave of that buried attachment.

He was not a marrying man; that is, a man to marry. The salary which St. Faith's paid was enough for one, but scant for two. Also, it was raised in part by renting the rectory; of which rent, half went into the treasury, and the other half was set off against the board and lodging of the bachelor parson. He had two rooms in one wing of the large and commodious old rectory. He got his own breakfasts, in order to have them at such hours as suited him; and as he took two thirds of his other meals with his parishioners, the arrangement suited the parish and was profitable to the lessee.

Of course the practiced reader foresees that this is to be a story of clerical trouble. The calm of the harbor is pictured to intensify the statement that it is blowing great guns outside. The trouble happened thus: The bishop visited the parish to confirm, and, as he had to go to a much larger parish in the evening, he had arranged to have the service at St. Faith's, Bilhope, in the morning of a week day, and go on to St. John's, Meadowbank, at half past four in the afternoon. Consequently he dined with the senior warden, and naturally the rector came, also.

Now, the bishop, as is the episcopal wont, took pains to show his presbyter in a favorable light, — talked of him, talked to him, and talked at him. But as Charles II. could make nothing out of George of Denmark, the husband of his niece Anne, so the tact and courtesy of one of the most accomplished prelates

in the Church were sadly baffled by the phlegmatic reserve of Mr. Price. As a last resort he tried this remark: "How much your handwriting is like mine! Your last letter really startled me, as if, like Mr. Toots, I had been corresponding with myself."

"Do you think so, bishop?" broke in the warden. "I should say it was much more like that of my clerk Sanford, who does my writing on parish matters for me."

"I cannot say what other writing it resembles," said the bishop, "but it certainly does mine. Why, you can know it by this: that the thought came into my head that if our friend were not doing such indispensably good work here, I would have him called to the city and make him my private secretary. The clergy do not realize the immensity of a bishop's correspondence, and are sensitive if I only sign letters written by another. Now, if I could dictate to my brother here, or tell him what to write, it would save me wonderfully, and nobody would be the wiser."

Pennybacker smiled a sub-sardonic smile at what he thought was the bishop's covert meaning, which look the prelate was quick to interpret and prompt to parry.

"Oh, I see," he said, with a laugh, "that you think episcopal letters do not always carry profound wisdom; and between ourselves, that is sometimes their intention; bishops have to overlook as well as oversee. But I hold to my point about the writing. I will try Mr. Price after dinner. I have to send back an answer to a note handed me at the train this morning, and I'm quite sure the substitution will not be found out."

"I do not know," said Price slowly. "I was not aware of my gift. I think I am apt to write like the person I am answering, especially if I have his letter before me."

"Rather a dangerous faculty," remarked the banker.

"Yes," returned the bishop, "in the hands of one less trustworthy than my brother here, it might be. I don't fear he will abuse it."

"Oh, that, of course. But we had a painful experience in the bank: dismissed a clerk on suspicion of forgery; would have sent him up the river but for one thing, failure of proof. He was a Roman Catholic, and had confessed to his priest the whole thing; but we could n't put the priest on the stand. That is one of the things I have against the Church of Rome."

"Well, my dear friend, if Rome had no other fault, I think I might be reconciled to the Pope. I should hope any one of my presbyters would refuse to reveal a confession."

"But, bishop, suppose he is called as a witness? What can he do?"

"Go to prison, sir, for contempt of court. No judge would have the face to keep a worthy clergyman in jail for such a cause. I came near having the like happen in my diocese. But my presbyter had been at the bar before he took orders. Once a lawyer, always a lawyer, and so he was made counsel in the case, and stood upon his privilege."

This talk lodged itself in Price's mind, albeit he showed no sign of attention. It did the same with another listener, the warden's nephew, who was a clerk in the bank, the Plutonian. Seemingly, the bishop forgot to test Price's powers, but at the station he said to the warden, "Take care of Price. I think he needs it." Unluckily, the bishop meant one thing, the warden understood quite another. Pennybacker took it as a caution; the bishop meant it for a hint. In effect the speaker said, "Pull out your check book;" the hearer understood, "Lock it up."

Two days after, the nephew, J. Augustus Pennybacker, called on Mr. Price. (The warden's name was John Andrew.) The young gentleman was quite effusive, praised the rector's last sermon, and skir-

mished round the subject for some time before he broached the topic of handwriting. At last he said, "One of our men in the bank pretends that he can tell any imitation at sight. I was quite struck by what the bishop said at dinner, and I should like to try it on Gillespie. Here is a letter of mine, or part of one; take it and try what you can do. I'm not afraid that you will misuse it, seeing that the signature of John A. Pennybacker would n't go far on the street. If it was my uncle's, now,—but he always signs 'J. Andrew.'" The young man watched narrowly the effect of this statement, the reverse of true; but the simple and absent-minded clergyman was entirely unaware of the trap.

"As you are to have possession of my poor copies of your signature, I am not aware of any possible detriment which can arise; and so far as one may affirm his own rectitude of purpose, I can assure you that I will not use my power, if I possess it, in any way wrongfully."

So, quite pleased to do a favor for a young man who had hitherto paid him scant and supercilious notice, the rector set to work. Young Pennybacker was polite, but fastidiously critical. He kept giving the writer fresh strips of paper which he tore from a memorandum book, as it seemed, that he had brought with him, and apparently destroyed each failure by throwing it into the fire. Price had not the faintest suspicion that he was putting upon the back of blank notes and drafts an indorsement good for any face value short of a million. Finally, J. Augustus professed himself satisfied that the thing could not be done, tore up the last attempt, and dropped it with seeming carelessness into the waste-basket; then he took his leave, with the feeling that his breast pocket was stuffed with dynamite cartridges.

He knew too much to put forged paper on the market. That is simply to thrust one's head into a halter, and to invite the law to pull it. But he knew

that one can keep collateral afloat for a long time by careful renewals, and when the lucky speculation happens the compromising paper is taken up, and nobody is the wiser. The first step is the risky one. Touch the button of credit, and the laws of business will do the rest. The one peril to shun is to be unexpectedly brought to book.

This J. Augustus well knew, and he took care to use his uncle's signature only as a supporting reserve, never brought into action. He managed to do this for a year, and as he was cool and shrewd, with an inside command of valuable points, he was considerably better off at the end of the time; only not quite in a position to retire the compromising paper. In a few years he might be able to do so easily, could he but keep his head, and refrain from plunging.

But the inability to go slow is the Nemesis of illicit finance. A favorite stock on the street startled everybody by falling when it was counted on surely for a rise. Affairs looked panic-ward, money tightened, and J. Augustus heard these ominous words: "You may be all right, but we must, for form's sake, call your uncle's attention to these notes. No doubt he operates through you, and, as a bank president, does not wish it known; but, in the present condition of the market, he may tumble as well as another. His name backs you, but we want something to back his name." Then the young man saw that the game was up. He had wild thoughts of using the rector's talent anew, but he saw that signatures to papers of permanent and tangible value, as deeds or bonds, must be witnessed, and that detection would be inevitable.

He would fly to a land where extradition could not follow, and from thence negotiate. His creditors, when they found that they held only forged securities, would keep quiet and compromise, in the hope that he would make money abroad, and eventually pay in full, in order to return. He was known to be his uncle's

prospective heir, and if that elderly gentleman died, all would be plain sailing. If they insisted on their pound of flesh, Price might serve their turn. But for this he must close the rector's lips effectually. So he once more sought the rectory of an evening, and insisted that the bewildered Price should hear his confession, which he poured out with the sobs and tears of penitence. He said that he had been tempted by the possession of a facsimile of his uncle's signature, which he had accidentally failed to destroy; he had never meant to defraud, but only to obtain credit to tide over a business emergency: and he confided this to the priestly honor of the clergyman. The next day he sailed for South America. He sent back from the steamer a note to Price, saying that, in a fortnight, the whole might come to light, and in that case the rector had better look to his own safety. He added that, to get funds for his flight, he had used the signature which he had picked from the parson's waste-basket to a note for five hundred dollars, which he had discounted at the bank. This would make it seem, if the other forgeries came to light, as if Price had been the sole culprit. Whatever the bank officials might surmise, the legal proof was only against Price, in whose favor the document was drawn. This was a pure fiction, as will presently appear. The point was that the rector had better escape before the fortnight expired. The burn on poor pussy's paw was manifest, and the monkey manipulator made it look as if the last chestnut had been pulled out for the cat, and not for himself.

The rector's first step was to go to town and consult his junior warden, a lawyer in good practice; but he did it after the manner of a man unfamiliar with lawyers' offices. He was hampered by the knowledge which he could not reveal, so he put hypothetical cases which were inextricably involved and hopelessly obscure. He stammered, prevaricated,

and left behind him the vague impression that he had been doing something he was ashamed to tell, and carried away only the knowledge of the pains and penalties of forgery, and of the fact that his clerical character would hardly protect him as a witness. Then he went to his bishop, who, like the ever busy man that he was, answered the questions put to him with brief clearness and decision; but as his answers were interpreted by the querist's unspoken preconception they conveyed an utterly false impression. Price gathered that it was not in the bishop's power to depose any clergyman without a trial; and as out of his own head he concluded that he could not be tried without being personally present, he felt that safety lay in disappearance. He also got a twisted impression as to the subject of confession: that on no account was he to reveal secrets entrusted to him in what "advanced" clergymen are fond of calling the "sacrament of penance." It never occurred to one of the most practically common-sense prelates in the country that anybody could make use of the privilege of confession so as to close the mouth of one who *aliunde* was possessed of all the facts, and so disqualify a witness otherwise at full liberty to speak. Suppose the case had been put to him thus: "I see a murder committed. The perpetrator, finding that I know his guilt, comes to me, as his priest, and confesses. Should that hinder me from giving evidence?" The bishop would have smiled, and said, "By no means, my good brother. You give your testimony as a man and a citizen, and not as having obtained your knowledge in any confidential capacity." Still stronger would have been the case if the concealment of the crime was likely to shift the suspicion of it from the doer to the spectator. But that was not the way in which poor Price put his clumsily constructed hypothetical case, and he took pains to intimate that he was not personally concerned. The bishop knew that something was amiss in the

Pennybacker family; he suspected that J. Augustus had made confidences, and he supposed his timid presbyter wanted to be strengthened in a proper reticence, and framed his counsel accordingly.

Up to this time Price had been a timid, vacillating, slow-minded man, doing his duties in a listless, perfunctory fashion. For the first time since he had come into holy orders he began to feel the real responsibility of his calling. He would not give it up. He would fight to the last to keep it, and to keep it untarnished. This stir of his emotional nature seemed to quicken his intellect. He realized the scrape he had been drawn into, and slowly but surely worked out the situation.

"If I run," said he, "I am ruined. It is not likely that I should get a day's start of pursuit. If caught in the act of flight, I cannot clear myself. It will be confession of guilt. I must be on the spot when the facts come out which will clear me." (Be it said in parenthesis that he had but the dimmest notion of what the facts were, and not the faintest idea of the point which could help him. He trusted blindly to the chapter of accidents, which is not a bad trust if you do it blindly.) "Now, how," he went on, "can I be on the spot, and yet not be known?"

There were incidents in the earlier career of Cresswell Price which had hitherto been his bane. Like the stag in *Æsop's* fable who despised his legs, but exulted in his antlers, he was now to be saved by that over which he had grieved. During his college course and in his seminary years he had maintained himself by vacation service as a waiter at summer hotels. This was known only to the president of his college and the dean of his divinity school. Even they did not know that in term time he had done occasional work of the like sort; and this had not only interfered with his hours of study, but had also somewhat affected his disposition. He was nervously afraid

of being found out, not only at the time, but afterward, and in consequence he took pains to make his bearing, first as a student, and then as a clergyman, as unlike as possible to that of his other occupation. He came, too, of a New England rural community where it was all but an unwritten law that a minister should be distinguished by absent-mindedness, carelessness in dress and demeanor, and a general "other-worldliness." The moment he was admitted to the diaconate he began a systematic altering of his appearance. He let his hair grow long behind, and made a full beard and mustache cover as much of his face as it would. He put on spectacles, with plain glass instead of lenses, or slightly colored ones, though his eyesight was unusually clear and strong. He managed his ill-fitting clerical garb so as to give the effect of a general disjointed awkwardness. He schooled himself to live, move, and have his being as if he were by nature what he seemed. He cultivated a uniform deadness of manner and cold reserve, because he felt that in moments of vivacity and earnestness he ran most risk of detection. These ways, practiced in his earlier ministerial years with conscientious care, had become so far habitual as to sit easily upon him.

So, too, during his "waiting" life he had rather exaggerated the traits of the genus servingman, — briskness, curtness of speech, and the like; and as he soon found out that assiduity and attention to the wants of guests brought special remuneration, he spared no pains, as his brother waiters, who took their calling professionally, were wont to do, and shirked no duty. "It is only for the season," he said to himself; "let me make the most of it." Indeed, at first there was a certain bitter enjoyment in masquerading. He found pleasure in the one or two narrow escapes he had; as, for instance, when, at the Dunmore House, he had stood behind the chair of a professor of his own college, and heard

him tell an English tourist opposite the story of one of the odd blunders made in class.

"A fellow," said he, "named Price, or Prince, rendered Virgil's line, 'O fons Bandusiæ splendidior vitro,' 'The Bandusian water sparkles in the glass.'"

"Oh, very good! D'ye know, I'd have been jolly well swished if I'd made such a blunder when I was in the fourth form at Winchester! So he re'lly took Horace for Virgil?"

Price found it hard to keep his face straight at the professor's discomfiture, and the Englishman noticed it.

"Come, now, I'll bet a fiver that fellow behind you knows better than that. They tell me that your 'varsity men are fond of doing the Jeames at these summer hotels. See here, my man, which is it, Flaccus or Maro?"

It was hard to say which was redder, the face of the waiter, or the neck and ears of the professor. For one wild moment, it flashed into the mind of the waiter to reply in the apt quotation,

"Reddas incolumem, precor

Et serves animæ dimidium meæ,"

which would have delighted the Briton, and perhaps mystified the Yankee. To the credit of his coolness, with a quaking heart, but a stolid face, he replied, "I think we're out of it, sir, but I'll ask the head waiter;" whereat he vanished, and exchanged places with a fellow-servant as long as the professor remained at the Dunmore.

The memory of these past days came before him as he sat gloomily meditating in his study. He went to his desk, and hunted up the certificates of the landlords with whom he had served. They were made out in the name of one Robert Kenworthy, and to these he added a general testimonial to honesty and respectability, which he himself signed as the Rev. C. Price. This last was a masterpiece of tact (had he known it), for it was just that mixture of gushing simplicity and nervous caution which

only a clergyman of the stamp of Price could possibly attain to. Then he made a trip to the city, got a supply of clothes proper to the new function he intended to take up, and spent one or two evenings in marking with his assumed name the various garments. The same week, he made a brief trip to a neighboring provincial city, where for years he had kept a savings-bank deposit in the name of Robert Kenworthy. He came to do this on the advice of an old clergyman, given him in his diaconate. Said the old parson, "If you have any money of your own, Brother Price, it is just as well that your parish should n't know it."

"Why so?" inquired the astonished deacon.

"Because, first, they will always fancy that you have twice as much as you do possess; next, because it will be an excuse for the one stingy vestryman who is always found on a vestry to oppose any rise in your salary; thirdly, it will be a pretext for calling upon you to contribute to every subscription for repairs and adornments; and lastly, it will be taken for granted that you will keep up the vestry-room fittings and the parish library, and all the other matters which otherwise the elect ladies look after. If you wear a ragged or dingy surplice, it will be set down to your parsimony, and not to parochial stinginess. 'Oh, Mr. Price has money,' they will say. So, my good brother, if you have means of your own, don't 'let on.'"

"But how shall I keep it from being known? I suppose I shall do as I have done, and as my senior warden advised, — deposit in his bank; especially as he was so kind as to intimate that if the salary should be in arrears, he would see that I had it credited every quarter."

"Oh yes, that is all right. I wish Pennybacker was my warden. But have a deposit elsewhere for any little savings, special fees, etc.; have it stand in some other name, so long as you keep

the book. You draw as trustee or guardian, or something of the sort, for a supposed minor cousin or nephew, or what you please. The savings bank will make no fuss. I have done this for twenty years."

This counsel pleased Price, and, having no relatives to lend their names to this fiduciary purpose, he bethought himself of the name of Robert Kenworthy, which was not using another person's name, and yet not exactly using a name without existence, as he said to himself, for the easement of his conscience.

Price was a little surprised at the amount standing to his credit, not having thought of the capabilities of compounded interest, and drew only a portion of the sum; but that gave him ample provision for a month and more of inactivity, in case he failed to get a situation.

Thus prepared, Price waited the breaking of the storm. Happily, his temperament served him well. In fact, there were practically two men in the same body: the one keenly alive to every symptom of danger; the other calm and phlegmatic, going about his routine duties without the slightest evidence of anything unusual. He was aware that, till the moment of betrayal came, he could keep the composed side in view.

So he made his parochial calls; looked in as usual at the Friday afternoon meeting of the Ladies' Guild of St. Faith's, which in old days was called "the Sewing Society;" wrote his sermon, which was as formally dry and commonplace as its predecessors; and when Sunday morning came read the service, preached, and gave out the notices for the coming week, as if he expected to attend to each one. Yet before he left the chancel he knew that the bolt was ready to fall.

When the slender offertory of St. Faith's was handed to him, Mr. Price saw that the usual gold half-eagle which was wont to crown the dimes and nickels in the alms basin was missing, though

Warden Pennybacker made the customary motion of his hand toward his vest pocket before he passed up the plate. The rector had also noticed that there was a stranger in the warden's pew, who was evidently unfamiliar with the service, and had to be shown the places in the Prayer Book. Probably for the first time during his ministry at St. Faith's, the rector, who was notoriously unconscious of the presence of strangers, not only was aware that one was in the church, but also noted that throughout his sermon this visitor was watching him with the keenest scrutiny. Ordinarily, Mr. Pennybacker would have brought a guest to the vestry room, introduced him to his clergyman, and invited the rector to meet the stranger at dinner.

All this the other self of Mr. Price was keenly alive to, and was mentally working out a train of reasoning which resulted as plainly as could be in, "Detective, detective."

In further corroboration, the wife of the other warden waited for the rector after service, and said, "My husband is not feeling well this morning, and did not get to church. I want him to stay up to-morrow, and if you can be at home then till noon I'll send him over to see you. To tell the truth, Mr. Price, the *whole* truth, I have partly made up this errand for him, in order to keep him from going to his office Monday. So please be sure to let him find you at the rectory, and keep him till he is too late for the 10.30 train. Now please don't spoil my little plot."

The Rev. Cresswell Price took all this *au pied de la lettre*; but the newly awakened Robert Kenworthy, as one might say, began at once to work out the "true inwardness" thus: "Baldwin wants to see me, and does n't wish me to suspect that he does. I think he is friendly, and means to be on hand when I am arrested, so that I shall not give myself away; or else he is working with Pennybacker, and plans to insure my

being on hand. Which is it? It can't be the latter, because he would n't take all this trouble unless he thinks I am innocent, and is afraid that if I slip away it will be taken for a proof of guilt. Mrs. Baldwin never got up such a scheme out of her own head. She knows that Baldwin would say at once, 'Put your message in a note, or go yourself; you can do it as well as I can; I must go to town, to the office.' No, it is quite plain that he has got up this plot, sickness and all of it, and wants an excuse for coming to see me bright and early. I'm to be picked up for the 10.30 A. M. My parishioners mostly go by the 8.15 express. I'm sure this is very kind of them."

There was an afternoon service at St. Faith's, at which the attendance was small. The congregation was mainly gathered from such domestics in Church families as cared to come. Then there were a few mill people from the Bilhope Brook woolen factory, and always one member of the vestry, there being a tacit agreement among them to do this in turn.

But the alarming stranger was in the Pennybacker pew, and as closely attentive as before to the brief address which did duty as a sermon. The sexton cheerfully alluded to the same in the sacristy, while he was helping the rector to unvest, and was bustling about putting in order the various papers and articles which would otherwise have been left in confusion.

"D'yer notice that strange gent in the senior warden's pew, sir?" he said. "He did n't take his eyes off you the whole service, and 'specially while you was a-preachin'. Should n't wonder if you was to get a call. When Mr. Martin was here we used to have 'em frequent, — 'most every other Sunday, sir; committees, you know, from vacant parishes. I know the look of them. Don't remember to have seen many very lately, though."

"Do you want me to leave, Thomas?" said the rector.

"Oh no, not at all; only it is n't bad for a minister to have his people see that some other folks wants him. No, sir, you've kep' things quiet and middling prosperous, and I dunno but we'd as soon sit under you as 'most anybody. The bishop, he always says a good word for you to me. Why," looking out of the vestry door, "if that man ain't a-goin' down to the station! Suppose he thinks he can send a telegram from here Sunday. That may do for the city, but not up here. By bein' so eager, I guess this is what he wants to send: 'Mr. Price will do. Shall I give him a call to-morrow?' If 't was the other way, he'd not be in such a hurry. So, sir, I just say, you'd better be prepared to know your own mind."

The rector smiled sadly. "I think I won't accept till I am asked. Indeed, Thomas, I never mean to leave Bilhope till the way is unmistakably pointed out. I won't cross the bridge till I come to it. You know what the catechism says about learning and laboring truly to get one's own living, and doing one's duty in the state to which God calls us." Then the rector passed through the side door into the rooms occupied by him in the parsonage.

"Well," soliloquized Thomas, "the rector don't seem very much set up. Now, Mr. Jacques, he that was here before Mr. Martin, would have been all of a twitter. Wonder if it would wake him up, if he went to a new place? I approve of a quiet minister, but Mr. Price *is* — well, as quiet as there's any need to be."

Thomas would hardly have thought the rector quiet could he have seen through the closed door of the study. He was pacing up and down, in a storm of passionate feeling. For the first time he felt the full fever of indignation at the trick which had been played him; he experienced the terror at the exposure

which was to blight his clerical good name; he protested against the sudden and ruthless abandonment of his work.

"I *will* live it down; I *will* clear myself; and, please Heaven, if ever I am restored, I will do my duty as a priest and pastor in another and better fashion," he murmured to himself.

He went back into the now empty and closed church, knelt down on the lowest step of the chancel, and prayed long and fervently. He returned to his abode, calm and composed. He was no longer Cresswell Price, but Robert Kenworthy, and resolved to remain so till the need was over.

Everything that he required was already packed in his gripsack. His books, papers, and sermons he left untouched. He dressed himself carefully in his new attire, and as soon as it was dark went quietly out at the vestry door, and stole round the chancel end of the church to a path which led through the graveyard to an unfrequented lane running down to the borders of Bilhope Brook, or, as it was commonly called, "the Creek." There he dropped an old clerical coat and waistcoat in the edge of the bushes, where they could hardly fail to be discovered and identified. He knew that at least one family of mill operatives would pass that way on Monday morning. "There will surely be, for forty-eight hours, reports of my suicide," he said to himself. "Given that start in a new position in life, and I am safe in the race." He struck off at right angles from this spot through the woods, and reached the railroad.

Now, a railroad is like a running stream in its facility for obliterating traces. Two hours of brisk walking brought him to the third of the small stations at which the next morning's accommodation train would stop, in the direction away from the city whither he was bound. All this he had planned out with exceeding care. There was, near by, a small tavern, patronized principally by sportsmen, famed

for its game suppers, and accustomed to be called on for rooms at almost any hour in the twenty-four. He reached it not far from midnight. The sleepy porter admitted him without a question, and took the payment in advance for a night's lodging as a matter of course.

It was not difficult for the fugitive to appear the next morning with such changes in his personal appearance as he felt were necessary. He had shaved off the full beard which, as parson, he had worn, leaving his face entirely smooth; cut his hair, which had been long and combed back; and as the latter work was far from satisfactorily accomplished, he sought the hotel barber and asked to be trimmed.

"Who cut your hair last?" asked the tonsorial artist, after the manner of his kind.

"Oh, I got the coachman to trim me up a bit; but he's better at clippin' horses than men. It did n't matter much, when we was just on a gentleman's place to keep it up, like, for the winter; but now I am going to the city to get a situation, and I want to look English-like. That's the ticket, you know."

"Where were you?"

"Oh, up Lenox way; that is to say, I've been out of Ne' York for some time," added Price, as a sort of salve to his conscience. The rector was working into his new part by dint of feeling himself that which he would become; and his success was evident, as the village Figaro named over to him several neighboring residents who might or did want a servant.

"Thanks, much," was the reply. "If I don't find what I want in the city, maybe I'll write you. My name's Kenworthy, Robert Kenworthy, and I'll be obliged if you'll mention it to any gentleman inquiring for a man to do indoors work, — waiter, butler, or the like. I can give good recommends."

Then he strolled over to the station, and got on board the morning accommodation, which he knew would stop also

at Bilhope. To himself he reasoned thus: "When I was a boy, I used to fool the other fellows at hide-and-seek by taking the very nearest and simplest place by the goal; and ten to one they would pass right by, looking for the one farthest off, which they would have chosen. Now, that detective will take it for granted that I shall get as far away as I can at the start. He'll watch to see I don't get aboard at Bilhope, and then look out for me at all the stopping-places down to the city."

By way of putting his pursuers on this scent, he had left on his table the hand-bill of a European steamship company, carefully folded up, as if he had meant to take it, and also a half-sheet of note-paper with calculations on it of foreign currencies with the equivalents in dollars and cents.

He found a seat by the car window on the Bilhope side. As he expected, there was rather more than the usual Monday morning bustle. Pennybacker stepped out of the telegraph office as the train drew up. The detective was lounging about with an air of indifference which was quite labored enough to put any "wanted" criminal on the *qui vive*. Baldwin was there, in spite of what his wife had said the day previous, and looking not at all unfit for his usual day's work. "Evidently they have found the bird flown," thought the rector. "What next?" Pennybacker stepped on board at the last moment, and the detective followed, getting on to the rear platform of the last car as it slid past him, so as to be sure that no one could board the train without his knowledge. Then the two went to the parlor car at the other end, and disappeared in one of the state-rooms, out of sight and hearing. The reader is of course privileged to share their conversation.

"Just what I expected," said the officer. "It would not do to take any chances, but I've no doubt, since I found him gone at midnight, that he got on the

owl freight. That means, drop off at the first handy station, and take this train, when it comes along, probably not the first, but the second station down. If we don't have him before we get to the Grand Central, then we must try the steamships. Fulda sails Wednesday, and we'll most likely find him at one of the Hoboken hotels close by. If you'd said the word, I'd have picked him up as soon as the clock struck twelve; but you could n't make up your mind, and by one this morning he was off."

"Never mind," returned the banker. "I'm not sure yet, and shall not be till I've been to the bank, whether I want him arrested."

Meanwhile, two of Bilhope's regular commuters had taken the seat behind Price. One of them stripped off and threw aside the outer and advertising sheet of his Herald. Price touched his hat, and said in a deprecatory manner, "Might I take the liberty, sir, of looking at that?"

"Certainly, my man. I don't want it; keep it, if you like." At the same time he gave a sharp look at Price, and then, as if moved by some occult suggestion of associated ideas, he said to his companion, "Queer story that about the rector of St. Faith's, is n't it?"

"Oh," said the other, "I can tell you the true inwardness of that. You see a check turned up at the Plutonian in favor of Price, and indorsed by him. The check was for five hundred, and signed by Pennybacker. Now, Pennybacker cannot tell whether the check is an out-and-out forgery, or a genuine one raised from a five which he remembers to have given. His check book shows two of that date: one a fifty, which he gave Price, and one a five, payable to bearer, which he paid to the sexton of the church. It was not till Saturday that the fifty came in. It was handed to Price to pay the assessment of the church for convention dues, and came back all right with the indorsement of the treasurer of the dio-

cese. But the queer thing is that Pennybacker declares it is n't his signature, but a poor imitation, which that check bears, while there is n't a man in the bank but would swear that the five hundred one was signed by the president, and he himself won't swear to the contrary."

"Raised, of course!"

"There's where the doubt comes in. There is n't a sign of any such tampering, and Pennybacker declares that when he draws those small checks, which he is in the habit of doing, to pay his little debts in the village, so as not to be supposed to be carrying money about him or keeping it at the villa, he takes special care to fill them in, so that they could n't be raised without showing it at once."

"Forgery, you think, then?"

"I can't say."

"How did it get into the bank?"

"Deposited the usual way. Pennybacker has a special book for St. Faith's, and gets the rector, who is just like a baby in arms in such matters, to indorse a lot of checks for each month. Then Pennybacker, warden and treasurer, signs one of these as it meets the salary for each month, and passes it to the receiving teller to go to Price's account. When the rector wanted money, he came to the warden. Warden always kept the run of the rector's expenditures, told him how much he had to draw upon, filled him out a check for as much as he needed, and Price would get it cashed at any of the stores in Bilhope, or pass it over to his creditor. Then Baldwin, — that's Baldwin sitting over there; he's the junior warden, and, like most lawyers in large practice, is constantly getting money in considerable sums when it is too late to deposit the same day. That money he likes to change into checks whenever he can, so he is apt to stop at the rectory, as he comes up from town, and cash Price's checks for him."

"What does Pennybacker think?"

"He does n't know what to think. He is morally certain that he never gave

Price a check for that amount. Could n't have made a mistake."

Here another commuter of Bilhope, who sat across the aisle, leaned over and said, "Excuse me, but you are mistaken about the depositing of the check. The odd part is that there is no credit to Price for any such sum, either on his deposit book or on the bank books. The books show that five hundred was paid out on a check duly charged to the president, but they do not show to whom. Now, Price never got the money unless he had an accomplice, for he was not out of Bilhope between the 10th, when the check was dated, and the 16th, when it was cashed. The question is, where did the money go?"

"Oh, she got it, no doubt," said the second commuter, who had been a listener.

"No, there you are out. Price never was mixed up in any such matter; that has been looked up thoroughly. I don't mean to say he was n't a moral man and a clergyman, but, being a kind of innocent, he was open to blackmailing schemes, and so there's been a pretty sharp watch kept."

"From the 10th to the 16th!" said the other musingly. "When did young Pennybacker sail for Aspinwall?"

"When? Oh, the 17th, I think. Yes, there are steamers the 3d and the 17th of each month."

Then a silence fell upon the company, broken at last by the remark, "There's something queer in all this. Pennybacker is n't the man to make an open fuss over a trifling loss. He is too strong a Churchman to let a scandal get out needlessly and to ruin his rector, especially as it might be from his own inadvertence. Depend upon it, there is something behind."

"I don't know about that. Forgery and check-raising are to these bank men what horse-stealing is to a Kentucky man of the Blue Grass region; the fellow caught with a halter in his hand finds the other end of it round a hickory limb mighty sudden."

"Yes, that is in the way of business; but when a poor outsider like the parson gets drawn in there is more deliberation."

"I don't know as to that. There is somewhere a very smart hand at work. You know that neither of us could go into a bank with a check payable to another person's order, and indorsed by him, without being required to put our own name on the back of it. Now, this check was paid, and the teller cannot say to whom he paid it. It is an inside transaction altogether. Somebody in the bank has borrowed the money, and put this paper in to cover it. It never went through the regular routine of business. Besides, Price is the one to make a fuss, since he is charged with a five hundred he never got. I can't see how *he* is in it, anyhow."

"Well, the president or somebody else hints something about a remarkable gift at imitating signatures which Price has. He does it unconsciously, they say. You write him a letter, and his reply will be in your very own handwriting. Then the indorsement is as unlike Price's signature as can be. That looks fishy, does n't it?"

"Then why did the rector run?"

"Has he run?"

"Yes, or dropped into Bilhope Creek. They found an old coat of his this morning on the bank by Manter's cowbarn, — boy brought it up to the rectory; and when they went to his room to see what it meant, he was n't there. Most of his clothes were, — his Sunday suit, just as if he had undressed and gone to bed."

"Well, if he suicided, he would n't have taken off his coat and vest. More like he put on another rig and went off on a tramp. What did they say about a steerage ticket for Europe on a North German Lloyd steamer?"

"Not a ticket, but an advertising circular, such as they give you at the office. Depend upon it, he has the money, and to a man who never had ten dollars of his own in his pocket at one time five hundred would seem a fortune."

"Yes, but what started him?"

"Oh, Pennybacker had Crommelyn, the bank shadow, come from the city to look him up. I don't believe he meant arrest and exposure, exactly, — at least he meant to give him a chance to explain in private, — but Price took fright and fled."

"You must be mistaken there, for Price would n't know a detective from a hole in the ground, — a more absent-minded, unobservant creature does n't walk the earth; and as for a guilty conscience, I'll bet my head against a cocoa-nut dipper that he would n't know he had done a wrong thing, or understand why he should be pulled up."

"Well, perhaps. I'm not a believer in good human nature to quite that extent. He was n't a specially model parson, was he?"

"No, perhaps not; that is, he was n't a shining light in the Church; but he was one of those who try to do their duty as well as they know how, and never dream of doing anything else. Jimmy Flatfoot generally makes his prey of your eminent Christians, the special saints above measure, who, like Siegfried or Achilles, have just one weak spot about them."

"That is, you think the contemptible are not the temptable."

A laugh followed this sally, and then the first speaker, who was minded to change the topic, said, with a glance at the person before him, "I wonder whether Sosia will find his *Amphitryon*?"

Price caught the allusion. Had it been to Molière instead of to the Latin comedy, it is doubtful whether he would. Sganarelle or Leporello would have had no meaning to him, but the classic names were familiar, and he was on the point of saying something which would have been highly perilous. Just then there appeared at the front of the car the warden followed by the detective. Price looked steadily at his paper, moving his lips as if spelling out the advertisements, but made no attempt to turn away or

conceal his face. His heart was in his mouth, however, as the pair moved slowly through the car, looking to right and left. Just opposite his seat Pennybacker paused, but it was to exchange a word of civil greeting with the two commuters behind Price. During this pause the rector felt cold chills run down his spine, for it seemed precisely as if it were done to give the detective who followed a better chance to make his scrutiny. He was apparently satisfied, however, and went on.

Two hours later, Crommelyn, who had, of course, a theory of his own, appeared at the Plutonian Bank, and said to the president, "I think we've got our man. He has been hanging round the Lloyd's docks trying to get a steerage passenger to sell him his ticket. See, he wants to go under a false name, as if that ever baffled one of us!"

"Very well," returned the president. "Make sure of his identity, and then I'll cable to Southampton and have him

arrested and brought back. That will give me just the fortnight's delay I need. In fact, as I told you, it is n't the forgery of the five-hundred-dollar check that I mind, — we owe Price as much as that, or nearly; but there's a more serious matter, — big paper which will mature in twenty days, and which, if I can't deny the signatures, might hit me to the tune of fifty thousand. I may need Mr. Price as a witness; and if he will tell me the whole truth, I can clear up, I think, the business so far as he is concerned. Then I'll let him off. Unless he turns out a worse man than I think he is, I certainly will. It is too late to save his ministerial good name, I'm afraid, but I can get him some sort of work. If he had n't bolted as he did, I could have saved him altogether, and then shipped him off as a missionary. As the boy said when he put the lead quarter on the plate, 'the little heathen would n't know the difference.'"

Walter Mitchell.

TAO.

IN a former number of this magazine,¹ the teaching embodied in the Upanishads of the Vedānta was considered in the respect of its applicability and helpfulness to the spiritual life and advancement of the present time. It is here purposed to survey the doctrines of the ancient Tao of the Chinese, as expounded by Lao-tze and Chuang-tze, from the same point of view and with the same object; that is, to see how far the moral and intellectual bases there laid down may be made useful or subservient to the higher or spiritual education of the age in which we live, or serve to throw light on those problems which have perplexed and baffled the most thoughtful of the race at all times in the effort to reach a com-

plete solution of their difficulties. We must not consider this search to be entirely vain and wasted. It is true, it is not possible for the finite to attain a knowledge of the Infinite. Neither is it possible for the creature of time to find out the nature of the Eternal in its absoluteness. Nevertheless, glimpses may be gained of that which is external to ourselves by projecting the mind beyond the region of the senses, whereby may be discerned the links and lines, as it were, of the "golden chain" by which "the world is bound about the feet of God," — "glimpses which may make us less forlorn," as at least disclosing to us the fact that we are the offspring of the Eternal Infinite, and may hope, therefore, some time to enter into the counsels of the

¹ August, 1893.

Most High, of whom and in whom we have our life and being; to which issue, indeed, our present mundane life may be considered the necessary training and preparatory education.

Taoism is a testimony to the unity of that transcendent teaching which has been a formative agent in the development of the race from the remotest ages. A careful survey will show us that similar lines have always been pursued, diverse in name, different in form, but always essentially identical in principle. The raising of the human soul to the divine standard is the fundamental element in all of them, and this is to be accomplished by seizing those supreme indications, those incipient germs of unconditioned life and being, the rudiments, as it were, of a divine origin, which are found, indicated by unmistakable aspirations, within all of us, and are capable of being expanded and developed to an unlimited degree, joining us to the Infinite Eternal, — the infallible signs that we are ourselves of the same nature and substance. Materialistic science will strive in vain to crush these out of us; they are a part of our very being, and, however often repressed and shorn, will again and again burst forth, like the spring growth of a denuded wood. They answer to an irrepressible law, like that which governs the inflowing tide; appearing to retire sometimes, but really steadily advancing with constant and irresistible progress. This lies at the heart of the true evolution of being, the dawn of that incoming light which must and will shine more and more to the perfect day. I think it is by such a concentration or sharpening of the inward gaze that the most of what is called revelation arises. Nothing is ever changed in the Eternal Purpose and Being, no new manifestation made; only the eyes are opened, the spiritual nature awakened, to a clearer perception of that which has always existed within and around us. "What

object does a lighted lamp reveal to a blind man though he hold it on his hand?" asks the Oriental sage. What clearness of divine truth can penetrate the closed mind of the sensuous materialist? All that every form of revelation has shown us existed from the first ages undiscovered in the human soul, and it is only there we shall find it now. The religions or philosophies of the world — I mean those typical ones which have found an affirmative response or confirmative acceptance in the human mind — are but as the facets of a diamond, each presenting a single illuminative point, but all sparkling from the same jewel, all revealing the same inward source of light and beauty, all reflecting the same glorious sun from which their splendor is derived.

The view of Taoism here presented will be that of the original expounders of its tenets regarded in the light of a philosophical system, and not that of the modern form passing under its name, which, I believe, bears no resemblance to it, — is in fact but a travestied anamorphosis of degraded empiricism unworthy of the name of either philosophy or religion.

Tao simply means the Way. Lao-tze was the accredited founder of the system it expounds. He flourished in the sixth century B. C.; his successor, Chuang-tze, two or three centuries later. The teaching of the former was much expanded and diversified by the latter. There have been several translations of the works of both these philosophers into the English tongue, but it will be sufficient here to mention two versions of the text with which the English-speaking reader will have every reason to be satisfied: one by Mr. Herbert A. Giles, published by B. Quaritch, 1889; and the other by Professor James Legge, in the series of the Sacred Books of the East, vols. 39 and 40. Perhaps the latter may be the more soberly literal, as the former is more pointed and epigrammatic;

but the wise student will provide himself with both versions, and study them carefully together.

In considering the religio-philosophy of the Taoist, one must turn from the concrete philosophies of the present time, and place one's self before the purely abstract and unconditioned; and if we would understand it fairly, we must read considerably between the lines of its expositors, and not take their figurative statements too literally. In his peculiar line of thinking and from his particular point of view, the Chinese sage of ancient days has certainly placed himself in advance of all schools and philosophies. With emancipated daring he bursts through the limitations of the senses, and sees an infinite universe before him. Like the wild ass described in the book of Job, "he scorneth the multitude of the city, neither regardeth he the crying of the driver." He shakes off the shackles of life and time, and soars to the "fourth dimension." He penetrates the inscrutable, he feels the impalpable, he cognizes the unknowable. Partially discerned, imperfectly grasped, dimly discovered, he nevertheless is aware of that which he seeks, of that which in his inmost soul he distinctly apprehends. He not only feels it *must be*, but he holds the interior witness of the higher sense and perception that it positively *is so*.

To give a general view of the teachings of Taoism is exceedingly difficult, as it recognizes no restrictive formula, proceeds upon no logical thesis. Its significance may be indicated by the attempt to reach the normal or elemental constitution of the primary mind in its unpostulated fullness and unconditioned freedom. It presupposes the transcendental state, an abiding in absolute being, and not in the circumstantial one of concrete action. In this light and aspect, it is not only an intelligible, but also a practical doctrine. The essential force of its appeal lies in that of *being* some-

thing, and not of *doing* something independently, as action alone.

The truth is that Tao represents in a great measure an ideal state, which can no more be realized actually and completely than that of the Ideal of Plato, or than that of absolute Christian perfection. It must remain, as every religion must remain that would "erect ourselves above ourselves," an aspiration rather than a realization whilst in the domain of the body. Taoism sets before it as its ideal the *Law* upon which growth and development are based, just as Nature illustrates her central idea in the symmetrical form of a crystal or the geometric distribution of the petals of a flower; not exact in detail, but indicating uniformity of conceptional principle. Regarded, therefore, from the outside, Tao may be said to be indefinable, even inconceivable within any definite or formal lines. Thus we have the famous saying of the founder, "Those who know do not speak; those who speak do not know." Tao seeks to act on the easy principles upon which Nature works, to select spontaneously without labor or difficulty, and to grow without effort; to enter into Law, in fact, and then to resign conscious effort. The poet Wordsworth was not far from the spirit of Taoism when he wrote the following verses:—

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
Which of themselves our minds impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of things forever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

I should like to borrow another illustration of the spirit of Taoism from a modern writer:—

"It is a sad substitute when, in later years, the native insight is replaced by the sharp foresight, and we compute with wisdom the way which we should take in love. Are we never to blend the fresh heart of childhood and the large

mind of age, and so recover the lost harmonies of life?"¹

This is exactly what Taoism attempts to do in recurring to those primitive instincts lying at the bottom of the soul, ready to be disinterred, or, as the poet says, "waiting to be born." Its maxims were approximated by David the Psalmist when he said, "Be still, and know that I am God," and by Isaiah when he wrote, "Their strength is to sit still." It is yet further illustrated by the saying of Jesus Christ, "The kingdom of heaven is within you." It adopts the Scriptural Mary's part, and serves by waiting. It is strange that the translator of Lao-tze's Aphorisms in the Sacred Books of the East should be continually seeking, in his notes, for an exact definition of the term Tao. Can we give a definition of the law which we call the Attraction of Gravitation, of that of the pulsation of the animal frame, of the vitality by which we are everywhere surrounded, of the myriad-fold activities and energies which govern the universe? All we can do is to point to observed indications and effects; of the laws themselves we know nothing. Though not to be defined, yet their existence is unquestionable. We live by them. "Let knowledge stop at the knowable," says Chuang-tze; "that is perfection."

The Taoist is content to hold in an inclusive form that which he can neither analyze nor define, knowing it to be a reality. He says all our knowledge is based upon and supported by ignorance. "It is the ground you do *not* tread upon which supports you." Reaching fundamental sources, we come to an impenetrable barrier, as far as our senses and means of inquiry go. To accept unquestioningly the unknowable fact is one of the first principles of Taoism. Herein the Taoist shows his wisdom. He wastes no energy, and does not cover himself with the fool's garment of empty words.

¹ The Seat of Authority in Religion, by James Martineau.

Tao indicates the Supreme Power; but more. It dwells upon no personality. It is the Spirit of the universe, the all-acting Supreme Force. It is energy without effort. It is Nature in repose containing all forms of activity. It is unpredicated Being. It is the *It* is of the Vedânta, the *I AM* of the Bible. "The law of the Tao," says Lao-tze, "is its being what it is." He can get no nearer to its definition. It is the ultimate thought, the essence of speech. It dwells in the abode of Silence, unuttered in solitude, spoken in the crowd; but unuttered or spoken is still the same. It lived before the world, and will not die with it. Figures and tropes must fail to convey it, but it inheres in all. It is only by paradoxes that it can be indicated, yet these fail to express it: they appeal only to the apprehensive faculty of the seeker, by the means of which it may be discovered. It is to be understood by appropriation, and in no other way.

We must apologize to the reader for this string of apparently anomalous and self-contradictory statements. They are in the true spirit of Taoism. He will know better what they mean when he has read through the following illustrations drawn from the textbooks of its exponents. Its teaching is quietistic. It appeals to the instinct of goodness rather than to rules of conduct; indeed, it decries and despises the latter. "Use the light that is in you," says Lao-tze, "to revert to your natural clearness of light:" and in that saying is contained the great secret; it tells you all of Taoism which words can convey.

Let me try, in a few words, if it be at the risk of some little repetition, to sum up the doctrine, stated or implied, of the expounders of Tao. It may be set down as follows:—

Live in the fact, not in reasoning and talking about it. Do not seek to prove a sphere is round or a cube square; for this only leads to disputation and contradiction. Accept that which is unques-

tioningly. Be content with the central reality, and do not potter over accidents and accessories. A right-angled triangle is not the more regular in its proportion for being demonstrated and proved so. The functions of the corporeal frame would be impeded if we were conscious of their operation. They should not be questioned, but accepted. This, after all, is true knowledge; and surely it is a great teaching if it be properly and reasonably received. As an instance of the contrary, modern ecclesiasticism may be taken. "Love God and your neighbor," says Jesus Christ, "for this is the law and the prophets." But how is this simple teaching obscured by the thousands of books written and published, and the millions of discourses preached on the subject, together with the ordering and regulation of the various churches, not one of which accepts, or even accredits, the doctrine in its integrity! So little is the teaching of the Founder of Christianity accepted that love to all, non-possession, self-abandonment, — the very essentials and most vital points, — are utterly overlooked, disregarded, and forgotten in every form of church calling itself Christian known to me. Supposing all those persons now busied in teaching and preaching this pseudo-form of religion falsely called "Christian" were occupied in living the Christian life up to its just standard in all its relationships, how would the face of society become transformed! Personal aggrandizement and well being to the exclusion of others would not rule the world, nor foolish wars shock the universe. Peace and love would prevail, and this rolling globe, instead of being an unsocial and discordant bear-garden and battle-ground, would become a paradise for terrestrials, and the better and higher life would loom out, not as a conjectured and questionable possibility, but as an accomplished fact, a life proved in the living. There would be no need to *say anything*; the good, the Christian life realized would be the best

instructor, the most efficacious teacher. *This is Taoism.*

The condition of mind signified by Tao is by no means confined to the Chinese of a remote period, but has been known at various times and in various places, though not taking the same name and form. Some schools of thinkers of modern times have been led to adopt its tenets without being aware of their antiquity. For why? Because, as has been already stated, it is a mode of regarding things which has its *raison d'être* in the bases of our being. Madame Guyon says of the soul which has attained the Divine Life, "It seems to itself to do neither right nor wrong, but it lives satisfied, peaceful, doing what it is made to do in a steady and resolute manner." And this is the aim of the Taoist. Many instances might be given from more recent writers of the Western world, showing that, after all, the Taoistic doctrine is not so far from modern lines of thinking as at first sight might appear. Some of these will be referred to in the sequel.

We will proceed to illustrate the Taoist doctrine by a more particular examination of the writings of the two exponents above mentioned, commencing with the Aphorisms of Lao-tze. He opens his tractate by an apparent paradox: —

"The Tao, or way, that can be trodden is not the enduring and unchanging Tao. The name that can be named is not the enduring and unchanging name.

"Conceived of as having no name, it is the Originator of heaven and earth; conceived of as having a name, it is the Mother of all things.

"Under these two aspects, it is really the same, but as development takes place it receives the different names."

That is to say, the mundane, conditioned existence is not aspectually the same as the eternal one, — is only a symbol, figure, or result of it. They both come under the term "existence;"

but the one is essentially unchangeable, the other is temporary and changeable. Existence considered in the abstract is the origin of all things, — Divine Existence, in our terminology. Postulated, or concrete, existence — active, creative energy in its manifestation — becomes the “Mother,” or inceptor, of all things, and can, therefore, be distinguished by name according to its course and kind.

In the following Aphorisms we have an excellent lesson in that unselfishness which relinquishes personal advantage for the good of others, exactly in accord with the Gospel doctrine of a retiring modesty which sees something better than the obtrusion of the individual : —

“Heaven is long-enduring, and earth continues long. The reason why heaven and earth are able to endure and continue thus long is because they do not live of or for themselves. This is how they are able to continue and endure.

“Therefore the sage puts his own person last, and yet it is found in the foremost place ; he treats his person as if it were foreign to him, and yet that person is preserved. Is it not because he has no personal and private ends that therefore such ends are realized ? ”

Even Tao, the outflowing creative energy, is not allowed any self-gratulation, but is purely disinterested. Witness the following : —

“All things are produced by the Tao, and nourished by its outflowing operation. They receive their forms according to the nature of each, and are completed according to the circumstances of their condition. Therefore all things, without exception, honor the Tao and exalt its outflowing operation. It produces them, and makes no claim to the possession of them ; it carries them through their processes, and does not vaunt its ability in doing so ; it brings them to maturity, and exercises no control over them : this is called its mysterious operation.”

The “mystery” of this operation is that everything in nature takes place without external coercion or compulsion ; everything is directed by internal propulsion, acting as it were spontaneously, and at the same time disinterestedly, as regards the manifestation of its individual energy. And it is this disinterestedness which we are called upon to imitate. Thus great deeds are to be wrought for their own sake ; for they can only be entirely effective under the condition of pure unselfishness.

I believe that Taoism has the distinction of having given the first utterance to that notable Gospel tenet, Recompense injury with kindness, though it does not enforce it with the loving prescription of the Sermon on the Mount. “To those who are good to me,” says Lao-tze, “I am good ; and to those who are not good to me, I am also good, — and thus all get to be good. To those who are sincere with me, I am, sincere ; and to those who are not sincere with me, I am also sincere, — and thus all get to be sincere.”

A great stumbling-block to the Western mind is the teaching of Lao-tze in the assertion that the true Taoist is invulnerable ; that the rhinoceros can find no place in him in which to thrust its horn, nor the tiger its claw, nor the warrior his spear. “And for what reason ? ” asks the teacher. “Because there is in him no place of death.” One would think such language in the mouth of an Oriental could hardly be mistaken. Of course it is figurative, and simply means that as the Taoist has relinquished the mortal condition in choice and will, and taken up his abode with the Eternal, — become transmuted into it, — he is no longer the sport of Time, or liable to Time’s casualties, since he knows that he holds a life which Time cannot touch, and that his being is one with that of the universe.

Both Lao-tze and his follower disclaim that kind of knowledge which overlays

the natural faculties of the mind and would bury them in academic scholarship; they ignore even those activities in the arts which obscure the higher impulses in the elaboration of process and administration. They would cultivate that quick and natural apprehensiveness of spirit, that keen and direct faculty of the soul, which so often knows how to overleap the prescribed gradation of means to an end, instead of overloading it with accumulated facts and precedents gathered from the outside, and thus keep the mind in nearer touch with its ultimate scope and object. It was in the spirit of Taoism that Mozart said, "If you once think of *how* you are to do it, you will never do anything: I write music because I cannot help it." Certainly this is true of all the world's best work. Michelangelo, Shakespeare, Turner, saw the vision clearly, and then expressed it with as little thought of means and process as possible, — a spontaneous law embodied in every line. Taoism would raise every action to the unconscious rule and power of genius. Do not seek the aid of ethics or science in order to live, says the Taoist: live by *living*. If a bird should begin to reason of its flight, — seek how to do it mathematically, or in any way but the instinctive and natural one, — it would immediately fall to the ground.

Taoism turns to the beginning, and inculcates obedience to the primary law. The Taoist "anticipates things that are difficult while they are easy, and does things that would become great while they are small. All difficult things in the world are sure to arise from a previous state in which they were easy, and all great things from one in which they were small. Therefore, the sage, while he never does what is great, is able, on that account, to accomplish the greatest things." Tao is eminently scientific, and justifies its title of the Way by entering the path, and never leaving it till the goal is won. It begins at the beginning,

therefore its end is reached. It anticipates and provides against every contingency. "Poh-kuei avoided floods by stopping the cracks in his dike. Chang-jen guarded against fire by plastering up the fissures of his stove." The Taoist doctrine of inaction is not that of doing nothing. It is that of abiding in law; of seeking to make ourselves right, and simply allowing our actions, naturally and without strain or striving, witness to the principles by which we are governed. "It is the way of heaven not to strive," says Lao-tze, "and yet it skillfully overcomes; not to speak, and yet it is skillful in obtaining a reply; it does not call, and yet men come to it of themselves. Its demonstrations are quiet, and yet its plans are skillful and effective. The meshes of the net of heaven are large; far apart, but letting nothing escape."

Taoism inculcates strict humility and meekness, reminding one in these respects of the saying of Christ, "The meek shall inherit the earth." Thus we have the Aphorisms: —

"That whereby the rivers and seas are able to receive the homage and tribute of all the valley streams is their skill in being lower than they; it is thus that they are the kings of them all. So it is that the sage ruler, wishing to be above men, puts himself by his words below them; and wishing to be before them, places his person behind them.

"In this way, though he has his place above them, men do not feel his weight; nor though he has his place before them, do they feel it an injury to them.

"Therefore all in the world delight to exalt him, and do not weary of him. Because he does not strive, no one finds it possible to strive with him."

When one thinks of how much has been accomplished in the world by self-repression, by raising the life within to the liberality of a broad self-abnegation, one may understand the Taoist's deprecation of a narrow personality. What

spiritual influence in the world has been stronger or of wider influence than that of the Author of Christianity, who did "not strive nor cry, neither did any man hear his voice in the streets"? His silence before Pilate is heard more clearly than the thunders of Sinai, its echoes resounding even until to-day. Amongst the most important and widely diffused influences during the Middle Ages was that of St. Francis of Assisi, who wrote little or nothing, and whose recorded words are of the fewest, yet he once held half Europe in mental subjugation.

We thus gain an insight into the apparently paradoxical teaching of Lao-tze. It is not self-insistent, it does not cry out, it does not struggle. Its creed is above warfare. It dwells with the gods, and knows how to bide its time. It has faith in itself, in the Tao. The Eternal must prevail, the Infinite must rule. It keeps cool and quiet in its place, minding its own business, nor seeks to push the world out of its course, but only to find the clue, the finality, of its revolution, and then to go round with it, furthering its course as much as possible, assured that ultimately it will attain its home, in which all things rest when the stormy time is over. The Taoist lays his head, as it were, on the bosom of Infinite Wisdom, and rests there in perfect confidence that Good will assert itself, that Right will reign, and that all he can do is to trust in purity and honor, and the splendid results which must succeed the acceptance of the highest laws of life and being.

In the writings of Chuang-tze we find a wider intellectual range, a more expansive and varied outlook, than in those of his master. They are also pervaded by a subtle spirit of humor which is very diverting. His literary style is held in great esteem by his countrymen. It is marked by a brightness, vivacity, and play of the imaginative faculty clearly apparent in the translation. His utterances are direct and penetrative, reaching the

mark the nearest way. They are stimulating and suggestive, even in their most transcendental flights, and often imply more than they express. It is difficult to imagine a reader, even amongst those who seek only amusement, who would not be interested and impressed by Mr. Giles's epigrammatic translation of these masterpieces.

Chuang-tze opens his dissertation by expanding the mind to the scale of existence as unlimited. He breaks down the barriers of sense, the boundaries of mortal being, by the conception of an enormous fish called Khwan, compared with which the largest whale is a mere minnow. This fish changes into a bird called Phang. As it flies from the Northern to the Southern Ocean its wings extend from horizon to horizon; so large is it that it appears to bear the sky on its back as it flies. A cicada, seeing the vast flight of this enormous creature, compared it with his own flutterings from one tree to another, with difficulty accomplished, and said laughingly to a little dove, "Of what use is it that this creature should ascend ninety thousand leagues and fly to the south on an endlessly lean and hungry journey, when by going into the suburbs one may enjoy one's self, returning before nightfall with a full stomach?"

The narration of this fable is here very artistically introduced, as it gives the keynote to the Taoist's doctrine of scale and relationship, — the right application of the appropriate faculty to the purposes of life and living. The sage thus enforces his moral: —

"Such, indeed, is the difference between small and great. Take, for instance, a man who creditably fills some small office, or who influences his prince to right government of the state: his opinion of himself will be much the same as that cicada's. The philosopher Yung laughs at such a one. He, if the whole world flattered him, would not be affected thereby, nor if the whole world blamed

him would he lose his faith in himself. For Yung can distinguish between the intrinsic and the extrinsic, between honor and shame, — and such men are rare in their generation."

But even this philosopher, the sage tells us, is wanting in the highest requirements of his school: he is still attached to the earth, and is the creature of time and circumstance. "But," he inquires, "had he been charioted upon the eternal fitness of heaven and earth, driving before him the elements as his team, while roaming through the realms of Forever, — upon what then would he have had to depend?" That is to say, had he attained to that high spiritual condition in which the soul becomes entirely independent of its environment, he would have transcended all mortal shackles and impediments, dwelling in the unchangeable and eternal verity. The sage thus sums up the qualifications of the Taoist: "The perfect man has no thought of self; the spirit-like man, none of merit; the wise man, none of fame," — each of these being raised above ordinary humanity in the degrees thus assigned.

I have said that Taoism often speaks in paradoxes, but beneath these there is always a profound meaning, a wide suggestiveness. In the chapter just quoted there is a pointed illustration of the useful in what is apparently useless from a lack of the faculty to grasp fully its significance or to appreciate its importance, which is, indeed, another logical application of the fable already cited. Hui-tze relates to Chuang-tze that the king of Wei had given him some seeds of a large calabash, the fruit of which, when fully grown, was so large that he did not know what to do with it. First of all he used the dried shells to contain water, but they were too heavy to lift; he then divided them into drinking-vessels, but they were too wide and unsteady for that purpose; he then broke them to pieces, as being of no use whatever. "The uselessness of the calabash,"

says Chuang-tze, "was owing to your lack of intelligence in applying it. Why did you not take your five-bushel gourd and make a boat of it, by means of which you could have floated over river and lake? With that object and intention it would not have been found too large." Hui-tze replies, saying that he has a large tree, but of a worthless kind. It is unwieldy; its trunk is gnarled and crooked, not fit for planks, and its branches are so contorted that they are not suited to any purpose of carpentry. "It seems to me," proceeds Hui-tze, "that your words are like that tree, big and useless." "Sir," answers Chuang-tze, "have you never seen a wildcat crouching down in wait for its prey? Right and left it springs from bough to bough, high and low alike, until perchance it gets caught in a trap or dies in a snare. On the other hand, there is the yak with its huge body. It is big enough, in all conscience, but it cannot catch mice. Now, if you have a big tree and are at a loss what to do with it, why not plant it in the domain of non-existence, whither you might betake yourself to inaction beneath its shade? There it would be safe from the axe and all other injury; for being of no use to others, itself would be free from harm."

There is a subtle and transcendental meaning in this parable which may be thus expressed: Put a large thing to a large use; do not cut it up into smaller uses. What is useless in the material plane may find its full purpose in the spiritual one. Do not waste and dissipate the higher faculties of the soul and being on the evolution of the lower and temporary conditions of life, but fix them on the development of the highest and unchangeable state by discerning and entering the Tao, — the Infinite and the Eternal. The scope of the Khwan and the Phang is lost to the quail, the dove, and the locust. It is too wide for their comprehension, too vast for any scheme of their existence. To the materialist,

who lives a life shut up in the scant domain of the senses, who does not discern nor appreciate the spirit-like outlook which regards infinite creation, and knows and feels that he who has such an outlook becomes himself an integral part of this creation, a part as important and necessary as any other part, such a conceptional idea is an occlusion, a stumbling-block, a mere figment. It is for him an impossible and chimerical Khwan or Phang, an overgrown calabash, a yak most useless in the catching of mice, a misapplied force; or rather, not a force at all, but a phantasmagoria without any real existence or place in life.

Taoism does not encourage verbose reasonings and disputations. "The sage thinks, but does not discuss," observes Chuang-tze. "Disputation is a proof of not seeing clearly." This objection to talking in the place of being or living is constantly raised. The same wise master, in describing the character of a true philosopher, says in epigrammatic form, which would be well inscribed over every temple and academy in the world, "He sympathizes, but does not instruct." It is so easy to teach the ethics of life, but so difficult practically to learn them. How often do we get offered to us the scorpion of instruction for the egg of sympathetic consolation! With what distinctness does one feel, in reading the discourses of the consolers of the afflicted Job, that a deeper and wider sympathy might have superseded all their lengthy homilies, and have brought them at once in closer rapport with the sufferer and with the Divine Administrator of suffering! The full reception of this Aphorism would in itself be capable of changing the whole aspect of life, and might indeed constitute a worthy sheet-anchor of moral conduct. If there were to be applied any one test by means of which the moral nature and condition of a man might be adequately measured and appraised, I know of none the alternative

of which would be so decisively and crucially significant as this: Does he sympathize, or does he instruct?

Again, concrete virtues independently exercised on their own bases and limitations, as acts alone, are decried by the exponents of Tao. "Intentional charity and intentional duty to one's neighbor are surely not included in our moral nature," says Chuang-tze. Benevolence and righteousness as specially exercised virtues are everywhere discouraged. The teacher refers to the primitive ages for the ideal state, when men lived in simplicity and according to the unsophisticated dictates of nature, — rules of conduct and formal prescription being useless where the love of goodness universally prevailed. "But," he pursues, "when the sages appeared, tripping over charity and fettering with duty to one's neighbor, doubt found its way into the world." It is not thought necessary to legislate that a woman shall love her offspring; why should it be thought necessary to prescribe by moral subvention that a man should act justly and generously towards his fellow-men? To the perfectly just or justly inclined man, which Tao implies, the charity and duty of set purpose are superfluous, because they flow from him naturally, without intention; so also with other virtues. He is the embodiment of them, as the sun is the embodiment of light, which makes no effort to shine, but dispenses its radiance as a condition of its existence. A passage in the ethical writings of James Hinton puts this very clearly: "When the work of deliverance from self is effected, the thought of others need not be consciously present; the conditions being fulfilled, action becomes instinctive, and the perfectness of instinctive work shows that this is the highest form." That benevolence or charity is discouraged which consists in the mere exercise of a function not dwelling in nor resulting from the faculty in which it properly inheres. So St. Paul: "Though

I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned," — and one cannot imagine a higher exercise of functional benevolence than is implied by these, — "and have not charity" (or love), "it profiteth me nothing."

Tao, in its experimental aspect, is the instrument of the Eternal, the operation of the Infinite when postulated. It allows no intrusion of personality, no selfish or individual interest. Why, inquires the Taoist, should virtues take the place of Virtue? The rules and prescriptions of a factitious benevolence and righteousness are only to be regarded as distractions impeding and obstructing the natural outflow of a generous soul. To assign and prescribe these is simply a distortion and wrong done to that nature. How obvious, when we think of it, is the difference between a generous act done from a principle of justice or duty and one done from the instinct of love! That this is no extravagant distinction of Oriental fancy, but that it has been known and accepted by sober thinkers of more recent times, may be verified by a quotation from Dr. John Tauler, one of the "Friends of God" in Germany in the fourteenth century. He says in one of his sermons: "The child of God must have exercise in good works; but when he comes to possess the very substance of virtue, then virtue is no longer an exercise to him, for he practices it without an effort; and when virtue is practiced without labor or pain, we have got beyond exercise." This is exactly what the Taoist means when he decries "charity and duty to one's neighbor." He fitly crowns his doctrine by an appeal to the highest good, thus showing where his standard and ideal lie. He says: "The Master I serve succors all things, and does not account it *duty*. He continues his blessings through countless generations, and does not account it *charity*. Dating back to the remotest antiquity, he does not account himself old. Covering heaven, supporting earth, and

fashioning the various forms of things, he does not account himself skilled. He it is whom you should seek."

Tao, as has been already indicated, enforces a simple obedience to Universal Law; an acceptance of what is the only safe condition of life, the only secure path which can lead to perfect results. The Taoist seeks to utilize general laws by submitting to them, the only way to make them available to the highest purposes. He says: "Every addition to or deviation from nature belongs not to the ultimate perfection of all. He who would attain such perfection never loses sight of the natural conditions of his existence. With him, the joined is not united, nor the separated apart, nor the long in excess, nor the short wanting. For just as a duck's legs, though short, cannot be lengthened without pain to the duck, and a crane's legs, though long, cannot be shortened without misery to the crane, so that which is long in man's moral nature cannot be cut off, nor that which is short be lengthened. All sorrow is thus avoided." This position is well illustrated by the philosopher Mencius, though not a Taoist, in the following fable: "There must be the constant practice of righteousness, but without the object of nourishing the passion-nature. Let not the mind forget its work, but let there be no assisting the growth. Let us not be like the man of Sung. There was a man at Sung who was grieved that his growing corn was not longer, and so he pulled it up. He then returned home, looking very stupid, and said to his people, 'I am very tired today; I have been helping the corn to grow long.' His son ran to look at it, and found the corn all withered. There are few people in the world who do not deal with their passion-nature as if they were thus assisting their corn to grow long. Some, indeed, consider it of no benefit to them, and neglect it; they do not weed the corn. They who assist it to grow long pull out their corn. What

they do is not only of no benefit to the nature, but it also injures it."

If we would see to what "benevolence" and "righteousness," "charity" and "duty to one's neighbor," lead without entering into the *Law* of Love and Truth, and only practiced empirically, we have but to turn to mediæval ecclesiasticism, which consisted with every kind of ignorance and cruelty. War, for example (denounced by the Taoist), was an accepted instrument of the church whose accredited Founder had expressly forbidden the use of the sword to his disciples. The doctrine of tender compassion and sympathetic love, the essence of Christianity, was administered by murderous fires and bitter persecutions.

Another distinctive doctrine of Tao is that of Inaction, before alluded to, but for the sake of clearness further illustration may be given. By inaction, as has been already stated, is not meant the *laissez faire* of the idle, careless, and indifferent, but the placing of one's self in the proper order of events, and then patiently awaiting the issue. The Way is found by submission, not by overwrought exertion; by seeing and submitting to the right and true, not by self-centred action. The master of Tao neglects nothing, must do everything; but each thing must be done in the order and course of law, not empirically; must be done silently, unargumentatively, impersonally; that is, without the least selfishness or self-interest. His life must be *all action*, but it must be action in natural progress and gradation, — orderly, persistent, consecutive, as the earth's revolution round the sun, as natural and as easy; it must be the embodiment of instinctive tact, the child in the man, God in the universe, the working of Nature through the mechanism of phenomena without strife or restraint, but effectually. "Heaven does nothing," says the Taoist, "and thence comes its serenity; earth does nothing, and thence comes its

rest. By the union of these two inactivities, all things are produced. How vast and imperceptible is the process! they seem to come from nowhere! How imperceptible and vast! there is no visible image of it! All things in all their variety grow from this inaction. Hence it is said, 'Heaven and earth do nothing, and yet there is nothing they do not do.' "But," the Taoist adds, "what man is there that can attain to this inaction?" Who indeed? Yet this is the Taoist ideal, to do everything by a necessity of being, as it were, without any abnormal straining, just as the seasons are brought about by insensible terrestrial changes. Thus the Taoist does not obey Law as something extraneous to himself; he *is* Law, the embodiment of it, and that is the highest form of manhood.

The essential spirit of Taoism is well illustrated in a supposed interview of Confucius with an old fisherman, narrated by Chuang-tze. Confucius, one day, rambling in the Black Forest, sat down by the Apricot Altar, when an old wise fisherman came by. Confucius accosted him, and, knowing him to have attained Tao, requested to be instructed by him. The fisherman began by pointing out the abuses and defections of society in over-officiousness and by an obtrusive personality. Confucius then complained of the rancorous persecution which had followed him, although his constant effort had been to act with justice and integrity. The fisherman attributed his misfortunes to the faults he had been decrying, and then related to him the following fable:—

"There was once a man who was so afraid of his shadow and so disliked his own footsteps that he determined to run away from them. But the oftener he raised his feet the more footsteps he made, and though he ran very hard his shadow never left him. From this he inferred that he went too slowly, and ran as hard as he could without resting;

the consequence being that his strength broke down, and he died. He was not aware that by going into the shade he would have got rid of his shadow, and that by keeping still he would have put an end to his footsteps. Fool that he was ! ”

The fisherman proceeded to draw the moral thus : “ If you had guarded your proper truth, simply rendering to others what was due to them, then you would have escaped such entanglements. But now, when you do not cultivate your own person, and make the cultivation of others your object, are you not occupying yourself with what is external ? ”

Confucius, with an air of sadness, said, “ Allow me to ask what it is that you call my proper truth. ”

The fisherman replied : “ A man’s proper truth is pure sincerity in its highest degree ; without this pure sincerity one cannot move others. Hence, if one only forces himself to wail, however sadly he may do so, it is not real sorrow ; if he forces himself to be angry, however he may seem to be severe, he excites no awe ; if he forces himself to show affection, however he may smile, he awakens no harmonious reciprocation. True grief without a sound is yet sorrowful ; true anger without any demonstration awakens awe ; true affection without a smile yet produces a harmonious reciprocation. Given this truth within, it exercises a spiritual efficacy without, and this is why we count it so valuable. ”

The Law of Tao is then still more definitely expounded in the following summary : —

“ Rites are prescribed for the practice of common people ; a man’s proper Truth is what he has received from Heaven, operating spontaneously, and unchangeable. Therefore the sages take their law from Heaven, and prize their proper Truth, without submitting to the restrictions of custom. The stupid do the reverse of this. They are unable to take their law from Heaven, and are

influenced by other men ; they do not know how to prize the proper Truth of their nature, but are under the dominion of ordinary things, and change according to the customs around them. ”

Do not disturb the order of events and destroy the harmony of life, says the Taoist, by too much meddling. Life will govern itself, if you will only allow it to do so. Life is enough for the living. Its purposes will be accomplished, its results attained, without combating and struggling against those circumstances whose sum and end are combined in one issue. A too strict and specific government induces crime, an overstrained pressure and enforcement of external rules of constraint and restriction destroy self-dependence, suppressing the natural development of a moral and virtuous life and conduct either by causing moral atrophy, or by arousing a reactionary feeling to evade them. Teach men to depend on their innate goodness, not upon an artificial and factitious code formed by ethical rule and compass. Let your appeal be to the internal witness and standard, not to compulsory external regulation. You will thus form men and women with judgment and independence, not slaves and serfs to superimposed restrictions. This is the doctrine of “ Letting Be, ” and one may very well see the reasonableness of it. It is neither a fad nor a folly, but implies a deep underlying principle which the world may some time think it worth while to appeal to as the stronghold of morals, the fortress of a well laid and firmly regulated life, the safeguard of good conduct and a just perception of the rightness of things. This doctrine ought not to appear strange to us. It has received a singular confirmation by a modern thinker to whom its authority could not have been known. “ What if the world be so arranged by God, ” says James Hinton in his *Philosophy and Religion*, “ that it goes best by being *let alone* ; not being continually

interfered with by us to make it as we like it (as we find this the tendency of politics, certainly, and medicine)? May this be the truth: that man, having his interest devoted mainly to the spiritual, and suffering the phenomenal to go with less devotion of thought and labor, would find it go better by that very letting alone? One great part of our mischief is, that we continually alter, or try to alter, all phenomena to please ourselves, and so spoil things; our whole interest and thought is *to them*, and it is the wrong attitude of man to them; they go wrong by that very activity; and the remedy for this evil is the devotion of our thoughts to the spiritual, the phenomenal therefore going better. May not this be in part the meaning of 'Seek ye first the kingdom of God,' etc.? Do not pay so much heed to make these things go as you like them, and they will go the better; for it spoils even the phenomenon to make it as man likes it to be."

Does not this strange similarity of doctrine between thinkers so widely separated from each other by time and locality show that it must certainly have a natural basis of truth in the human mind?

"Be careful," says Chuang-tze, "not to interfere with the natural goodness of the heart of man. Man's heart may be forced down or stirred up. In each case the issue is fatal. By gentleness the hardest heart may be softened. But try to cut and polish it, it will glow like fire or freeze like ice. In the twinkling of an eye it will pass beyond the limits of the Four Seas. In repose, profoundly still; in motion, far away in the sky. No bolt can bar, no bond can bind, — such is the human heart."

The necessity of independence of judgment, and for the development of that principle in the individual upon which alone can be based the right government of life, is clearly laid down in the following passage: —

"Cherish that which is within you, and shut off that which is without; for much knowledge is a curse. Then I will place you upon that abode of Great Light which is the source of positive power, and escort you through the gate of Profound Mystery which is the source of the negative power. These powers are the controllers of heaven and earth, and each contains the other."

That is to say, by dismissing acquired knowledge, and placing yourself on the basis of direct thinking, you will attain the highest power of the human mind.

As the Yellow Emperor was going to see Tâ-kwei with seven sages in his train, he lost his way, and stopped to make inquiry of a little boy who was tending some horses. After receiving the required indication the Emperor proceeded still further to question the boy, and was so astonished at the answers given that he finally said to him, "Of course government is not your trade; still, I should be glad to hear what you would do if you were Emperor." The boy declined to answer; but on being again urged, he cried out, "What difference is there between governing and looking after horses? See that no harm comes to the horses, that is all." One hardly wonders that the Emperor was so struck with the boy's answer that, prostrating himself before him, he addressed him as "Celestial Instructor," and so took his leave.

The worldly-indifferent Taoist does not look to the external for his satisfaction. He prefers to dwell, as many of the wisest of all ages have done, in obscure tranquillity, with the wide universe spread out before him, and its secret within his heart. To be greedy of knowledge is not satisfying, for a full appetite asks for more. It is a part of his wisdom to know when he has had enough, and to stop on the hither side of the knowable. He accepts what he has as earnest of all the rest, and is satisfied to be a dweller in Tao, a denizen of the Infinite, an inhabitant of the Eternal.

He asks neither place nor power, and is not to be won by the promise of office, honors, or reward.

"Chuang-tze was fishing in the P'u, when the prince of Ch'u sent two high officials to ask him to take charge of the administration of the Ch'u State. Chuang-tze went on fishing, and, without turning his head, said: 'I have heard that in Ch'u there is a sacred tortoise which has been dead now some three thousand years; and that the prince keeps this tortoise carefully inclosed in a chest on the altar of his ancestral temple. Now, would this tortoise rather be dead and have its remains venerated, or be alive and wagging its tail in the mud?' 'It would rather be alive,' replied the two officials, 'and wagging its tail in the mud.' 'Begone!' cried Chuang-tze. 'I too will wag my tail in the mud.'"

The apparently extravagant character of some of the doctrines of Tao is very much modified in aspect if we look for it under other forms and names amongst Western nations. The claims for impressiveness made by the undemonstrative reticence and silence of the Taoist are not unexampled in the social life of to-day. The Taoist is said to do everything by doing nothing, to persuade more by the "argument of silence" than by the rhetoric of speech. "The true Sage," says Chuang-tze, "when in obscurity, causes those around him to forget their poverty. When in power, he causes princes to forget ranks and emoluments, and to become as though of low estate. He rejoices exceedingly in all creation. He exults to see Tao diffused among his fellow-men, while suffering no loss himself. Thus, although silent, he can instill peace, and by his mere presence cause men to be to each other as father and son. From his very return to passivity comes this active influence for good. So widely does he differ in heart from ordinary men."

The men of the greatest influence

are not the loudest nor the most officious. To be "silent in seven languages" is a power over self which implies power over others. The Thoreaus and Hawthornes have not much to say either in public or in private, but their influence goes far, and carries the more weight, perhaps, for the paucity of utterance, — more, in fact, than is possible to blatant self-assertion and an obtruded personality. A single word quietly spoken from a purely unselfish spirit, says Archbishop Fénelon, will go further, even in worldly matters, than the most eager, bustling exertion. The Taoist who seeks to improve, to perfect himself as far as possible first, and then to win over others to his views, is much more likely to succeed in doing so than he who says the wisest things from an unformed or ill-formed, an ungoverned or misgoverned life. We all know the person whom we trust with the best and the worst of ourselves, and whose good faith we rely upon, whom we consult in trouble, and whose sympathy we claim in success or prosperity. He or she has seldom much to say, — is not a person of bustle or excitement. But we know our confidence is not misplaced, nor will our trust be broken.

If we compare the governing sentiment of Taoism with that of Vedantism, there is a considerable difference in the points of view taken; also in the degrees of limitation and extension in the application of those views. The Vedantist has the nobler outlook, the sublimer conception of the spiritual life. He sees the universe as a body of which intelligent essential being is the soul. He sees in his own life and being a manifestation of the Eternal, — the universal thinker, worker, sustainer, dissolver. The Taoist also sees and feels around him the larger influence, the wider power; and his object is the same as that of the Vedantist, — to identify himself with the all-sustaining, the continually enduring. But he does not dwell upon the

intellectual nature of this Being; he separates it from all possible conditions and qualities. It is neither thought, nor act, nor anything for which he has a name. It declines all predicates, and is the sublime nothing, the dark inscrutable, to all human intelligence. The soul of the Vedantist is the universal soul. Tao has neither soul nor spiritual being. The term God, as used in modern forms of religion, might in many instances be applicable to the Brahman of the Vedânta, though it is by no means synonymous with it. But it could hardly be employed for Tao in any just sense or significance. Tao, as has been said, is without predicates, whereas the term God in its usual acceptation implies them. The Vedantist appeals to the soul within, as it exists; the Taoist leaves the soul and time, and soars, as he says, on the wings of nothingness in the realm of nowhere. But these are not mere phrases to him. He grasps what he holds; and though the goal of his efforts and desires is substantially unknown and incomprehensible to him, he is as well assured of its reality as he is of his own existence. The world of his senses is not a finality; and though he refuses to define what may be called the heavenly support which underlies all being, he is not, for that reason, disposed to consider it a figment. Upon this his rule is laid and his life based. But though his outlook has not the spiritual sublimity of the Vedânta, it often reaches a moral grandeur which is in itself sublime.

Which of us can read the words of the ancient sage without feeling the strength of their appeal to that elemental part of the soul which unites us to the Eternal, and confirms us children of the Infinite, — that something within us which is as the echo to sound, the messenger of the voice we recognize as familiar to us?

"That Self (the Tao) is eternal; yet all men think it mortal. That Self is

infinite; yet all men think it finite. Those who possess Tao are princes in this life, and rulers in the hereafter. Those who do not possess Tao behold the light of day in this life, and become clods of earth in the hereafter. Nowadays, all living things spring from the dust, and to the dust return. But I will lead you through the portals of eternity into the domain of infinity. My light is the light of sun and moon. My life is the life of heaven and earth. I know not who comes nor who goes. Men may all die, but I endure forever."

Thus speaks the Tao. Let us compare the utterance with the words of David the Psalmist, and we shall see how nearly related they are to each other, how similar are the loftiest emotions of the soul and its language at all times and in all generations: —

"Of old hast thou laid the foundation of the earth; and the heavens are the work of thy hands.

"They shall perish, but thou shalt endure: yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment; as a vesture shalt thou change them, and they shall be changed:

"But thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end.

"The children of thy servants shall continue, and their seed shall be established before thee."

To show where the Taoist really stands, and in further explication of his doctrines, we will give a final extract. It must, however, be premised that the term Thien (Heaven), translated by Mr. Giles "God," must not be understood to imply a personal deity, for that does not enter the category of the Taoist.

"The foot treads the ground in walking; nevertheless, it is the ground not trodden on which makes up the good walk. A man's knowledge is limited; but it is upon what he does not know that he depends to extend his knowledge to the apprehension of God. Knowledge of the great ONE, of the great Negative, of the great Nomenclature, of the great

Uniformity, of the great Space, of the great Truth, of the great Law, — this is perfection. The great ONE is omnipresent, the great Negative is omnipotent, the great Nomenclature is all-inclusive, the great Uniformity is all-assimilative, the great Space is all-receptive, the great Truth is all-exacting, the great Law is all-binding. The ultimate end is God. He is manifested in the laws of nature. He is the hidden spring. At the beginning He was. This, however, is inexplicable. It is unknowable. But from the unknowable we reach the known.

Investigation must not be limited, nor must it be unlimited. In this vague undefinedness there is an actuality. Time does not change it. It cannot suffer diminution. May we not then call it our great Guide? Why not bring our doubting hearts to investigation thereof, and then, using certainty to dispel doubt, revert to a state without doubt, in which doubt is doubly dead?"

A Chinese commentator, speaking of the section to which this is the conclusion, says, "The force of language can no further go." Nor can it.

William Davies.

IN A PASTURE BY THE GREAT SALT LAKE.

THE word "pasture" as used on the shore of the Great Salt Lake conveys no true idea to one whose associations with that word have been formed in States east of the Rocky Mountains. Imagine an extensive inclosure on the side of a mountain, with its barren-looking soil strewn with rocks of all sizes, from a pebble to a boulder, cut across by an irrigating ditch or a mountain brook, dotted here and there by sage bushes and patches of oak-brush and wild roses, and one has a picture of a Salt Lake pasture. Closely examined, it has other peculiarities. There is no halfway in its growths, no shading off, so to speak, as elsewhere; not an isolated shrub, not a solitary tree, flourishes in the strange soil; trees and shrubs crowd close together as if for protection, and the clump, of whatever size or shape, ends abruptly, with the desert coming up to its very edge. Yet the soil, though it seems to be the driest and most unpromising of baked gray mud, needs nothing more than a little water to clothe itself luxuriantly; the course of a brook, or even an irrigating ditch, if permanent, is marked by a thick and varied border of greenery. What the poor creatures

who wandered over those dreary wastes could find to eat was a problem to be solved only by close observation of their ways.

"H. H." said, some years ago, that the magnificent yucca, the glory of the Colorado mesas, was being exterminated by wandering cows who ate the buds as soon as they appeared. The cattle of Utah — or their owners — have a like crime to answer for: not only do they constantly feed upon rose buds and leaves, notwithstanding the thorns, but they regale themselves upon nearly every flower plant that shows its head; lupines were the chosen dainty of my friend's horse. The animals become expert at getting this unnatural food; it is curious to watch the deftness with which a cow will go through a currant or gooseberry bush, thrusting her head far down among the branches, and carefully picking off the tender leaves, while leaving the stems untouched, and the matter-of-course way in which she will bend over and pull down a tall sapling to despoil it of its foliage.

In a pasture such as I have described, on the western slope of one of the Rocky Mountains, desolate and for-

bidding though it looked, many hours of last summer's May and June "went their way," if not

"As softly as sweet dreams go down the night,"

certainly with interest and pleasure to two bird-students whose ways I have sometimes chronicled.

Most conspicuous, as we toiled upward toward our breezy pasture, was a bird whose chosen station was a fence, — a wire fence at that. He was a tanager; not our brilliant beauty in scarlet and black, but one far more gorgeous and eccentric in costume, having with the black wings and tail of our bird a breast of shining yellow and a cap of crimson. His occupation on the sweet May mornings that he lingered with us, on his way up the mountains for the summer, was the familiar one of getting his living, and to that he gave his mind without reserve. Not once did he turn curious eyes upon us as we sauntered by, or rested awhile to watch him. Eagerly his pretty head turned this way and that, but not for us; it was for the winged creatures of the air he looked, and when one that pleased his fancy fluttered by he dashed out and secured it, returning to a post or the fence, just as absorbed and just as eager for the next one. Every time he alighted, it was a few feet farther down the fence, and thus he worked his way out of our sight without seeming aware of our existence.

This was not stupidity on the part of the crimson-head, nor was it foolhardiness; it was simply trust in his guardian, — for he had one, one who watched every movement of ours with close attention, whose vigilance was never relaxed, and who appeared, when we saw her, to be above the need of food. A plain personage she was, clad in modest dull yellow, the female tanager. She was probably his mate; at any rate, she gradually followed him down the fence, keeping fifteen or twenty feet behind him all the time, with an eye on us, ready to give

warning of the slightest aggressive movement on our part. It would be interesting to know how my lord behaves up in those sky parlors where his summer home is made. No doubt he is as tender and devoted as most of his race (all his race, I would say, if Mr. Torrey had not shaken our faith in the ruby-throat), and I have no doubt that the little red-heads in the nest will be well looked after and fed by their fly-catching papa.

Far different from the cool unconcern of the crimson-headed tanager were the manners of another red-headed dweller on the mountain. The green-tailed towhee he is called in the books, though the red of his head is much more conspicuous than the green of his tail. In this bird, the high-bred repose of his neighbor was replaced by the most fussy restlessness. When we surprised him on the lowest wire of the fence, he was terribly disconcerted, not to say thrown into a panic. He usually stood a moment, holding his long tail up in the air, flirted his wings, turned his body this way and that in great excitement, then hopped to the nearest boulder, slipped down behind it, and ran off through the sage bushes like a mouse. More than this we were never able to see, and where he lived and how his spouse looked we do not know to this day.

Most interesting of the birds that we saw on our daily way to the pasture were the gulls, great, beautiful, snowy creatures, who looked strangely out of place so far away from the seashore. Stranger, too, than their change of residence was their change of manners, from the wild, unapproachable sea birds, soaring and diving, and apparently spending their lives on wings such as the poet writes of:

"When I had wings, my brother,
Such wings were mine as thine;"

and of whose lives he further says:—

"What place man may, we claim it,
But thine, — whose thought may name it?
Free birds live higher than freemen,
And gladlier ye than we."

From this high place in our thoughts, from this realm of poetry and mystery, to come down almost to the tameness of the barnyard fowl is a marvelous transformation, and one is tempted to believe the solemn announcement of the Salt Lake prophet, that the Lord sent them to his chosen people.

The occasion of this alleged special favor to the Latter Day Saints was the advent, about twenty years ago, of clouds of grasshoppers, before which the crops of the Western States and Territories were destroyed as by fire. It was then, in their hour of greatest need, when the food upon which depended a whole people was threatened, that these beautiful winged messengers appeared. In large flocks they came, from no one knows where, and settled, like so many sparrows, all over the land, devouring almost without ceasing the hosts of the foe. The crops were saved, and all Deseret rejoiced. Was it any wonder that a people trained to regard the head of their church as the direct representative of the Highest should believe these to be really birds of God, and should accordingly cherish them? Well would it be for themselves if other Christian peoples were equally believing, and protected and cherished other winged messengers sent just as truly to protect their crops.

The shrewd man who wielded the destinies of his people beside the Salt Lake secured the future usefulness of what they considered the miraculous visitation by fixing a penalty of five dollars upon the head of every gull in the Territory. And now, the birds having found congenial nesting-places on solitary islands in the lake, their descendants are so fearless and so tame that they habitually follow the plough like a flock of chickens, rising from almost under the feet of the indifferent horses, and settling down at once in the furrow behind, seeking out and eating greedily all the worms and grubs and larvæ and mice and moles that the plough has disturbed in its pas-

sage. The Mormon cultivator has sense enough to appreciate such service, and no man or boy dreams of lifting a finger against his best friend.

Extraordinary indeed was this sight to eyes accustomed to seeing every bird that attempts to render like service shot and snared, and swept from the face of the earth. Our hearts warmed toward the "Sons of Zion," and our respect for their intelligence increased, as we hurried down to the field to see this latter-day wonder.

Whether the birds distinguished between "saints" and sinners, or whether their confidence extended only to plough-boys, they would not let us come near them. But our glasses brought them close, and we had a very good study of them, finding exceeding interest in their ways; their quaint faces as they flew toward us; their dignified walk; their expression of disapproval, lifting the wings high above the back till they met; their queer and constant cries in the tone of a child who whines; and, above all, their use of the wonderful wings, — "half wing, half wave," Mrs. Spofford calls them.

To rise from the earth upon these beautiful great arms seemed to be not so easy as it looks. Some of the graceful birds lifted them, and ran a little before leaving the ground, and all of them left both legs hanging, and both feet jerking awkwardly at every wing-beat for a few moments after starting, before they carefully drew each flesh-colored foot up into its feather pillow,

"And gray and silver up the dome

Of gray and silver skies went sailing,"

in ever-widening circles, without moving a feather that we could perceive. It was charming to see how nicely they folded down their splendid wings, on alighting, stretching each one out, and apparently straightening every feather before laying it into its place.

Several hours this interesting flock accompanied the horses and man around

the field, taking possession of each furrow as it was laid open, and chattering and eating as fast as they could; and the question occurred to me, If a field that is thoroughly gleaned over every spring furnishes so great a supply of creatures hurtful to vegetation, what must be the state of grounds which are carefully protected from such gleanings, on which no bird is allowed to forage?

As noon approached, the hour when "birds their wise siesta take," although the plough did not cease its monotonous round, the birds retired in a body to the still untouched middle of the field, and settled themselves for their "nooning;" dusting themselves — their snowy plumes! — like hens on an ash heap, sitting about in knots like parties of ducks, preening and shaking themselves out, or going at once to sleep, according to their several tastes. Half an hour's rest sufficed for the more active spirits, and then they treated us, their patient observers, to an aerial exhibition. A large number, perhaps three quarters of the flock, rose in a body and began a spiral flight. Higher and higher they went, in wider and wider circles, till, against the white clouds, they looked like a swarm of midges, and against the blue the eye could not distinguish them. Then from out of the sky dropped one after another, leaving the soaring flock, looking wonderfully ethereal and gauzy in the clear air, with the sun above him, almost like a spirit bird gliding motionless through the ether, till he alighted at last quietly beside his fellows on the ground. In another half-hour they were all behind the plough again, hard at work.

When we had looked our fill, we straightway sought out and questioned some of the wise men among the "peculiar people." This is what we learned: that when ploughing is over the birds retire to their home, an island in the lake, where, being eminently social birds, their nests are built in a community. Their beneficent service to mankind does

not end with the ploughing season, for when that is over they turn their attention to the fish that are brought into the lake by the fresh-water streams, at once strangled by its excess of salt, and their bodies washed up on the shore. What would become of the human residents if that animal deposit were left for the fierce sun to dispose of may perhaps be imagined. The gull should indeed be a sacred bird in Utah.

What drew us first to the pasture — which we come to at last — was our search for a magpie's nest. The home of this knowing fellow is the Rocky Mountain region, and naturally he was the first bird we thought of looking for. There would be no difficulty in finding nests, we thought, for we came upon magpies everywhere in our walks. Now, one alighted on a fence post, a few yards ahead of us, earnestly regarding our approach, tilting upward his long, expressive tail, the black of his plumage shining with brilliant blue reflections, and the white fairly dazzling the eyes. Again, we caught glimpses of two or three of the beautiful birds walking about on the ground, holding their precious tails well up from the earth, and gleaning industriously the insect life of the horse pasture. At the same moment we were saluted from the top of a tall tree, and shrieked at by one passing over our heads, looking like an immense dragonfly against the sky. Magpie voices were heard from morning till night; strange, loud calls of "mag! mag!" were ever in our ears. "Oh yes," we had said, "we must surely go out some morning and find a nest."

First we inquired. Everybody knew where they built, in oak-brush or in apple-trees, but not a boy in that village knew where there was a nest. Oh no, not one! A man confessed to the guilty secret, and, directed by him, we took a long walk through the village with its queer little houses, many of them having the two front doors which tell the tale of Mormondom within; up the long side-

walk, with a beautiful bounding mountain brook running down the gutter, as if it were a tame irrigating ditch; to a big gate in a "combination fence." (What this latter might be we had wondered, but relied upon knowing it when we saw it, — and we did: it was a fence of laths held together by wires woven between them, and we recognized the fitness of the name instantly.) Then on through the big gate, down a long lane, where we ran the gauntlet of the family cows; over, or under, bars, where awaited us a tribe of colts with their anxious mammas; and at last to the tree, and the nest. There our guide met us, and climbed up to explore. Alas! the nest robber had anticipated us.

Slowly we took our way home, resolved to ask no more help, but to seek for ourselves; for the nest that is *known* is the nest that is robbed. So the next morning, armed with camp chairs and alpenstocks, drinking-cups and notebooks, we started up the mountain, where we could at least find solitude and the fresh air of the hills. We climbed till we were tired, and then, as was our custom, sat down to rest and breathe, and see who lived in that part of the world. Without thought of the height we had reached, we turned our backs to the mountain rising bare and steep before us, and behold! the outlook struck us dumb.

There at our feet lay the village, smothered in orchards and shade trees, the locusts just then huge bouquets of graceful bloom and delicious odor, buzzing with hundreds of bees and humming-birds; beyond was a stretch of cultivated fields in various shades of green and brown; and then the lake, — beautiful and wonderful Salt Lake, glowing with exquisite colors, now hyacinth blue, changing in places to tender green or golden brown, again sparkling like a vast bed of diamonds. In the foreground lay Antelope Island, in hues of purple and bronze, with its chain of hills and graceful sky line; and resting on the

horizon beyond were the peaks of the grand Oquirrh, capped with snow. Well might we forget our quest while gazing on this impressive scene, trying to fix its various features in our memories, to be an eternal possession.

We were recalled to the business in hand by the sudden appearance, on the top of a tree below us, of one of the birds we sought. The branch bent and swayed as the heavy fellow settled upon it, and in a moment a comrade came, calling vigorously, and alighted on a neighboring branch. A few minutes they remained, with flirting tails, conversing in garrulous tones; then together they rose on broad wings and passed away, — away over the fields, almost out of sight, before they dropped into a patch of oak-brush. After them appeared others, and we sat there a long time, hoping to see at least one that had its home within our reach. But every bird that passed over turned its face to the mountains: some seemed to head for the dim Oquirrh across the lake, while others disappeared over the top of the Wasatch behind us; not one paused in our neighborhood, excepting long enough to look at us, and express its opinion in loud and not very polite tones.

It was then and there that we noticed our pasture; the entrance was beside us. Shall we go in? was always the question before an inclosure. We looked over the wall. It was plainly the abode of horses, — meek workaday beings, who certainly would not resent our intrusion. Oak-brush was there in plenty, and that is the chosen home of the magpie. We hesitated; we started for the gate. It was held in place by a rope, elaborately and securely tied in many knots; but we had learned something about the gates of this "promised land," — that between the posts and the stone wall may usually be found space enough to slip through without disturbing the fastenings.

In that country no one goes through a gate who can possibly go around it; and

well is it, indeed, for the stranger and the wayfarer in "Zion" that such is the custom, for the idiosyncrasies of gates were endless; they agreed only in never fitting their place and never opening properly. If the gate was in one piece, it sagged so that it must be lifted; or it had lost one hinge, and fell over on the rash individual who loosened the fastenings; or it was about falling to pieces, and must be handled like a piece of choice bricabrac. If it had a latch, it was rusty, or did not fit; and if it had not, it was fastened either by a board slipped in to act as a bar, and never known to be of the right size, or in some occult way which would require the skill of "the lady from Philadelphia." If it was of the fashion that opens in the middle, each individual gate had its special and particular "kink" which must be learned by the uninitiated before he — or what is worse, she — could pass. Many were held together by a hoop or link of iron dropped over the two end posts; but whether the gate must be pulled out or pushed in, and at exactly what angle it would consent to receive the link, was to be found out only by experience. But not all gates were so simple even as this; the ingenuity with which a variety of fastenings, all to avoid the natural and obvious one of a hook and staple, had been evolved in the rural mind was fairly startling. The energy and thought that had been bestowed upon this little matter of avoiding a gate hook would have built a bridge across Salt Lake, or tunneled the Uintas for an irrigating ditch.

Happily, we too had learned to "slip through," and we passed the gate with its rope puzzle, and the six or eight horses who pointed inquiring ears toward their unwonted visitors, and hastened to get under cover before the birds, if any lived there, should come home.

The oak-brush, which we then approached, is a curious and interesting form of vegetation. It is a mass of oak-trees, all of the same age, growing as

close as they can stand, with branches down to the ground. It looks as if each patch had sprung from a great fall of acorns from one tree, or perhaps were shoots from the roots of a perished tree. The clumps are more or less irregularly round, set down in a barren piece of ground or among the sage bushes. At a distance, on the side of a mountain, they resemble patches of moss of varying shape. When two or three feet high, one is a thick, solid mat; when it reaches an altitude of six to eight feet, it is an impenetrable thicket, — except, that is, when it happens to be in a pasture. Horses and cattle find such scanty pickings in the fields that they nibble every green thing, even oak leaves, and so they clear the brush as high as they can reach. When, therefore, it is fifteen feet high, there is a thick roof the animals are not able to reach, and one may look through a patch to the light beyond. The stems and lower branches, though kept bare of leaves, are so close together, and so intertwined and tangled, that forcing one's way through it is an impossibility. But the horses have made, and kept open, paths in every direction; and this turns it into a delightful grove, a cool retreat, which others appreciate as well as the makers.

Selecting a favorable-looking clump of oak-brush, we attempted to get in without using the open horse paths, where we should be in plain sight. Melancholy was the result: hats pulled off, hair disheveled, garments torn, feet tripped, and wounds and scratches innumerable. Several minutes of hard work and stubborn endurance enabled us to penetrate not more than half a dozen feet, when we managed, in some sort of fashion, to sit down, on opposite sides of the grove. Then, relying upon our "protective coloring" (not evolved, but carefully selected in the shops), we subsided into silence, hoping not to be observed when the birds came home; for there was the nest before us.

A wise and canny builder is Madam Mag, for though her home must be large to accommodate her size, and conspicuous because of the shallowness of the foliage above her, it is, in a way, a fortress, to despoil which the marauder must encounter a weapon not to be despised, a stout beak, animated and impelled by indignant motherhood. The structure was made of sticks, and enormous in size; a half-bushel measure would hardly have held it. It was covered, as if to protect her, and it had two openings under the cover, toward either of which she could turn her face. It looked like a big, coarsely woven basket, resting in a crotch up under the leaves, with a nearly close cover, supported by a small branch above. The sitting bird could draw herself down out of sight, or she could defend herself and her brood at either entrance.

I, in my retreat, had noted all these points before any sign of life appeared in the brush. Then there came a low cry of "mag! mag!" and the bird entered near the ground. She alighted on a dead branch which swung back and forth, while she kept her balance with her beautiful tail. She did not appear to look around; apparently she had no suspicions, and did not notice us, sitting motionless and breathless in our respective places. Her head was turned to the nest, and by easy stages, and with many pauses, she made her way to it. I could not see that she had a companion, for I dared not stir so much as a finger; but while she moved about near the nest, there came to the eager listener on the ground low, tender utterances in the sweetest of voices (whether one or two I know not), and at last a song, a true melody, of a yearning, thrilling quality, that few song birds, if any, can excel. I was astounded! Who would suspect the harsh-voiced, screaming magpie of such notes! I am certain that the bird, or birds, had no suspicion of listeners to the home talk and song, for after we were discovered we heard nothing of the sort.

This little episode ended, madam slipped into her nest, and all became silent; she in her place, and I in mine. If this state of things could only remain; if she would only accept me as a tree trunk, or a misshapen boulder, and pay no attention to me, what a beautiful study I should have! Half an hour, perhaps more, passed, without a sound, and then the silence was broken by magpie calls from without. The sitting bird left the nest and flew out of the grove, quite near the ground; I heard much talk and chatter in low tones outside, and they flew. I slipped out as quickly as possible, wishing indeed that I had wings, as they had, and went home, encouraged to think I should really be able to study the magpie.

But I did not know my bird. The next day, before I knew she was about, she discovered me, though it was plain that she hoped I had not discovered her. Instantly she became silent and wary, coming to her nest, over the top of the trees, so quietly that I should not have known it except for her shadow on the leaves. No talk or song now fell upon my ear; calls outside were few and subdued. Everything was different from the natural unconsciousness of the previous day; the birds were on guard, and henceforth I should be under surveillance.

From this moment I lost my pleasure in the study; for I feel little interest in the actions of a bird under the constraint of an unwelcome presence, or in the shadow of constant fear and dread. What I care to see is the natural life, the free, unstudied ways, of birds that do not notice or are not disturbed by spectators. Nor have I any pleasure in going about the country staring into every tree and poking into every bush, thrusting irreverent hands into the mysteries of other lives, and rudely tearing away the veils that others have drawn around their private affairs. That they are only birds does not signify to me; they are my fellow-creatures, and they have rights which I am bound to respect.

I prefer to make myself so little obvious, or so apparently harmless, to a bird that she will herself show me her nest, or at least the leafy screen behind which it is hidden. Then if I take advantage of her absence to spy upon her treasures, it is as a friend only, — a friend who respects her desire for seclusion, who never lays profane hands upon them, and who shares the secret only with one equally reverent and loving. Naturally, I do not find so many nests as do the vandals to whom nothing is sacred, but I enjoy what I do find, in a way it hath not entered into their hearts to conceive.

In spite of my disinclination, we made one more call upon the magpie family, and this time we had a reception. This bird is intelligent, and by no means a slave to habit; because he has behaved in a certain way once, there is no law, avian or divine, that compels him to repeat that conduct on the next occasion. Nor is it safe to generalize about him, or any other bird for that matter. One cannot say, "The magpie does thus and so," because each individual magpie has his own way of doing, and circumstances alter cases, with birds as well as people.

On this occasion we placed ourselves boldly, though very quietly, in the paths that run through the oak-brush. We had abandoned all attempt at concealment; we could hope only for tolerance. The birds readily understood; they appreciated that they were seen and watched, and their manners changed accordingly. The first one of the black-and-white gentry who entered the grove discovered my comrade, and announced the presence of the enemy by a loud cry, in what somebody has aptly called a "frontier tone of voice." Instantly another appeared, and added his remarks; then another, and still another, till within five minutes there were ten or twelve excited magpies shouting at the top of their voices, and hopping and flying about her head, coming ever nearer and nearer, as if they medi-

tated a personal attack. I did not really fear it, but I kept close watch, while remaining motionless in the hope that they would not notice me. Vain hope! nothing could escape those sharp eyes when once the bird was aroused. After they had said what they chose to my friend, who received the taunts and abuse of the infuriated mob in meek silence, lifting not her voice to reply, they turned the stream of their eloquence upon me.

I was equally passive, for indeed I felt that they had a grievance. We have no right to expect birds to tell one human being from another, so long as we, with all our boasted intelligence, cannot tell one crow or one magpie from another, and all the week they had suffered persecution at the hands of the village boys. Young magpies, nestlings, were in nearly every house, and the birds had endured pillage, and some of them doubtless death. I did not blame the grieved parents for the reception they gave us; from their point of view, we belonged to the enemy.

After the storm had swept by, and while we sat there waiting to see if the birds would return, one of the horses of the pasture made his appearance on the side where I sat, now eating the top of a rosebush, now snipping off a flower plant that had succeeded in getting two leaves above the ground, but at every step coming nearer me. It was plain that he contemplated retiring to this shady grove, and, not so observing as the magpies, did not see that it was already occupied. When he was not more than ten feet away, I snatched off my sun hat and waved it before him, not wishing to make a noise. He stopped instantly, stared wildly for a moment as if he had never seen such an apparition, then wheeled with a snort, flung out his heels in disrespect, and galloped off down the field.

The incident was insignificant, but the result was curious. So long as we stayed in that bit of brush not a horse attempted to enter, though they all

browsed around outside. They avoided it as if it were haunted, or, as my comrade said, "filled with beckoning forms." Nor was that all; I have reason to think they never again entered that particular patch of brush; for, some weeks after we had abandoned the study of magpies, and the pasture altogether, we found the spot transformed, as if by the wand of enchantment. From the burned-up desert outside we stepped at once into a miniature paradise, to our surprise, almost our consternation. Excepting the footpaths through it, it bore no appearance of having ever been a thoroughfare. Around the foot of every tree had grown up clumps of ferns or brakes, a yard high, luxuriant, graceful, and exquisite in form and color; and peeping out from under them were flowers, dainty wildings we had not before seen there. A bit of the tropics or a gem out of fairyland it looked to our sun and sand weary eyes. Outside were the burning sun of June, a withering hot wind, and yellow and dead vegetation; within were cool greenness and a mere

rustle of leaves whispering of the gale. It was the loveliest bit of greenery we saw on the shores of the Great Salt Lake. It was marvelous; it was almost uncanny.

Our daily trips to the pasture had ceased, and other birds and other nests had occupied our thoughts for a week or two, when we resolved to pay a last visit to our old haunts, to see if we could learn anything of the magpies. We went through the pasture, led by the voices of the birds away over to the farther side; and there, across another fenced pasture, we heard them plainly, calling and chattering and making much noise, but in different tones from any we had heard before. Evidently, a magpie nursery had been established over there. We fancied we could distinguish maternal reproof and loving baby-talk, beside the weaker voices of the young, and we went home rejoicing to believe that, in spite of nest robbers and the fright we had given them, some young magpies were growing up to enliven the world another summer.

Olive Thorne Miller.

A WINTER TWILIGHT.

BLOOD-SHOTTEN through the bleak, gigantic trees,
 The sunset, o'er a wilderness of snow,
 Startles the wolfish winds that wilder grow
 As hunger mocks their howling miseries.
 In every skulking shadow Fancy sees
 The menace of an undiscovered foe, —
 A sullen footstep, treacherous and slow,
 That comes, or into deeper darkness flees.
 Nor day nor night, in time's eternal round
 Whereof the tides are telling, e'er hath passed
 This isthmus-hour, — this dim, mysterious land
 That sets their lives asunder, — where upcast
 Their earliest and their latest waves resound,
 As each, alternate, nears or leaves the strand.

John B. Tabb.

FROM LITERATURE TO MUSIC.

"Music alone ushers man into the portal of an intellectual world, ready to encompass him, but which he may never encompass."

BEETHOVEN.

MUSIC is often called a universal language. I like to think of it as a thing of numerous languages, carrying at one and the same time messages of infinite variety. Though we occasionally meet a person to whom not one of these languages is intelligible, I wish to show that this unfortunate condition need not exist.

As one human being differs from another, so may his comprehension of one rather than another of these music-languages differ from his neighbor's; or his musical perceptions may include several phases of music, while his neighbor's may recognize but one. The usual view of the subject presupposes lower and higher forms of the art, — a natural growth in one's apprehension from low to high, and a start from near the beginning. If this view be correct, how shall we account for enthusiasm over compositions by Bach or Handel, where none has ever existed for Strauss; for Donizetti, with never any advance to Beethoven?

When a boy, I heard a story that greatly amused me, of Jullien and an eminent musical critic who was in no sense a musician. The story ran that Jullien, having read an uncomplimentary newspaper critique on one of his compositions, went in a great rage to see the writer thereof, whereupon ensued the following dialogue: "Mr. Critic, did you ever write a fugue?" "No." "Can you write a fugue?" "No." "Did you ever play a fugue?" "No." "Can you play a fugue?" "No." "Then what the deevil you know 'bout a fugue, anyway?" Of course experience soon taught me that there was nothing amusing in all this excepting the musician's stupidity.

It is not easy to gauge the extent of

true poetic musical insight that is frequently shown by persons who have no technical knowledge of musical art. On the other hand, it is not at all uncommon to find a well-equipped musician in whom it is difficult to discover artistic perceptions that are at all lofty, far reaching, or real in any fine sense.

The apparent love for music which is developing on every hand is subject matter for hearty congratulation to those who love this noblest of the fine arts, while at the same time there exists some anxiety concerning its sincerity and its permanence. There is abundant evidence that music of a superior order is welcomed and enjoyed with avidity by many who have no technical knowledge of the art. From the lips of such persons can frequently be heard comments so full of appreciation and perception as to show that their attitude in the premises is genuine.

It is one purpose of this paper to suggest a cause for the unwonted presence at musical performances of a large number of people whose absence in former years was notable. I hope that in this same suggestion may be found a possible way to the enjoyment of music for those who are naturally unappreciative.

It may not be amiss to call attention to the fact that some of us take music so seriously that the custom of publishing newspaper advertisements of symphony concerts, quartette concerts, oratorios, etc., under the heading "entertainments," seems as inappropriate as it would be thus to classify scientific lectures. Whether this position be sound or not, it probably accords with the conviction of many that the province of music is to reach and affect the innermost sense, and to elevate as well as possibly to excite one's imagination. Failing to realize this is like thinking of a rainfall as simply making one's pathway muddy.

It is a well-known fact that many persons who to-day show much interest in music confessedly cared nothing about it some years ago. The question naturally arises, Is this departure genuine? To say that it is not, and to suggest fashion as the probable cause, is to match shallowness with shallowness. Journeys to and from Baireuth for the hearing of a single opera, lengthy performances of severely classical works, etc., are experiences not persistently endured for fashion's sake.

I say that the departure *is* genuine, and, moreover, that they who remain unmoved by music might be under its influence, if they would not doggedly look into a mirror when the subject is mentioned. The man who responds to an appeal to take a new outlook by obstinately insisting upon his own particular position in the premises is quite like one who turns to the mirror and sees nothing beside his own likeness.

I wish to think that music is for all, and not for a favored few, and to present reasons for believing that there are susceptibilities in us all which, on being touched by their counterpart in musical art, cause us to respond with emotion, and possibly with warm appreciation. A circuit is established, so to say.

Presupposing willingness on the part of an individual who has received nothing from music, I believe that he can acquire enough of it greatly to enrich and beautify his life.

A difficult subject to deal with would be a person who is naturally in touch with some one phase of music, but who rests just there, and closes his senses to all that does not conform to his position. For instance, the association of a short tune with certain words or with a given rhythm, as in dancing or marching, marks the narrow limit of the musical appreciation of some persons. I claim that such lovers of music could easily go much further. More than that, I believe that most people who have lived to middle

age without comprehending *any* phase of music can, if they are at all imaginative, become devoted to it.

As has been intimated before, a well-equipped musician, technically speaking, may be quite without true musical instincts, while one who is entirely ignorant of music as an art may be musical and perceptive. The listener who comprehends in one of Beethoven's tone-works nothing but the music is dangerously like the reciter who carries only the words of a poem, or one who sees nothing in a picture but its color.

The frequency with which we meet persons who have never cared for the jingle of street music, but who are reverently devoted to Handel or Bach, presents to our consideration an interesting fact. A boy who has shown a marked distaste for sculpture or for painting in any form may, on becoming a man, find great pleasure in a statue or a painting of a favorite subject in literature, in which his ideal has found expressive representation in form or color.

By all this I am trying to show that imagination may right willingly ally itself with sound; perhaps because sound is intangible, plastic, full of subtleties, and insinuating to a high degree.

To reason about music, to treat it as one can a picture or a poem, is difficult; it scales one's environments, and rides into one's being, into one's very soul, by any and every means at hand, without let or hindrance.

It would seem that for us of this period Richard Wagner has opened up a mission for music whereby it more closely allies itself to the romantic in literature, and is less fixed in its own paths of independent absolute form. It is generally conceded that music, to be true to itself, should be the logical development of well-conceived themes, as well worked out and as shapefully and consistently interwoven as the materials used by an architect for an edifice. This might be in the construction of a song or a

symphony, the duet in an opera or the chorus in an oratorio. Although Wagner has turned away from rigid forms, and worked on lines that almost deny his music the right to stand quite alone, may he not, unwittingly, perhaps, and in the simplicity of his greatness, have hit upon a helpful path for those who have failed to recognize music as easily and naturally as others, — a path which leads the rather literary or the purely imaginative mind into a comprehension of what it might otherwise have missed?

Speaking of the poem of the *Nibelungen Ring* during its composition, Wagner said, "It presents this interesting and important myth in the form of a play, just as a fairy tale is given to a child; thus everything makes a plastic effect, and all is understood at once." What did he mean by this? He was treating of Wotan and Walhalla, of Rheingold and Rhine Daughters, of the Walkyrie, of Nibelheim, the *Twilight of the Gods*, etc., in the fusion of materials taken from mediæval German and Norse mythology into his four-evening drama, and he said, "It is like a child's fairy tale, easily understood at once"! "Easily understood at once" was musically speaking, perhaps. He made no doubt that the subject and matter of his libretto would quicken the reader's imagination abundantly. He then gave expression to his musical imagination, and this union produced the works for which he is so justly famous.

That Wagner was right is now not often questioned. Is it not reasonable to think that this union between romance in literature and romance in music is constantly bringing the latter into the lives of many to whom it was before unknown? Where music does not stand entirely by and for itself, but is the handmaiden and accessory of dignified literature, is it not possible that by such an alliance a way is opening through which one can enter the enchanted ground by a literary instead of a purely musical path?

A sharp line should be drawn between programme music and Wagner's method of using short musical phrases which are indissolubly identified with various characters, situations, and even emotions connected with, or, rather, an integral part of, his music-dramas. Certainly, these phrases are charged with some potent force that makes them mean, if possible, more than the matter for which they stand. Another marvel is their simplicity; and here comes a point that is important to note. If we can recall some of the so-called motives that stand in Wagner's operas, respectively, for Walhalla, the Rhine Daughters, the Holy Grail, Kundry, Nibelheim, Lohengrin, the Walkyrie, Parsifal, etc., we shall bring to mind combinations of sound that are but a slight tax upon the comprehension of any one who is not deaf, unless it be a person who is without the power to distinguish high from low in sound, or fast from slow in motion.

It is, unfortunately, true that there are civilized people in the world "which have eyes to see and see not, and have ears to hear and hear not," but why need we deal with the abnormal? Such unfortunates are blessed with unconsciousness of what they lose, and are simply to be pitied, unless they are of the sort who parade, as if it were a joke, this fact of their incomplete natures.

It would be delightful if Richard Wagner should prove to be a writer for the larger world, and that through him many are to reach the truth who otherwise might have failed to find it. Thus he would have builded better than he knew.

It goes almost without saying that these somewhat vague suggestions are offered more in the spirit of speculation than of conviction; but be the case as it may, it behooves the confirmed lover of music to hold his mistress in such lofty esteem as to make it impossible that some day he shall discover her newer acquaintances to be in touch with her on a more lofty plane than his.

B. J. Lang.

"FOR FALSTAFF HE IS DEAD."

"He's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom."

THEY were from Virginia. Most Texans are from somewhere, and the true Virginian never ceases to be from the Old Dominion, even to the third and fourth generation. They had evidently been people of consequence once, and were about as capable of holding their own in the rough-and-tumble, hustling West as a couple of babes.

The war, I think, had beggared them. The major knew as much about earning his right to existence as a prince of the blood royal. Misfortune had buffeted them and drifted them, as wind and water sweep a couple of stray leaves about, till it had finally lodged them in San Antonio; and Mrs. Randolph set to work keeping boarders among the invalids and tourists.

I boarded with them, the first time I went to Texas; and, like everybody else who had ever tasted Mrs. Randolph's cookery and fallen within the spell of her genius for home-making, I returned. Perhaps her wonderful coffee served the purpose of the water from the fairy wells of Ireland, of which, if one drinks, he will return to drink again before he dies; or, more likely, her own gracious influence, diffused upon all her surroundings, accounted for it; but people who had once sojourned with them always did come back.

Mrs. Randolph was a slight, faded woman, with only the luminous hazel eyes, — such beautiful eyes, — looking out of the hollows of their orbits with a clear, wistful brightness, to mark what a beauty she must have been. Just the slender brown stalk of a once gorgeous flower.

Her voice — it trembles in my ear as I write of it — was unforgettable, so peculiar to herself was it: a thin, sweet

falsetto, like the upper notes of a little flute very softly blown. No voice, it seems to me, was ever so exquisitely soothing to ailing nerves or tired ears.

She was a perfect sick-nurse, — that wonderful mingling of galley slave and angel. Of the many who came to her in lingering and hopeless disease, or who actually breathed their last in her arms, all appeared to loosen or forget other ties of love and kindred, to cling to her. Their nearest and dearest, who came, summoned to stand helpless about that last bedside, were almost unnoted, while all the poor, plaintive, peevish appeals were to her; and the failing eyes and voice followed and sought her to the last.

We all sheltered ourselves in her and hung upon her, as though she had been a strong man, and not a weak, drooping, overburdened woman; but there was in that fragile form a great heart that was never appalled, never utterly vanquished, a benignant tenderness and kindness accessible to every piteous creature whose warrant was his need, impersonal and vast as those of nature. When you add that she was a typical and perfect Virginia cook, you have, I suppose, the reasons for the popularity of that boarding-house.

It was never the major who made it, of course. Or perhaps I err, — perhaps I should say it ought not to have been. All the boarders were agreed that hanging was too good for the worthless old reprobate; and yet among them all, I will venture to say, there was not one who did not have a sneaking weakness for the merry old sinner.

He was a very large man. He had evidently been of immense frame before he became so enormously fat as he was when I first saw him. At that time he must have weighed considerably more

than three hundred pounds. He was not a man who became hilarious with drink; he simply managed, by consuming enough liquor to keep a whole political convention tipsy, to be always just comfortably mellow.

A large, unwieldy mass supported on two short and shaky legs, a big mottled face, a quartette of chins, and a rolling, merry eye, — that was the major. He was a confirmed sloven, which annoyed his wife, I am sure, as much as all his other shortcomings together. His shirt (made by Mrs. Randolph, of the finest linen throughout, and upon a special pattern, which was the accretion of years of experience, and sloped out from the top like a circus tent) was always open a button or two at his fat red neck; and his clothing, flung upon his great bulk anyhow, was usually far from spotless. Not a pretty picture? No, and not far from a repulsive reality — and yet —

As to the major's mental characteristics, he was a man of wit; not one who told funny stories, but a creature whose careless and rambling brain contained always the fit and apt phrase to characterize a man, an act, or a situation with such inimitable drollery as printed it forever upon your mind. He nicknamed God's creatures, and his nicknames always stuck. His idle good humor, his thriftless good fellowship, his appreciation of the humorous side of all human mishaps, including his own, were as expansive as his frame.

Nobody who studied his facile, sensual mouth and his shifting, laughing eye would have inclined to belief in his statements; but few would have guessed, on first acquaintance, the extent of their unreliability.

It was not from necessity he lied, — he knew not the word, — but from preference, which formed the basis of all his actions. His fictions were not ingenious; he took no thought to elaborate them; they were simply astonishing in quantity and brazen effrontery. Any-

thing or nothing furnished him a text; his prowess during the late war, his wife's beauty when young, his conquests of gallantry, his great bodily strength, or the extraordinary complication of diseases from which he suffered, — no theme was too high, too solemn, or too trivial for him to embellish.

What did his wife think of these things? Who has penetrated the mind of a woman like Mrs. Randolph? Who can tell how it is that such an one finds it possible to offer, out of her chastity, respect and wifely duty to the coarse, immoral man who chances to be her yoke-mate; out of her probity, trustful affection to the dishonest scoundrel whose schemes she has the best chance of seeing through; or, out of her fastidious abstemiousness, a fond consideration to the drunkard whose name she bears? These are among the things that people may not know, and that must always remain unsolvable mysteries to those of us who are more impulsive and less rigidly self-governed.

The major's mornings were spent sitting with a few congenial spirits in the front door of a grocery where liquor was sold, around the corner from the house. This galled Mrs. Randolph's pride; not so much, I think, that he spent the time there drinking and idling — the Randolphs, she told me, as if speaking of any other hereditary peculiarity, had always been drinking men, more or less — as that he must do his drinking in a common groggery, in the company of common loafers.

Major Randolph, to do him justice, was troubled by no such aristocratic scruples. The cronies with whom he consorted pleased him as well as if the best blood of Virginia had reddened their noses, and the little corner grocery was dear to his soul. He was not a man of theories. His philosophy was to reach for what he wanted, get it if he could without too much trouble, and sit in the sun to enjoy it. He was, in-

identally, good humored, as impatient of pain for others (if he chanced to see it) as for himself, enjoyed making people laugh rather than cry, so that possibly his simple ethical code was as serviceable to his fellow-creatures as many that are more elaborate.

Thus, all the morning he sat in the shady front door of his lounging-place, between the bulging tin signs of "Beauty of the Plains" lager and "Cowboy's Delight" cut plug, his fat knees wide apart, his doubly double chin resting on the head of his cane, babbling, bragging to those who would listen, adjourning frequently to the shrine of Bacchus within, when his throat became dry from incessant talking, and occasionally rising to enthusiasm over the bright eyes, graceful figure, or small foot of some feminine passer-by, for the major was still a great admirer and connoisseur of fine women. When noon came, he got up, and, after a final sacrifice at the inner shrine, rolled home.

There, in the long, cool dining-room — Mrs. Randolph's rooms were always cool, without reference to the thermometer — would be spread one of her perfect dinners. We sat, perhaps, at table, as the major labored in, red and perspiring, and would hear Mrs. Randolph's little, silvery, remonstrant voice behind him: —

"Morton, Morton, wait and wash your hands. I've ironed you a fresh linen coat."

"Coat — coat" — he would reply, in his fat, wheezy tones; "who wants a coat this confounded weather? I don't."

And he usually came in struggling to extricate himself from the one he had on; flung it, when it was doffed, across the back of his chair; and sat down, looking, in his shirt sleeves, like a captive balloon.

Once seated at the table, he gabbled incessantly, and ate enormously of the most trying compounds, rich old cheese crumbled in very sweet coffee being one

of his favorite mixtures. His gastro-nomic and conversational feats annoyed some people; but to most of the "regulars" it was a never failing delight to see him take a new-comer in hand. The smartly awakened interest at the beginning in the face of the uninitiated one, which merged gradually into astonishment, as one fabulous story or statement jostled another in the turgid tide of the major's reminiscences, and frequently ended in downright irritation as the true status of the narrator was shown by some misstatement more glaring than those that had preceded it, — these phases succeeded so certainly as to be worth watching.

I remember an elderly, quiet man from Ohio, whom the major instructed once on the subject of the late war. The Ohio man had been an officer in the Federal army, the major in the Confederate. They exchanged reminiscences very interestedly for a while; or rather, the major held forth, and his hearer put in an astonished query now and again, with a perplexed look growing in his face. Finally the Ohio man found pause in which to mention that he was wounded at the battle of Bald Ridge.

"The battle of Bald Ridge took place on my land," said the major.

"Yes, sir," in reply to a surprised exclamation; "mostly on the ten-acre pasture of my Virginia plantation. I was n't in it. Home on sick leave at the time. Down in the bed, and not expected to live. When I heard the cannonading begin, that morning, about sun-up, I said, 'Those are Yankee guns. Get me up and dress me.' I was n't quite such a heavy weight in those days as I am now, and my boy managed to do it. Two of 'em got me downstairs and out on the front gallery. By that time it was nine o'clock; and I sat there all day, listening to the firing."

"The fight came on about two o'clock in the afternoon, as well as I remember," said the Ohio man, rather coolly. His

face was beginning to harden from astonishment into skepticism.

"Yes, two o'clock, — two o'clock," chimed in the unabashed major; "that's about the hour. As I was saying, when you fellows commenced to retreat about two o'clock, — or it *may* have been as late as three, — and come up over the ridge that lay between my house and the battlefield, musket balls began to be exhilaratingly thick on my front porch; but I was too much interested to notice 'em."

"Oh, major, I should think you'd have been frightened," said a soft voice from the foot of the table. She was a new boarder, too; a young teacher, and very pretty.

The major looked at her indulgently. "Who — me?" he asked. "Musket balls were too common with me those days to talk about feeling scared of 'em; they formed my natural atmosphere. I began to feel better directly they commenced beating the devil's tattoo on the porch floor and the sides of the house; and I was up and walking round, time the Yankees had fought and straggled over the far side of the ridge and out of sight. I had my boys take me over then to where the main fighting had been, — it was in my twelve-acre pasture. That was a fearful sight, a fearful sight, — a dreadful battle! Why, let me tell you, sir, the ground was so thick with the killed and wounded that I could have walked all over that whole fifteen-acre field and never stepped off a dead man!"

The Ohio man pushed his chair back with some emphasis; and then, rising, walked, without a word of reply, into the other room. I was the first to follow him there. I left the major explaining to the pretty teacher how one gets used to danger, and citing the case of his big "brinnel" cat, Tom, who ran and hid himself at the first sounds of firing; concluding, "Before the day was over he was out on the porch with me,

chasing those musket balls when they'd sail across the porch floor, fearless and playful as a kitten."

I found the Ohio man figuring with pencil and paper, and exploding mild expletives. As there was no one else to appeal to, he began on me.

"Why, hang it!" he said, "what does that old idiot mean, getting off such talk as that to a man who was a soldier? Claims to have been in the war himself, too. Why, hang it *all*!" with an accession of wrath, "it makes me mad to be taken for a fool, like that! I've made a calculation here, and allowing for a lot of men lying crooked and all sorts of ways, the number of dead he claims to have seen in his old pasture is more than were killed on *both* sides during the entire war!"

Why was I born to be the major's apologist? I appeased the wrathful Ohio man as best I might, and pondered as to why that task fell to me oftener than to another. Why should I, a young woman professing the most advanced views in regard to all those laws of conduct which he daily transgressed and trampled underfoot in serene unconsciousness, feel moved to offer excuses for him? What was it that begot in me the feeling of toleration, even of indulgence, which I was sure he saw and relied upon?

To whom did he turn when too hard pressed by the graceless young men boarders who were fond, in Mrs. Randolph's absence, of "running" him, and setting traps into which some invention more audacious or unlucky than another would precipitate him? It was invariably to me, and — he always found the ally he openly reckoned upon.

It was a chance expression, not the overwhelming daily testimony of eye and ear, that finally revealed to me the hidden spring of this sympathy, this feeling of *camaraderie*.

These same young scamps were mostly prime favorites of his, despite their

persecutions. However shameless and open their jokes at his expense, his good humor was unfailing, and the waggish drollery of his replies often much more amusing than the remarks which called them forth. I think he liked best his chief tormentor, a young newspaper man, who was running a weekly paper for pleasure and the gratification of a natural bent, and keeping books at night for a living. He was really most likable; keen and brilliant in his quiet way. The major used to tag him about persistently while he was in the house, and tell him his most fabulous stories, and always distinguished him above the others by following him to the porch on his departure.

One hot day, just after dinner, I went out on the porch, and found the major sitting in his big common-sense rocker, with his great carpet-slipped feet on a stool, watching the young editor off, after a final bout. As I paused in the doorway he waved his hand toward the slender, erect figure disappearing down the sunny street.

"A fine fellow," he said; "he'll make a man of himself. A heart of gold, — a heart of gold!"

The stage was not set for a transformation, — only prosaic daylight all about us; I had not guessed him, even, when his pasture acres were growing, from sentence to sentence, like the men in buckram; yet at the Shakespearean phrase disguise fell away, — the incongruous domestic setting, the modern surroundings, the slouchy, soiled modern clothing, — and my old friend Jack Falstaff stood revealed: merry, bibulous, ungodly; running lies like a public pump; mighty of paunch and short of wind; yet withal, in some sense, a lovable creature, by reason of those very faults he made no effort to conceal. Why had I never recognized him before?

Oh, I knew him now! Where he had dallied since the days of Hal, of Randolph, Poins, and Pistol, I knew not,

but him I knew; and never to the day of his death did I lose the feeling that he and I had a secret understanding, that we had campaigned together aforetime.

Shall I tell you how Falstaff died? I know, for I was there. Of all the world who have laughed at his sallies across the footlights, or wept over his end in the pages of King Henry, I only saw him die.

A couple of cowboys from the upper Panhandle ranges had, in their energetic efforts to spend in one spree a whole year's wages, paid over to them at one time, strayed as far south as San Antonio. They had probably not been sober for weeks when they reached the town, and their serious intention was to clean it out.

Their irruption into the major's sleepy little haunt caused an unwonted commotion; and their warlike demonstrations finally sent the proprietor scurrying out to the sidewalk. As he passed, cautioning the major to seek safety in flight, the old man rose, and started into the saloon.

"What's this?" he said. "I can quiet 'em. They don't want to hurt anybody. They're good boys. I" —

He uttered the last words as his foot reached the threshold. Perhaps such a target as he made, standing against the light, was not to be resisted; perhaps, as seemed to be proved at the subsequent inquest, they were shooting wild, and it was a stray bullet that struck him; but his next step carried him almost to that gate which waits to open for all of us somewhere.

They brought him home, six of them, groaning, sweating, and tugging at the litter they had improvised from the heavy iron-bound shop shutters. He could not be carried up the stairs, and they laid him on my bed in the downstairs room.

Mrs. Randolph, dry-eyed and efficient, did everything as the physicians directed

her, exactly as I had seen her work over many another sufferer; but when they told us that the wound was necessarily fatal, that he might live till noon the next day, certainly not longer, she asked that I would stay with her during the night.

And so it came about that, when everything had been done that her hands could do for him, I was to see with astonishment how deep, how poignant, and how utter her grief was. I say, with astonishment; yet who was I to hold that the major should not have his one faithful mourner? My own heart was torn with that remnant of Puritanic judgment which would not sanction the grief that rushed in upon me, and was pulled this way and that by choking emotions, and questionings that shall have no answer this side heaven; but to her who sat across from me the great groaning bulk between us represented all that life once meant: times and scenes and joys long gone; the pretty boy, the playmate of her youth, the young soldier who was the father of the little children she had buried under the Virginia sod; the last pitiful tie to what had been.

In the early part of the night he talked incessantly: sometimes, with the light of reason in his eyes, to us; more often, with that light quenched, to those we could not see. Like his prototype,

"a' babbled o' green fields." He was in the Virginia meadows, with his dogs and gun. He called to servitors, long dead or dispersed, to bring his horse; he smiled at his wife's bent head, and patted it, calling her first one name and then another.

Then the words were fewer, and the groans were so frequent as to be almost continuous. His wife slipped to the floor, and knelt, holding his hand, her face hidden on his pillow.

I watched the gross, blotched features fine and sharpen under the chisel of pain and the chill of death, till the face of the gay and gallant young Virginian of thirty years before showed faintly through their clumsy mask, like a fleeting image in troubled water.

His voice lapsed into silence, broken now and then by a word, a groan, or a long, sobbing breath. The window began to shine pallidly with the light of dawn, and the dawn's chill breath swept into the room. I got up to put out the lamp that its movement set wavering and flickering. The voice of the dying man rose as I did so.

"Cold — cold — cold!" he cried.

His wife put down the hand she was holding, caught the other, laid her palm against his cheek, and broke into sobs.

And Falstaff had gone back to Shadowland.

Grace McGowan Cooke.

HAMILTON FISH.

THE recent death of Hamilton Fish, of New York, who was a member of the House of Representatives in 1843 and 1844, and who sat in the Senate as Senator from New York from March, 1851, to March, 1857, calls attention to the fact that the statesmen who, prior to the rebellion, took part in framing our laws are rapidly passing away. Only six mem-

bers of the present Senate sat in Congress before the war began. Of these, not one was a Senator, and only one (Mr. Sherman, of Ohio) was elected to the Senate before that time.

On his father's side, Mr. Fish was of English descent. The first of the name in this country came to Massachusetts from England. After residing first at

Lynn, and then at Sandwich, he removed to Newtown, Long Island, about the middle of the seventeenth century. A century later, his great-great-grandson, Jonathan Fish, established himself in business in the city of New York, where he died in 1779. His son Nicholas, the father of Hamilton Fish, was a man of strong character and of much influence. He was a soldier in the army from the beginning to the close of the war of the Revolution. He was in the battles of Long Island and Saratoga, and witnessed the surrenders of Burgoyne and Cornwallis. He was the devoted friend of Alexander Hamilton, was one of the executors of his will, and named for him the first son born after Hamilton fell at Weehawken.

The mother of Mr. Fish was the daughter of Peter Stuyvesant, of New York, who was the great-grandson of Petrus Stuyvesant, the last governor of the Dutch colony of New Netherlands. That part of the Stuyvesant estate which came to Mr. Fish made him pecuniarily independent, and enabled him to devote himself to the service of his country.

When a young man attains his majority with expectations of pecuniary ease in the near future, it is too often the case that he is not disposed to work. Such was not the nature of Mr. Fish. He made the most of every advantage that fortune had thrown in his path. His hand was soon felt in the governing board of Columbia College (from which he had graduated with the highest honors); in the organizations connected with the Protestant Episcopal Church in his native city; in the public libraries of that city (especially the Astor Library); in other public institutions and charities of New York; and in the banks, insurance companies, railroads, and other business corporations which centred there. He also took an active interest in political matters, both state and national. Trained in the ways and traditions of Federalism, he became a Whig in the

natural course of events, and was recognized as a wise adviser and safe leader of that great party. He was not ambitious, in the ordinary sense of that term. During his long life he never sought office nor strove to bring himself to the front. He came there through the public sense of his fitness to lead those who agreed with him politically. As he was not an orator, he had to depend upon his sterling character, his great good sense, and his well-balanced faculties to take the place of that power of speech which so often leads to political fortune.

In 1842, when he was thirty-four years of age, he was elected as a Whig to represent the sixth district of New York, in which he resided, in the twenty-ninth Congress. It was a Democratic district, and was recovered by the Democrats at the next election.

In 1846 he was the Whig candidate for the office of lieutenant-governor, and was defeated. In 1847 he was again a candidate for that office, and was elected. In 1848, when General Taylor was elected President, Mr. Fish was chosen to be governor of New York. In 1851 he was elected by the legislature of that State to represent it in the Senate during the thirty-second, thirty-third, and thirty-fourth Congresses.

While he was a member of the Senate, the Republican party was formed by consolidating the great bulk of the Whig party with the antislavery Democrats. His colleague, Mr. Seward, had been a Whig. Mr. Fish's successor was therefore taken from the ranks of the Free-Soil Democrats. Soon after that he went to Europe with his family, and remained there between two and three years. Not long after his return the civil war began.

His great power of organization and the influence of his character and intellect then made themselves felt nationally. He was active in supporting Mr. Lincoln for the presidency in 1860. He was pro-

minent in organizing the Union Defence Committee in New York, of which he was made chairman after General Dix resigned to take command in the army. He was one of the two envoys sent to negotiate with the Confederates for an exchange of prisoners, and the successful results of the negotiation were in a large measure due to him. As this paper does not aim to be a biography, it is sufficient to say that, during those trying four years, few men in private life were more active than he in defense of the Union, and none gave to the government a more intelligent or more directing support.

When General Grant became President, it was his purpose to offer the English mission to Mr. Fish. Circumstances induced a change of mind, and he sent his name to the Senate for the office of Secretary of State. This nomination was confirmed, and it is to a large extent as a Cabinet officer, as adviser of the President, and as head of the foreign department of the government that Mr. Fish is to live in history. In all those relations his great strength of character impressed itself upon everybody with whom he came in contact.

The condition of Cuba at that time made our relations with Spain most critical. The Spanish revolution of the previous year had created much excitement in Cuba. Many natives of that island had greeted it with enthusiasm, as evidence "of the dawn of a new era and a radical change of Spanish policy." The slavery question came to the foreground. Public opinion was divided upon it, and all looked anxiously to Madrid to see what the new government was disposed to do. Meanwhile, an armed uprising, hostile to Spain and favoring the emancipation of the slaves, had broken out in the eastern part of the island, and was assuming threatening proportions. The insurgents, many of whom were naturalized citizens of the United States, were endeavoring to excite sympathy for their cause in this country, and to obtain

substantial aid and comfort for it. This was the state of things on the 4th of March, 1869, when General Grant became President.

On the 27th of that month the Captain-General of Cuba issued a proclamation against the insurgents, in which he said that vessels captured in Spanish waters *or on the high seas near to Cuba*, having on board men, arms, and munitions of war, should be treated as pirates, and that all persons found in them would be immediately executed. This was followed, a few days later, by another decree, regulating sales upon the island in such a way as virtually to confiscate properties of naturalized American citizens. Each of these decrees was, as issued, objected to by Mr. Fish on the part of the United States.

On the 2d of June, 1869, a counter-revolution took place in Havana, by which the too liberal Spanish Captain-General Dulce was deposed. General Dulce was for the time being replaced by Colonel Domingo Leon. Political authority was vested in the Cuban volunteers and their officers. This meant an indefinite continuation of the state of things against which the United States was protesting.

It would have been an easy, and from an international standpoint a justifiable settlement to issue a proclamation recognizing a state of belligerency. An internecine struggle to the death had been going on for months in the island, in which the rights, the properties, and the lives of American citizens were involved. The Captain-General, in managing his side of the fight, had set up a claim to exercise the rights of a belligerent upon the neutral high seas. Nothing would have been easier or more just, so far as Spain was concerned, than for the United States to admit this right, and to require from Spain the observance of the duties which flowed from its exercise. There was a brief time when the President contemplated the possibility of such a solu-

tion. It was then that, taking a vacation from Washington, he left behind him such a proclamation, with his signature, but without directions to affix the great seal and the attest of the Secretary of State.

Mr. Fish, while conceding that such a solution might become necessary, was of opinion that it was not so at that time. He regarded it as directly leading up to the acquisition of Cuba, to which he was opposed. Its inhabitants were one half Spaniards, or of Spanish origin, not speaking our language and not familiar with our laws. The other half added to the disqualifications of alienage and ignorance of our laws the fact that they were still in bondage, and would come to us freshly enfranchised, to increase the difficulties which the work of reconstruction was then imposing on the country. He sought other less revolutionary solutions; and, with the consent and approval of the President, found such, and adopted them. The Spanish minister at Washington was authorized to adjust and settle, without referring them to Madrid, all claims and complaints on the part of citizens of the United States as arising. This continued for about a year. The power was then withdrawn, and a claims convention was agreed to, under the operation of which most of the vexatious questions were amicably settled. Later on, in 1873, came the episode of the *Virinius*, which was disposed of in a conference between Mr. Fish and the Spanish minister at Washington, in November of that year. And thus we escaped the danger of entering into political partnership with Cuba.

The claims against Great Britain, commonly known as the "Alabama Claims," were brought to the front by the rejection of the Johnson-Clarendon treaty, a month after Mr. Fish became Secretary of State. In reopening negotiations at London, he departed from the well-known views of Mr. Seward, Mr. Adams, and Mr. Sumner respecting the

effect of the recognition of the belligerency of the insurgents as a basis for a claim for damages; and he instructed Mr. Motley to say that the President recognized the right of every power to determine for itself the character and nature of a civil conflict in another state, and to define its own relations to the parties to the conflict. It is needless to say that this differed radically from the views of his predecessor.

Throughout the long discussion which followed, and all the bitterness which accompanied it, he adhered to this position. He had ever one object in view, which he pursued steadily until it was accomplished: to restore cordial relations with Great Britain, by securing the payment of our just claims and a proper settlement of our other differences, and to disembarass us in the future from the damaging effect of national claims, founded upon a doctrine respecting the improper recognition of belligerency which he regarded as erroneous. The judgment of the Geneva Tribunal was brought about, in no small measure, by his persistency in adhering to what he thought to be right. To him more than to any other man, not only the United States, but all civilized powers which acknowledge the obligation to observe the requirements of international law, owe this expression of the measure of national duty and national obligations from a source which cannot fail to command respect and obedience in the future.

Few Secretaries of State have had to deal with and dispose of two questions so fundamental and so important. Mr. Fish's immediate predecessor, overwhelmed by the deluge of civil war, was forced by uncontrollable circumstances to turn his energies in the direction of postponement and delay rather than of settlement. Mr. Marcy established relations with Canada which, had they been left undisturbed, would have brought the question of annexation much

nearer than it is likely soon to be. Mr. Webster settled the pending questions with England in his day by the Ashburton Treaty. Mr. Clay tried in vain to find a satisfactory solution of Spanish-American questions. Mr. Adams and Mr. Monroe, with the help of Mr. Caning, launched the Monroe Doctrine. Mr. Madison and Mr. Monroe struggled for ten years with the Berlin Decrees and the Orders in Council, and then went to war with England on another question, which war was concluded by a treaty of peace settling nothing. Mr. Madison, while Secretary of State under Jefferson, settled the pending differences with France by the acquisition of Louisiana, contrary to Mr. Jefferson's constitutional convictions. Mr. Jefferson, as Secretary of State under Washington, had to deal with questions of the deepest significance. Those who are familiar with his work under other circumstances cannot but recognize the influence of Washington himself in the disposition of such questions by his Secretary of State.

There were other novel and important questions with which Mr. Fish had to deal, but which were not finally settled when he left office. Foremost among these was the effect of a treaty of extradition.

The treaty of 1842 with England, known as the Ashburton Treaty, provided, in its tenth article, for the surrender and extradition of criminals, without any provision forbidding their trial in the country demanding them for offenses other than the one for which they were extradited.

One Lawrence had been extradited from England on a demand alleging the commission of one offense. He was said to have been tried and convicted in the United States under an indictment alleging an offense technically different from that for which he was surrendered; but knowledge of that fact had not been officially brought to the notice of the

Secretary of State. Not long after, in February, 1876, demand was made in the usual form upon Great Britain for the surrender of one Winslow, "charged with the commission of the crime of forgery in the State of Massachusetts." To this demand Lord Derby replied: "Her Majesty's government do not feel themselves justified in authorizing the surrendering of Winslow until they shall have received the assurance of your government that this person shall not, until he has been restored or had an opportunity of returning to her Majesty's dominions, be detained or tried in the United States for any offense committed prior to his surrender other than the extradition crimes, proved by the facts on which the surrender would be grounded."

A long discussion followed, during which execution of the treaty was suspended on both sides; but it was soon found inexpedient to continue this course, and Sir Edward Thornton informed Mr. Fish, on the 27th of October, 1876, that the British government had concluded to continue to surrender, as it had done before the breach, "without asking for any engagement as to such persons not being tried in the United States for other than the offenses for which extradition had been demanded."

This terminated the correspondence on the particular case then in question. A general discussion ensued with a view to the conclusion of a new treaty, which was continued into the next administration. The Rauscher case (119 U. S. 407) was decided by the Supreme Court in 1886 adversely to the views for which Mr. Fish had contended. The two governments, accepting this decision, concluded a new extradition treaty in 1889, in which it was agreed that no person surrendered should be tried for an offense other than that for which he had been extradited. Four years later, the Supreme Court, in *Lascelles v. Georgia* (148 U. S. 537), held that the principle settled by the Rauscher case was not ap-

plicable to extraditions made from one State to another, under the Constitution and laws of the United States.

A word should be said with regard to Mr. Fish's views on the subject of expatriation, before taking leave of his work as foreign secretary. Without going at length into it, it is sufficient to say that he gave a new direction to political thought and to executive instructions on this subject, from which they have not since diverged. He maintained that citizenship of the United States, as it confers privileges, also requires the performance of duties. He held that while the powers of the government ought to be exerted in defense of the right of a naturalized citizen as fully and as potently as they should be in defense of a native citizen, yet that naturalization imposes duties to the adopted country; and then when it is sought only for the purpose of residing in the land of nativity discharged of the obligations of citizenship there, and without the performance of such duties here, the naturalized citizen, if he fails to do his duty after due notice to him, is not worthy of protection. The Franco-German war gave ample scope for the application of such a canon of international law. Holding these views, he always refused his consent to the appointment of a naturalized alien as consul at a place within the land of his nativity.

Mr. Fish had no superior as an executive officer. His great ability made itself felt in every room and at every desk. He knew every clerk personally, and seemed to find out instinctively their habits and ways of life, — whether they were prompt or dilatory, attentive to work or disposed to shirk it. While firm in his requirements, he was just to all under him, and patient in listening to their grievances. He was rewarded by their confidence and respect, — perhaps it is not too much to say, by their affection.

When he could induce Congress to

make the necessary appropriations, he reorganized the Department of State, bringing men to the fore whose minds and hearts were in their work. Over seven hundred volumes, made up from loose and unindexed miscellaneous correspondence, were then brought together, indexed, and bound. Simultaneously with this he introduced in the department, for the first time, a system of general indexing, which, as improved by experience, now enables the clerks to find papers without unreasonable delay.

In his administration of the Department of State, Mr. Fish anticipated the reform of the civil service. He instituted a rule requiring an official examination of all candidates for consulates. Under its operation, a person named for a consulate was sometimes found not fitted for the place he sought. In no instance was the member of Congress who favored him able, conscientiously, to object to the result, when the written answers of the applicant were shown to him.

Mr. Fish had a large acquaintance among members of Congress. His house was the scene of a generous and gentlemanly hospitality, never lavish or ostentatious, which brought men of all parties and of all tones of thought into touch with him. His influence upon them cannot be exaggerated. His genial ways, his polished manners, his strong character, his wide range of reading, especially in American political history, his remarkable memory, and his unusual power of conversation fitted him to make the best use of such opportunities.

The same causes operated in the same way in his intercourse with his colleagues and with the President. On all subjects which affected the general policy of the administration or the general welfare of the country he had decided opinions, which he expressed with freedom, and upon which he was always ready to act.

Fortunately for the country, Mr. Fish

enjoyed the entire confidence of President Grant, who felt that in his Secretary of State he had a man of honor, conscientiousness, and truth, unselfish, and with no purposes of his own to advance; who had no whims or changing fancies; who was devoted to the best interests of his country, and understood those interests well; who had a clear and well-educated intellect, peculiarly adapted by its knowledge and training to serve the state, and fully equipped for the performance of every duty of his office, social, intellectual, or political; whose large faculties were always at ready command; who had unusual habits and power of work; and who was, withal, a man of the world, yielding in unessentials, but firm as a rock when duty and his sense of right dictated. This man — his personal selection for the office, and entering unwillingly on its duties to please him — Grant from the outset trusted and leaned upon. In all his troubles — and they were not few — he never withdrew that confidence. In a letter from him written to me in October, 1877, after he ceased to be President, he said, "Give my love to Mr. Fish." The affection implied by such a message was fully reciprocated by the person to whom the message was sent.

A notice of Mr. Fish would be incomplete which failed to speak of his devotion to the Protestant Episcopal Church. Baptized into that Church in infancy, and trained in its ways and faith in childhood, in manhood he accepted it from choice, and gave up the best portion of his nature to it and its service.

Throughout his long career he was one of its most trusted servants. A lay delegate, both in the conventions in his own diocese and in General Conventions, no layman had greater influence in its councils than he. Among its bishops and clergy he found his dearest friends at all times of his life.

The general appreciation of such a character — a character unfortunately too rare in public life — is shown by the many positions of trust and honor to which he was called. In addition to the political offices already referred to as held by him, he was president of the General Society of the Cincinnati for nearly forty years; a trustee of Columbia College for fifty-three years; chairman of its board of trustees for thirty-four years; a trustee of the Astor Library; one of the presidents of the New York Historical Society; and a member of the Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church on the Revision of the Prayer Book. Columbia conferred upon him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws in 1850, Union in 1869, and Harvard in 1871.

The home of Mr. Fish was a centre of family affection and love. Without venturing to intrude upon its sanctity, it may be said that it was the abode of education, culture, and refinement, in the best sense of those words, allied to the directness and simplicity of character which come from training a gentle and loving nature in the way of uprightness and truth. The influence which such a home exercised in Washington has become historic.

J. C. Bancroft Davis.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

HE rests from toil ; the portals of the tomb
Close on the last of those unwearying hands
That wove their pictured webs in History's loom,
Rich with the memories of three distant lands.

One wrought the record of the Royal Pair
Who saw the great Discoverer's sail unfurled,
Happy his more than regal prize to share,
The spoils, the wonders, of the sunset world.

There, too, he found his theme ; upreared anew,
Our eyes beheld the vanished Aztec shrines,
And all the silver splendors of Peru
That lured the conqueror to her fatal mines.

Nor less remembered he who told the tale
Of empire wrested from the strangling sea ;
Of Leyden's woe, that turned his readers pale,
The price of unborn freedom yet to be ;

Who taught the New World what the Old could teach ;
Whose silent hero, peerless as our own,
By deeds that mocked the feeble breath of speech
Called up to life a State without a Throne.

As year by year his tapestry unrolled,
What varied wealth its growing length displayed !
What long processions flamed in cloth of gold !
What stately forms their flowing robes arrayed !

Not such the scenes our later craftsman drew ;
Not such the shapes his darker pattern held ;
A deeper shadow lent its sober hue,
A sadder tale his tragic task compelled.

He told the red man's story ; far and wide
He searched the unwritten records of his race ;
He sat a listener at the Sachem's side,
He tracked the hunter through his wildwood chase.

High o'er his head the soaring eagle screamed ;
The wolf's long howl rang nightly ; through the vale
Tramped the lone bear ; the panther's eyeballs gleamed ;
The bison's gallop thundered on the gale.

Soon o'er the horizon rose the cloud of strife, —
 Two proud, strong nations battling for the prize, —
 Which swarming host should mould a nation's life,
 Which royal banner flout the western skies.

Long raged the conflict; on the crimson sod
 Native and alien joined their hosts in vain;
 The lilies withered where the Lion trod,
 Till Peace lay panting on the ravaged plain.

A nobler task was theirs who strove to win
 The blood-stained heathen to the Christian fold,
 To free from Satan's clutch the slaves of sin;
 Their labors, too, with loving grace he told.

Halting with feeble step, or bending o'er
 The sweet-breathed roses which he loved so well,
 While through long years his burdening cross he bore,
 From those firm lips no coward accents fell.

A brave, bright memory! his the stainless shield
 No shame defaces and no envy mars!
 When our far future's record is unsealed,
 His name will shine among its morning stars.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XVI.

JASPER LARRABEE stood transfixed, gazing at that tremulous, luminous astral presence with a strange superstitious thrill at his heart. It hardly seemed merely a star, so alien to his mind was its aspect in the erst untenanted spaces whence it blazed, so freighted with occult significance. Had the moment been charged with some wonderful apotheosis, some amplification of its pure white lustre into the benignant splendors of a vision of angels, the transformation could scarcely have exceeded the capacities of that breathless, insistent expectation which the ignorant mountaineer lifted toward it. For his was a simple faith, and his untaught mind had learned no doubts.

And had never these nights of ours communion with celestial pursuivants? Did never the flutter of an angel's wing illumine far perspectives that darkle heavily over the earth? Was this rare fluid, which we call the air, so dense; were its sensitive searching vibrations, known as waves of light and sound, so dull, that it should feel naught, reveal naught, when the angel of the Lord flashed through the stars and the wind, through blossoming woods or bleak snows of deserts, and into the haunts and the homes of men?

So many had come! He did not know that they were alien to the nineteenth century, and that the most spiritual-minded of to-day would account for their sudden vision as from prosaic natural causes, — as mental aberration, or

the distortions of a diseased fancy, or the meaningless phantasmagoria of somnolent cerebration. To him it seemed that they had been with man from the very beginning; and why should their presence here be stranger than his own? Their very numbers served to coerce credibility. So many had come! To kings, to wanderers in the wilderness, to prophets, to children, in dreams and in the broad daylight, they came: to stand with a gleaming sword before the gates of Paradise, and to sing in the starry advent of a new day, — Peace on earth, good will toward men; to bring the immortal lilies of the Annunciation, and to tread the ways of the fiery furnace; to touch the bursting bonds of saints in prison, and to roll away the stone from the sepulchre of all the world; to minister to the Christ alike in the shadows of Gethsemane and amongst the splendors of the Mount of the Transfiguration!

He was trembling in every limb, as the scenes trooped out before him in the vivid actuality of his recollections of the pages of the much-thumbed volume which he had left behind him when he had fled from the still in the Lost Time mine. He sank down upon the rocky verge of the precipice, amongst the clinging verdure of its jagged crevices. Some sweet-scented herb sent out its delicate incense under the pressure of his hands. A drowsy twitter of half-awakened nestlings came from the feathery boughs of a cedar-tree that a niche in the cliff hard by half nourished, half starved. The melancholy antiphony of the voices of the wilderness rose and fell in alternating strains, and at long intervals in a vague undiscriminated susurrus the night seemed to sigh.

He heard naught; he heeded naught. His unwinking gaze was fixed upon the wondrous star in the heavens, with that throbbing association of angelic ministrants so definitely in his mind that he might have thought to see an amaran-

thine crown expanding from the rayonant sidereal points, or the outline of a nearing pinion stretched strongly to cleave the ether. For so many had come!

But no! His imagination could compass no such apotheosis. The star remained a star. The exaltation of that moment of wild, vague, and breathless expectation exhaled slowly. A poignant sense of loss succeeded it. The prosaic details of the actual outer life pressed once more on his realization. He looked about him on the sombre wilderness, the black surly mountains, the itinerant mists, heedless whither, the steely glimmer here and there of the ponds where the water made shift to catch the reflection of the sky amidst the dun shadows, and sighed drearily with the sighing night.

He was penniless, shelterless, his life at the mercy of any chance that might favor his crafty enemy, his confidence betrayed by the fugitive whom he had succored, his liberty endangered, already a criminal in the eyes of the law, — an outcast, in truth, within a league of his home. From the nullity of the begloomed landscape the glance naturally rebounded, and the very obscuration of the earth lent glister and definiteness to the wonderful precision of the march of the constellations, as, phalanx after phalanx, they deployed, each in its allotted space and sequence, toward the west. And again his eyes dwelt upon that new splendor in the midst of them. How strange that it should suddenly blossom whitely forth among these old, old stars that had lighted the bosky ways of the garden of Eden! How strange that the sight of it should be vouchsafed to him — and why!

His pulses were tumultuously astir. All at once the thought that had been slowly framing itself in his mind took definite form. He wondered if it could be a sign for him, and of what!

In the arrogations of poor humanity of the higher things, in the infinite

breadth of the claim of an immortal soul, vast incongruities meet. The extreme might seem reached in the ignorant mountaineer, the moonshiner obnoxious to the law, the poverty-stricken laborer, seeing with the wild preëmptions of fancy this star, all newly and miraculously alight in the sky, as charged with some mysterious relation to his infinitesimally petty and restricted life. But once admit the idea of an immortal spirit, heir of all knowledge, made a little lower than the angels, to be crowned with glory and worship, the climax of development, and even the splendors of the star are as naught.

Larrabee had no cultivated sense of comparison. His tenacious nature laid hold upon the idea of an intimate personal intention, a sign in the heavens, with a blunt and stalwart appropriation.

He rose swiftly to his feet. So different a spirit animated him that it seemed a different path from that which he had trod as he had plodded slowly up the mountain, with hesitating steps and frequent uncertain pauses. Now he went deftly down the rugged and far darker way, brushing amongst bushes and vines, and beshowered with the perfumed drops that his hasty transit shook from their boughs; swiftly slipping through the shifting mists that now hid the sky, and again revealed the glisten of that great star amidst a myriad others at the vanishing point of a perspective of seemingly precipitous white ascents, as the uncertain light cleft the glimmering vapors. He looked up to it, as it were, through a defile between these impalpable white cliffs, from the dark abysses of the night; and then the gauzy medium interposed, and without the faint light of the stars the night was black again. His pace did not slacken. He went forward as confidently in the darkness as if he were led by the definite capacity of sight, trusting to that instinct of woodcraft almost as keen as sense itself. Sometimes, indeed, his foot struck against a branch, torn by

the wind from the trees and left to wither in the rugged path; or the splash of a pool beneath his inadvertent step broke the silence of his journey, as these unaccustomed incidents of the way asserted their presence as obstacles. He never hesitated, nor doubted, nor deviated. He seemed led through the darkness by his will. He was aware in some mysterious sort of the looming propinquity of great trees or the locality of jagged rocks; he avoided the verge of cliffs and abysses with that keen, accurate discernment of an unascertained faculty, as a somnambulist might have done. As far as his recognized intelligence was concerned, he was down in the Cove before he knew it, for the way was still sloping, the footing rocky and uneven. A long slanting burnished gleam of orange light appearing suddenly before him, revealing the white mists, and making the darkness a definite visible blackness rather than merely charged with a sense of sightlessness, he deemed only one of those transient lines of lightning reflected in the temporary ponds that he had marked earlier in the evening. It did not flicker, however, and die away. As he stared forward, he perceived, beyond a darkly lustrous interval, a parallel line of yellow brilliance, — another, and still another; and he became aware that he was amongst the workmen's shanties, the lights of which were mirrored in the water. Presently illusory shimmering squares were visible in the mists which marked the open doors. A croaking frog by the waterside ceased suddenly, as, with more decided step, Larrabee skirted the pool and approached. He felt rather than saw the shadowy creature's leap from before his foot, again an elastic spring along the margin, and a splash as the frog jumped into the water, and the long lines of gilded light were broken into a thousand concentric shoaling curves. Voices sounded close at hand, and then the whole little settlement became vaguely visible, — the cabins further apart than

they had seemed at the distance; a banjo was strumming at the most remote, and as Larrabee walked up to the nearest, boldly, in the avenue of light that the open door blazed out in the darkness, he saw within the man whom he sought, bending his frowning brow over a paper in his hand. In the other hand Kenniston held a cigar, which at long intervals he put between his lips; then he pulled energetically at it as if merely to keep it alight, and with no definite experience or expectation of nicotian solace. The county surveyor, on the contrary, on the other side of the table, puffed his pipe systematically, his eyes half closed, his grizzled bearded face showing in repose amongst the wreaths of smoke, his conscience discharged of every detail of the great science of mensuration which he sought to apply to the various parcels of land owned or claimed by his fellow-man. He had answered so much at random the occasional remarks of his host on the subject of the processioning that it became very apparent to Kenniston that he did not propose to work at his vocation out of office hours, as it were. From the consideration of futility as well as decorum, Kenniston had relapsed into silently comparing the calls of the deed with the notes he had made of the day's work, and only unconsciously did an interjection of irritation and disgust escape him.

"I ain't responsible for any disputed p'int, Mr. Kenniston," said the surveyor, sibilantly sucking his pipstem, his eyes quite closed, his feet upon the fender of the little stove. "Ye kin hev a jury o' good and lawful men ter examine an' decide upon it; my business is ter run the line 'cordin' ter the calls an' the compass. That's all!"

Kenniston looked up, a sarcastic comment in his eyes; the mere possibility of submitting the question of the boundary of his land to the wild will of a jury of mountaineers, qualified by the surveyor, according to the law of processioning

land, and met in those tangled precipitous woods to discriminate in matters mathematical and to settle questions of topographical fact, seemed to him so happy a travesty of the theory of law and justice that he could not forbear a scornful smile at his own probable plight when he should come forth from such unique adjudication of his interests.

"There's no disputed 'p'int,'" he said, laughing satirically. "It's the whole confounded line from the Big Hollow Boulder to Wild Duck Falls!"

"'Cordin' ter the calls an' the compass," muttered the surveyor, fast succumbing to the unholy fascinations of a dream in which he found that in seeking to ascertain the area of a triangular body of land he achieved the petrifying result of transforming it to a square. Reason revolted; he woke with a snort, filliped off the ash from his pipe, adjusted himself anew in his chair, looked very wide awake, to be overtaken again by the same irreconcilable process and result.

In the diversion of Kenniston's attention he had lost the run of his ideas; he paused, puffed his cigar into a glow, pushed his chair slightly back from the table, glanced with lowering disaffection at the slumbering surveyor, and then mechanically about him at his surroundings.

The house was the roughest of shells, and hardly compact enough to withstand the floods of rain that had descended upon it to-day. In one corner the floor was still damp, the eaves outside dripped. Beyond a cot, a table, and a few chairs there was no furniture save Kenniston's valise, his gun in its case, which was never opened, and a monkey stove, an object of aversion to its æsthetic owner; for, despite its utility, its outline and atmosphere were a continual affront to him, and it suffered grossly from the comparison with the great open fires of the mountaineers' hearths, the incense of hickory and ash and pine, the flash

and flame and sparkle of those humble illuminated interiors.

The shadowy figure of a man standing in the doorway Kenniston did not immediately notice. Beyond a slight start, a mere matter of nerve (for he could hardly be surprised by aught that the mountaineers could say or do), he did not betray the unexpectedness of the apparition. He smoked silently, eying the intruder without salutation, as if he sought to shift the discourtesy of the lack of formality upon one who merely paused at the door of his domicile and surveyed its occupant; it was his rule not to encourage the mountaineers to come about, and he felt at liberty, with so untutored a folk, to depart from the rules of decorum in such small matters, which were, however, exigent even with them. In this instance no offense seemed to be taken, no intentional lack perceived. Larrabee stood, his smiling dark eyes scanning Kenniston with a steadiness which apparently had other actuation than mere curiosity; his pale clear-cut face, his red hair, his alert strong pose, distinct in the crude white light of the unshaded kerosene lamp. Whether it were the natural commendation of a face and figure regularly handsome by the line and rule by which Kenniston was wont to apportion beauty; whether the exaltation of the discovery of the star, the spiritual audacity of the arrogation of a personal intimation in its manifestation, had touched Larrabee's expression with something strange, something aloof from the day, the time, and the people, Kenniston's jaded interest was stirred.

"Did you want to see me?" he demanded, at length. "Then come in."

Larrabee remained at the threshold, but he leaned against the wall, his big brown hat on the back of his head, as it rested against the rich veined amber and creamy tints of the yellow pine wood.

"Air you-uns the stranger-man ez hev been hyarabouts, building the hotel an' sech?" he asked slowly.

Kenniston's eye became intent, hardening as he nodded. His thoughts flew instantly to that fair edifice and the collapse of all his plans, with the quick inference that here was information to come touching the incendiary. He felt his blood leap; by his pulsing veins he knew how it was burning into his face. He had that desire toward justice which should animate every civilized man, but although he sought to hold himself impartial, calm, circumspect to receive what might be a false accusation, it would have fared ill with Larrabee's enemy had he had an old score to settle thus.

As he remained silent Kenniston spoke, with a view of urging forward the disclosure. "Have I ever seen you here before?"

Larrabee shook his head. "I hev never viewed you-uns ez I knows on." Then, after a pause, "Air you-uns a book-l'arned man?"

"Reasonably so," Kenniston said, with a slight laugh. He leaned his elbows on the table, holding his chin in his hand, which was half obscured by his full beard, and while he looked impatiently at his visitor his white teeth gnawed his underlip.

Larrabee hesitated. "Hev ye met up with the stars in yer readin'?" he finally blurted out.

A sudden look of blank disappointment crossed Kenniston's face.

"Stars!" he echoed in dismay, "Why, I thought you had come to give me some information about the cur that set fire to my house."

(It was a different kind of brute, but the fact of Bruin's agency was relegated to the state of things not revealed, which we denominate mystery.)

It was Larrabee's turn for impatience, and an affronted sense of interruption.

"I dunno nuthin' 'bout who burnt yer hotel" — He paused suddenly, the conviction all at once fully fledged in his mind that it was the deed of the moonshiners, to rid the Cove of its prospect of

troublesome invaders. The recollection of Espey's threat rang in his ears as if the very vibrations of the words were audible upon the air: "Burn him out! Burn his shanty every time he gits it started!"

Larrabee suffered the sense of a nervous shock, so great was the revulsion from the subject that had engrossed him; for this reminiscence of all things he had least expected to meet here. He could hardly cope with it in the free outer air. It belonged so essentially to that other life of his, that underground world where he bore so different an identity, that it seemed to have thoughts and intentions and a conscience peculiar to itself. He had realized the dangers of the isolation in which he stood amongst those of his association, but he had thought himself safe here. Kenniston knew him neither by name nor face, and he was a stranger to all the workmen; since their advent into the Cove he had been held a prisoner in the Lost Time mine. Even a chance encounter with Rodolphus Ross he did not dread, for the officer had not been apprised of his identity on the night he had summoned him to search for the escaped Espey masquerading under the name of Larrabee.

The abrupt pause, the introverted look, the sudden recollection advertised in unmistakable characters upon his unguarded face, did not escape Kenniston's observation, now keen and all on the alert. For his heart was in this reprisal. If he had had naught to gain and much to risk, indeed much of certain loss, he would have pursued this injury to its ultimate and bitterest requital. All that was manly in him—his courage, his pugnacity, his tenaciousness, his self-respect, his vehement, insistent, vigorous personality, that could neither make nor keep covenant with concession, compromise, or defeat—rose to the occasion. He had cursed in his heart the lukewarmness of the authorities who had opined that the mountaineers were mighty rough folks, mighty hard to catch, lived in a

mighty difficult country, and who offered him the half-veiled advice that they were mighty bad to run against, in lieu of the formulated and disciplined suspicions which he had expected, the canvassing of possible "fire-bugs," involving as sequence the search warrants for portable property and warrants for arrest, indictments and other fierce and formidable processes of the law, executed with full intent and expectation.

Here was a clue,—the first; and fortunately it had fallen into his own hands. However, it behooved him to be cautious, or the suggestion might be of as little ultimate value as if the intimation were already given to the turbulent, ill-advised, precipitate deputy, or to his unsanguine, dubious, dilatory principal, with his wise saws about the lack of prudence involved in running against mountain folks, who were mighty hard to catch in the wilds of their difficult country.

Now and again the family of Captain Lucy had had an intimation of how pleasant Mr. Kenniston could be when he chose. It was reserved for Jasper Larrabee to experience the fascination of the full and ripened flavor, the bouquet, so to speak, of his geniality and good will. A second rapid covert survey from that altered point of view which one is apt to adopt when a personal interest looms in the background convinced Kenniston that his visitor was no fool. Although he intended to drop the subject for the present, he did not quit it abruptly.

"I was in hopes you could name some suspicious characters, or had heard some threatening talk, or"—

Once more he saw from his visitor's face that, inadvertently, he had again struck the nail on the head. His secret self-applause aided his self-denial in relinquishing so promising a line of investigation. The man must be made to talk freely, to disclose; his confidence must be secured.

"I have had heavy losses in this matter, and the officers seem of mighty little

account. Every now and then I hope I'll hear of something some other way. I'm afraid to build again unless I know the fire-bug is somewhere else, or what I've done to set people against me."

Larrabee's face was at once softened and troubled. "Burn his shanty every time he gits it started," quoth Espey. And he that would work ill to one man would work ill to another: witness his own plight. His conscience began to stir. If, he thought, the whiskey tax were not in itself so tyrannical, so impracticable and obnoxious a thing, he might have admitted for the nonce that moonshining was in itself wrong.

Kenniston's eyes were studying his unconscious countenance. "Well," he said suddenly, "since it's nothing about my affairs, what can I do for you? Won't you have a chair?"

Larrabee shook his head silently. He stood for a few moments undecided. It might seem that his enthusiasm, so ruthlessly dragged down to earth, might hardly make shift to rise again; but it was strong of wing, as behooves that ethereal essence, and in his ignorant assumptions he thought that he had seen a sign in the heavens, a sign for him. The fervor of all that he had half doubting believed, and half believing doubted, fired his pulses once more. He cared naught for Espey and his troublous usurpations, the officer of the law, the moonshiner and his deadly feud, the incendiary, the necessity of heed to his words. He cared for naught under the moon. Once more his face had that illumined, exalted expression. As he leaned suddenly forward, with a keen anxiety, and said, "Air ye 'quainted with the stars by name, bein' a book-l'arned man?" Kenniston had a swift doubt of his sanity.

"Yes," he replied. And after a pause he asked the counter-question, "Are you interested in the stars?"

But Larrabee, still under the influence of the strong excitement that possessed him, did not answer directly.

"I kin read, but I hain't got but one book. The teacher what l'arned me ter read 'lowed ez the stars air named; they air numbered in a book. Hev ye l'arned sech?"

"Oh yes; I have studied astronomy," replied Kenniston capably. "I know their names."

"I know *them*; I dunno thar names," said Larrabee, making a definite distinction. "That's the reason I kem ter you-uns, hearin' ez ye air a book-l'arned man."

He turned his head and looked out into the night as he stood on the threshold. The mists had gone their ways. The clouds were far in the west. Above all, the clear, sombre field of the sky was thickly bespangled with stars, chill, keenly glittering, for below the night was very dark.

"Thar's a new one," he declared excitedly, "a new one never viewed afore! I seen it kindled up a matter of three week ago, three week an' better, an' it's thar now!"

Kenniston sat in silent amazement, looking steadily at him.

"Kem out!" Larrabee insisted, in tones strangely urgent. "Kem out an' see!"

Some subtle monition apprised Kenniston that there was something in the man's disclosure withheld; that it was not merely to bring his book-learning to bear upon the array of the stars that he was asked to step out of his door at this hour of the night. How often he had heard, as the climax of a feud, of a man in these mountains being summoned on some pretext out of his door to meet a murderous bullet fired by an enemy hidden in the dark! He was momentarily ashamed of this recollection as he glanced at the surveyor asleep close at hand; as he heard the rhythmic beat of feet on the shaking, ill-laid floor, and the patting of hands as some jovial young blade danced a "break-down" in one of the workmen's shanties to the strumming of the banjo, finding

this far more congenial an occupation than shoving the jack plane.

Nevertheless, he had enemies, virulent, unscrupulous, powerful, as his short stay here might seem to attest, and what strange, fantastic vagary was this touching a new star! He would not refuse; that would impugn his courage even to himself, and he held it dear; and as he looked at Larrabee's face with its ever-smiling eyes, despite the intimation of something withheld, of trafficking with a mere subterfuge, he doubted as causeless his prudence. Moreover, this was a man of whom he must keep track, of whom he must know more. He was looking about the room as he rose. "Wait a minute," he said. "I have a strong glass here that may be of use."

The door of the maligned monkey stove standing ajar emitted a ruddy glow of embers upon the yellow pine walls of the room, and toned down the white glare of the kerosene lamp. A deep, restful red hue might have attracted the eye from the further side amongst the shadows, as Kenniston tossed a rug upon a chair aside to obscure a quick search through his valise. A pernicious habit, that of carrying his pistols at the bottom of his luggage, amongst his clean shirts, and he promised himself this should be the end of it. At the moment that he thrust the revolver into his pistol-pocket he picked up the field-glass from the cot. "Here it is," he said, and he followed his guest out of the door and into the dusky night.

It was still all vibrant with the twanging drone of the cicada and the windy note of the booming frogs. The air, damp and of clarified freshness, was pervaded with indeterminate fragrance, the blent perfume of some flower and the pungent aroma of weed and shrub and the balsamic fir. A cluster of great trees rose just outside of the little shell, and though many a star shone down in the interstices of the black fibrous foliage, Larrabee led the way out beyond them and into an open space. It was nearer

the other cottages instead of further away, as Kenniston had half expected. The suspicion, the half-dormant fear, the doubt in his mind, were giving place anew to his determination to keep his hand on this man, to win his confidence or to surprise his secret. All those genial arts of ingratiation at his command were once more brought into play. It was he who introduced the subject of their mission, as they paused on a slight eminence, with a clear view of the great fields of heaven before them.

"Now which is the star that you want to know more about?" he demanded, lifting the glass with a free gesture, and adjusting it to his eye.

"Don't ye see nuthin' oncommon?" the mountaineer asked, in a tense voice.

The strained tone struck Kenniston's attention, and he lowered the glass and looked through the baffling darkness at his companion, whose form could be discriminated only by some fine sense from the surrounding darkness by an effect of solidity, given one could hardly say how.

Kenniston, the glass swaying useless in his hand, gazed upward once more.

"No, I can't say I do," he replied wonderingly.

Larrabee suddenly came up close to him, taking him by the arm.

"Now, hyar, to'des the east, an' yit a leetle to'des the north, sorter slanchwise to'des Big Injun Mounting, setting a mite ter the west from that, an' plumb west from Chillhowee, a bright, bright star, — with," he added, in a surprised tone, as if he had not before discerned this, "a sorter silver shine onto it."

Kenniston laughed slyly in his sleeve. One can hardly better appreciate the immense distance that mechanical appliance has brought man from his normal state of natural, unassisted faculties than in the effort to point out, with such accuracy as to enable another to distinguish, an object in those fair and foreign fields of heaven, by the unaided means of the index finger. A suffusion

of self-gratulatory pride is apt to over-spread the consciousness, the unit assuming the credit of all that the genius of invention has achieved in the generic name of mankind. Kenniston had not even a slight expectation of being able to distinguish the particular star, but the affectation of effort, in his own interests, in some sort constrained his will. He looked about the skies with that vague sense of recollection which animates one who turns the leaves of a volume written in a half-forgotten language. He had not been the familiar of the stars. His choicest ambitions had lifted him no further than a reasonably safe height for an attic, or those fantastic simulations of turrets with which the new architecture apes *hard passibus æquis* the old. He had naught in common with the full-pulsed, aspiring audacity of those architects of eld who builded in the plain of Shinar; his was but a low-studded Babel. He had not cared for a higher outlook, and his building had no definite designs touching heaven. It had been so long since he had regarded the upper atmosphere other than barometrically that he hardly made shift to see the Swan arch her snowy neck from those great lakes of ether, whose indented shores seemed marked and foliage-fringed by the wooded summits of the Great Smoky Mountains. The assertive brilliance of Lyra he noted near the meridian, with the harpstrings all vibrant, doubtless, with that music of the spheres which we are told by the scientist is no longer a mere figment of poesy. The Cor Caroli gleamed pure and splendid amongst the mists of a struggling recollection. And where was Scorpio? — how low in the sky, how far to the southwest, how near to its setting! Through a water-gap of Chilhowee, cloven to the very heart of the range, he marked the gleaming coils. Of strangely melancholy intimations were the stars, seen so far through the steep wooded defile, dark and rugged on either hand; but he remembered

only the relation of its early setting and the season, for it was near the end of September. How little building weather the year might spare him yet! How heavy the rains of to-day, and the west still harbored portents! Unless he relinquished all and left the field, baffled and beaten, he must have the incendiary behind the bars. To jail a suspect, at all events, would intimidate the lawless population, and point the moral of "Hands off!"

"I don't see it," he said, reverting to the prosecution of his intention to win the mountaineer's secret information as to the origin of the fire. "I'm sorry I can't see it, Mr. — Excuse me, what did you say your name is?"

His visitor had not said, but all thrown off his guard the young man replied promptly, "Lar'bee, — Jasper Lar'bee. Ef ye look jes' a leetle ter the right of that thar batch o' stars ez 'pears some similar ter a kyart-wheel" — He raised once more the futile inefficiency of his index finger.

But Kenniston was not looking. This name, — he placed it at once. In the short interview which he had had with the deputy sheriff touching the incendiary, without whose apprehension he feared to recommence the building, it had recurred repeatedly to Rodolphus Ross's lips coupled with many an imprecation. Kenniston had paid scant heed at the time to the story of the search for Espey, of the pretended arrest, of the escape of the supposed Larrabee and the inference of some crime which his flight fostered. It had all happened during his absence from the Cove, and shortly before the beginning of the building of the hotel. He could not conceive of any reasons for connecting one with the other; but this man indubitably knew something of the crime; his long and mysterious disappearance had baffled all the devices of the officers, and surely it was a strange subterfuge which had brought him hither. Strange to the minds of others as well, for sundry figures were

detached now and again from the illumined thresholds near at hand; presently the foreman had joined the two, and several of the workmen approached, all pausing at intervals and craning their necks up toward the sky, having noticed their scrutiny of it, and expectant of some *lusus naturee*, — comet, or aurora borealis, or other phenomenon the observation of which might serve to break the monotony. The resonant tone of the banjo now and again sounded loud in the damp air, as the musician who carried it under his arm jostled against one of the others. Their attitudes and faces expressed an alert curiosity, for they were not altogether indistinguishable; the two star-gazers having insensibly changed their positions, and come within the line of light falling from one of the open doors.

"Some ter the right o' that batch o' stars ez be some similar ter a kyart-wheel," repeated Larrabee urgently.

"I don't know which you mean," replied Kenniston, drawing himself back to the subject with difficulty.

"Don't ye view one ez ye never viewed afore?" demanded Jasper breathlessly. "Ef ye know 'em, ye air 'bleeged ter see that thar one air strange!"

"Mr. Jackson," — Kenniston turned to the foreman, — "do you see anything unusual in that sky?"

The foreman answered with a prompt and businesslike negative, and then appealed in turn to the workmen. None of them could perceive aught amiss, although they all turned about and critically surveyed the majesty of the heavens.

"It's a new star," protested Larrabee, unconsciously adopting the scientific term of description. "I seen it kindle up myself 'bout three weeks ago."

There was an astounded silence; then a resonance broke out abruptly as the young musician smote his bullet head with the instrument, apparently inadvertently, but with the view of intimat-

ing to his fellows that all was not accurately adjusted in the cranium of their queer visitor.

Kenniston hesitated for a moment. There lay in his mind the residuum, so to speak, of an impression that new stars or temporary stars are not of infrequent occurrence in the economy of worlds, rating time by the long astral lengths. He could not say at once, — such scant commerce he had had with the stars of late years, to be sure. His mind had reverted instantly to the question upon what pretext he should seek to detain the man. He only saw rather than noted the workmen slowly turning aside, the long lane of yellow light streaming through the door, the lustrous mirror-like suggestions in the darkness hard by where the pools lurked and the frogs were still croaking, the outlines of the clustering roofs of the other little buildings, shadowy in the deeper shadow, the dense woods surrounding all, and above the great amphitheatre of the mountains on every side. The voice of the foreman recalled him: —

"That's a queer customer. First crank I've seen here."

"Where is he?" cried Kenniston, with a start, the freedom of the criticism notifying him of the absence of its subject. "Stop him! Call him! Hold on to him!"

But the effort was vain. Larrabee had departed as suddenly, as tracklessly, as if the night had swallowed him up.

XVII.

It was a buoyant, elated spirit that Jasper Larrabee bore as he slipped swiftly away through the darkness and the woods, unaware of the sudden vehement search for him, unhearing the hue and cry. He had put his discovery to the test, — the most searching that he could devise. And not the man learned in

letters, who even knew the stars by name, not the clear-headed, prosperous, efficient foreman, not the humbler handicraftsmen, could see that gracious, splendid stellar presence still shining, — shining down into the wilderness, doubtless with some message, some token, some personal relation, that would be in due season made known. He had no uncertainties; he had said to himself that if it were invisible to others he would accept it as a revelation to himself. For had he not seen it even as it first kindled in the blank spaces of the midnight sky?

He felt with a sort of surprise that his limbs were trembling as he went, his breath was short; more than once he paused, with a reeling sense as if he should fall, and he beheld the summit line of demarcation where the dark woods touched the clear sky describe a long curve upward, and once more sink to its place. He had not known the physical exhaustion that ensues upon strong and long-continued mental excitement. Beyond the moment's impatient recognition he gave it no heed. He was glad, glad beyond all power of analysis, expectant, breathless, his eyes continually fixed upon the star, unmindful whither his failing feet carried him. He passed without a thought the door of the store of the Lost Time mine, from which so lately he had escaped as it were with his life in his hand. He might have seen, if he had chosen, the twinkle of Cornelia Taft's fire through the chinking, as she nodded on the hearth and vainly waited for her father's return to supper. He heard naught, — no voice from the woods, no stir of leaf, no sigh of wind, no lapsing of the alien sheets of water, not even the full rush of the stream from the portal of the Lost Time mine, loud, sinister, seemingly charged with cavernous echoes from those hidden haunted recesses whence it came, wild, turbulent, with thrice its normal volume hurling out into the black night.

Only once he paused. The unseen air and the invisible moisture were at their jugglery again, weaving from nothingness wondrous symmetries of scrolls tenuous to the eye, marvelous winged suggestions endowed with the faculty of flight and airy poise, graces of fabric, and tissues, fold on fold of impalpable pearl-tinted consistencies; now a floating film passed before the star; again it shone out more splendid still, and anon dimly through the gathering haze, and so was lost to sight.

Larrabee stood for a time spellbound, still gazing up into heaven. But winds were astir in the region of the clouds. Heavy purple masses, with here and there flocculent white drifts, and showing lines of white at their verges, were spreading over the sky; the temperature had fallen suddenly; he was shivering. Vagrant gusts seemed to issue from defiles of the mountain, and he heard the awakening of the pines. Out of sight of the star his flagging energies failed. The definite realization of his fatigue, his hunger, his faintness, pressed upon his aroused senses. He could hardly support his tottering limbs to the door of the Lost Time mine, and drag himself up on the rocks, out of the reach of the water, to rest, as he waited till the clouds should pass, till the sight of the star should be renewed to his longing gaze. Even in its eclipse, in a certain yearning sense of bereavement, in his disappointment, he had a patience and calm acquiescence begotten of confidence. For he should see it again. Was it not his own, his very own, charged with some unimagined significance to him? He shifted his posture once, reckoning upon its position in the sky, that it might not fail his sight the moment the baffling clouds withdrew. He was conscious of a high degree of happiness despite his tremulous thrills of suspense. He gazed upward, as he reclined on the ledge of rock, with smiling eyes and a heart full of deep content. He had gone far

enough within to have an upward view through the jagged portal of rough-hewn rocks. Beyond their edges the sky seemed of lighter tint, so black it was within. He could mark here how the clouds made sail, how swiftly the wind sped them. He watched a section of a branch close at hand sway in sight, and swing back on the wind, and once more wave, nodding, plumelike, into view. He heard the sharp bark of a fox outside in the woods; it roused far-away baying of drowsy hounds, and again all was still, except the reverberation of the water loud against the echoing walls of the darksome place. The sound affected his nerves; he was dizzy for a moment. Then something cold, clammy, suddenly struck him in the face. His heart seemed to stand still for a moment with the recollection of the spectral terrors of the place. It came again and again, and the air was vaguely fanned about his brow before he recognized the noiseless flight of bats on their way to the outer darkness. He lay back upon the ledge, finding a solace in the mere posture of rest in his extreme fatigue, and once more watched the jagged black portal and the purple clouds with their hoary drifts, as in endless unbroken folds they rolled before the serene white splendors of that wondrous star. Again and again he would lift himself upon his elbow, fancying that the cloud textures waxed thin, and that presently, when they should fall away from before it, he would behold anew the sidereal incandescent glory that meant so much, that should mean more to him. Not once did his faith fail him. Not once did he doubt that the white fires of this star which none else could see were miraculously kindled and charged with some deep significance for him, with the vouchsafed will of God. For were not stars messengers of the olden time? Had he not read of one, supremely blessed and brilliant, which had led men, the wisest men, to the cradled Christ? As

he lay back in the dense darkness, with the gathering clouds outside, and the air freighted with the sense of black noiseless invisible wings of creatures of ill favor and ill omen, he seemed to have a vision of that guiding star, — not a chill splendid crystalline glitter like his own, high, high in the sky, but low down in the dark east, and of a soft supernal silver sheen in the purple shadowy mist above the shadowy purple hills of Judea, that stretched out in ever-lengthening perspectives, as it fared on and slowly on its mystic way, for Bethlehem might still be far to seek.

And suddenly, with a start, Larrabee became aware that it was a real light at which he was gazing far down in the Lost Time mine. He had slept he knew not how long, nor in what danger, for the lantern whose starry lustre shone so far in the dark cavernous depths was swinging in the hands of one of two men who must have passed him as he lay dreaming and unconscious. He hardly dared move at first, so far those slanting, divergent rays extended from the white focus into the darkness. He lay still, struggling for a moment with the idea of the traditional spectres of the place, whose grisly renown had served to make it so solitary. It was the lantern which proved a redoubtable exorcist. The sight of the little mundane contrivance appealed to his logical faculty as no mere theory of the impossibility of spectres could have done. He lifted himself cautiously on his elbow, and gazed down the vistas of the gloomy place with a suspicious, inquisitive worldly pulse beating in every vein. These were men in truth; and what was their mission here? One of them was singularly gesticulatory of manner. The other slouched heavily. It was the latter who had just lighted the lantern, for he was evidently throwing away a match, an article which the Lost Time store had made common in the Cove. Suddenly they were joined by a third dark figure,

somehow detached from the darkness, for Larrabee could hardly have said whence he had approached, and who turned with a light, lithe motion, swinging to his shoulder an implement which the thick-set man had handed him. It was a pickaxe. How often, how often Larrabee had heard its vibrations ring through these storied depths while he threaded the dark tunnel to the still, and shivered at the thought of the two dead miners digging and digging the graves these thirty years for their bones which only the waters had buried!

The lantern swayed, the shadows all flickered, the group was on the move. Larrabee sprang hastily to his feet to follow.

He could not easily judge how far the feeble glimmer led them, so rugged and winding was the way. Once, as the submerged mouth of a shaft yawned suddenly before his feet, he hesitated, half deterred; he was fain to skulk with the skulking shadows, lest the light should reveal his presence, and thus the dangers which they braved menaced him doubly. He marveled, as he noted that the half-fallen timbers in a cross-cut through which they passed barely supported the masses of earth which any jar might dislodge, that they dared the possibilities of the place. Everywhere was the sound of water working its secret will still on the ruins that it had made, and its tone added to the awe of the place, and the desolation, and the darkness, and the eerie effect of the bats that flew after the lantern and smote blindly against it.

The light was set down presently, and as the men seemed stirring about their work Larrabee ventured to approach nearer behind a pile of broken rock in the darkness, and mopped the cold perspiration from his brow. He caught his breath at the sight of the faces which the lantern revealed.

For they were all recruited from his mother's hearth. Some crazy folly, doubtless, of old man Haight had drawn

him here. He had been one of the miners before that catastrophe which had closed the work forever; Larrabee remembered in what deep, blood-curdling tones he was wont to curse the Lost Time mine. And his daughter Jerusha's husband, — it had always been a marvel where and how he obtained the whiskey he so indubitably consumed; perhaps, in consideration of his age and infirmities, Mrs. Larrabee furnished a too ample allowance of liquor to old man Haight, who, for services rendered in this wild enterprise, furnished his son-in-law.

"We-uns hev been toler'ble good customers o' the Lost Time still," Larrabee muttered sarcastically.

And there was Jack Espey! The sanity of *his* presence here was easily demonstrable; nowhere else could he so safely be. How he had chanced to co-operate in this strange work with the dotard and the sot was soon explained.

"Gimme a holt o' that thar grub," he said gruffly, with a look of poignant hunger on his thin face.

Old Haight, with a trembling, deprecatory expression and shaking hand, made haste to give him a small basket, of a queer shape and aspect which bespoke the work of the Indians of Qualatown. The young man eagerly thrust his hand into its narrow mouth, and as he drew forth its meagre contents gave vent to his disappointment.

"My Lord!" he exclaimed, "is that all? An' ye expec' me ter kem hyar night arter night — from — from" — the effort of his heavy flight of imagination showed in his face — "from 'way over yander whar I live now, an' help ye dig an' sech, an' gin me sech forage ter work on ez that!" He pointed contemptuously at the food, albeit his mouth was full.

"Now, now, Jack, now, bubby, lemme tell you," expostulated the old man, his jaw quivering painfully as he spoke, and his wrinkled face showing, in the glim-

mer of the lantern, at once grotesque and piteous, encircled as it was by the brilliant hues of a little shawl of Mrs. Larrabee's, in which his head was tied up for protection against the weather, and which was surmounted by his hat. "Ye dunno how durned hard it war ter git that much. This hyar Henrietty Timson hev got us down on half rations, mighty short commons. 'T ain't like 't war whenst you-uns lived with us, Jack. Oh my! Oh my, no!" and he shook his queerly upholstered head as he sat quaking and shivering on a ledge of the rock. He impressed Larrabee as much out of place, — so habituated was he to the sight of him in the chimney corner, — as the oven, or pot, or crane, or any other naturalized appurtenance of the fireside might have been. He let his veinous old shaking hands fall on his knees with a gesture deeply significant of grief. "I wisht ter Gawd," he cried, "ez S'briny war hyar!"

He pronounced her name as if she were a sort of minor providence, as indeed she had been to him.

"Leetle ez ye hed, ye mought hev brung it sooner," grumbled Jack, stuffing the half of a very fat, very heavy biscuit into his mouth.

"Law, Jack," cried the old man, "we-uns air plumb 'feared ter leave the house sooner, — even arter all war bedded up for the night. That thar 'oman hev got her pryin' nose in every mortal thing; 'pears ter me the longest, sharpest nose I ever seen," he added maliciously, and with sudden sprightly interest, "ain't it, Tawm?"

His fellow-sufferer from its pointed inquisitiveness had seemed about to fall asleep in a heavy, shapeless lump, but he roused himself at this to add his testimony with some sincere acidity.

"Longes' an' sharpes' I ever seen," he protested thickly, "an' I hev known 'em p'inted an' drawn out to *de-straction*." His snore followed so promptly that one might have doubted whether

he had spoken at all; it presented the phenomenon of a waking parenthesis, as it were, in the midst of the somnolent text.

"I tell ye, it's good fur S'briny ter go, ter let we-uns savor how we miss her," said the old man. "Sech a house, Jack, sech quar'lin' an' scufflin' an' tormentin', f'om mornin' till night, — crowdin' *Me* up on the h'a'thstone, an' shovin' *my* cheer, an' talkin' 'bout useless cumberers, whenst I hev been treated with sech *re-spec'* by S'briny Lar'bee ez ef I hed been her own dad, stiddier jes' her husband's step-dad, — sech *re-spec'* an' hot vittles, an' the fus' sarved, an' the bes' o' every-thing!" His old face flushed with the recollection of the recent indignities offered him. "The pa'son tells ye ter lean on the Lord. Ef ye ain't got the grace ter do that, S'briny Lar'bee's a mighty good substitute!"

For the life of him, Jasper Larrabee could not harden his heart.

"Her pet tur-rkey air dead," old man Haight presently observed disconnectedly.

"Glad of it," said Jack callously. "I never seen a beast so pompered, an' fairly hanker ter git stepped on, forever flusterin' 'roun' the floor underfoot."

"*She* 'll be powerful sorry. She sot a heap o' store by it, an' doctored it corno'sider'ble. She 'lowed it hed the quinsy." Then, after a pause, "Whenst I gits my money back," said the old man meditatively, "I be goin' ter buy S'briny Lar'bee suthin' ez will s'prise her, — I dunno what. I studies on it some mighty nigh every day. A spry young filly, mebbe, or a good cow an' calf, — I dunno. I'd gin her the money, ef she would n't be sure ter fool it away on them wuthless triflin' cattle o' chil'n an' folks she contrives fur all the time. I'd gin S'briny half o' the cold cash, an' ennyhow I lay off ter spend half fur a presint fur her."

Espey, his energies recruited by food, and perhaps willing to postpone the evil

hour of shoveling and digging, looked up with a satiric eye and a rallying laugh.

"Whar's my sheer, ef ye be goin' ter gin Miss Lar'bee haffen the money? Ye 'lowed Tawm hed hed his pay in whiskey," — he cast a side glance at the bloated slumbering face and collapsed figure in the shadow, — "an' he's hed a plenty, too, fur he's nuthin' but a cag o' liquor set a-goin' on two legs; but I'm durned ef I'll take my pay out in Mis' Timson's sour yeast an' raw dough." He twirled the empty basket over contemptuously. "Ye 'lowed that night, three weeks ago, whenst I — ye — whenst we run on one another, an' s'prised one another, ez ye'd pay me solid silver ef I would'n't tell nobody, but help ye; now did n't ye?"

Espey's tone was so obviously that of one who speaks in flagrant jest that Larrabee perceived he gave the unknown enterprise no serious support or credence, and that he was only utilizing some preposterous delusion of the old man touching his work in the Lost Time mine to secure food to sustain him while he evaded the pursuit of the law.

"Enough!" screamed the old man shrilly, and Larrabee recognized the clamors of the queer cracked voice which he had been wont shudderingly to mark in the tunnel that led to the still. "Ain't I done tole ye what I ain't never tole no other livin' man — I don't count Tawm — 't eighty-seben dollars! Yes, sir, nigh on ter a hundred, what I hed done sold my cabin an' lan' fur on Big Injun Mounting whenst Ikem overhyar ter settle, — eighty-seben dollars in hard silver." He broke off abruptly. Then, in the deep, hollow, blood-curdling tone which Larrabee had so often heard about the fireside, he cursed the Lost Time mine. His excitement was painful to witness, as Larrabee, still looking round the pile of broken rock, noted his feverish illumined eyes, the flush on his withered parchment-like cheek, the aimlessness and the quaking of his fluttering nerveless

hand. Espey was gazing at him calmly, his face lighted by the lantern placed on the ground between them, and evidently believing that not a syllable he uttered had any foundation in fact.

"'T war the day o' the floodin' o' the mine," old Haight mouthed and gesticulated vehemently. "Every durned thing went wrong that day! I war hyar a-workin'. I hed worked in mines over in Car'liny, an' war ekal ter all. I war toler'ble young an' nimble, — knowed ter be ez nimble ez a painter! An' one o' them durned buzzards workin' of the windlass drapped the whole contrivance, winch, rope, bucket, man, an' all, down inter the bottom o' the shaft; an' they could n't make the man answer, an' 'lowed he war kilt. An' I — the devil's own fool — mus' ups an' volunteer ter go down an' git the windlass an' let 'em hoist it out, an' then let down the bucket agin an' fetch up the man — (I furgits his name, dad burn him! — Tom, Jim, Pete, cuss him, whatever he be!) An' ez they war a sort o' harnessin' me up with ropes under my arms an' around my middle, I felt my leetle bag o' money a-poppin' 'bout in my pocket, an' 'peared ter me it mought pop out down in that deep onhandy shaft. An' I handed it ter the foreman ter keep fur me in his pocket, — he war a clever trusted man; I never tole the t'others, kase they war toler'ble hard cases, an' some men would kill a man fur a dollar an' a half; an' bless Gawd — eighty-seben dollars! An' down I goes! I hed about teched bottom when — hell broke loose! I 'lowed I hearn thunder: 't war the water on a plumb tear, breakin' down the walls an' cavortin' like a herd o' wild cattle through the mine. Sech screechin's! The men ez helt the rope drapped it on my head an' run fur their lives!"

With open mouth and shaking jaw, he rose up, and gazed eagerly about, while Espey wearily yawned and passed his hands across his eyes.

"It bust through about thar." He pointed about in real or fancied recognition of the course of the flood. "But over yander — the whole thing hev fell down an' caved in sence then, mighty nigh — 't war higher 'n the level o' the overflow, an' I stayed down thar in the shaft dry ez a bone. I stayed two days along o' that dead man. I furgits his name," he broke off in peevish irritation.

He sat down, readjusted his plaid shawl about his head, surmounted it again with his big broad hat, and recommenced: —

"Waal, they 'lowed at fust they'd work the mine agin, — did n't know what the damage war; an' ez they war pokin' 'bout, somebody 'membered me, an' when they fished me out'n the shaft I hed these hyar jiggets." He held up his shaking hands, and looked in exasperation from one to the other. "Some calls it the palsy, but the doctor, he 'lowed it kem from the narvous shock. An' the foreman, he hed done hed ter git drowned with my leetle bag o' money in his pocket." He rose to his feet, with a sudden steady blazing fire in his eyes. "But it's silver, — eighty — seben — dollars!" He pronounced the words as if they expressed the wealth of the Indies. "They air silver, — silver metal. Water can't hurt 'em, an' the leetle leather bag kep' 'em from scatterin'. The foreman's got 'em in his pocket. Mebbe he hain't got no pocket by this time, but he hain't got rid o' all his bones. The money'll be nigh his bones, an' I be goin' ter foller the wash o' that flood, afore the walls fell in on it, till I find 'em."

There was something pathetic to Jasper Larrabee's sympathetic gaze in the record of the gradual failure of the old man's mental powers registered on the walls. He could easily distinguish, of course, the difference in the work wrought by numbers and with the expectation of valuable ore and this unique subterranean burrowing with only the object of Haight's search in view. But at first ac-

cepted methods of mining had been held in regard with a due consideration of safety. The excavations had been carefully timbered, the débris of the ancient lumber serving for the purpose; the nature of the earth and rock all capably recognized either in the avoidance of obstacles or the seizure of advantage; the exact location of an old cross-cut definitely ascertained and intersected by the new tunnel, and utilized to further him on the way to some objective point, doubtless once definite in his mind, but now hazy and intermittent, or possibly lost altogether, for here and there, evidently at random, great vaults had been hollowed out and abandoned, and for a long time every precaution or thought of safety had been discarded. His plan and its feasibility were gone, and only his inadequate intention remained.

Larrabee started violently as the walls rang suddenly with the weird old voice, which, with its keen, false intonation, had so often struck terror to the stout hearts of the moonshiners of the Lost Time still. It was a voice of insistent command. He was urging his comrades up to work, and presently the regular strokes of the pickaxe wielded by the stalwart "Tawm" set the echoes of the place to a hollow, melancholy iteration dreary to hear, and dismally blent with the rush of the cruel torrent. Espey's stroke seemed, in comparison, incidental and ineffective; but albeit both men worked apparently with a will, it was evidently quite at random, obeying implicitly now and again a gesture or command given in pursuance of some weak, wavering intention, and changed in a moment.

The accident which had put the secret into Larrabee's hands seemed to him now so natural that he marveled that it had not been earlier revealed. But doubtless the vocation of the lost miners had served to connect the stroke of the pickaxe with their gruesome fate, and thus the very fact of the sound, which must otherwise have betrayed the enterprise,

aided the spectral traditions and the constant avoidance of the place to preserve it. Would Espey have dared, he asked himself, to venture within, had he not feared the living more than the dead? And but for his own recognition of the humble lantern and its necessarily human uses he would, for fear of the spectral miners, hardly have tracked the old miner to his new lead.

And suddenly, with the very thought, notwithstanding the perfectly natural solution of the mystery, he was solicitous as to the means of departure. He could not wait to follow that feeble lantern far enough in the background to insure his invisibility. He would not issue upon them now and advertise his discovery, and dismay the old dotard with his hopeless scheme. "I don't want to torment the pore old man," he said. He felt a keen thrill of savage joy to have discovered Espey's lair, but he would need some thought secretly to entrap him. "Fur ye air a mighty slick shirk, brother Jack," he said, with scorn. He was feeling some matches in his pockets, and judging of their number. Should they fail him before he reached the outer air, he could step aside and wait till the men should pass with the lantern. Its glimmer served now as long as the passage was comparatively straight; when it turned, himself out of the possibility of view, he struck the first match. The way was shorter than he had fancied. His store was not yet exhausted when he felt the warmer temperature from without, and saw the jagged outline of the portal and heard the melancholy dash of the rain; for it was once more "falling weather," and the sky was cloaked and gray.

As he hesitated without, his mind intent upon Espey and the incidents of his career since he had been among them, there came to him the thought of the barn in which his whilom friend had been

wont to spend so many idle and meditative hours. A good refuge, to be sure, for a fugitive from the law. The idea of comforts allured him as he recollected the great fragrant elastic masses of hay. A hiding-place as well. Here even Henrietta Timson would hardly find him, for the rotting ladder, from which many a rung was missing, afforded scant footing for a barn swallow, or a flying squirrel, or an athlete like himself or his friend. Sleep would recruit his energies, quiet solace his mind, a vacant interval of time clarify his intentions and fortify his resolves. He started up the mountain briskly; the thought of home, even in this humble, secret, half-outcast guise, warmed his heart. He did not feel the rain dash in his face. A prescience of October was unheeded in the melancholy cadences of the midnight wind. He hardly noted the deep gloom of the Cove, where an owl was wailing at intervals, and whence all the orange-tinted lights had vanished. As the chill of the failing season struck him, he shivered, but unconsciously. He had forged on past the Lost Time store almost to the crest of the ridge, where the homeward way diverged, when suddenly a dull subterranean thunder shook the air, and the earth seemed to tremble. He paused in astonishment.

"Why, they air a-blastin' down thar in the Lost Time mine. Espey ought n't ter let two bereft folks tech sech ez that; 't ain't safe."

Then he reflected that Espey himself had doubtless superintended the charges with due regard to their safety and his own. Nevertheless, he shook his head as he stood looking over his shoulder into the blank, unresponsive darkness. He heard no more, and presently he turned again and went his homeward way in the dark persistent dripping of the early autumn rain.

Charles Egbert Craddock.

TAMMANY HALL.

IN November, 1890, a mayor for the term of two years was to be elected in the city of New York. It was a foregone conclusion that the Democratic candidate, whoever he might be, would be chosen, and naturally, as the time for making nominations approached, there was much speculation, in the newspapers and elsewhere, as to who would receive the office. But, strangely enough, there seemed to be a dearth of nominees; persons were not "prominently mentioned," as is usual under such circumstances; and in fact it was utterly uncertain whom the electors had in mind, until a private citizen of New York opportunely arrived home from Europe. This was Mr. Richard Croker. When Mr. Croker came, New York found out who its chief executive officer was to be. He named the candidate; the delegates to the nominating convention ratified his choice, and in due course the electors confirmed it.

Who is Mr. Croker? What is the history of the man who possesses this extraordinary power over the chief city of a "free" country, — a city having more than two million inhabitants? Mr. Croker emigrated to New York from Ireland about forty years ago, being then a small boy. He remained in New York, growing up on the East Side of the city, and while still in his teens he acquired some reputation as a "tough." He became identified with what was known as the "Fourth Avenue Tunnel Gang;" and subsequently he advanced to having a "gang" of his own. The "tough" recognizes but one virtue, that of courage, and this young Irishman possessed that virtue in a far higher degree than is the case with most "toughs." In 1866 he defeated one Richard Lynch in a fight at Jones's Woods, on a Sunday morning. Afterward, he was matched to fight a well-known professional, Mr.

Owney Geoghegan; but this arrangement fell through. At one time Mr. Croker kept a liquor saloon. Later, he served for a short period as stoker to a fire engine. Then he went into politics, holding a small clerkship under Tweed and "Prince Harry" Genet. Rising a little, he became an alderman, and in that capacity he signed a paper agreeing to take no step and to cast no vote without first obtaining the consent of Genet and several other persons named in the document. From 1874 to 1879 he held the office of county coroner. After that he was an alderman, again, and both Mayor Edson and Mayor Hewitt appointed him a fire commissioner.

Mr. Croker is a man of medium height, heavily built, but not portly. He has a massive jaw, a well-shaped head, and though he wears a full beard it is possible to see that he has a mouth which denotes a will of iron. His face is of the bulldog type, but it lacks the good nature which those who are familiar with the really gentle character of the bulldog are able to detect in that animal's countenance. Mr. Croker is reputed to be a man of very few words; that he is extremely sagacious need not be said; that he has an innate tendency to become respectable is evident from his career. At present he holds no public office whatever, but he governs New York more absolutely than most kings have governed their kingdoms. Though without visible means of support, he is a man of great wealth. He has built, or is building, one palace in Heidelberg, another in New York, and he has invested large sums both in running and in trotting stables. How are these facts accounted for? Why is Mr. Croker an autocrat and a millionaire? The answer can be made in a word, — he succeeded John Kelly as Boss of Tammany Hall.

To explain Mr. Croker, therefore, it is necessary to explain Tammany Hall, and this I shall endeavor to do. In the first place, one must distinguish between the "Tammany Society or Columbian Order" and the political organization called for shortness "Tammany Hall." The Tammany Society or Columbian Order was founded within two weeks after Washington took the oath of office as first President of the United States. Tammany was an Indian chief of legendary fame, and the Tammany Society was a fraternal, benevolent, and patriotic club. It still exists, its principal function being to celebrate the Fourth of July by a banquet and addresses. The Tammany Society owns a large building on Fourteenth Street, near Third Avenue, and it leases rooms in this building to the "Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York," otherwise and more commonly known as "Tammany Hall" or "Tammany." Tammany Hall means, therefore, first, the building on Fourteenth Street where the "Democracy" have their headquarters; and secondly, the political body officially known as the Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York. I had the curiosity, not long ago, to visit this famous building. Mr. Croker's offices, on the first floor, are accessible to the public. They consist chiefly of a large room, furnished with a few tables and chairs, and hung with pictures of the Braves. In one corner is a closet, where, in safe seclusion, hangs a now historic telephone. The great man emerged from this closet as I entered the room. He wore a high hat, had a stout cane in his hand, and was evidently in a hurry to depart; it was the morning of the day when Directum and Alix had their race at Fleetwood Park, which Mr. Croker attended in company with the Hon. W. C. Whit-

ney. Several Tammany leaders, wearing that jaunty, half-military air which always distinguishes them, were waiting about the room to speak with the Boss; and he permitted them to approach in turn, which they did with deference. Each one had a few moments' whispered conversation with the autocrat, who appeared sometimes to grant, sometimes to refuse, the petitions offered to him. It was plain from his manner, which is very quiet and emphatic, that when he says no, he says it with absolute finality.

Such is the Tammany leader; and now, at the risk of being tedious, I shall state briefly how the Democratic Republican General Committee of the City of New York, and the bodies related to it, are formed. The city of New York is divided by law into thirty "assembly districts;" that is, thirty districts, each of which elects an assemblyman to the state legislature. In each of these assembly districts there is held annually an election of members of the aforesaid Democratic Republican General Committee. This committee is a very large one, consisting of no less than five thousand men; and each assembly district is allotted a certain number of members, based on the number of Democratic votes which it cast in the last preceding presidential election. Thus the number of the General Committeemen elected in each assembly district varies from sixty to two hundred and seventy. There is intended to be one General Committeeman for every fifty Democratic electors in the district. In each assembly district there is also elected a district leader, the head of Tammany Hall for that district. He is always a member of the General Committee, and these thirty men, one leader from each assembly district, form the executive committee of Tammany Hall.¹ "By this committee," says a Tammany official, "all the internal affairs of the

¹ Since this paper was put in type the number of the executive committee has been doubled, at Mr. Croker's suggestion; the design

being to have one "business man" as well as one politician elected from each assembly district.

organization are directed, its candidates for offices are selected, and the plans for every campaign are matured." The General Committee meets every month, five hundred members constituting a quorum; and in October of each year it sits as a county convention, to nominate candidates for the ensuing election. There is also a sub-committee on organization, containing one thousand members, which meets once a month. This committee takes charge of the conduct of elections. There is, besides, a finance committee, appointed by the chairman of the General Committee, and there are several minor committees, unnecessary to mention. The chairman of the finance committee is at present Mr. Richard Croker.

Such are the general committees of Tammany Hall; and I pass now to the local officers and bodies. Each assembly district is divided by law into numerous election districts, or, as they are called in some cities, voting precincts, — each election district containing about four hundred voters. The election districts are looked after as follows: Every assembly district has a district committee, composed of the members of the General Committee elected from that district, and of certain additional members chosen for the purpose. The district committee appoints in each of the election districts included in that particular assembly district a captain. This man is the local boss. He has from ten to twenty-five aids, and he is responsible for the vote of his election district. There are about eleven hundred election districts in New York, and consequently there are about eleven hundred captains, or local bosses, each one being responsible to the (assembly) district committee by which he was appointed. Every captain is held to a strict account. If the Tammany vote in his election district falls off without due cause, he is forthwith removed, and another appointed in his place. Usually, the captain is an actual resident in his district; but

occasionally, being selected from a distant part of the city, he acquires a fictitious residence in the district. Very frequently the captain is a liquor dealer, who has a clientele of customers, dependents, and hangers-on, whom he "swings," or controls. He is paid, of course, for his services; he has some money to distribute, and a little patronage, such as places in the street-cleaning department, or perhaps a minor clerkship. The captain of a district has a personal acquaintance with all its voters; and on the eve of an election he is able to tell how every man in his district is going to vote. He makes his report; and from the eleven hundred reports of the election district captains the Tammany leaders can predict with accuracy what will be the vote of the city.

The Australian ballot law, if enacted in its integral form, might have embarrassed Tammany somewhat; but when this measure was under discussion in the New York legislature, Mr. David B. Hill procured the passage of the "paster ballot amendment." The paster is a ballot of the same size and shape as the official ballot. The voter brings his paster with him, if he chooses, and glues it over the official ballot, thereby wiping the latter out of existence. Probably the ingenuity of Tammany would be able to cope with any form of ballot that could be devised to make voting a secret and independent function. Some time ago, a Tammany leader, known as "Dry Dollar" Sullivan, suspecting treachery in his district, took the precaution to have the genuine Tammany ballot perfumed, so that by giving it a slight wave in the air its identity would be disclosed. Now, the voter does not himself deposit his ballot in the box; that is done by a clerk or inspector who takes the ballot from the voter's hand. In this case, therefore, it was only necessary for the clerk (a Tammany man, of course) to give the ballot a little flourish before dropping it in the slot; and if it failed to breathe forth the expected per-

fume, the name of the man, who presented it was noted, and Dry Dollar Sullivan reckoned with him thereafter.

From this brief survey, it will be seen how thorough and comprehensive is the organization of Tammany Hall. On the one hand, Tammany, by means of its General Committee, enlists an army of men, five thousand strong, which is perpetually in service. On the other hand, by means of the election district captains, with their lieutenants and henchmen, Tammany keeps an eye on every individual voter in the city of New York. Tammany knows no race or creed when it is a question of acquiring or preserving political power. Some of its election district captains are Jews; and although most of the assembly district leaders are Irishmen, there are almost as many Germans as Irish in the rank and file. Tammany, again, is always on the alert to placate and promote men who have influence or ability. If there be, for example, an Italian in the district who shows some independence of character, and has a following, however small, among his countrymen, Tammany will grapple that man to itself with hooks of steel. He will get money or a place; he will get something, or at least the promise of something. Tammany is very hospitable to rising talent, and it bears no grudges. It receives a convert with open arms, and rewards him in proportion to the harm which he did to the organization in his unregenerate days. Young men find that Tammany is ready to advance them as fast as their capabilities will permit.

Then there is the social aspect of the organization. Every assembly district has its headquarters, always kept open, where the district committee meet and consult, and where an *esprit de corps* is developed and maintained. There is also, in almost every assembly district, a Tammany clubhouse, frequented by the well-to-do faithful in that district. They go there to smoke and drink, to talk, to

read the newspapers, and especially to play cards. To understand the cohesive strength of Tammany one must understand how Tammany lies in the mind of an ordinary "average" member of the organization. In the first place, he glories in its history. He is obliged to admit, of course, that Tweed and his gang were the leaders of Tammany in their day; but so is a Catholic forced to admit that some of the popes were bad men, and in neither case is the former existence of corrupt leaders a sufficient reason for giving up the organization. Besides, were not they also Tammany men who, with Tilden at their head, purged the society and overthrew Tweed?

As regards the national government, Tammany's history is a noble one. In the war of 1812, when many hearts were faltering, Tammany strengthened the hands of the administration. In the war of the rebellion, Tammany poured out its blood like water. It would do the same again, should the occasion arise. The Tammany Society was founded as a patriotic body, — to cherish the cause of the people, to defend the Jeffersonian view of our government as against the aristocratic view, which, early in the century, was very strong. The same antagonism that existed then between Tammany and the upper class of New York citizens exists in some degree to-day. The Tammany man dislikes and despises the Anglomania of what is called "society" in New York; he distrusts the people who compose "society," and he believes them to be at heart out of sympathy with American principles; whereas Tammany, in his view, is a concrete protest against monarchy and monarchical arrangements of society. He considers that Tammany is, on the whole, a good body, that it gives New York a good government, that it stands for what is manly and patriotic. It troubles him somewhat that a few of the leaders are said to be acquiring ill-gotten gains; and if the scandal increases, he will overthrow those leaders, and appoint others

in their stead. Meanwhile, Tammany is his party, his church, his club, his totem. To be loyal to something is almost a necessity of all uncorrupt natures, and especially of the Celtic nature. The Tammany man is loyal to Tammany.

In truth, there is very little in New York to suggest any higher ideal. What kind of a spectacle does the city present to a man working his way up from poverty to wealth,—to one, for instance, who began as a “tough,” and ends as a capitalist? The upper class—at least the richer class, the class chiefly talked about in the papers—is, with exceptions, of course, given over to material luxury and to ostentation. It is without high aims, without sympathy, without civic pride or feeling. It has not even the personal dignity of a real aristocracy. Its sense of honor is very crude. And as this class is devoted to the selfish spending, so the business class is devoted to the remorseless getting, of money. A Wall Street financier would overreach his own father in a business transaction. To get the better of the man with whom he is dealing has become a law of his nature; and it is on that plane that business in general is now done. The tone of Delmonico’s, of the Union Club, of the Merchants’ Exchange, of the Stockbrokers’ Board, is no higher than the tone of Tammany Hall. It may be more refined, but it is probably less honest. A man of Mr. Croker’s origin, for example, commonly has an instinct of honesty, just as he has an instinct of pugnacity; but this primeval instinct has almost died out of the trading and speculative class.

When we come to consider the laboring population, we find that they also are looked after by Tammany. They have their “Associations.” Thus, in one assembly district there will be the “P. Divver Association,” in another the “Michael O’Hara,” in another the “Charles Steckler Association.” This means that once every year Mr. Divver,

for instance, will give his constituents a vast free picnic; chartering a steamer and barges, hiring at least one brass band, and perhaps providing lager beer gratis. Tammany, therefore, stands not only for politics, but also for society and amusement and fellowship. P. Divver, besides being at the head of an “Association,” is district leader in his assembly district, and also a police justice. The result is that Mr. Divver exercises the powers of a feudal chieftain in the Middle Ages. In fact, modern New York presents a very good illustration of feudal government. It is feudalism tempered by newspaper oversight.

We think of New York as one vast town; but in reality it is a conglomeration of villages. This is especially true of the lower part of the city and of the laboring class. Professional men and those of similar standing in New York are less often natives of the town than are the small tradesmen and the mechanics. The people of a ward, as a rule, know one another. Many of them were born where they live; they are acquainted with their alderman, a Tammany man, and with the district captain, and these functionaries are acquainted with them. If they want anything of the city, it is to Tammany that they must go for it. The force of laborers employed by the various departments is, of course, immense, and all this patronage is at the absolute disposal of Tammany. Moreover, those who have contracts with the city do not select their own laborers; they employ such men as Tammany designates. If it is not work that a citizen desires, but immunity from arrest or imprisonment, or from molestation by the police in his business, here again it is to Tammany that he must apply for protection or relief. No wonder, then, that Tammany is strongly entrenched in New York.

As to the power which Tammany has to harass its enemies and to intimidate all neutral persons I shall speak pre-

sently; but first a word or two should be said concerning the kind of government which Tammany provides. If you ask an anti-Tammany man about this, he will most often give you to understand that the city government is administered largely by thieves and murderers. "Tammany," writes Mr. Dorman B. Eaton in the *North American Review*, "is an institution composed of Lilliputs in influence and Brobdingnags in rascality, in the hands of savage and venal partisans, on a level with gamblers, thieves, and pirates, who never apologize, and who would be ruined by any attempt at justification."

But if you push your inquiries a step farther, and ask what sort of a government these people give the city, you encounter some strange admissions. It is commonly conceded that in most respects the city is well governed. It is orderly; the criminal class is well kept under; the fire department is exceedingly good; the police are extremely efficient, though often brutal and oppressive in their treatment of persons without money or influence; the streets are well paved, and not very dirty. School-teachers are appointed regardless of politics.¹ Finally, the cost of the city government is not excessive. The tax rate is \$1.85 per hundred, and the valuation is low, being calculated at forty, or possibly fifty per cent. Two million people live in New York, and about two million more do business there. Consequently, there is in the lower part of the city, the business part, an immense accumulation of wealth, and the real estate in that quarter is of almost fabulous value. For this reason, a tax rate and valuation comparatively low produce a great return, so that in reality more money is raised by taxation than would appear to be the case at first sight. It is true, also, that

a controversy exists as to whether the city government is economically administered. The subject is too vast and too complicated to be discussed here; but, on the whole, I think it may be assumed that the bill which Tammany sends in every year to the citizens of New York for carrying on their government is not unduly exorbitant. Furthermore, so far as is known, no frauds are committed upon the taxpayers outright, such as were perpetrated in the days of Tweed. Tammany raises immense sums, but they are raised by contribution and by blackmail, not by theft. In short, the results are astonishingly good, considering the character of the persons who are now at the head of Tammany Hall; and the inference is that the rank and file of Tammany Hall, including most of the office holders, are sound, honest men. As was remarked to me recently by a prominent lawyer, familiar with city politics, "If a reform movement should be made successfully here in New York, and an anti-Tammany machine be organized, the rank and file would remain substantially the same; the leaders only would be changed." Such is the result of my own observations; and, as I have said, the good government which the city enjoys can be explained upon no other hypothesis.

But there are many respects in which the government is not good; it is growing worse every year in those respects; and, above all, it is not a government of the people, by the people, or for the people. It is a government of Mr. Richard Croker, by means of Tammany Hall, for Mr. Croker primarily, for Tammany Hall secondarily, and for the people in the third place. It is a literal fact that a despotism has got itself established in New York. There has been a transfer of political power as complete as that

¹ This rule has doubtless been broken in some instances, but not, perhaps, with Mr. Croker's knowledge or consent. In one case, a school trustee, being directed by a district

leader to appoint a certain teacher, appealed to Mr. Croker himself, and the Boss told him, in presence of the district leader, to make such appointments regardless of politics.

which, in the eighth century, made the mayors of the palace, instead of the reigning king, the real rulers of France.

No one who has not lived in New York can imagine the despotic power which Tammany Hall exercises there. No citizen is too humble to be beneath its notice; no citizen is too rich or too powerful to be safe from its interference. There is not a man living in New York, however independent his character, who would not think twice before doing an act likely to offend Tammany, — or the city government, for they are one and the same thing. People outside of New York would be astonished if they knew what eminent citizens of that town, Republican as well as Democratic, what respectable and wealthy corporations, curry favor with Tammany by keeping their hands off in city politics, by downright contributions of money, and in various other ways. In many assembly districts the Republican party organization is a sort of annex to Tammany; many of the Republican inspectors of election are in the pay of Tammany. Rich and respectable Republicans in the city refrain from vigorous warfare against Tammany, because they do not want to be harassed in respect to their real estate, their shops, their railroads, their factories, their tax returns.

What power Tammany has in this direction I shall show presently; but first I ought to state some of the ways in which Tammany misgoverns New York, the good features of its government having already been mentioned. Many of its appointments, especially during the last year or two, have been very bad. Few men in the city have more power for good or for evil than the police justices. They ought to be lawyers of high character, trained to sift evidence. Mayor Hewitt said, in one of his special messages, in 1888, "I do not assert too much when I declare that the function of a police justice is of more importance to the community than that of a judge of

the Court of Appeals. The latter finally settles the law, but the former applies it in the first instance in nearly all cases affecting the life, liberty, and property of the citizen. . . . The divorce between party politics and the bench should be made so complete that when a man becomes a judge he should cease to be a politician."

As a matter of fact, the present police justices were all active politicians when they were appointed, and most of them are now Tammany "leaders" in their respective assembly districts. Few, if any, of them are lawyers. Mayor Grant appointed, among others, Patrick Divver, keeper of a sailors' boarding-house and a liquor dealer. He also appointed Thomas F. Grady, a former state senator, whose character was indicated in a letter (which made much stir at the time) written by Mr. Cleveland, then governor of New York, to John Kelly, then Boss of Tammany Hall. In this letter Mr. Cleveland requested that Mr. Grady should not again be sent to Albany as a legislator. He wrote: "I do not wish to conceal the fact that my personal comfort and satisfaction are involved in this matter. But I know that good legislation, based upon a pure desire to promote the interests of the people, and the improvement of legislative methods are also deeply involved."

Among Mayor Grant's other selections for the bench were an undertaker and two clerks taken out of city offices. A police justice recently appointed by Mayor Gilroy is one Koch, a man who made a discreditable record as excise commissioner. The appointment was condemned by a committee of investigation reporting to the City Reform Club.

Tammany's representatives in the state legislature are mostly mere agents, and some of them are corrupt men. Some interesting particulars concerning them are given in the Eighth Annual Record of Assemblymen and Senators from the City of New York, compiled and published by the club just mentioned. From this pam-

phlet we learn that one assemblyman "was born in Cork, Ireland, . . . and immigrated to this country when about seven years of age. He attended public schools. When about twenty-four years old he became a bar-tender in a saloon which he soon owned. He now has a saloon at 442 Washington Street. He is illiterate, shameless, and utterly unfit to represent the important district from which he comes. His record for the past session is bad. . . . Apparently, all the bills which he introduced were strikes." (A "strike" is a measure brought forward simply for purposes of blackmail; as, for example, a bill, introduced last year, reducing fares on the New York surface railways from five to three cents.)

Of another assemblyman we have the following account: "He received six or seven years' schooling in the public schools of this city. His early associations were not good. He was employed in various newspaper delivery offices for several years. He afterwards became a liquor dealer, then an undertaker, then a liquor dealer again. Last year he called himself a lawyer, and this year a plumber. As a matter of fact, he has recently opened a new saloon at 35 Marion Street. He does not use tobacco nor drink intoxicating liquors. . . . He belongs to the worst class of bar-room politicians. He has engaged in street brawls, poses as a fighter, and is a typical New York 'tough.' As a legislator, he is preposterous. He is dishonest, and has been accused upon the floor of the House of using money to defeat certain bills."

One assemblyman "was born in New York city, of American parents. He was educated in the public schools, and was admitted to the bar. . . . He has no conception of his duties, and seems lacking in ordinary intelligence. . . . He associated with and followed the lead of the most corrupt element in the legislature. The story of his unsuccessful journey to an interior town, at much personal discomfort, for the purpose of demand-

ing a sum of money for his vote in favor of a bill making a small appropriation for a charitable institution is public property. It is supposed that his simple-minded attempts to strike various interests will prevent his return to the assembly."

A better kind of legislator is described as follows: "He was born in New York city, of Irish parents. He was educated in parochial and public schools and the College of the City of New York. He worked as a school-teacher, and studied law at the same time. . . . He now has a law office. . . . He is an honest man, of considerable ability. His associates at Albany are good. *He is Richard Croker's pet assemblyman.* . . . His record for the past session was bad so far as he was controlled by Tammany Hall. He voted for all its bills, whether of a political or private nature, and showed activity only when Tammany needed his services; when Tammany interests were not involved, he was usually upon the right side."

This description of Mr. Croker's "pet assemblyman" is, I think, highly significant. It will be observed that the pet assemblyman is just as honest and reputable a man as it is possible for him to be without neglecting the selfish interests of Tammany Hall and Mr. Croker. And such is the character of the whole government of the city of New York. It is as good, as effective, as honest a government as Mr. Croker can afford to give the citizens without doing what he would doubtless consider injustice to himself and to his political constituents. Probably he thinks that any inhabitant of New York who fails to be satisfied with it is very ungrateful. Certainly it is as good as the citizens deserve. The Croker régime is far removed from the clumsy, thieving system of Tweed. An analysis of the City Reform Club's report, from which I have just quoted, shows that Tammany, on the whole, prefers men of the pet assemblyman type rather than of the type represented, for

instance, by the second character described above. Of the thirty assemblymen elected from the city of New York last year, twenty-nine were classed as Tammany Democrats. There was but one Independent Democrat, and not a single Republican. Of the twenty-nine Tammany Democrats, three were good men and good legislators; fifteen were mere Tammany machines, not "personally dishonest;" whereas only eleven are set down as inherently corrupt. The reason why Tammany Hall needs to be well represented at Albany is doubtless familiar to most of my readers. The city of New York is controlled very largely by the state legislature. For the past fifty years the city has been Democratic, excepting, I believe, one year only; for the same period, with the exception of a year or two, the legislature has been Republican. The consequence of this state of things is stated by Mr. Godkin, Tammany's acute and courageous opponent: "In order to protect themselves against the gross consequences of Democratic ignorance and corruption, Republicans have been compelled to fly to Albany and ask for some sort of temporary relief in the shape of special legislation." And Mr. Godkin adds: "The strain on integrity which the situation creates on both sides is, in fact, greater than human nature can bear, even when it has not been trained in city politics. Nothing can well be more demoralizing for the country members of the legislature than the power to regulate the affairs of a wealthy community to which they do not belong, and whose interests they do not understand. Nothing, too, is more demoralizing for a minority, in any community, than the discovery that it need not try persuasion on the majority in order to accomplish its ends; that there is a power outside to which it can appeal to enable it to have its way when elections go against it."

The state legislature, then, and not the aldermen, constitutes the real legislative

body of the city. There are no common councilmen, and the aldermen have very little power; their business is chiefly to regulate the use of highways and sidewalks, to make ordinances about awnings, etc. Even for the laying out of a new street recourse must be had to Albany. The "boodles" aldermen, whose trials created so much excitement a few years ago, were aldermen who had been bribed to give a charter to a surface railway; but such rights are now required by law to be sold at public auction. Since 1884, the aldermen have not even had the power of confirming or rejecting the mayor's appointments.

Last year, however, Tammany had a majority both in the assembly and in the senate, and this very much simplified Mr. Croker's task in directing legislation. He was able to pass or reject bills by telephone. The Capitol at Albany still continued in service, the City Hall at New York was also occupied by its customary tenants, but the real seat of municipal legislation was the wigwam on Fourteenth Street.

I have spoken of the laws affecting New York which are passed at the capital; and there is another way, also, in which Tammany, or rather the state "ring," of which Tammany forms the chief part, is interested in Albany legislation. For many years the "striking" of individuals, and more especially of corporations, has been a recognized industry at Albany, as indeed it has been, though to a less extent, in most state capitals. A legislator "strikes" a corporation, as I have indicated, when he introduces some bill calculated to injure it directly or indirectly; his purpose being, not to have the bill pass, but to compel the corporation to buy him off. Sometimes, also, corporations are forced to pay large sums for particular legislation which they desire, which may be, and often is, perfectly proper, and which a legislature not venal would grant without difficulty. It is generally believed that enormous sums

pass into the ring's hands in this way. I know of one case where twenty-five hundred dollars were paid by a corporation for a small piece of legislation. I know of another case where fifteen thousand dollars were demanded for a similar but more important service. After much deliberation, and under the advice of able counsel, it was concluded to pay this sum, and nothing remained to be done except to send the cheque; but at that stage of the negotiations the election of last November occurred. Tammany lost its majority in the legislature, and I presume, though I do not know, that the cheque was not sent. In still another case, Tammany demanded of a corporation doing an immense business in the State sixty thousand dollars for some entirely proper legislation at Albany. The company was advised by its counsel, an eminent member of the bar, to hand over the money. But here, again, the election of last November intervened, and caused, I believe, a hitch in the proceedings. These large payments are not made by shady individuals, or companies doing a doubtful business and advised by shyster attorneys; they are made by the chief corporations in the State, acting under advice of the chief lawyers in the State. Last year, Tammany being in full possession of the legislature, this blackmailing business was thrown directly into the hands of the ring, and the result was described by the president of a great insurance company doing business in New York. "Formerly," he said, "we had to keep a man at Albany to buy off the 'strikers' one by one, but this year we simply paid over a lump sum to the ring, and they looked after our interests."

It should be said, moreover, that Tammany deals very honestly in these transactions. It protects its clients from the raids of the Black Horse Cavalry (as the strikers are called) as faithfully as Rob Roy protected his clients from cattle-lifters on the Border. Such is one source

of Tammany's income, and the money derived from it is said to exceed a million dollars per annum. How much of it goes into the treasury of Tammany Hall, and how much into the pockets of the leaders, is not known. Neither the ring nor Tammany renders accounts.

Tammany's legitimate revenue consists chiefly of assessments levied upon candidates for office and upon office holders. Every one of the five thousand members of the General Committee pays an assessment, varying from five dollars to fifty dollars. Every candidate for an elective office pays a sum proportioned to the salary and length of term attached to the office. The city employees above the grade of laborer make annual contributions to Tammany. Another source of revenue is the contributions of liquor dealers. There are about thirty thousand men in New York engaged as principals or assistants in selling liquor over a bar. The saloons number about eight thousand; and almost all of them help support Tammany Hall. Still another, and perhaps even greater source of revenue is found in the criminal classes. Every gambling house, every house of prostitution, pays hush money through the police, and, it may be added, to the police.¹

It remains to state what power Tammany has to harass its enemies and to punish rebellious followers; and this power is perhaps more valuable to it than any other. Certainly, without this power Tammany never could have acquired the firm grip which it now has upon the city. I have already reminded the reader of the fact that New York is governed chiefly through laws passed at Albany. In 1882 these laws were codified in one great act, called the Consolidation Act. An annotated edition of this act, with the subsequent additions and amendments, published in 1891,

¹ Even this abuse has its advantage. The system tends to reduce the number of criminal resorts, and to make them orderly.

makes a very bulky volume of over nine hundred pages. The minor ordinances passed by the aldermen make another large volume. Now, a citizen of New York, especially if he own any real estate, or if he be a builder or contractor, a tradesman, a stable keeper, a liquor dealer, or an inn keeper, does not know what his rights and duties are unless he has mastered these extensive works. Of course, as a matter of fact he has never seen them. But if he falls under the ban of Tammany, the police will soon begin to give him object lessons in city government. A few concrete instances, for the truth of which I can vouch, will suffice to show how this is done. Last spring there was employed in a certain livery stable a young man who had made himself somewhat conspicuous as an "anti-snapper," — an opponent, for the time being at least, of Tammany. It was not long before the police began to drop in at that stable almost daily with various complaints and charges. The manure pit was an illegal nuisance, and its use must be discontinued immediately; there were, it appeared, numerous sanitary regulations which the stable keeper had not complied with; his plumbing was defective; he must stop putting wagons in the street (he had been doing this for years, to be sure, but still it was contrary to a city ordinance). In short, it soon became plain that the stable keeper must either go out of business, or dismiss the anti-snapper. He took the latter course, and the police troubled him no more.

In another case, a Broadway hotel keeper, who refused a contribution to Tammany, suffered severely in a similar way. He became a prey to inspectors, who were continually requiring him to make this or that change in his building, at the same time suggesting that So-and-So would be a good man to do the job. His plumbing was always out of order, from a Tammany point of view; his fire escapes were insufficient, etc.

If the offender be a merchant, he is vulnerable not only as regards plumbing, fire escapes, and the like, but also in respect to signs, awnings, obstruction of the sidewalk, obstruction of the street by wagons standing in front of his shop, and in various other ways. There was a junk dealer who owned several shops in different parts of the city. For some years it had been his practice to take out a single license, upon the theory that he was licensed as a dealer who might have one or more places of business. Tammany acquiesced in this interpretation of the law; but when the junk dealer became recalcitrant politically, then indeed Tammany's conscience was aroused, and thereafter that particular junk dealer was required to take out as many licenses as he had shops. An undertaker, to whom the city officials had been accustomed to direct a good deal of business, fell under suspicion, and Tammany gave him only one funeral in the course of a whole month. A lawyer was employed to collect a bill against the city, his client being the owner of a patented machine which the city had been using. There was no doubt as to the justice of the claim, but various difficulties were thrown in the way, and it seemed impossible to get the city authorities to act upon it. Finally, the lawyer was given a hint that if he joined Tammany Hall the claim would be paid. A large manufacturing concern, still more a railroad company doing business in New York, must touch the city government at a hundred points, and correspondingly firm will be Tammany's hold upon its president and directors.

As to the liquor dealers, Tammany's power over them is almost absolute. The excise law is complicated and extensive, and it can be held over the dealers like a whip. For example, it is illegal to sell liquor on Sunday, but in many, perhaps in most cases, the saloons have a back door open on that day. This is

done by connivance of the police, who can permit Sunday selling as a privilege, or prevent it as a punishment, according to the political or financial necessities of the case. Even when some fraction of public opinion or a regard for appearances compels them to make an arrest, they can nullify it, if they desire, by the weakness of their testimony against the offender. This is illustrated by the following paragraph, which appeared last November in the city papers :

"Five saloon keepers were arraigned before Justice Voorhis in Essex Market Court yesterday, but the evidence was so slight in each case that the justice said: 'These arrests are a farce. An officer makes an arrest, and does his utmost to have the case dismissed. I get no evidence on which to hold a defendant. They are all discharged.'"

There are many small extortions which Tammany can inflict for the benefit of its friends. Thus, it was formerly the practice in New York, as it is today in Boston, for the owners of private stables to sell the accumulated manure to some farmer, for so much a load. Tammany made a law that stable owners should not sell the manure, but, on the contrary, should pay for having it carted off; and further, that they should employ for this purpose only such person or persons as were licensed by the city. Tammany went so far, in one case, as to send in a bill for removing manure from a stable which had been closed during the whole period covered by the bill. The owner protested against being forced to pay for the fictitious carting of imaginary manure; but Tammany replied that if he did not use the stable it was his own fault. Tammany's licensee was ready at all times to do his duty.

Such, roughly sketched, is Tammany Hall. To show it in all its ramifications would require the pen of a Balzac. There is scarcely a passion or a weakness of human nature that does not qualify its operations. Even the intrigues

and jealousies of its women, their "social ambitions," play a part in the politics of the city. Tammany includes the good and the bad; it reaches the high and the low. There is probably not a peanut-vender pushing his illegal cart in the streets of New York whose comfort and prosperity do not depend upon its favor. On the other hand, it has determined, and may determine again, the presidency of the United States. Tammany is almost as old as a political club in this country could be. It is enriched by traditions of patriotism and good fellowship; it touches its members and adherents upon many sides. It is wonderfully organized and disciplined. Its rank and file are mainly honest men. Tammany has great resources: it has the patronage of the city offices, and of all the laborers employed by the city, directly or indirectly; it collects enormous sums by assessment of candidates and office holders, by blackmail of corporations and individuals, by tolls laid upon liquor dealers and criminals. It sits in the police courts. It has an immense power of harassing opponents and of disciplining rebellious followers, through the application of the city ordinances, of the excise laws, of sanitary, building, plumbing, and numberless other acts. This vast club, now practically synonymous with the city government, is ruled despotically by a few men, — nay, by one man, — answerable to nobody. And yet he gives the city a fairly good, though tyrannical government.

But even if it were extremely good, even if it did not involve blackmail and oppression, it is not the sort of government which we are supposed to tolerate in this country. Did we rebel against England, have we declared constitutions, made laws, organized a nation, in order that Mr. Richard Croker, or his successor in the office of Tammany Boss, might put his foot on our necks and keep it there? That is the question which confronts the citizens of New York.

Henry Childs Merwin.

THE EDUCATIONAL LAW OF READING AND WRITING.

IN his comedy of *Much Ado About Nothing* Shakespeare makes the doughty constable Dogberry deliver himself to the watch of much inverted wisdom, and the choicest bit is in the words, "To be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature." The world has ever since laughed over this delicious bit of irony. It remembers the tears it shed in mastering even the rudiments of writing and reading; and perhaps there is no other character in the great populace of Shakespeare's world so exquisitely wrong-headed, to common thinking, as this dull constable, with his unfailing dignity, his confused judgment. "To write and read comes by nature"! To Dogberry, doubtless, looking out of his blurred eyes upon neighbor Seacole with his gift of writing and reading, it seemed that nowise could one possess this magic art unless nature had endowed him with it. For himself, fortune had made him a well-favored man, — there can be no doubt of that; but nature, in her caprice, had seen fit to leave writing and reading out of his make-up, no blame to him.

I wonder if this prince of blunderers did not stumble upon a truth, and narrowly graze a most profound maxim? The world has gone on repeating, good humoredly, Dogberry's saying, and all the while, I suspect, has had a secret misgiving that he was not far out of the way. Why all this labor over pen and book? Why pass the great steam-roller of compulsory education over all the boys and girls in the land, when we know that in a few years, after the pressure has been taken off, the greater number will write crabbedly, spell by guesswork, and stumble over the words they find in the newspaper? The few who take to books naturally will learn to read anyway; those who have a gift for writing will find some

outlet for expression. It would really be worth while if we could find out the process of nature which results in writing and reading.

In Björnstjerne Björnson's charming story of *A Happy Boy*, the little hero, Öyvind, is shown first as at home in the world of nature about him. His playmate is a goat, but in a pretty passage he surrenders it to a little girl from whom it had been taken. Then the story goes on: —

"His mother came out, and sat down by his side. He wanted to hear stories about what was far away. So she told him how once everything could talk: the mountain talked to the stream, and the stream to the river, the river to the sea, and the sea to the sky. But then he asked if the sky did not talk to any one. And the sky talked to the clouds, the clouds to the trees, the trees to the grass, the grass to the flies, the flies to the animals, the animals to the children, the children to the grown-up people; and so it went on, until it had gone round, and no one could tell where it had begun. Öyvind looked at the mountain, the trees, the sky, and had never really seen them before." And so, Björnson goes on, his mother, with her little songs, interpreted to him the speech of the cat, the cock with all the hens, the little birds; "and she told him what they all said, down to the ant who crawled in the moss, and the worm who worked in the bark.

"That same summer his mother began to teach him to read. He had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk. Now the letters turned into animals, birds and everything else. But soon they began to walk together, two and two: *a* stood and rested under a tree, which was called *b*; then came *c* and did the same; but when three or four came

together, it seemed as if they were angry with each other, for it would not go right. And the farther along he came, the more he forgot what they were. He remembered longest *a*, which he liked best; it was a little black lamb, and was friends with everybody; but soon he forgot *a* also: the book had no more stories, nothing but lessons."

Björnson, with that insight into the child's mind which seems to be a special gift to Scandinavian writers, brings to light here the imaginative force which expends itself even upon such mere symbols of ideas as the letters of the alphabet; but he also hints delicately at that transition in a childish experience from the free exercise of his imagination to the hard-and-fast practice of his understanding in the tasks imposed on him in the schoolroom. I am not one of those who flatter themselves that a child may be wafted into the field of knowledge on flowery beds of ease. One of the most humane as well as wise functions of the teacher is to harden the bone and toughen the muscle of the intellect by the exercise of a judicious mental discipline. But it is well for us to take note of characteristics of childhood and build upon these; to study how we may guide and avail ourselves of qualities which may be more active than they are in ourselves; in a word, to follow nature and be obedient to her laws. Happy the child who, like Öyvind, has led so healthy a life out of doors, and been under such loving home care, that the world is alive to him, — so alive that he passes to books and finds in them, too, living voices, responsive notes. Yet even under less favoring conditions, childhood, unhardened by that adjustment to things visible and tangible which marks the mind of the grown man, is significantly the realm for the play of the forces of imagination, and it depends largely upon the training which it receives in school, in companionship, and in nature whether those forces shall be cultivated into reasonable activity, thereby enrich-

ing the whole life, or whether they shall be stunted, stifled by discouragement, warped into ugly growth, even crushed out of existence.

Now, the ingenuity of our modern methods has substituted for the slow, puzzling acquaintance with the alphabet, which turned little Öyvind's plays into lessons, quicker, more sympathetic familiarity with words and sentences. The child not only recognizes a word as a whole, but is taught to reproduce it on the board or on his slate. There can be little doubt that we have made a great advance in our method of giving the child an entrance into the mechanism of reading and writing. Nevertheless, I am inclined to think that, in devising and dwelling upon these improved methods, we have become so enamored of our skill as to leave out of sight the real thing; that we have expended our thought on our tools without sufficiently considering what the tools are to execute. Be this as it may, it is of very great consequence that we have perfected our system of teaching the elements of the arts of writing and reading; for in this necessary discipline the movement has been so rapid as to leave us with the child's fresh mind and active imagination still plastic, not yet dulled by the wearisome iteration of a parrot-like task. If we have been wise, moreover, we have kept alive the child's spirit by many exercises of ingenuity, and by the practice, greatly to be commended, of reading aloud from the poets.

Having shaped the tool, then, to the child's hand, we should be more eager to set him upon using it than to improve and refine it. His own use will do that most effectively. The main thing is to find worthy material and to look to worthy ends. In Björnson's story, the mother is the interpreter to the child of those forms and voices of the sky, the green grass, and all animate nature which his outward eye and ear perceive, and whose inward meaning his imagination is ready to accept. The office of the

imagination is to make real that which is apparent only; and as the mother's hand guides the child in his first steps upon this solid earth, so in this tale, and often in real life, her love and trained imagination help him to shape these real things, until his own powers have been educated to construct, to create. When we pass over from the converse between two living beings like mother and child to that converse which takes place in silence between the child's mind and the printed page, we are changing the mode, not the relation. The mother leads her boy to the school. The teacher takes the mother's place with the speaking voice, but she also brings in to her aid a great company of invisible spirits, interpreters to her as well as to the child of the sure things of heaven and earth. Öyvind, we are told, "had owned books a long time, and often wondered how it would seem when they also began to talk."

This is, in my judgment, the crisis of our educational system. Here is the test to be applied to our methods. The law we have been elucidating is the law of imaginative development. Will our system recognize this law, or will it at this point turn aside and follow its own lower ends? In every system, we say, with profound truth, that it is the teacher who makes or mars; but let us remember that we have now put the child into the hands of teachers whom no man may number; that in making it possible for him to read books we have added enormously to the power of the teacher; and that, of all times in the child's life when this company of invisible spirits may be called in as interpreters, there is none more significant, more impressive, than this, when, standing on the threshold, wondering, listening, his imagination sensitive to the finer influences, he waits to hear what his books shall say to him when they begin to talk.

The supreme endowment of human nature is this gift of imagination, for it is nothing less than the capacity for cre-

ation. In the exercise of it man mounts into the likeness of his Creator. He takes the formless and the void, the chaos of ideas and notions, and shapes and fashions that which is very good. The man of science, scrutinizing the facts of the outward universe, might go on forever making heaps of unrelated things, did not his imagination, kindling with his thought, use the conception of those great laws which reveal to us the mind of God. The historian would see nothing but a bewildering ant-heap of the world of humanity, if his imagination, seizing upon the hidden movements of the mind of man, were not tracing an orderly procedure. The statesman would be lost in a maze of precedents and conflicting passions, did not his imagination give him the power to rise above this level, and see from the heights of human reason the divine law of national progress. And the poet, the dramatist, the novelist, from the substance of things seen reflected in the depths of things unseen, reconstructs by the power of his imagination a world of beauty, of order, and of law.

Now, to the child in his earliest years the most direct appeal to the imagination comes from the clear-sighted dweller in the ideal world. Not yet has experience filled him with troubled questions, with doubt, with perplexity of mind. He is prone to believe, not to disbelieve, and to him should be brought the truth-tellers; those, that is, who themselves believe, whose eyes are open to the things of faith. Deepen in his mind the familiarity with what lies beyond the visual organ. He has not yet learned to believe only what he sees. Fortify in him that power of seeing with the eye of faith, which is so soon to be assailed by hard contact with things visible and tangible. I am not pleading for an idle chase of phantoms and vagaries, but I ask, is there not a body of literature—not the cheap production of indifferent writers, but the rich deposit of

centuries — which, by its simplicity, its reliance upon elemental truths of the soul, its homely instincts, its free spirit of wonder and belief, appeals directly, surely, to the imagination of the child?

Hearing at once these stories from his books, the child recognizes no change in his habit of mind other than an expansion of his powers. There has been no break in his natural development, but literature has come in to deepen one great channel of his being. Not only so, but the growth of this supreme faculty of the imagination is not at the expense of his other powers, the powers of understanding, of reasoning, and of practical sense; it is highly stimulating to the development of these powers. They are still latent, for the most part, awaiting their turn in the order of nature. But throughout life they will owe much of their vitality to the existence of a cultivated imagination, and the training of this habit early in life will serve to keep them in their proper relation to it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that this great faculty of imagination is fostered only by literature, or even by the literature of imagination chiefly. Just as it is exercised by the mature in all the activities of life and mental excursions, so it is fed by countless influences. The boy may not be kindled in his imagination by Homer, yet have his pulses quickened by reading of Thermopylæ. The microscope and the telescope may do for him what Wordsworth or Milton fails to do. He may be indifferent to Hiawatha, yet have his brain set on fire by Custer's expedition; and the disappointment which one might feel when one failed to waken a response by the recital of some favorite poem should not blind us to the truth that the avenues to a child's imagination and love of beauty are more in number than our experience can count.

Only, in the economy of our educational forces, we shall be wise if we make use of that which time has shown to be generally of the highest potency.

There is a concentration of the imagination in works of literary art which renders these most highly charged with the power of feeding the imaginative soul. I am asking attention to what I hold to be a great law of nature in the development of her children, namely, that in early childhood the normal condition of life is a sensitive imagination, curious, wondering, reaching out to the unknown, building busily fabrics, often of strange form, out of the material cast in its way; and our inquiry is, how should this great fact be recognized in our formal educational system? Our highest success is to be found in following patiently in nature's footsteps, not in seeking to correct and transform life into agreement with an *a priori* logic. And as I am confining myself to a consideration of so much of our educational system as relates to reading and writing, I say deliberately that the educational law of reading is summed up in this: Give to the child, as soon as he has mastered the rudiments of reading, some form of great imaginative literature, and continue year after year to set large works before him, until he has completed his school course. For note that in school parlance *reading* is the term applied to an exercise which is an end in itself. A child reads his geography or his history, his book of travel or his problem in arithmetic; but this is not what we mean primarily by reading, for in each case the reading is merely a means toward the acquirement of some further knowledge. I note this, because it is a significant fact that many persons, perceiving clearly what a fearful waste there has been in our educational methods, when year after year has been expended on reading-lessons which result in the end in nothing but a trivial gain in elocution, have maintained that all these reading-lessons should be turned into exercises for some definite end, the reading being subsidiary to the acquisition of information. So we have had geographical

readers and nature readers and historical readers, and I have even heard a claim set up for the advantage to be gained in making supplementary reading-books out of arithmetics.

Now, all this confusion of means and ends may be traced, I think, to the almost entire diversion of reading-books as a class from having in view the great end of setting before the readers noble literature to promoting the lesser end of skill in vocal expression. No wonder that sensible people have become impatient over the paltry results obtained by years of wearisome devotion to graded reading-books. But the remedy is not in the substitution of information readers for so-called literary readers. It is in the recognition of the great, the supreme end which the art of reading should have in view. We have only to ask ourselves what we mean by reading in our own habit of life. We mean reading for pleasure, for the satisfaction of some appetite for reading. And this reading for pleasure is what we recognize universally as the great explanation of literature. It is the delight of the poet to sing, of the novelist to tell his story; it is the delight of the listener to hear and read.

So, then, as reading is a part of our school curriculum, entirely independent of geography, or history, or science, in all of which it has its lower uses, I repeat that the educational law of reading lies in a steady presentation to the growing mind of those works of art in literature which are the glory of the nation, of the race, and have an undying power to feed the imagination. Give reading no less time than is now given to it under existing methods, but exalt it to a higher place by resolutely excluding all that is indifferent and ignoble; by choosing with reverent enthusiasm whatsoever is pure, noble, and inspiring. Open the gates wider and wider into that great kingdom of the ideal where the greatest of all ages sit benignly on their thrones

judging the tribes of men. Let the literature thus flooding the young lives with sunshine bring its own glorious lessons of national honor, of loyalty to truth and justice, of righteousness and heavenly beauty.

Bearing in mind this supreme purpose of literature, I would guard well both teacher and scholar against a peril which too much education of a certain sort makes liable. I have heard persons contend that such a system as I have outlined tends to give young people a distaste for literature by turning it into lessons; that it associates great names with wearisome tasks. I suspect the ground of this charge lies in the perversion of the use of literature; for, upon examination, it will appear that those who deprecate this course have reference to what, in homely phrase, may be summed up as "parsing *Paradise Lost*." This lets in a flood of light, and brings me to what I shall call a bylaw to our educational law of reading, namely, that throughout the school course, up to the final stage, reading is to be unaccompanied by analysis. Let there be such brief notes and explanations as will serve to clear some obscurities; let there be some talk, if you will, leading to the enjoyment of what is read; but never for a moment let us lose sight of this great truth, that reading is for delight, for the enrichment of the soul, and that whatever enters in to disturb this, as criticism, analysis, especially anything which tends to make what is read a corpse to be dissected instead of a living thing of light to be admired and rejoiced in, is in direct violation of a great educational law. The imagination is still increasing its power; the time for criticism, for analysis, is not yet. We should make no mistake here, but see to it that through all the years of their school life children think of reading as the great, the supreme joy of their days indoors.

Consider, moreover, in support of this position, the far-reaching consequence of

such obedience to our great educational law. When we are teaching children the rules of arithmetic, we are helping specifically to qualify them for the business of life; lessons in geography will enable them to read the newspaper more intelligently; when we teach them history and civil government, we are laying foundations for an intelligent apprehension of citizenship. We say, and with reason, that all the work in school is for the development of the whole child, but we see readily that there is a further and distinct relation between certain lines of study and certain spheres of activity in subsequent life. Now, reading, under our law, is a great and fundamental contribution to the intellectual and spiritual growth of the person; but what a path of light we might trace from a child's reading in school under these conditions through the whole of his after career! In the impressionable years of youth we shall have built those eternal standards of excellence by which the man will ever after test the creations of literature set before him. Far more than this, we shall have made familiar to him delights which, wanting such introduction, he might never know. We shall have given him friends who never will desert him. We shall have enriched his life with treasures which lose none of their brilliancy whensoever they are brought again to light. There can be no manner of question that between the ages of six and sixteen a large part of the best literature of the world may be read, if taken up systematically in school, and that the man or woman who fails to become acquainted with great literature in some form during that time is little likely to have a taste formed later.

When I consider those precious years freighted with golden opportunity, and see so many ingenuous minds doomed by our dull understanding to a listless, humdrum recitation of lifeless prose and verse, while the apples of Hesperides

hang for them outside the schoolhouse doors, if they only knew it, I am filled with concern for the future. The greatness of a country is in the greatness of its ideas, and the youth of a country, shut out from participation in the visions of its poets and seers, will harden into an age skeptical if there be such things as visions.

But there is too much vitality in great literature, too pervasive an influence in its spirit, to permit us much doubt of the issue, and all about we see signs of a great reform in our educational system, by which the indifferent, fragmentary commonplace of our reading-books is giving way to genuine literature; where the largeness of the poetic spirit, moreover, is shown by wholes, and not by meagre specimens. Assuming, then, that our proposition is sustained, and the educational law of reading requires that throughout the common course great literature, and only great literature, shall be read, and that it shall be read for delight, and not as an exercise in grammar, history, biography, criticism, or for any of the minor ends which constantly thrust themselves forward in place of this human joy in great and beautiful things, let us go on to consider that other side of our subject, which in nature as in practice is in so intimate connection. What is the educational law of writing, and how do writing and reading stand related to each other?

Going back, then, to the child whose nature we desire to read that we may have a basis for our educational system, we note that, whatever flights of imagination the child may have, the expression is not through words, but through play. While the child is using speech sparingly, and using it chiefly for the expression of its mere understanding, it is finding through pantomime and histrionic language some outlet for its imagination and fancy. The little dramas which it enacts, its make-believes, its copies in miniature of human life, are not dependent on lan-

guage, and receive little assistance from rhetorical speech. Yet speech it has; a limited vocabulary, to be sure, in which a few words are made to do duty over and over, but still the same instrument in kind as that upon which the mighty notes of great literature are played,—only, be it observed, not yet used by the child for the expression of its imagination. This is a point worth noticing, for many make the mistake of denying the child force of imagination because it does not give voice to its images. Yet the revelations of childhood by men and women, whose consciousness has been continuous, abound in instances where the child has lived in a world of dreams utterly shut out from the perception of those about him.

It is, however, upon this slight basis of limited speech that we have to build in our educational system, and our practice begins at once, before the child learns to write. We train him to talk by means of those familiar exercises in which the blackboard and objects and pictures are brought into requisition. The transition to writing on the board, or on slate or paper, is simple and easily made; and in the early stages, while the child is mastering the rudiments of reading, he is mastering also the rudiments of writing. At the point where he stands on the threshold of books, his advance on both lines has been nearly equal. He can spell out the printed page, and he can write simple sentences. But how vast is now the gulf between the child's power of appropriation through reading and his power of expression through speech and writing! By what leaps and bounds he passes on through the whole course of school life into the region where Shakespeare dwells, and by what slow steps he trudges on to a position where he can express himself in language which can give any pleasure to others!

Now, as we based our educational law of reading upon the existence in the

child of a responsive faculty of imagination, upon what fact in nature shall we base our law of writing? We have caught a glimpse of it in the description already given of the process by which the early stages are passed. There is a naïve story, told by Herodotus, of the experiment made by King Psammitichos to discover who were the primitive folk. He placed two children who had not yet learned to speak in a cave, away from the sound of human voice. For nourishment he gave them into the care of goats. And in due time, with all the gravity of a modern scientific experimenter, the Egyptian presented himself before the children, to listen to what they might say. The infants lifted up their voices and cried, "Bekkos!" and as "bekkos" was the Phrygian for "bread," King Psammitichos, with the courage of a scientist, declared the Phrygians to antedate the Egyptians. We know the common-sense interpretation. The only voice the children had heard was the inarticulate cry of their four-footed companions, and that they had learned. It merely needed the acuteness of a scientist to translate their imitation into an articulate word to be found in a Phrygian dictionary.

The story proved nothing regarding the antiquity of man, but it illustrates well our position. The first speech of children is imitative; we recognize the fact in all our attempts to teach them to talk. Whether we say sentences over to them, or they overhear the speech about them, it is all one; they form their own words and sentences upon the model that is presented. When the child comes to school, we continue the process; we set it examples to copy, we form its oral and written expression upon our own, but we know perfectly well that the child's expression is also formed upon the models which are or are not deliberately placed before it. Every teacher knows that in correcting faulty sentences, mispronunciations, inelegances of words and phrases, she is contending with all the

defective speech of the neighborhood. It is a commonplace of education that nothing more quickly discloses the child's home than its form of speech, and it is the despair of teachers that they are called upon, in the formal, brief lessons of the schoolroom, to overcome the influences which are in the very air the child breathes all the rest of the day.

Accepting, then, this great fact of imitation as the basis upon which to build our educational law of writing, see to what it leads us instantly. It is clear that we are to give the child, from the beginning to the close of its school course, the best and purest models. In our own speech we are to be clear, accurate, and, if we can, beautiful; but what a mighty reinforcement we bring when, day after day, week after week, month after month, year after year, we permit the boy and girl freely to listen to the masters of English speech! They are too uncritical as yet to distinguish in rhetorical terms between imperfect and correct English, but they are not insensible to the difference between the liquid English of Hawthorne, Longfellow, and Whittier and the uncouth speech of their fellows: little by little they will perceive, though they may not put it into language, the difference between the unsullied English of great writers and the ungainly, uncultivated English of the ordinary newspaper. This sensitiveness to the charm of style is indeed most evident when one listens to pure English from the lips of one whose nature is refined to expression, and whose voice is a tuneful instrument; but under less favorable conditions, when for instance one is reading a work of fine prose poorly printed upon coarse paper, the charm of style will hold one. But the capacity thus to be affected by great literature is largely a cultivated one, and therefore I say that the pupil who for ten years, say from six to sixteen, has read steadily in the writings of those who use the English tongue with grace and strength

has had an immense advantage in acquiring not only a taste for good literature, but a power also of expressing himself in honest English. I set the highest value on this aid in writing and speech, because — and I think teachers of experience will agree with me — it seems almost impossible, in our school years, to do more in the formal exercise of writing than to teach the avoidance of glaring error, and the acquisition of an expression which is negatively good. For the rest, the fine choice of words, the forcible structure of sentences, the regard for all the delicate shades of expression, — that is out of the question. It is all out of the question so far as formal training is concerned, and we may as well not attempt it; but these graces come to one here and one there who is gifted with a penetrating ear, a sense of harmony, and they will be immensely stimulated by constant converse with the flutists, the violinists, the organists, of our great English speech. Not only so, but I am convinced that the great rank and file of our schoolchildren would gain in the power of language which comes from the unconscious imitation of well-bred masters of language.

We have seen how, when the child has reached the point of familiarity with the rudiments of reading and writing, knowing both equally well, there comes at once a wide gulf between the two, and for the next ten years he is reading literature, but writing only feeble, stammering English. The fact is one we need to note again for its bearing upon our educational law. The power of appreciation, of appropriation, indeed, is strongest in these growing years; the power of expression, of reproduction, is in its infancy, and its growth is far slower. The terms of expression are, as I have said, largely imitative; but what is the thing to be expressed? One has only to consider that the great writers whom the boy and girl are rapidly learning to love and appreciate were not

producers, did not themselves find great expression, until after this period of most active appropriation. So, not only would it be idle to look for a parallel course of reading and writing in our youth; it would be an educational mistake to carry our law of imitation into the field of reproduction. That is to say, we may set the highest possible value on the influence which these great writers will have on the expression of boys and girls, but we must not make the mistake of supposing that we can train our pupils into an imitation of their genius. It is a blunder, I am convinced, to set a child to reading Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, for instance, and then to direct him to tell the stories over again in his own language. One may do this to great profit where a child has been reading an historic fact or a biographical sketch; but where a piece of literature is a piece of art, the thought, the fancy, and the language in which it is couched are inseparable. Far better may we set the child to copying, carefully and patiently, the whole story or poem, that we may impress upon him the integrity of the production.

For what are all these works of genius but the expression of the men and women who stand behind them? And what are we to expect in the attempts of the young but the expression of their natures with all their limitations? In cultivating, therefore, in them the power of expression, how reasonable it is to ask them, at different stages, to write of the things that concern them most,—their sports, their excursions, their little adventures! Now and then, some one, stirred by what he has read, will essay a production imitative of the material, venturing forth thus into a field which may some day be his own; but we should not ask for this. The main thing is that it be spontaneous, and our task is only to correct its grammatical blunders. Consider how, in the whole course of a pupil's writing exercises, a teacher will find but an occasional glimmer of ori-

ginality, and one perceives that this is not something to be looked for, to be aimed at. During the period when the boy and girl are opening wide their minds to the reception of great works of imagination, they are giving forth little in the way of written expression. While, therefore, our law of reading requires abundance, richness, continuous delight, our law of writing calls only for the guidance of the pen, the practice in the manipulation of simple forms, the attainment of accuracy, intelligibility, and directness.

An analogy may be found in the two exercises of reading aloud and handwriting. As the child goes forward with his reading, entering steadily upon broader paths and making higher flights, the progress should be marked in his reading aloud by a steady gain away from idiosyncrasies, peculiarities of voice and manner, to that noble interpretation of great literature which makes the hearer forget the reader in his admiration for that which is read. This marks the diminution of the reader's personality in the presence of the poet's, the romancer's personality. The converse is to be said of handwriting. At first the effort is made to conform the child's style to that of a flawless model. Every departure from that model is criticised, every effort made to keep the handwriting true to the copy. But by and by a change begins to come. The personality of the child is becoming more marked; the assertion of self, of an independent mind, seeks an outlet, and the handwriting gradually fixes itself in certain movements of constraint or freedom which subtly manifest the individuality. What was at first mere imitation now develops into expression.

This, then, is the result which we have reached. The imagination, that crowning spiritual faculty of man, is an endowment of childhood, to be cultivated sedulously through its whole school course by giving it, for its growth and

enlargement, the noblest of literature on which to feed with delight. But the creative faculty, which is the constructive side of imagination, we leave for nature to do with what she will, assured that we can add little or nothing to it by training directly. Meanwhile, we can and may train the growing child in the power of right expression of that which has attained its growth. Thus, the body, during school years, is rapidly approaching its fullest development, and, if we are wise, we attend most carefully to the bodily expression. All the powers of observation, also, are active and alert; we train them in expression through speech and writing, seeking to fit to each child's capacity that splendid instrument, the English language. The powers of reasoning, of discrimination, grow more slowly; but these also we seek to train in expression, not only through mathematical formula, but through the choice of words and the logical structure of sentences. In the order of nature, we have been accumulating for the child the facts, the experience, the objects, upon which he is to exercise that latest power, the guide of his life, the power of an educated reason. At last, if our work has been thorough the two great exponents of life, Divine Imagination and Human Reason, stand revealed: the one nurtured on great emotions and thoughts from childhood up, the other trained by constant effort to guide the child in the expression of his growing powers.

There is now one final educational task in the development of the interaction of the imagination and the reason, a task which is indeed beyond the scope of the common school, and reserved for the college and university; yet it has so intimate a relation to the law we have been elucidating that I cannot forbear to touch upon it ever so lightly.

I have laid great stress upon the absolute necessity of preserving the reading during school years free from the intrusion of analogies or criticism; that it

should be accompanied only by the briefest explanatory comment for the removal of obstacles; that the pupil should be left free to enjoy to the full what was set before him, and should dissociate the idea of a lesson from it. Supposing such a plan pursued year after year, until the student has reached that point to which our minds have been drawn, when his powers of observation, of careful expression, of discrimination, of logic, have been trained in an exercise upon those objects that meet the eye, those facts which come through history, those adventures which are personal. Now, then, his mind is ripe for the exercise of his reason upon this great accumulation of the works of imagination. The hour comes when that analysis which once was an intrusion is a necessity of his nature; when the delight he has known in the reading of great literature is enhanced by the new delight he may have in the study of great literature. Here at last we find the right time for that kind of work which we insisted should not be done. It is the order of nature: first the familiarity with the great art of letters in the glow of generous youth; then the turning of the matured powers of reasoning upon this accumulation for the purpose of ascertaining the sources of beauty; so that at last the student stands side by side with the creator of literature, and enters into his consciousness, the last and finest result of the critical faculty, when it blends with the creative, and scarcely can be distinguished from it.

The years of school life are hardly enough to bring the student to this point, yet I think it highly probable that a course in the high school might be laid out which should be in effect a review of the literature thus far read, with reference to initiating the student into that inquiry as to the nature of works of genius which might well be the delight of maturing years. But such a course would be futile unless, year after year, the students taking it had been acquiring a

friendly, even affectionate acquaintance with the literature upon which they were now to expend their powers of reasoning. The student must make this literature his own before he can hope to use it for purposes of criticism. Consider how wonderful would be the work of a teacher who, undertaking to set forth systematically the great laws of harmony in the composition of works of literary art, should be able to draw from the memories of the class example after example taken from the literature which their school life had made as household words to them.

I have attempted thus to inquire into the educational law of reading and writing, but I have not been solicitous to present it at last in some quotable formula.

Rather, I have been desirous that we should explore those foundations in nature and human reason which may disclose the principles of orderly procedure. We may find it convenient to systematize our knowledge and to reduce it to compact statement, yet in our larger experience we are constantly driven or led into the recognition of the great truth: that nature is the expression of the divine law working under the immanence of the divine love; and that if we would be wise in our training of the young, whether in reading, in writing, or in any other art, science, or philosophy, our first and never ceasing inquiry should be, what is the nature of this child, and how can I best work in sympathy with his laws?

Horace E. Scudder.

CONTEMPORARY ESSAYS.

THE English periodical owes its existence to the essay, the *Spectator* and *Tatler* having been the magazines of their day as well as the classics of their century, and it is by a sort of alternate generation in literature that the periodical in turn brings forth essays after its kind; of all kinds, rather, for there are few topics that are not touched upon nowadays in neat little volumes of mosaic contents. With some readers, this connection of essay and periodical exposes the former to a certain disfavor, of the sort with which yesterday's baking is regarded in the South. It is hard to judge rightly of a literature that is slipping past us, and it is well to keep a little of it, if only to find out whether it is worth keeping. Sir Edward Strachey, in the November *Atlantic*, quotes Maurice as saying "that a man might bring greater honor to his name by writing a great book, . . . yet that he believed more real work was done in the world by having a part in,

and writing on, the actual controversies of the day in which men were taking a practical interest." Here the consideration is an ethical one, but even from a literary standpoint there is something to be said in favor of writing on a small scale and for the present moment. In an age when the creative gift is rare and the affirmative force weakened, some of the best and truest work can be done in a loose literary form like the essay, which is without pretension, almost in fact apologetic, lending itself equally to directness or subtlety of treatment. The form may be regarded simply as a vehicle for the expression of the thought, as is commonly the case with the political or speculative essay; or it may be cultivated daintily and for its own sake, as is more apt to be done in the social essay, which demands for its perfection something of the novelist's outfit, or in the personal essay, which is next door to the journal or autobiography, but lays its

author under less rigid vows as to accuracy of statement.

Many of the best modern essays are in the line of criticism, and here the supremacy of the French is incontestable. The English miscellaneous writers excel in the discussion of topics political, social, or speculative. The monthly and weekly reviews in England, manned by sturdy, well-informed writers, surpass the French, and leave our performance in that kind far behind. In our own literature, which is still, as a whole, pretty desultory, and about which it behoves us, under Mr. Gosse's recent judgments, to be modest, the essay pure and simple, after the old models, seems to have found a congenial soil. Our high-water mark of thought or literary achievement is Emerson's Essays; and since Addison undertook to bring philosophy down to the club and the tea-table no one has brewed a finer combination of philosophy and tea than Dr. Holmes.

Mr. Myers¹ comes to hand as an example of the sturdiness of treatment which we have cited as an English trait. Even when he handles such an impalpable, not to say unprofitable subject as the ghost of psychological research, he does so with a definiteness, vigor, and intellectual conscientiousness that go far to clothe that marrowless creation with dignity, if they do not invest it with life. To speak first of sturdiness, however, in connection with Mr. Myers is to give a wrong impression of his literary personality. He is not a mere topical writer, but a man of letters, who began as a poet, and in whom the poet is still alive. His Saint Paul has passed a little out of sight, but still lingers in many memories. His Classical Essays are more widely known, and have a similar haunting attractiveness. In the present volume, which is made up of essays on both literary and speculative topics, or rather, on one sub-

ject viewed in both lights, the literary interest is throughout intended to be subordinate; but the literary spirit is still dictator, giving to the book the stamp of individual charm, and of another unity than that of theme. It has the high earnestness of the author's Saint Paul; the intelligence, at once active and meditative, of the Classical Essays.

The spiritual attitude which it reveals is in a way a remarkable one. The melancholy but admirable essay on The Disenchantment of France shows how profoundly and sympathetically Mr. Myers has felt that spiritual void and desolation of which, as he acknowledges, France offers a spectacle, not solitary, but more complete than the rest of the world. The paper is poignant with the feeling of one to whom the loss of faith in the world at large is the subject of as deep a regret as the loss of his own. Science is the cause of this misery. Mr. Myers does not attack science nor revolt against its conclusions; he does not, like Signor Valdes's Father Gil, look to faith to give it the lie; he does not, like Robert Elsmere or Mark Rutherford, cling to the best thought that disenchantment has left to him, and make of it a sort of Spartan broth for the nourishment of the spirit. He recognizes that one aspect of the later phases of skepticism is the distrust of emotional guidance, and the very energy of his own emotions quickens this distrust. "Faith, the clinging of the soul to the beliefs and ideals which she feels as spiritually the highest," he considers indispensable; but he goes on to say, "Whereas in all ages a certain nucleus of ascertained fact has been regarded as faith's needful prerequisite, the only difference is that, in our own day, so much of that ancient nucleus has shriveled away that some fresh accession is needed before the flower of faith can spring from it and shed fragrance on the unseen." In other words, it is not religion, but what he calls *material for religion*, that Mr. Myers feels to be lacking. This

¹ *Science and a Future Life. With Other Essays.* By FREDERICK W. H. MYERS. London and New York: Macmillan. 1893.

material he is determined to wrest from science. Science speaks now the only recognized language of authority. The highest science is psychology. In the study of psychology, therefore, lies the cure for our ills, and in psychological research, in scientific evidence of a return to this world after death, Mr. Myers sees the substantial nucleus needed for faith, and an encouragement for hope to spring eternal, as it has temporarily ceased to spring, in the human breast. A new cosmic law, that of interpenetration of spirit and matter, is to bring salvation, and Mr. Myers is confident that the proper material will at once produce the religion. He declares, with a gravity that is disturbed by no undertone of humor, "The negative presumption will therefore be shaken if accepted notions as to man's personality are shown to be gravely defective, while it will be at once *overthrown*" (his own italics) "if positive evidence to man's survival of bodily death can in any way be acquired." Without attempting to argue on supernatural grounds with the discoverer of a new cosmic law, we would venture to indicate the superiority in point of knowledge of the world of another prediction, made two thousand years ago, which says, "Neither will they be persuaded, though one rose from the dead."

Nothing could be more unlike Mr. Myers's lofty sadness and visionary ardor of hope than the temper with which Mr. Balfour¹ surveys the world as it is, and reckons the probabilities of its future. He, too, insists upon belief in immortality as necessary to stimulate energy and make life worth living, but he does not press the question of how this belief is to be maintained in a disenchanted world. The world is, after all, not so very disenchanted, to his mind. To Mr. Myers, who is a poet and a man of sentiment, science seems to have said

the irrefutable word. Mr. Balfour, who has a more practical mind, finds assurance in an attitude of doubt, in the conviction that science has not yet proved her points; in other words, he keeps his mental balance by being skeptical as to skepticism. His *Defence of Philosophic Doubt* was a brilliant arraignment of scientific infallibility, an employment of the Scotch philosophers' dialectic of common sense for ends the opposite to theirs, and with far more effect. Mr. Balfour does not discuss what would happen if a traveler were to return with absolute proof of immortality, because his interest in the future is in ratio to its probability. Such a traveler would have to deal, however, with human nature, and the *Fragment on Progress*, which formed Mr. Balfour's rectorial address at Glasgow, shows what he thinks of the likelihood that any argument or proof would essentially alter that heaven. It is interesting, in this and in the entertaining essay on Berkeley, to note the interaction and harmony of the author's political and philosophical creeds and observations. For Berkeley Mr. Balfour has a strong admiration, for which there is every reason, and a peculiar sympathy, for which there are perhaps two special reasons. Berkeley was the author of a system of philosophy which showed that the existence of matter could not be proved, and of a book on Ireland which proved that the Irish question did not exist.

The present collection of addresses and essays is a less elaborate performance than Mr. Balfour's former book, although there are plenty of evidences of the same philosophic acuteness. The leisure product of a mind active in other directions, these essays are at once very able and very light in weight; extremely well written without indicating any special literary gift. They are much more rational than the essays of Mr. Myers, but the impression which they leave upon the mind is much slighter. There is something a trifle Macaulayan in the extraneous and

¹ *Essays and Addresses*. By the Right Hon. ARTHUR J. BALFOUR, M.P. Edinburgh: David Douglas. 1893.

orderly manner in which Mr. Balfour marshals his ideas; there is a touch of finality in the ideas themselves. He states available but not always over-popular truths dispassionately, and without flinching; he utters with great readiness neat sayings which are compact morsels of good sense rather than brilliant witticisms; and he is always readable and entertaining.

In the first essay of the book, *The Pleasures of Reading*, he is on Miss Repplier's familiar ground, making a plea for pure pleasure in reading, a protest against university courses of literature, and an onslaught upon all who make their intercourse with books a mere means towards ambition, duty, or any other end. The arguments put forth are similar to those employed by Miss Repplier,¹ and the cause defended is practically the same as hers; but the lady is the more stimulating and persuasive of the two writers, — partly, perhaps, because she is the more unreasonable.

Miss Repplier's powers of persuasion are of the autocratic sort. She commands us to take pleasure in reading, and she summons so stirringly before us the old delights of romance, she brings up with such intimate touches those little joys of literature which, as Jean Paul says, "refresh us constantly, like house bread, and never bring disgust," she speaks her mind in such a whole-hearted, racy, piquant way, that she bestows the pleasure in formulating the law. But if we presume to wander farther, and to take pleasure after our own fashion in other fields of literature, we are instantly made to feel as deserters from the flag. We must agree with the writer quickly, while we are in the way; and if our disagreement were to go so far as to impair the keenness and sympathy of our delight in her work, the penalty would

certainly be ours, and the cost the loss of one of the choicest enjoyments that current literature in our own land and hour has to give.

Miss Repplier's papers on literary subjects are hardly to be classed as critical essays. They belong rather to another *genre* which we may term the bookish essay. Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt wrote essays of this sort, the harvest of book-browsings, the distillation of individual perfumes from quiet gardens of literature, with no attempt at criticism beyond the report of the effect of a volume upon the personality of the essayist. It is in the lines of this bookish and personal tradition that Miss Repplier works. She has not the equipment for a critic, the perspective, the perception of relations; the power of being lost in other minds, and those the most widely divergent, without losing one's literary bearings; the sense of literature as an organic whole, and of its dependence upon life. She does not synthesize, nor find underlying agreement "in many a heart-perplexing opposite." She loves much, but not widely, and will neither run after new gods herself, nor allow her readers to do so. She is audaciously conservative, a free lance for the preservation of bounds. But in her own line, as a book-lover and personal essayist, she is admirable in endowment and performance. She has originality and art. She understands the manipulation of the essay, the amount of negligence permissible and even effective, and the requisite amount of care. She says the most delightful and unexpected things, and says them in the happiest manner, with the exact measure of deliberation and unconsciousness, of humor and conviction. She quotes, as some of the old essayists loved to quote, with just that little stress of personality which is a new interpretation, an addition to the meaning such as may be given by a voice. It is probably one of the consequences of that decay in roman-

¹ *Essays in Idleness*. By AGNES REPPLIER. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

tic interest for which Miss Repplier upbraids her public that our pleasure in reading has come to depend very much upon the stimulus of the moment, upon the turn of the phrase, the attitude of the author, upon the conversational powers of the hero and heroine rather than upon our hope of their ultimate happiness. Miss Repplier ministers to this pleasure in the detail. She is not always strong in construction. Her essay as a whole sometimes lacks backbone; her phrase never does: it has strength, suppleness, precision; moreover, it is a live phrase. To watch its movements, its dignity, its reserve, and its spring, above all to see these movements accommodated to those of Agrippina, is to get a little unstrenuous enjoyment out of the printed page. To find anything as good as Agrippina in the reproduction of cat attitude and of the mental domain of Tabbyland, one would have to turn to Gautier and to Pierre Loti; and in sheer litheness of description one would not find in their pages anything better. Agrippina is, on the whole, the deftest achievement of Miss Repplier's vocabulary; but we still remember *Pleasure*: a Heresy, as one of her most original and characteristic papers, and the one on *Ennui*, in the present volume, in which occurs the description of that "small, compact, and enviable minority among us" (a writer with less humor might easily have fallen into the blunder of calling it a majority) "who, through no merit of their own, are incapable of being bored," is a bit of writing calculated to afford satisfaction to the literary conscience of its author. The danger which seems to lie in the way of a writer like Miss Repplier is that of exhausting by limitation her range of subjects; but the essential thing, after all, is to have found the right sphere, and Miss Repplier is by this time sufficiently mistress of her domain to extend it at her pleasure.

The want of material, of a substantial

harvest of knowledge, with ideas vigorous enough to thresh and winnow it, has always been felt, and will long continue to exist in our literature, though it is a defect which time will probably make right. But if our prayer for more matter were granted with the condition of less art, we should be unfortunate. If Mr. James had gone into business in literature, and given up the unprofitable pursuit of writing as a fine art, we should have had less literature than we have had, although Mr. James's own reputation might have been increased to an imposing extent by the sacrifice of a little subtlety, and the addition of some sawdust to his work. Mr. Barrett Wendell, in a volume of essays with the title *Stelligeri*,¹ taken from the mention of deceased alumni in the old Harvard catalogue, deals with the American literature of the past, and in his principal essay devotes himself to proving that there is no American literature, that our stars are all excellent rushlights. His main point, that we have no literature, is easily proved, but the test which he applies to each author in turn seems to us a doubtful one. The fact that we have produced nothing which Englishmen, living under less crowded conditions in a new country, could not have produced does not of itself prove that we have no literature. Is there any reason why we should have produced a literature contradictory to our history, why we should write as Choctaws or redeemed Africans? Yet this is Mr. Wendell's touchstone. Nor is there much light thrown upon individuals by this line-and-rule method of criticism. Emerson is not merely a mild, good man like Whittier, nor does Hawthorne come under the same head as Longfellow. They might, for the sake of the argument, be left temporarily in the same category, though it seems hardly worth while in this case. We cannot

¹ *Stelligeri, and Other Essays concerning America*. By BARRETT WENDELL. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1893.

help thinking that Mr. Wendell lays too much stress upon the minor fact that our literature is not American, whereas the real trouble is that it is not a literature.

To Mr. James the publishing of many books, the daily reviewing, and the rarity of real literary interest are as melancholy signs of the times as the decay of faith is to Mr. Myers. "The bewildered spirit," he writes, "may well ask itself, without speedy answer, What is the function in the life of man of such a periodicity of platitude and irrelevance?" But Mr. James's courage and literary faith hold firm. From his point of view the prospect is most cheering in Paris, where Mr. Myers finds it most depressing; and as in times of unbelief the men who cling to work and to duty are the most inspiring, so there is cheer in the provisional creed, rather breathed than expressed in Mr. James's work, that the way to get a literature is not to advertise for it as original or American, but to learn to look at things truly, and to write as well as possible. There are ethical as well as literary lessons in his essay on Criticism, a paper which goes very near to the heart of the subject, although its author has felt obliged to employ part of his space in defending to his audience the very existence of his art.

Mr. James is so perfectly at home in criticism that we almost forget how small a portion of his work lies technically within this province. In reality it all belongs there. As a novelist, his achievement is all in the line of what we may call critical fiction, in which the same processes of analysis, comprehension, and restatement applied in literary criticism to books are brought to bear directly upon life. Mr. James can hardly be called the discoverer of this vein, but he has certainly worked it more consistently and thoroughly than anybody else. To appreciate his success in it we have only to remember how almost invariably true, from a critical point of view, are those scenes and personages in his books which, judged by

a purely dramatic standard, are so easily found wanting. His characters talk too uniformly well for dramatic truth; they are framed, the fine and the vulgar, in a setting of culture which is sometimes too rich for realism. But how exactly the right critical light is thrown upon them, how carefully the type and the variety are selected, what an immersion in observation and the study of life is shown on every page! The dramatic power, that of bringing real living creatures into a book, must always be counted as the supreme gift in fiction; but if we demand, with impartial rigor, from every writer the same forms of truth, we shall lose many truths, and get mostly conventionalities.

Mr. James's literary criticism cannot be considered superior to his novels, for there is more room for originality in working from life, but it is submitted to the same law of literary progress which is to be seen in his novels. His work has always been abundantly clever, but he has constantly turned his cleverness to more and more account. The present volume¹ shows an advance upon *Partial Portraits*, not in brightness, but in melowness, and in the power so essential to a critic of finding the true equilibrium of his subject. The essay on *Pierre Loti* is an admirable example of the qualities which Mr. James has cited in the paper on Criticism as forming the special outfit of the critic. It is an illustration of that interpretation and recasting of the work of another which make criticism analogous to acting as an art. It is at once sympathetic and unexaggerated, and it gives in passing a general picture of the French literature of the day, of its qualities and tendencies, which has a truth and justness of perception not often arrived at in our much writing about that literature. Of *Flaubert* Mr. James, of course, writes with appreciation, though

¹ *Essays in London and Elsewhere*. By HENRY JAMES. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

his optimism is a little severe upon Flaubert's boisterous melancholy. The paper on the Goncourt Journals is a just and gentlemanly notice of a performance neither gentlemanly nor just. That on Ibsen is probably the most complete and illuminating that has been written about that much discussed and not easily understood dramatist. There are two biographical sketches (we had almost added London as a third, she is so personified) which are among the best things in the book: one, originally printed in *The Atlantic*, on James Russell Lowell, in which Mr. James shows how possible it is to write with affection and admiration of a man without lending him all the virtues that any other man ever possessed; the other on Fanny Kemble, written *con amore* and *con brio*, and giving us a sense as of the whole vivid presence of that great personality. One has something of the pleasure in reading it that there would be in coming across a Landor conversation that had really taken place. In his representation of another lady of great traditions, London, Mr. James seems to us a little perfunctory, as a man almost inevitably must be now and then who writes so much and so well.

*Folia Litteraria*¹ is made up largely of short reviews on points of literary scholarship which have no direct connection, but are strung along on a straight chronological line from the old romances to the nineteenth century, giving the reader the feeling of going through a familiar country on a train that stops only at way stations. They are written in a pleasant tone of light scholarship, and with a warm feeling for poetry. Sometimes the points discussed are tolerably slight, as in an unexplained passage in *Comus*, where the subject is Milton's reason for having made Echo dwell

"By slow Meander's margent green."

Mr. Hales sets down as far fetched

¹ *Folia Litteraria*. Essays and Notes on English Literature. By JOHN W. HALES, M. A.,

Keightley's suggestion that the winding course of the river resembles the repercussion of an echo, and with justice; but his own interpretation, that the Meander was a classic haunt of the swan, the bird of sweet song in the ancient poets, seems, though certainly less absurd, hardly more conclusive. Tennyson, when asked by Mr. Knowles what he meant by the lines in *Maud*,

"For her feet have touched the meadow,
And left the daisies rosy,"

made the grave reply, gravely accepted by Mr. Knowles, that a daisy trodden upon would be turned over, bringing the rosy under petals uppermost. The older poets are not on hand gently to extract the poetry from their lines for the benefit of prosaic commentators and friends; else Milton might have told Mr. Hales that his allusion to Echo meant the song of the swan. But was he not as capable as Leconte de Lisle of bringing in a name for the sake of its sound? And is not classic association joined here to one of the most beguiling bits of alliteration in literature? If the verse brings up to the reader the thought of a river in a lovely vale, with now and then an echo flying from hill to hill across its waters, is there any reason why it should have meant something more recondite to the poet? In the essay on Milton's *Macbeth*, showing that Milton had planned a tragedy of *Macbeth*, and discussing his probable reasons for wishing to enter the lists against Shakespeare, Mr. Hales seems to us to have found a more tangible theme, and executed a careful piece of conjectural criticism.

The volume contains two longer papers, — one on *The Last Decade of the Eighteenth Century*, a very happily chosen subject, the other on *Victorian Literature*. Both bear the mark of the lecture in the ground covered and the necessity of constant summarizing, but they are very well arranged, critically sound, and plea-

Professor of English Literature in King's College. New York: Macmillan. 1893.

santly written. *Folia Litteraria* is a book to keep on hand as a collection of extra notes with which to interleave other books rather than one to be taken up and

re-read for its own sake. And that, after all, is the best test of essays. They may or may not be classics, but they must prove themselves good comrades.

A STUDY OF RUSSIA.

SOME of the recent books on Russia have reminded us, perhaps more than anything else, that an essentially new art has arisen in modern times, the art of understanding peoples. Literary fashion, to say nothing of literary incapacity, once made foreign countries the stamping-ground of alien prejudice, and the traveling Philistine who succeeded in recording accurately every deviation he witnessed abroad from ways and sights to which he had become accustomed at home thought he had done a permanent service to literature. This faulty method long distinguished the studies that peoples so closely allied as the great branches of the Anglo-Saxon stock made of each other. Emerson gave a fair, manly, and on the whole very sympathetic account of the British long before England could afford to send us a Bryce. The narrowness of Dr. Johnson, who declared that America contained nothing but natural curiosities, is still imitated by the insular tourist who annually makes the round of our large cities. But in the case of Russia, cut off from the rest of the world by barriers of language and custom almost insurmountable, the tarrying of literary justice has been still more marked. The early books on that empire, from Herberstein down almost to Haxthausen, have descriptive but little critical value. Largely the work of authors unfamiliar with the speech of the country, these writings showed general as well as historical unfitness for the task of comprehending its people. It was the same incapacity that filled the old books

on Russia with the wildest hearsays concerning the most impossible occurrences as that which to-day sends to our newspapers the mad stories about Nihilists who set fire to forests along the Neva in order to destroy the Winter Palace, or of peasants stricken with cholera panic who burn up whole villages with the aid of petroleum. Emergence from this habit of treating Russia as a Scythian country rich in Slavonian marvels has naturally been slow, but the process has proved not less certain than that of growing civilization and the progressive unification of the nations.

The modern art of understanding peoples is based not only on the humanitarianism which regards no race that is human as alien to it, but also on that latest product of our complex intellectual life, ethnic sympathy, — the power not merely to recognize a common humanity beneath its various racial differences, but to value and enjoy it in and through those differences. It is true that the method of study has also undergone enormous improvement. We no longer regard ethnography as rounded off in itself. Any worthy account of a people in these days is something more than its geography, something more than its history, something more than its politics: it is certainly all these, enriched by knowledge of its language and literature. But it is pre-eminently sympathy with the people in their ethnic life and "idea." Once we have this, the driest details become luminous, while the "outlandish" elements that formerly would have repelled

us are now welcomed as contributions of priceless value to our knowledge. The last dozen years, or more, have seen just such a power as this brought to bear upon the Russian country, until the people whom we once thought to be semi-barbarous have gained a more just appreciation at the hands of traveler and historian, a new value for our literature, a fresh interest for our intellectual life.

One of the latest, in some ways certainly the most notable, of that galaxy of modern writers on Russia which includes such names as Wallace, Leger, Rambaud, De Vogüé, and Brandes, is the well-known publicist Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, whose work, so far as it has been reproduced in English translation,¹ forms the immediate subject of the present notice. How this versatile Frenchman picked up his knowledge of Russia is more or less of a mystery, since, with the exception of a few summer tours in northeastern Europe during the sixties and seventies, he is not known to have sojourned permanently for any length of time in the land of the Tsar. Nor did his "all round" experiences as a publicist writing articles and books, mainly on social and economic topics, seem to qualify him in a special way for any deep or thorough insight into the life and thought of a foreign people. All the more surprising and delightful it was to receive, in the first installment of his work, a view of Russian things which, for its remarkable breadth, brilliancy of coloring, and general accuracy, but above all for its understanding of the Slav character, has not been surpassed. Two additional volumes of the work have thus far appeared in France, the latest bearing date of 1889, and neither of them shows any falling off from the power and promise of the first. This is the most comprehensive account of Russian civilization now in existence. On its broad

canvas Leroy-Beaulieu has spread his rich material with an artistic effect, with a never failing consciousness of the whole in the part, and a close, logical enchainment of the various groupings that are admirable. Writing, evidently, with a knowledge of the Russian language, the author displays an extensive command of original sources of information. In a single volume he tells, with much picturesqueness and descriptive force, the story of nature, climate, and soil, of the Slav race and its temperament, of the peasant, the emancipation, and the village communities. In another we get details of the machinery of government, in some respects fuller, and in all respects newer, than any that are to be found in extended treatments of the subject hitherto printed. The chapters on the religious life of the people, making the third volume, form what is perhaps the most fascinating part of the whole work. Readers are further indebted to Leroy-Beaulieu for a fairly complete account of the revolutionary movement in Russia, the translation of which into English will go far to make good for Anglo-Saxon readers the serious defect, not to say one-sidedness, of Mr. Wallace's otherwise admirable study.

So much, at least, must be said in praise of a work which will gain for its author a wider fame than all his other writings put together. Its shortcomings, leaving out a few unimportant errors, spring mainly from Leroy-Beaulieu's high conception of what such a work ought to be; they are, moreover, inseparable from a method of treatment which demands, along with philosophic insight, sustained brilliancy. We think, for example, that, in his effort to go to the bottom of the Russian character and institutions, the author has overestimated the influence of climate and natural surroundings. He regards the life of Great Russia as "more than anywhere else a

¹ *The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians.* By ANATOLE LEROY-BEAULIEU. Translated from the third French Edition by ZÉNAÏDE A.

RAGOZIN. Part I. The Country and its Inhabitants. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1893.

strife against nature," and describes this warfare as a "school of patience, resignation, and submissiveness. Unable to slip his neck from under the yoke of nature, he [the Russian] has borne that of man more patiently: the one has bent and fashioned for him the other; the tyranny of climate has prepared him for man's absolute power."

It may fairly be doubted whether there is anything like that connection between climate, political serfdom, and autocratic power in Russia which is here so strongly emphasized. The influence alleged must have been very recent, even in Great-Russia, since it was there that Slav republics, based on a highly developed conception of popular liberties, flourished up to a late period in the nation's history. We must also bear in mind that submission to the power of autocracy in Russia is found not merely among the inhabitants of Great-Russia, with its low winter temperature, but also among subjects of the Tsar who enjoy, both in Europe and in Asia, climates as mild as that of southern Europe. Owing, moreover, to a very efficient system of house-warming, and a comfortable style of winter apparel from the wearing of which all conventional checks have been removed, the Great-Russian suffers less from cold in winter than does the average inhabitant of the United States. If the struggle with a severe climate predisposes to despotism, the free governments of the American continent are an anomaly. Our criticism must be the same of Leroy-Beaulieu's attempt to connect the peculiarities of the Russian environment with certain traits of the Russian character as manifested in the revolutionary movement and in religious phenomena: many of the observations made are undoubtedly just, but others show an extreme refinement of psychological analysis.

Leroy-Beaulieu is frequently happier when he is telling us what he observed in Russia than when he is advising us how we are to think about it. The objective

value of his work is great. He has contributed powerfully to that revised view which is everywhere supplanting our old conceptions of the Slav world. Perhaps the culminating interest of the production for American readers is in its chapters on the problems of Russian administration; and here, in spite of a treatment alternately too tentative and too ambiguous, the author is outspoken enough to satisfy even radical demands. In a preface written especially for the first volume of the English translation, he praises the personal character of an autocrat who, though "with one sign he can put in motion ten millions of men, is a lover of peace," apostrophizing the "self-constituted warder of the peace of the world, — a grand rôle for an autocrat, and we in France wish that he may long continue to enact it." All the same, Leroy-Beaulieu tells us that "the Tsar Alexander Alexandrovitch, crowned in the Kremlin of Moscow, is the contemporary not so much of Queen Victoria as of Queen Isabella of Castile;" and that "if, at the distance of four centuries, the Russian Tsar takes against his Jewish subjects measures which recall the edicts issued in 1492 by Los Reyes Católicos, it is because Orthodox Russia is not unlike Catholic Spain of the fifteenth century." He points to the "frightful development of political crimes" between 1878 and 1883, condemns government interference with education and faith, and urges as a prime necessity reforms that shall usher in the intellectual, political, and religious emancipation of the Russian people. If at the beginning of his work he assures us that when the Tsar signs ukases which our conscience condemns he "does it with a good conscience," at the end of it he declares that "the *status quo* in Russia cannot be maintained with safety to the future of the people."

The task of presenting to English readers this substantial installment of justice to Russia has been appropriately laid upon Madame Zénaïde Ragozin, a

native Russian, among whose qualifications may be mentioned her own historical researches and her long residence in the United States. There has been some slight departure in this first volume from the completeness of the original; but where exigencies of publication required the shortening of particular passages and the leaving out of others, the work has been done with both judiciousness and impartiality. Our comparison of the translation thus far made with the text shows a version that adheres closely to the original, and is written in generally excellent English. Here and there the language becomes colloquial, as when "the nastiness of the thaw" is spoken of; sometimes the author imitates too closely a French expression, as where winds are described as being robbed of their "water vapors," instead of their moisture or humidity. That horrid word "desinence" is used throughout to indicate a grammatical termination, and "Cosacks" appears as an English version of the French "Cosaques." The special feature of the translation is its annotations. In these Madame Ragozin supplies a running commentary on the text, chiefly from a

Russian point of view, now in the form of footnotes, which are saved from confusion with Leroy-Beaulieu's own notes by a special set of markings, and now in the form of extended paragraphs in small type placed at the ends of the chapters. It would be nothing less than a calamity if this method of supplementing an author's work were to obtain any considerable extension in modern literature; but if there was ever a case in which the practice could be justified, it is the present. In some cases Madame Ragozin amplifies the illustrations of the author; in others she supplies omissions, or brings down to date a book written in the early seventies; in still others we have etymologies which Miklosich himself would indorse. In all these respects her work is welcome. But we doubt the wisdom of French methods of spelling Russian words in a work intended for American and English readers: it would have been better to transliterate the Slavic expressions used by Leroy-Beaulieu into good Anglo-Saxon. It should be added that this first installment of the translation, with its maps and special index, is more sumptuous, and typographically more readable, than its French original.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Poetry. It is only fair to judge a poet who publishes two volumes within a single year by the second, especially when he says of its contents that "he has endeavored to exercise a critical discrimination, and, to the best of his ability, to correct or expunge the frequent obscurity, superfluity, and exaggerated expression of the earlier works." It is thus that Mr. Madison Cawein introduces his *Poems of Nature and Love* (Putnam's), which follows close upon the heels of *Red Leaves and Roses* (same publishers). The faults of this earlier volume, and indeed its predecessors, could hardly be better defined than in the author's own

words. The latest book is not so heavily burdened^d with them, but a great many red leaves are still left among the roses. The author has even now before him great opportunities for the exercise of self-restraint, to the end that his really poetic imaginings may be less often obscured by a too abundant gift of words. — *Athelwold*, by Amélie Rives. (Harpers.) "Kissing on a hill," or wherever else need be, plays a prominent part in this drama of old England. It is but another reading of the favorite old story of a king's deputy lover who takes heart to "speak for himself," and falls upon destruction in consequence. The at-

tempt at archaic diction is not wholly a success, as the phrase,

"Thou hast an hour before thee
Of most fierce jaw-work,"

will testify. Nor does the strength of the tragedy lie in its dramatic construction. The best things about it are occasional bits of pretty phrasing, such as *Elfreda's* when she says, —

"I'd . . . wear my crown
As 't were a sunbeam fallen on my head,
So lightly would I wear it."

— The Great Remembrance, and Other Poems, by Richard Watson Gilder. (The Century Co.) A canon of poetry might be made to read — all poems are occasional, but some are more occasional than others. Somehow it happens that when the occasion is of the spirit, and not of outward circumstance, the poem seems more usually a thing to be desired. In so small a book as this last one of Mr. Gilder's, it is not quite encouraging to discover a sort of poetical Topics of the Time. A Grand Army reunion, various aspects of the World's Fair, the deaths of great men, the playing of Paderewski and of Duse, — these give the main occasion to Mr. Gilder's Muse. Magazine subjects, it is almost fair to call them; and certainly it is fair to say that they are touched upon often with grace, and sometimes with force. As for permanence in poetry, it is perhaps fairer still to say that, from the nature of things, such themes, except under the touch of genius, are wont to be "embalmed in verse" in a sense not contemplated by the hopeful poets of old. — Poems Here at Home, by James Whitecomb Riley. (The Century Co.) How much of the success of Mr. Riley's verses depends upon their dialect may be inferred from the fact, which nobody can help observing in this book, that most of the rhymes in plain English which it contains are in no marked manner distinguished from the rhymes of other good men — whose books do not sell. That, however, is merely to say that Mr. Riley is far more at home in the poems for which the uncouth speech of children of smaller and larger growth is the best vehicle of expression. With how quaint a fancy he does these things very few readers need be told. Whether such verses shall be skipped in books — as they sometimes are in magazines — depends upon in-

dividual tastes. Certain it is that nobody will quarrel with the fitness of illustrating Mr. Riley's rhymes with what may be called Mr. Kemble's dialect drawings. — The Other Side, an Historic Poem, by Virginia Frazer Boyle. (Printed at the Riverside Press.) A Southern woman's vigorous expression of memories of the past and conditions of the present. The little book is hardly of equal poetical strength throughout, but it possesses the serviceable merit of ending quite strongly enough to leave one with a last impression that is favorable. — Songs for the Hour, by D. M. Jones. (Lippincott.) The audience for which Mr. Jones has done most of his singing is evidently the Welsh population in and about Wilkesbarre. It is well, therefore, that there is music in some of the verses, even if they do not possess the qualities of greatness which might interfere with Mr. Jones's career as a local bard. — Bay Leaves, Translations from the Latin Poets, by Goldwin Smith. (Macmillan.) The peculiar merit of this collection of bits translated here and there from nine Latin poets is that each poet retains something of his original flavor. Regarding them simply as English verses, it is almost as if they were by nine different persons, and all of them writers of agreeable verse, — and that is no mean achievement. One may quarrel occasionally with a rhyme, as of *now* with *no*, and may question one point of propriety which presents itself with some frequency: in putting the Latin poets into English is one at liberty to draw freely from the phrases of English poets? Of *Lesbia's* sparrow, for example, it is a little surprising to read: —

"Now wings it to that gloomy bourne
From which no travellers return."

Possibly the spirit of a poem's new language is caught by the use of phrases which have entered into the very substance of English speech; but the effect upon the reader is somewhat bewildering. He cannot be quite sure whether he is reading Catullus, let us say, or Mr. Smith, or somebody else. Getting away from familiar translations is probably as great a difficulty; else the happy man of Horace would never have been described as he "who tills his old paternal lot." But, trivialities aside, the translations as a whole are excellent, and the book deserves very well of the class to which it will appeal.

Books for the Young. Two more volumes have been added to the not inconsiderable collection of boys' books called forth by the Year of Columbus. Westward with Columbus, by Gordon Stables, R. N. (Scribners), follows its hero's life from his childhood till his death, and the author shows a genuine enthusiasm for his subject that will be apt to prove contagious. Columbus is really the central figure of the story, most of the fictitious characters being introduced merely to fill the scene. The tale keeps very close to history, and is written with simplicity and good taste. — *Diecon the Bold*, by John Russell Coryell (Putnams), is the story of a sturdy, honest English lad who is the sole survivor from a ship destroyed by Mediterranean pirates. Cast upon the Spanish coast, he is kindly cared for by a Jewish family, and thus becomes a suspect of the Inquisition. After various haps and mishaps, he sails with Columbus, and has the proper modicum of New World adventure before returning in safety to his native land. A well-constructed and readable tale, wholesome in tone, and in the main notably free from exaggeration and undue sensationalism. — Recent additions to what may be called the Kirk Munroe Boys' Library of Adventure are, *Raftmates*, a Story of the Great River (Harpers), and *The Coral Ship*, a Story of the Florida Reef. (Putnams.) The former is a companion volume to *Dorymates*, *Campmates*, and *Canoemates*, and, like its predecessors, it is a breathless succession of exciting incidents, hairbreadth escapes, and overwhelming catastrophes, all leading to the fortunate ending which comes at the latest practicable moment. *The Coral Ship*, on the whole the best tale yet issued in the Rail and Water Series, tells how a Spanish galleon, laden with the spoils of Mexico, is wrecked on the Florida Reef, and an English prisoner, Sir Richard Alanson, and some negro slaves alone are saved. A youthful descendant of Sir Richard is wrecked in the same spot, and, need we say, discovers the remains of the Spanish ship, incrustated with coral, and also a devoted servitor in the living representative of the chief of the rescued slaves. We commend, while we wonder at, the moderation which makes the salvage from the richly freighted galleon but a single golden vase and a few bars of silver.

History and Biography. Sefton, a Descriptive and Historical Account, comprising the Collected Notes and Researches of the late Rev. Engelbert Horley, together with the Records of the Mock Corporation, by W. D. Caröe and E. J. A. Gordon. (Longmans.) One of the most remarkable churches to be found in Lancashire — a church peculiarly rich in archaeological and historical interest — is that of Sefton, a village so near to Liverpool that it should be an easy resource to those Americans who, eager for the older England, are unwillingly detained in that very modern city. This exceedingly handsome volume, designed as a tribute to the late rector of Sefton, contains a description of the church, and a sketch of its history largely founded upon material he had collected. This also included notes on some of his predecessors, and on certain members of the two great families of the neighborhood whose effigies are to be found in the Molyneux and Blundell chapels. The earlier division of the work, which is very well illustrated, is interesting and readable, though probably less complete than it would have been in the hands of its originator; but we think the editors were ill advised in not confining the notice of the Mock Corporation to the two papers written by Mr. Horley. As it is, the annals of this eighteenth-century convivial club occupy an inordinate amount of space in comparison with the really valuable portions of the book. — *Personal Recollections of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, by Horatio Bridge. (Harpers.) Mr. Bridge has done excellent service in giving permanent shape to his recollections; for not only does he publish some very interesting correspondence with Hawthorne, but in a simple, unaffected fashion he gives agreeable hints of Hawthorne's personality among those who were not distinctively literary. — *Abraham Lincoln — Was he a Christian?* by John B. Remsburg. (The Truth Seeker Company, New York.) Mr. Remsburg prints on his title-page these words, "I am not a Christian. — LINCOLN," and then devotes more than three hundred pages to proving this negative. Do men gather grapes of thorns or figs of thistles? — *The Baroness Burdett-Coutts, a Sketch of her Public Life and Work*, prepared for the Lady Managers of the World's Columbian Exposition by Command of Her Royal

Highness, Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. (McClurg.) The letters at the beginning of this little book show how Mrs. Potter Palmer requested it, and the Duchess of Teck commanded it. It is apparently thought superfluous to give the author's name, but as he claims nothing more than the distinction of having hastily put together the main facts of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts's service to mankind, it is perhaps as well. The facts, to any reader skeptical of the use that can be made of great wealth, must be amazing. — My Year in a Log Cabin, by W. D. Howells. (Harpers.) One of the little Black and White Series, and a delightful bit of recollection of youth. It is not so much what happened as the effect upon the boy's consciousness here reflected, possibly refracted in memory, that interests both writer and reader. Yet we sigh a little over these autobiographic bits. Can it be that Howells thinks he is an old man? — Historical Tales, The Romance of Reality, by Charles Morris. (Lippincott.) A series of four volumes, devoted respectively to American, English, French, and German history. The author says that his design has been "to cull from the annals of the nations some of their more stirring and romantic incidents, and present them as a gallery of pictures that might serve to adorn the entrance to the temple of history, of which this work is offered as in some sense an illuminated antechamber." Less rhetorically, we may state that each volume contains from twenty-five to thirty such incidents, usually well selected, and narrated in a concise and fairly readable fashion, and with more simplicity of style than the writer's preface would lead one to expect. The chief merit of the books is that possibly these fragments may excite in some readers a desire for the whole story, well told. — Memoirs of the Duchess of Abrantès. (Scribners.) A new edition of a translation which in its earlier form appeared in London in 1831-35, the volumes closely following the publication of the originals in Paris. In the English version the opening portion of the work was but slightly abridged, but probably its length proved alarming, and omissions multiplied in the later volumes. As, afterward, the same plan was pursued in preparing the abridgment of this translation, which is now reprinted, the later chapters are natu-

rally fragmentary in effect, — the account of so important an incident, for example, as the tragic death of Junot, with the melancholy attendant circumstances, being reduced to a few incoherent paragraphs. Madame Junot was such a gossiping, discursive, and voluminous chronicler that a rather severe condensation was inevitable; and while we wish that it had been better proportioned, and her personal history less summarily dealt with in the last volume, we are thankful for the good provided us, and glad that so handsome a reissue of the memoirs has been placed in the hands of a new generation of readers. These will probably find the work "full of quotations," so largely, during the last sixty years, has it been drawn upon by writers treating of the social life of the Consulate and Empire. Madame Junot wrote from an exceptionally intimate knowledge of the Bonaparte family and the imperial court, and if her entertaining pages must occasionally be taken with certain reserves, the various reminiscences, written from widely differing standpoints, which have followed hers, attest, on the whole, her graphic power and substantial accuracy. It is greatly to be regretted that a sketch of the later years of the author's life should not have been prefixed to this edition. There could be no sadder contrast than that between the young, brilliant, elegant, and, it must be added, incurably extravagant *Gouvernante de Paris* and the woman, poor, ill, and harassed by debts, who spent her failing strength in writing with feverish rapidity volume after volume of her recollections of happier times. — Women of Versailles, The Court of Louis XV., by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) The miserable story of the sovereign who should have been called Louis the Weak is here followed from the accession of the child-king in 1715 to the death of the queen in 1768. Louis XV. and the women of his court have been so often depicted by keen observers with the true Gallic skill in pen portraiture that M. de Saint-Amand has had no difficulty in presenting a series of vivid character sketches. If the lights in the king's picture, such as they are, are given their full effect, the likeness of the timid, irresolute, ennuyé sensualist is in the main a faithful one. As a wholesome

relief, and in sharpest contradistinction to the presentments of the sisters de Nesle and the Pompadour, we have in her simple dignity the figure of the long-suffering Marie Leczinska, — the last woman who has died queen of France, — who, with her like-minded son and daughters, led a decorous and pious life, unaffected by the surrounding pandemonium. — *Old Court Life in France*, by Frances Elliot. (Putnams.) That this work should be thought worthy of republication, twenty years after its first appearance, may be sufficient justification for the complacency of the author's preface to the new edition. But, except that she has read many French memoirs, she shows few qualifications for, in her own words, portraying "the substance and spirit of history, without affecting to maintain its form and dress." Even as a purveyor of historical gossip she evinces small insight into character, and little sense of the distinction between possible fact and the idle rumors which crystallize into legends. Her style is commonplace, and the imaginary illustrative incidents and conversations scattered through the book cannot be commended either for literary grace or as bits of historical fiction. But there is a large number of readers who like a *réchauffé* of this kind, and care not at all whether or no it be really history or literature. The volumes are well printed, handsomely bound, and liberally illustrated. — *Louis Agassiz, his Life and Work*, by Charles Frederick Holder. (Putnams.) We cannot help feeling that this book was written more because a *Life of Agassiz* was a necessity in a series on *Leaders of Science* than for any intrinsic need of such a volume. It is not so much shorter than *Mrs. Agassiz's Life of her husband* as to take the relative position of a handbook, nor does it attempt, except in the direction of unnecessary pictures, to cover more ground than that established book of authority upon the subject. It does survey with comprehensive view the great scientist's career from Switzerland to Brazil, and as one volume in a series takes its place creditably enough. — *Clarke Aspinall, a Biography*, by Walter Lewin. (Edward W. Allen, London.) Mr. Lewin's excellent introduction, in which he makes a study of biographical writing, encourages one to hope for more than he gets in the rest of the book. Mr. Aspinall was

a well-known figure in Liverpool, and a man plainly of marked individuality, but the narrative of his life scarcely goes beyond the demands of a local audience who already knew him. — The third volume of J. R. Green's *A Short History of the English People* in its illustrated form, as edited by Mrs. Green and Miss Kate Norgate (Harpers), follows hard upon the second. It contains the eighth and ninth chapters, covering the century which saw Puritanism regnant and then supplanted by the Stuart restoration, which is just about to give way, as the volume closes, to the Orange revolution. The portraits, the reproduction of contemporaneous prints, the architectural bits, copies of coins, and a variety of other objects illustrative of the period continue to show the good judgment and taste of the editors. The frontispiece, a folding sheet in colors, is a very interesting view of London Bridge, the earliest genuine view known. If anything could add to the charm of Mr. Green's writing, it is these serviceable illustrations. — *Leaves from the Autobiography of Tommaso Salvini*. (The Century Co.) It is refreshing to find somebody "who is somebody" taking himself with thorough seriousness, in this day and generation. When Salvini has to tell of his dramatic triumphs, is he beguiled into treating them as matters of small concern? Far from it. "I was receiving the ovations of the public, and was almost buried in the flowers that were thrown to me." Such an occasion he delights especially to chronicle. When most of the world acts so well in hiding through very self-consciousness the things which are most grateful to personal pride, here is the actor tossing the mask away, acting not at all, but speaking with utter childlike frankness of the joy of his successes. The book, moreover, owes a large share of its interest to Salvini's remarks regarding his greatest contemporaries on the French, English, and American stage; but, with due deference to the Century Company's habits of spelling, we must believe that he formed his opinions in a *theatre*, and not a *theater*. — *Sam Houston and the War of Independence in Texas*, by Alfred M. Williams. (Houghton.) Mr. Williams had a picturesque subject to deal with, and one, moreover, tempting to the pictorial writer. He has resisted any temptation to make a brilliant book, and has made a thor-

oughly reliable one. His narrative is clear, straightforward, and close to facts. Its temperateness of tone might mislead some, but any one who knows the rubbish that has been raised over the subject will be grateful to an author who has sought so steadily for the actual facts of history and biography.

Education. Outlines of Pedagogics, by W. Rein. Translated by C. C. and Ida J. Van Liew. (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., London; C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) Professor Rein is the Director of the Pedagogical Seminary at the University of Jena, and externally and internally this work gives evidence of having been delivered in the form of lectures. Like objects imported under the McKinley tariff, it might well bear the label of Germany as the country of origin. The subject is approached from the philosophical rather than the immediately practical side, and the book will appeal to the increasing class which studies the problems of education as problems of pure science. — The Kindergarten, edited by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Harpers.) Mrs. Wiggin introduces this collection of papers with one of her own on the Relation of the Kindergarten to Social Reform, and the half dozen other writers all struggle more or less successfully with the philosophy of the system. Mrs. Rollins, however, in her Seed, Flower, and Fruit of the Kindergarten, brings her matter into a pretty direct and concrete form by her amusing contrast of the old-fashioned teacher and the kindergartner in their dealing with specific cases.

Textbooks. The Classic Myths in English Literature, based chiefly on Bulfinch's Age of Fable. Accompanied by an Interpretative and Illustrative Commentary. Edited by Charles Mills Gayley. (Ginn.) This book may be regarded as a pioneer, and also a most useful handbook. It marks the deliberate attempt to incorporate the study of myths, chiefly as elements of literature, but also in their comparative significance, into a liberal education. Under present conditions this seems almost requisite; yet if we could have our way, every child would become familiar with these myths from reading them in childhood as stories and legends, so that when he came into the analytical study of English literature he would have no more trouble with these al-

lusions than he would with references to the games he had played at recess.

Literature and Literary History. The new edition of Thoreau (Houghton), of which we spoke last month, has been brought to a conclusion by the publication of six more volumes: Excursions, Miscellanies, and the four seasons, Early Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. The new grouping of the volumes of fragments is more orderly than before, and in the Miscellanies some uncollected matter is for the first time made convenient to the student of Thoreau. We say "student" advisedly, for we greatly doubt if the idle reader will attempt his translations from Pindar. A general index in the final volume is an admirable appointment, for one's recollection of Thoreau is of bits which it is hard to localize. Each volume besides has its own index. In re-reading one discovers single sentences which ought to be proverbs, so compact are they of rare wisdom. — The Scribners' series of Cameo books has a charming addition to its numbers in Mr. Stevenson's *Virginibus Puerisque*. There is no better test of a friend than to find him, after an absence, in strange apparel, and to prove that, in spite of new appearances, the old companionship may be taken up without a regret. Nothing of Mr. Stevenson's is old enough to have outgrown utterly the reigning fashions of its first days, but to come upon *Virginibus Puerisque* in the best clothes of this our own year of grace is to ask afresh whether its wisdom, its cleverness, and its enchanting verbal texture can ever become "out of date." — The Cloister and the Hearth, illustrated from drawings by William Martin Johnson. (Harpers.) Charles Reade's wonderful and opulent romance is here presented in two shapely volumes, illustrated, decorated, embellished with side-note pictures, borders, portraits of Reade and Erasmus, headpieces, tailpieces, all manner of single figures and buildings and bits of landscape, but with scarcely anything that can be called composition. The book is a mediæval museum, at the hands both of author and designer, though the author also has made the story strong by his frequent groupings and his vivid narrative. There is more character, often, in the faces in the drawings than there is strength of art in the strictly decorative treatment, which is

rather copious than choice. — Early Printed Books, by E. Gordon Duff. (Imported by Scribners.) This is one of the best contributions to the series of Books about Books. Recognizing the fact that "small books on large subjects are, for the most part, both superficial and imperfect," the author has tried to avoid the danger involved, and is helped in his endeavor by the nature of his subject. Of the very beginnings of printing, with which the book has to deal, there is of necessity a limited amount of knowledge accessible. Mr. Duff has sifted the facts relating to the early printers of various countries and towns, and, preserving some of the least obvious and most significant, has attained very satisfactory results. It is fitting that all of these Books about Books represent so well what the best book-makers, merely as such, can do to-day. — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have put up five of Mr. George W. Cable's books, *Old Creole Days*, *Dr. Sevier*, *Bonaventure*, *Strange True Stories of Louisiana*, and the *Grandissimes*, in a neat uniform style, in anticipation of the day when Cable's Works shall be recognized as belonging to what is commonly called standard American literature. — An Index to Harper's New Monthly Magazine covers the first eighty-five volumes, from June, 1850, to November, 1892. By an ingenious device, the pages of the former index, covering seventy volumes, have been used, but made to alternate with pages partly filled with the index to the later fifteen volumes. This is a better arrangement than to make the supplementary index in a body at the end of the book. (Harpers.) — Messrs. Putnam's Sons have reprinted, in the same style as last year's *Hildegard* Edition of *The Initials*, *Fredrika Bremer's The Home*, in Mary Howitt's excellent and sympathetic translation. It is pleasant to meet this old friend in so attractive a guise, and the volumes might well be regarded as a Jubilee edition, fifty years having passed since the appearance of this English version of what has probably proved the most enduringly popular of its author's novels. — Messrs. Little, Brown & Co. have brought out, in their beautiful edition of Dumas's novels, *Olympe de Clèves*, not one of the most widely known of its author's historical romances, but taking a sufficiently high rank amongst them to make it a little surprising that this ex-

cellent translation should be, as is claimed, the first English version of the tale.

Books of Reference. A Dictionary of Foreign Phrases and Classical Quotations, edited by R. D. Blackman. (Putnams.) This is one of the books that might perfectly well have been very good, if only the trouble had been taken to make them a few degrees better. Its material is abundant, but rather ill arranged. "Where the meaning of Foreign Idiom can be better so conveyed, ordinary colloquialisms," according to the preface, "have been employed." This is doubtless a good principle, but why enforce it in such an absurd way as to translate "*Tout chemin va à Rome*" into "By hook or by crook"? — just as if the English tongue had not a saying of its own about roads and Rome. — *How Do You Spell It? or Words As They Look*, by W. T. C. Hyde. (McClurg.) This is called "a book for busy people," and is based upon the assumption that most of them do not know how to spell. A long list of debatable words is therefore printed, with the doubtful letters in bold-face type. The plan is good, in detail it is well carried out, and all unsteady followers of Webster who will keep this book near at hand need have no excuse for stumbling. We cannot help remarking, however, that "Words as they look" is hardly the fairest definition of a procession of innocent words, each and all marked for life, as it were, with a black eye.

Fiction. *Sally Dows, and Other Stories*, by Bret Harte. (Houghton.) The story which fills half of this volume and provides the title takes the reader to a country where he is a little surprised to find Mr. Harte. It is the South in the days of reconstruction, and the hero of the tale plays his part in the process by winning the heart of an incomprehensible Southern girl. The story has scenes of genuine spirit, yet as a whole it does not carry a great weight of conviction with it. The three remaining stories are of the West, and in the absence of a signature, we are strongly inclined to think, would strike many readers as the work of a clever person who was or was not born in the West, but for the purpose in hand had gained most of his impulse by reading the stories of the Mr. Harte of twenty years ago. — *Ivar the Viking*, by Paul Du Chaillu. (Scribners.) The author calls his book "a romantic history

based upon authentic facts of the third and fourth centuries ;” and indeed, the story, such as it is, is merely a peg whereon to hang a picture, intended to be carefully correct in all its details, of the life of the Norse chiefs. In short, the writer aims to give in a popular form the historical and archaeological researches more elaborately and technically treated in *The Viking Age*. Mr. Du Chaillu holds with unabated ardor his belief in the Scandinavian origin of the English race, and the accepted view is still to him “the Anglo-Saxon myth.” His latest volume has the not altogether unusual prefix of a letter from Mr. Gladstone. This letter, a very characteristic one, is given both in type and facsimile ; and the writer, while disclaiming any special knowledge of the subject, declares himself favorably inclined Norseward, as when among Scandinavians he has felt something like a cry of nature asserting his nearness to them. — *The Love Affairs of an Old Maid*, by Lilian Bell. (Harpers.) The Old Maid of this narrative maintains a discreet silence regarding her own Love Affairs, but imparts to her cat all the confidences of her friends on the road towards matrimony and established within the blessed estate. The plan of the story, therefore, gives a capital opportunity for observing the ways of men with maids, and of maids with men. The more difficult characters, the less superficial, Miss Bell has drawn with shrewd understanding and humor and many admirable touches. The weakness of the book lies in its attempt to dispose of too large a number of types ; the result is a little weariness and confusion. But as an evidence of a new writer’s possibilities it gives excellent promise. — *Thumb-Nail Sketches*, by George Wharton Edwards. (The Century Co.) A miniature book, with stories and pictures in proportion. The little stories are entertaining incidents of travel, mainly in Holland, and the little pictures are such as a man clever with his pencil might adorn the margins of his home letters withal. Of course the maker of the little volume does not expect it to be taken too seriously ; and for what it is, it is quite good enough. — The descent into paper from cloth, in the case of a novel already published, frequently means that the book is rising in favor, and so throws off some of the impedimenta of price and weight. Among these may

be named : *The World of Chance*, by W. D. Howells (Harpers) ; *Pratt Portraits*, by Anna Fuller (Putnams) ; *An Imperative Duty*, by W. D. Howells (Harpers) ; *Paul Bourget’s Love’s Cruel Enigma and The Son* (The Waverly Co., New York) ; *West and East*, by Laura Coates Reed (Chas. H. Sergel & Co., Chicago) ; *The Aztec Treasure House*, by Thomas A. Janvier (Harpers) ; *The Captain of the Janizaries*, by James M. Ludlow (Harpers). — On the other hand, there are paper-covered books which appear to begin life thus, as if they had to fight their way in their shirt sleeves, as *A Terrible Family*, by Florence Warden (International News Co., New York) ; *The Vyvians*, by Andrée Hope (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago) ; *The Reverend Melancthon Poundex*, by Doren Piatt (Robert J. Belford, Chicago) ; *Poseidon’s Paradise*, the Romance of Atlantis, by Elizabeth G. Birkmaier (The Clemens Publishing Co., San Francisco) ; *Beyond Hypnotism*, by David A. Curtis (The Literary Casket Publishing Co., New York) ; *Clear the Track*, by E. Werner, translated by Mary Stuart Smith (International News Co.). — In Harper’s Franklin Square Library are : *Dr. Mirabel’s Theory*, a Psychological Study, by Ross George Dering ; *The Burden of Israel*, by J. Maclaren Cobban ; and *The Transgression of Terence Clancy*, by Harold Vallings. — Mr. Howells has added another to his little farces, *Evening Dress* (Harpers), which is as delightful, as gossamer-like in texture, as humorous, as any of the rest. Even the slang of the day melts in Campbell’s mouth. — Late additions to the uniform reissue of William Black’s works (Harpers) are : *In Far Lochaber*, doubtless the most powerful and impressive of his recent novels ; and *The Strange Adventures of a House-Boat*, a pleasant Thames chronicle, which introduces that agreeable American heroine, the ever-charming Peggy.

Sport. Walter Camp’s *Book of College Sports*, by Walter Camp. (The Century Co.) Instead of a dozen graduates coaching one team, according to the present college custom, we have in this book one graduate talking to as many young athletes, from all institutions of learning, as will listen to him. After preaching a good little sermon on the text “Be each, pray God, a gentleman!” Mr. Camp tells many things in the history of American college

athletics, and gives sensible advice on various points. If no other word were said of the book, it should at least be noticed that General Putnam's Ride is to have two companions in the annals of America, Lamar's Run and Bull's Kick.

Religion and Social Science. Sermons, sixth series, by the Rt. Rev. Phillips Brooks. (Dutton.) A valuable addition to these sermons is the date of first delivery appended to each. The twenty here given range from 1865 to 1889; and though the note which Bishop Brooks struck a quarter of a century ago was in unison with that of his latest utterance, his friends and disciples will be glad to read his discourses now in the light of his personal history. They are so instinct with his individuality that no one can read them without almost seeing and hearing the preacher; and yet how absolutely free they are from reference to the first person singular! — *Tools and the Man, Property and Industry under the Christian Law*, by Washington Gladden. (Houghton.) An interesting little book, since it aims at formulating the law of love in its possible working through institutions. The premise upon which it proceeds is that, in revealing God to men, Christ laid bare a principle of life which already had been faintly perceived in human relations, as in that of father and son, husband and wife, but was destined to universal application. By that principle he would have us believe the world is finally to move in its conscious orbit, and he maintains that the function of Christianity is constantly to make active effort at hastening the time, reminding men that the law of their being calls for expression not only individually, but organically in society. Christianity, under Dr. Gladden's preaching, brings indeed a sword, and not peace, for it aims at thorough revolution. — *The Scientific Study of Theology*, by W. L. Paige Cox. (Skeffington & Son, London.) A small volume, temperate but firm in spirit, which not only pleads for the study of theology as other sciences are studied, but proceeds to take up certain fundamental questions, as that of the nature of God, the

future life, the miracles of the New Testament, and applies the principles laid down. The writer does not undertake to examine theology as a system, and his purpose is so plainly practical that one is not surprised to find him devoting a chapter to the scientific study of the nature and principles of worship, and dwelling at some length and with great good sense on the relation which the intelligent and even critical man bears to his Maker in the region of worship. What he says of music as a subtle correlative of sacrifice is admirable. — *Socialism and the American Spirit*, by Nicholas Paine Gilman. (Houghton.) Mr. Gilman, who has been an industrious collector of the facts regarding profit-sharing, asks himself the question, Is the socialism which is offered as the next stage in the development of government the same thing in Europe and in America? and proceeds, by an examination both of theoretical socialism and of the characteristics of American life, social and political, to point out how obstructive is genuine Americanism to a doctrinaire socialism. It is refreshing to find a book dealing with its subject in so direct and manly a fashion as this. It brushes away a great many cobwebs; and although its treatment is necessarily somewhat general, there is a constant and successful endeavor of the author to plant himself solidly on the ground of fact. — *The People's Money*, by W. L. Trenholm. (Scribners.) The late debates in Congress have shown pretty plainly that, though a few men perceive clearly the function of currency, a great many, in Congress and out, are in a fog; and the service which Mr. Trenholm renders such in this book is very great, for he writes of cash and credit, of confidence and of law, as bases of money, of the monetary unit, legal tender, paper money, the balance of trade, the volume of money, and the standard of value, in terms so definite, so perspicacious, and so forcible that one who commits himself to Mr. Trenholm's leadership not only finds his way out of the fog, but learns the greater lesson of finding his own way through the mazes sure to offer themselves in whichever direction he turns.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Tyndall and Emerson. THE two letters which follow were written to an American lady who chanced to meet Mr. Tyndall in Switzerland, where she was traveling with her young son : —

ROYAL INSTITUTION, ALBEMARLE STREET,
2d June, 1870.

MY DEAR MADAM, — I have by no means forgotten our meeting at the Riffel, nor our reciting the poetry of your eminent countryman, coming down the slope from the glacier to the hotel. I think we sounded Monadnock.

"Hither we bring
Our insect miseries to the rocks ;
And the whole brood with pestered wing
Vanish, and end their murmuring, —
Vanish beside these dedicated blocks,"

I quote from memory, for long ago I lodged these lines and many others of Emerson's in the book and volume of my brain.

I always thought those lines on *Rhodora* exquisite. But what the *rhodora* was "I never knew." Some time ago I was staying with a friend in the country, and while under shelter of a pine wood a group of us talked of the *rhodora*, but none of us knew anything about it. I had quoted some of the lines regarding it in a little book of mine about the Alps, written ten years ago : hence the conversation.

Many thanks to you for the flower ; no other flower could be more acceptable to me.

Some time ago Mr. Emerson gave me a pleasure of which he had necessarily no knowledge. I go down from time to time to Chelsea, to see that grand old man Thomas Carlyle. When I was there last, two books of Emerson were on the table, addressed, "With unchangeable affection to Thomas Carlyle." It did my heart good to see this loyalty.

Poor Mrs. Carlyle handed him over to my safe-keeping when he went to Edinburgh to be installed as rector of the University. She died while he was in Scotland. I afterwards went with him to Mentone. A few weeks ago I was with him in the country. It was a wild day, and we got into a clearing in the middle of a wood, where we sat in calm while the storm rolled

around us. I plucked a cushion of ferns for the old man, placed it on the stump of a tree, helped him to light his pipe, and there we talked of death, and the privilege of being released from the fear of it.

I was so much pleased with Emerson's books and their superscription that I carried them away with me ; they are here beside me.

I think my own single example would demonstrate the futility of all attempts to sever intellectual progress from moral influences, as Buckle tried to do some years ago. For even my science owes a great debt to Emerson, Fichte, and Carlyle, — three men who care little for science. But there were stirred the forces that were latent within me, and that these forces took the scientific direction was a mere accident.

I rarely write so long a letter. Good-bye.

Yours most truly,

JOHN TYNDALL.

Give Mr. Emerson my thanks. I might with truth offer more.

CONCORD, June 27, 1870.

DEAR MADAM, — I have been much interested by Professor Tyndall's letter, which you have so kindly allowed me to read. The good will he expresses towards myself is highly gratifying to me, as I know well his own eminent worth. I could heartily wish that, since his scientific researches make him so much a traveler, they may, one of these days, bring him to America, where he has already, I doubt not, a larger public of readers than in England. He will, no doubt, like also to give new lessons to that young scholar of his at Riffel formerly, who, I am glad to hear, has come to value his letter. Mr. Tyndall's notices of Carlyle are especially interesting to me, — every word.

I send you warm thanks for your kindness in sending me the letter, which I now reinclose.

With great regard, yours,

R. W. EMERSON.

It will be remembered that Tyndall did visit America two years afterward,

For Clever
People.

— Your clever Contributor in the Club of last November — who is so clever that he (I use the pronoun impersonally, without regard to sex) has a very nice choice in the way of cleverness — seems inclined to flatter the instincts of so many tedious people that I am ready to ask if what he actually complains of is not that the world is not clever enough. "The worst accusation," he remarks, "that we can bring against clever people is this: they do not care about the truth; their ambition is not to say what is true, but to say something ingenious and entertaining." Now, I confess to feeling that there is so much dullness in the world, so much ignorance, inaccuracy, and conceit have to be put up with, that even the intention to amuse ought to be gratefully accepted. Of course, what we want is the real outcome of good minds in conversation, sincerity, simplicity of purpose, and genuine wit and humor; a pretentious cleverness is rarely, I think, successful, and what I complain of is that pretentious dullness too often is.

For it does seem to me more and more that a melancholy earnestness, a strenuous pursuit of the truth, is one of the signs of the times. Your Contributor's world is no doubt the large world outside of women's clubs and university extension lectures. It has been my experience for a year or two to be asked, for example, whether I have attended the course on Dante; and when I have answered in the negative, to be told that I had missed an invaluable opportunity, and then to be inundated with information on the subject of the great and unhappy Florentine. George Eliot remarks that, no matter what may be his attainments, a man may fail to shine in society because in ordinary conversation it is so difficult to get a cue for a quotation in Greek; but these *nouveaux riches* in polite learning are never at a loss; now that all the world is so intelligent, the most abstruse subjects are sure of an opportunity.

Somebody attended lately a ladies' luncheon, where, as soon as the material courses had been hurried through, the guests were called upon to listen to twenty-five papers, read by as many different authors, upon the question "How does woman best fulfill her mission?" Speaking about the entertainment the next day, I ventured to demur a little, saying that at home one read for

improvement, but one went out for amusement, when a very pretty and elegant matron told me that she made it a point no longer to go into society when the entertainment consisted only of trivial conversation.

"A party in a parlor, all silent and all" — listening to somebody on a platform who reads, recites, addresses, and lectures, seems to be the modern idea of social edification. Mr. Augustine Birrell has remarked that in America we seem still to love talk for its own sake, and really enjoy sitting and being declaimed at in a loud voice, delighting in the rolling sentence and the lofty and familiar sentiment. And it is certainly the fact that let any one, nowadays, stand up and read a paper or recite a memorized speech, no matter on what subject, everybody listens; every heart seems refreshed by the overflow, every intellectual need stilled. Indeed, no little wit, skill, grace, and clever powers of adaptation are pressed into service for drawing-room entertainments; and so long as they go for what they are worth I am grateful enough, only I am tired of the dismal necessity of being instructed at every turn.

A friend, herself a successful writer, happened to be waiting on the veranda of a country inn, when two of the inmates — one a middle-aged farmer's wife, and the other an elaborately dressed city girl — came out and surveyed the stranger. After a time the younger began conversation.

"Hem! Fond of reading?"

"Not always," replied my friend, whom I will call Mrs. X.

"I am," said the young lady, with an air of superior enlightenment. "And I think it is very improving." Having administered this crushing rebuke, she waited a moment; then inquired, "Any favorite authors?"

"Oh, I think not," murmured Mrs. X.

"I have a great many favorite authors," said the young lady, with such severity that Mrs. X. felt constrained to ask, —

"Who are your favorite authors?"

"The Duchess, Mrs. Forrester, Rosa Nouchette Carey, E. P. Roe, and Dickens." Then, watching for some sign of recognition on the part of her audience, she asked, "Ever heard of any of them?"

"Not of the first three, I think."

"Do you know E. P. Roe and Dickens?"

"A little."

"E. P. Roe is very popular with Sunday-schools," the young lady now explained, "and Dickens, if you can understand him, is full of humor."

She had hit, albeit an octave below the actual pitch, what seems to me the true contemporary keynote, the sort of tone which makes it embarrassing for a modest person, who has read all his life, and thinks no more of having done so than of having nourished his body with food and warmed it with clothes, to assert himself in the face of an intention superior to anything like mere interest and amusement, of such definite aim for improvement.

A woman at the World's Fair who had charge of an exhibit in the Machinery Building, in a section given over to iron monsters which whirled, revolved, hammered, and shrieked on all sides, told me that one day one of the visitors stood near her, gazing about in a bewildered way for a time; then approached, and inquired, "Is this the Fisheries Building?" The question was found so amusing that it was repeated to one of the managers, who remarked, "That is a capital idea," and thereafter, when asked, as he was asked a hundred times a day, what building it was, he would reply with the utmost gravity, "The Fisheries Building."

Of course this was flippant, for it would have been a good deed to set obtuse wits working clearly; but oh, "the ennui, the fatigue, the despair" of having to put up with fatuity, of following the mental processes of people who will not do their own thinking! The comfort of meeting a mind which rests on the verities, but lets them go without saying, takes for granted what is obvious! Still, while I have a sympathy for people whose desire to instruct others is but moderate, I also think it necessary to exercise moderation in attempts to entertain them, — such attempts often making calamity of the best intentions, as in the case of the man who danced a hornpipe in order to cheer his wife after the death of her mother. I call him a *would-be* clever man, as I call those who involve their sentences; as I call even George Meredith in certain passages which weary the reader, but which may be borne by grace of his speech when it becomes a flame of clear light and heat, with no smouldering residue of dross. Is not cleverness the best English equivalent

for the French *esprit* which Amiel defines thus? "Esprit means taking things in the sense which they were intended to have, entering into the tone of other people, being able to place one's self on the required level; esprit is that just and accurate sense which divines, appoints, and weighs quickly, lightly, and well."

The Hired Man. — One of the chief arguments advanced by upholders of the Single Tax is, that if their scheme were adopted the early conditions of social life in New England would be regained. If this means that we should have the Hired Man back again, I for one shall become an ardent supporter of Mr. Henry George. In the relationship of domestic employer and employee there have been in New England three stages of progress or retrogression, whichever you may choose to call it. First came the era of the Hired Man, then that of the "Help," and finally that of the Servant. The first was a primeval, idyllic period, such as Rousseau dreamed of; the second was a period of semi-civilization, morbidly self-conscious; the third — upon which we have only just entered — is a period of effete civilization imported from Europe. The Hired Man is fast becoming extinct, and unless his traits are presently recorded in The Atlantic Monthly the very remembrance of what he was may fade from the minds of men. To prevent this contingency, I now come forward, — not in a spirit of self-sufficiency; without doubt, other members of the Club are far better historians than myself. But I have a special knowledge of the subject. I was brought up, in no small measure, by a Hired Man; I have summered and wintered with him; from him, largely, I imbibed the tastes and principles which have inspired and guided me through life; and if I have been of any service to the community in my day and generation, the credit belongs to him.

The genesis of the Hired Man is somewhat as follows: In primitive New England, farmers hired men to assist them only in particular seasons, especially at haying time. At such a time, in default of grown-up sons of his own, a farmer would hire some neighbor's sons, who would of course live in the family on terms of perfect equality. In the villages, as a rule, people "did their own work," as the phrase runs. When Abraham

Lincoln lived at Springfield, Illinois, he took care of his own horse and cow : that was the practice of the "squire" in a country town ; and in the smaller towns, East and West, it is the practice to-day. But in the larger towns, as business and wealth increased, it became the custom for well-to-do persons, such as the lawyer, the doctor, the gentleman of leisure (not unknown fifty or even one hundred years ago), to have a Hired Man to do the chores. He was called the Hired Man to indicate that he had entered into a contract of some formality : he was hired regularly by the month, — not simply engaged casually for a special piece of work. His duties were to milk the cow, to take care of the horse or horses, to wash the carriage, to saw and split all the wood used by the family, to feed the pig and hens, to shovel snow in winter, to raise vegetables and flowers, to cut the acre or two of grass appurtenant to the house, to drive boys out of the apple orchard, to weed the paths, to mend the fences, to "tinker" the various tools and household utensils used on the premises, to beat carpets, to wash windows, to act as coachman on Sundays and at funerals, and, finally, to educate and bring up all the children of the family.

The native American never became a perfect Hired Man, because he was always looking forward to something better, or rather to something grander and more remunerative. Besides, he was not quite comfortable about taking his meals in the kitchen with the "Hired Girl." But fortunately, just when the services of the Hired Man began to be required, the Irish emigration to the United States set in upon a great scale. The flower of the Irish peasantry emigrated to this country, and it was among this class that the ideal Hired Man was developed. Of course there were many Hired Men among the Irish who had grave faults, and equally of course one of these faults was drunkenness. But, as a rule, Pat got drunk only on particular occasions, and thus, by a little care on the part of the family, any great inconvenience caused by his temporary disability might be avoided. Pat, when drunk, was inveigled or spirited to the haymow, and left there to "sleep it off," while his multifarious duties were distributed among the various members of the household ; much to the delight of the children.

It was an especial pleasure for me to have Pat get thoroughly drunk, for then I was allowed to assume the sole responsibility of the stable. But I found it best to keep out, of the way when Pat, having "slept it off," arose, shook the hayseed from his clothes, and set about his work. At such times his ordinarily placid temper was ruffled. I remember one occasion when Pat, having unaccountably failed to become intoxicated, caused me much disappointment, and still more embarrassment. It was the last day of Cattle Show, — the drunkenest day in the course of the year. Our town was the county seat, and Cattle Show was held there, annually, in the first week of October. The third and last day of the Fair was the great day. It was then that the "horse trots" came off ; the whole countryside poured in to see them, and everybody who "took a little" customarily seemed to make it a point of honor to take a great deal then. When the last race was finished, a grand rush for home took place, — delayed, however, in some cases, by a stay at the tavern. From dark till midnight, drunken men used to go shrieking and screaming past our house ; and the next morning, on all the main roads, a harvest of empty rum bottles, pints and quarts, might have been reaped in the ditch on either side.

It was, as I have said, the last day of Cattle Show, and we had all been to the races. It was a crisp autumnal night, and growing dark, when I, a boy of twelve, drove up with a flourish to the "back stoop" of our house, got down with an air of importance, threw off my coat, and proceeded to unhitch the horses. "By this time," I exclaimed, in a loud and triumphant tone, "Pat must be as drunk as a fool, and I shall have to do all the work in the stable." But I had made a mistake. "No," said an angry voice out of the gathering darkness, "Pat is n't drunk." And Pat himself came forward, as sober as a judge. What caused this idiosyncrasy on his part I never discovered, but my unjust remark created a breach between us, which was not healed until I fell into an old well, back of the barn, and was rescued from drowning by Pat himself.

However, my recollections of the Hired Man relate chiefly to another member of the class, one James McNiece, an Irishman from the north of Ireland. He was a tall,

dark-haired, blue-eyed man, with a handsome though seamed and rugged face. He was rather Scotch than Irish in temperament, being stern and serious, and having no sense of humor. That he was a grave and dignified person may be gathered from the fact that no one ever called him "Jim." Even among his intimates, very few in number, he was always known as "James." He came to this country as a boy, but old enough to bring with him a stock of information and of traditions with which he regaled me on Sunday afternoons, when, dressed in his best clothes, but without his coat, he reclined in the wheelbarrow, on the shady side of the barn, while I sat on the trestle, or "horse," that supported the grindstone. In the old country, James had lived with an uncle, who, like Bob Sawyer's father, possessed "live horses innumerable," and James was a good horseman. He lacked the nice art of an English groom, but he knew how to use horses, and how to keep them fit for use. Moreover, he had perfect courage and coolness. We had one vicious horse, the terror of the whole family. He might have been got rid of, but a wholesome, conservative instinct for keeping things as they were operated in his favor; and although the elders of the family often wished that he was dead, and sometimes actually talked of selling him or of giving him away, he continued, year after year, to occupy a stall in our stable, and to do his share, or nearly his share, of the work. Various Hired Men had adventures with him. It was Tim, as I remember, that he kicked in the stomach, and it certainly was Mike whose fur cap, together with a considerable wisp of hair, was torn from his head, one winter's day, by the same horse. But Charley — so the beast was named — never got the better of James. I used to stand by in admiration, almost in awe, while James groomed him. There was no great trouble until the currycomb traveled down toward the region of Charley's hind leg; then the horse would show unmistakable signs of lashing out. At that stage in the proceedings all of our former Hired Men had discreetly and hurriedly got out of the way. Not so with James. As the horse drew back his leg to kick, James, instead of jumping out, would press in close to the animal's leg. Then, if the horse actually kicked, James would

receive a shove rather than a blow. But Charley never did carry out his evil intention; he was always successfully "bluffed." This action on the part of James was legitimate and well calculated, but it is not every man who would have the courage to perform it.

Perhaps the best thing about the Hired Man was that he identified his own interests with those of his employer. He always spoke of "our horses," never of "your horses." "Our" lawn was his pride, "our" cow was his concern, and he triumphantly contrasted "our" tomatoes with the inferior vegetables of a like kind which were raised next door. His employer's enemies became his own enemies, and his ardor in this respect sometimes had to be restrained. I remember that our Hired Man, Mike, a very red-headed Irishman, once committed a serious fault in this direction. Some words at town meeting had passed between my grandfather and Deacon Dutton. The next day — it so happened — Mike drove our double carriage into a hind wheel of Deacon Dutton's buggy with so much violence as to break several spokes, and to give the deacon a severe shaking up. Mike swore by all he held sacred that it was a pure accident; but the deacon threatened to prosecute, and I believe that my grandfather compromised the matter by paying the carriage-maker's bill for repairs. He censured Mike with proper gravity, but as he did so there was a twinkle in his eye which corresponded with a similar gleam in the latter's fiery orb.

This same truculent Mike hated negroes. He often gave me to understand that he was ready to kill any negro at sight. There may have been a slight exaggeration in this statement, but I have frequently known him to aim the pole of my grandfather's carriage at some African who chanced to be crossing the street when we came along. Very fortunately, we never quite impaled a negro, but there were several narrow escapes.

Almost all Irishmen have this hatred of negroes. Even James McNiece, of whom I have spoken already, could not endure a black man. He was no milksop. In fact, when he first served my grandfather, James kept wild company. Once, after being out very late, he was observed to have a black eye and a bruised hand. How he received these injuries, and what occurred to the per-

son or persons who inflicted them, we never knew. James was not the man to condescend to explanations. But it was currently reported, and at least half believed among "us children," that he had killed his antagonist outright. For several weeks afterward we momentarily feared to see the high sheriff, in his blue coat with brass buttons, — like Daniel Webster's, — drive into our yard and arrest James on a charge of murder.

However, James very soon gave up the sinful amusements of gambling, drinking, and fighting. He was, as I have said, of a stern, religious temperament, lacking the sense of humor, but hiding a tender heart under a rough exterior and a brusque manner. He was a good hater, and with all his heart — though why I never knew — he hated our opposite neighbor. Nevertheless, when that same neighbor was run away with, it was James who stopped the horse, and saved his enemy's life at the risk of his own. He was a devout Catholic, and once I accompanied him to a vesper service. In the pew with us were two young and pretty girls, who laughed and talked irreverently. James, then a young and good-looking man, leaned over and gravely rebuked them. Even my infantile imagination discerned that this was an act still more heroic than the conquest of Charley.

Parting with a Hired Man was always a sad affair, especially for the children of the family; but it was not the bitter, vulgar, exasperating experience which commonly attends a separation from the "Help," still more from the Servant. Hired Men commonly went away, not because they were dissatisfied nor because they were dismissed, but on account of some change in their circumstances. Mike, the red-haired, the fiery, enlisted in the army in 1862, and fell, with his face to the foe, at the battle of Malvern Hill; Pat, after many years of service, retired to a farm which he had hired; and James McNiece was lost to us in the following manner: —

One summer a strange maid was introduced in the house, as appurtenant to some new-fangled grandchildren. She was a Portuguese, pretty, graceful, and lively. For three months she made fun of James's serious face and grave ways, and at the end of that time, as the natural result, he married her. The marriage turned out

well. Children were born to them, and grew up strong and handsome. They moved to a large city, and, after some vicissitudes, James obtained a permanent place as teamster. He saved money, bought a little house, and the future looked smooth and pleasant before him. But a different fate was in store for James McNiece. I have often thought that these stern, grave people, who have no humor, who take life seriously, who struggle to obey their consciences, are bound to come to some tragic or premature end. Life is more than they can stand. With us light-minded people it is different. We have our little joke now and then. Misfortune may overwhelm us to-day, but to-morrow something strikes us as ridiculous, and we laugh, — the tension is relieved. One morning James McNiece met with an accident. The horse that he was driving ran away, and James was thrown out, run over by the heavy wagon, and killed instantly. His fellow-workmen carried the body home to his widow. "To me," she said long afterward, "he looked beautiful as he lay there in his old clothes."

And so died James McNiece, a good, brave man, who had done his duty, who had achieved what Burns, not without reason, called "the true pathos and sublime of human life." He was a type of the Hired Man, whom I extol for his fidelity, for his good nature, and lastly for a certain raciness of character. A friend as well as an employee, he avoided alike the impudence of the "Help" and the servility of the Servant.

A Runaway River. — Among the apothegms prevalent in my boyhood was one which averred that fortresses should be built by the Spanish, attacked by the French, and defended by the English. This saying had for me possessed small interest — being, as it seemed, the usual proverb in three cantos — until it was my fortune to sojourn in the dominions of Queen Isabella. I then had reason to admit the force of at least one statement made by this proverb; for, whether it be cathedral or fortress, wall or tower, the efforts of the Spanish architect are matchless. As to the Moor of earlier date, he has left behind such evidences in fountain, well, and aqueduct as to justify the claim made by his eulogists that he was the first and greatest of hydraulists.

With some such thoughts as these we cross the grand old Moorish bridge which spans the Guadalquivir, in search of a Roman city whose ruin was wrought through the waywardness of the yellow stream we leave behind us. Presently we overtake a dusky group whom we had fancied to be pilgrims like ourselves. But hark! the vibrant ejaculation, "Arre, mula!" It is the muleteer; and as for the ejaculation, have not our guidebooks told us that *arre* is, *Arabice*, "gee up"? So it is. The Arabic lingers in the slang and imprecations heard in the humbler purlieus of the country, long after that stately language has been generally replaced by the resonant Castilian, just as the tawny waters which we have crossed must long have lingered in pool and shallow after the mighty torrent had taken its route elsewhere for the sea.

Flushing with this idea, we step forward and ask the man whose Arabic has given us pause the name of the town that lies before us. Promptly he replies, "Talea." Thus, with other fragments of the language of Spain's early conquerors, is preserved the Arabic corruption of the name of an ancient town, the birthplace of three Roman emperors. The course of the Guadalquivir having changed, the city followed it, reestablishing itself on the site of what is now known as Seville; and to the abandoned portion was given the name Sevilla la Vieja. The obscurity in which it has slumbered these several hundred years may be compared to that which has overtaken some Pennsylvania town skipped by the railway, that dry river of enterprise and traffic. Observing how a place once so great and famous almost fades from the face of the earth for no better reason than that its river has absconded, can we wonder that the facile passageway which water affords is so essential a part of a city's life?

What we behold in Sevilla la Vieja is a wilderness of gray rocks, mostly shapeless, covered with verdure and undergrowth, swarming with sheep, goats, and other animals, as though the insect inhabitants of such decay had grown to giant size. Some small concession there may be to the living and the human in the form of streets, possibly implying a municipality and a mayor, though of either there is little indication in the prospect before us: all consciousness

of the life of the present is swallowed up in the vast, the preponderating evidences of the past.

More gray ruins. With its tumbling and tumbled walls, the place seems too gray for a ghost. Such people as once may have walked these streets appear to have been dead so long that they have forgotten to haunt. The aqueduct, broken in at various places, its archways dislodged and fallen, gives the impression of a monster serpent decayed all save its skeleton, and that partially so. And here let me observe that, for some reason, all ruins, from the Roman on the Moselle to those under consideration, are specially in league with luxuriant nature. Within their mournful precincts the verdure is unusually green; the wild flowers are deeper in hue; even the children playing around the crumbling débris seem brighter-eyed and fresher in color than children elsewhere; in a word, all that nature can do in lifting up a voice of protest against the incursions of time is here more conspicuous than elsewhere. Never have I heard such happy laughter as on this spot of earth; the very streams gurgling through the caved-in aqueduct have more of the plashy music of my native brooks than I have listened to in any liquid numbers heard outside the land of home.

The sheep and the goats which are grazing and gamboling about the place seem to have eaten in Arabia of that "insane root" said to take captive the goatish reason. There is something wild in their leaps; a suggestion, moreover, that their horns grow longer and in a finer curve than elsewhere is the nature of their kind. And the sheep, — ah, well, they are the merino sheep which the Ohio farmer has learned to appreciate and to breed.

But look! Coming down the hillside a figure approaches that may have stepped forth bodily from the pages of Don Quixote or of Gil Blas. It is a swineherd. He wears a jerkin of sheepskin, with the wool turned out on warm days, turned in when the weather is cold, and secured by a belt of the same material. He holds in his hand a long slender staff, which needs only to be bent at the end to look like the shepherd's crook in picture. He is accompanied by a score or two of most eloquent pigs, jet black and glossy; having rather long legs, yet nevertheless exceedingly fat. They

have been fed on acorns in the forest, and are now brought down to drink of the sweet water that flows from this dismantled archway of the past. Their sunset draught being finished, the swineherd gathers them under his unbending crook, and goes off with them in the direction of the mountains.

And now approaches his reverence, a lean, ascetic parish priest. His shovel hat is in good condition, though well worn. His cassock shows that he respects his calling, and that he requires respect from his penitents. Nearing our party, his face lights up with an expression of absolute benignity. He raises his trembling hands and administers a blessing, all the more pathetic because he is old and poor, and much of his asceticism is evidently due to hunger; for his parish can afford none of the luxuries of life, and but scantily some of the necessities. The respectful obeisance of our muleteer shows us that even his lawless class reveres the good *padre*. As the priest moves slowly away, we hear the deep tone of the bell of the church towards which he is walking. The children cease their gambols, muleteer and peasant and artisan stand still, and I know that the spell of the Ave Maria is upon all.

"And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
And yet the forest leaves seemed stirred with prayer."

After the brief services announced by that sweet-toned bell, a repast is offered by our priest, — a repast most simple and primitive, consisting of nothing but a little fruit and some of the delicious bread of the country. The very crust is a luxury, and for that reason, to increase its surface, the loaves are made in the shape of crabs. Some goat's milk, taken from the horn drinking-cup, concludes the refec-tion. Now follows an embarrassed effort at repayment, wholly unsuccessful, though clerical poverty is eloquent in glazed cassock and broken shoon.

As we return, the sun having now descended behind the olive-crowned hills, we are inevitably reminded of another Mount of Olives, associating it in our thoughts with all that is sweet and forgiving and un-resisting in the life we have been observing

here. Meanwhile, our reverie is pervaded by the tinkle of innumerable bells, as of returning flocks. Other and larger bells, at varying distances, speak of summons to vespers or to refec-tion. I recall what an officer in the Mexican war once told me: that everywhere in Spanish America these metallic tongues have a magic music of their own that compels in the rugged vol-unteer thoughts of chivalry and romance, if not of religious devotion. He further declared that the making of church bells with the melody which is resonant of heaven has for centuries been a lost art. They are no longer made in Mexico, although there, as in Spain, they are still to be heard in perfection.

As the penumbra of evening gathers into the gloaming, objects grow more indistinct to sight, while sounds arise with an in-creased significance of audible distinctness; just as the sense of hearing is believed to be enhanced by the loss of sight. The vague outlines of tree, rock, and ruin be-come illustrated, as it were, by the "Arre, mula!" of the muleteer. All noises and humming sounds seem to converge into a torrent of melody which now we recognize as the vesper hymn of some neighboring convent. The gloaming deepens, till out come the stars; not faltering forth with the hesitating twinkle of our own climate and atmosphere, but shining with the full, steady confidence, the joyous effulgence, of stars and planets that know how glad the world will be to view them. One bright particu-lar star seems to us to halt over the Moor-ish bridge by which we return on our way to Seville. Beautifully clear shines this star, casting a sheen like that of a rising younger moon upon the trembling waters of the Guadalquivir. It starts a remem-brance of that old Spanish ballad so admi-rably translated by Lockhart: —

"My ornaments are arms,
My pastime is in war;
My bed is cold upon the wold,
My lamp yon star."

Such was, and in memory remains, a twilight view of Seville the Old; such the gray mood of ruins, such the vagaries of a runaway river.

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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

VIII.

EVERYBODY watched little Lyssie's romance with approval and interest, for Old Chester loved her. It had been recognized as a romance the moment it was known that Mr. Carey's two weeks' visit was to be prolonged to three, and then to four.

"Oh, thank you very much," he said eagerly, when Mrs. Shore first proposed that he should stay another week; "I'll be delighted to." And then he added, rather ruefully, "I might just as well, since you are good enough to ask me; for the fact is, I haven't anything on hand just now." That a client might knock at his door in his absence did not seem to trouble him, and Cecil, smiling to herself at the confession of his prompt acceptance, did not remind him of it. Indeed, his visit had done so much to relieve the intolerable dullness of Old Chester that she was glad he was going to stay. "Even his impudence is refreshing," she thought; for she had winced once or twice under some blunt expression of his opinion.

Still, such rudeness showed itself only at the beginning of any conversation they might have; at the end, admiration would, for the time, thrust out the dislike which was, oddly enough, his real, sober feeling for Miss Drayton's sister. He felt this dislike more keenly when he saw them together; indeed, he did not like to see them together. Alicia seemed just a little childish, in

the presence of this strong, clever woman. Nevertheless, Roger Carey was too glad to talk to little Miss Drayton to slight any chance of seeing her, whether it was in Mrs. Shore's presence or not; and he certainly would not have taken Eric out for a run on the hills, one charming morning, had he known that Lyssie was coming up to her sister's at that very hour. He had left Mrs. Shore struggling to make up her mind to pay the inevitable calls which were the price of a visit to Old Chester, and he had advised her, gayly, to find out when people were to be away from home; then, whistling to Eric, he had tramped off into the sunshine, thinking with satisfaction how incapable Miss Lyssie Drayton would be of any such forethought.

Mrs. Shore, however, had scarcely required his instruction.

"Tell me, Lys," she said, as, with Molly clinging to her hand, she walked down the path to meet her sister, "when does the next sewing society meet?" And then she put her finger under the girl's chin and kissed her. "Mr. Carey has gone off to exercise Eric," she returned significantly.

"I'm sure I hope he will do it properly," Alicia returned, her head high; but she laughed and blushed. "What do you want to know about the sewing society for? Do you mean to go?" She slipped her arm about her sister's waist, and brushed her cheek against her shoulder. Lyssie smiled readily in those summer days; it seemed such happiness

to be alive; she had recognized no other cause for happiness, either in herself or in Roger Carey. It is generally so with a girl; the spoken word has to fall like some subtle chemical into the luminous nebula of bliss, to crystallize it into a jewel that she can recognize as her own. Alicia's joyous bubble of laughter at her sister's interest in the sewing society was only this vague happiness seeking expression.

"I go? Lyssie! I must make my manners to all the old ladies, and I wanted to know when I could call with safety."

"Oh, Ceci!" Alicia remonstrated. "Indeed, I won't tell you when it's going to be; you shall find them all at home."

"But mamma does n't want to see them, aunt Lyssie; that's why she goes when they are out," Molly explained, astonished at her aunt's dullness.

Cecil laughed. "Intelligent Molly!" she said.

The two sisters and the child had come along the flagged walk below the terrace to the pool, which was almost hidden now by water-plants. The flags ended in three mossy steps leading down to the water's edge. Two ancient Lombardy poplars stood here, with gnarled trunks, and mournful breaks of dead branches through their dark foliage. They made a spot of shade on the sunny, faintly undulating expanse of shimmering lily leaves. A frog splashed from the bank at the sound of footsteps, and made for a moment a widening, rocking circle on the still surface. Molly was instantly desirous of catching him, but her mother said peremptorily, "No. Now don't bother me, precious, or you'll have to go into the nursery. Sit down here beside mamma. Lyssie, is there anything so important in one's domestics as health? The honest, temperate, capable young woman amounts to nothing compared to the robust one! Molly's Rosa is ill, and I, in one of those moments of rash good nature that we all have at times, and on which we look back with

such astonishment, — I said I'd take Molly to walk this morning. Did n't I, you nuisance?" And she drew the child's head down upon her lap and mumbled her little neck with kisses.

They were sitting on an old stone seat between the two poplars; the sunshine, sifting down, touched Cecil's head, and flecked Lyssie's cotton gown, and shone into Molly's eyes, until she said she did not like it, and wished mamma would go to walk. "Anywhere, — down to the village," Molly urged. "You *said* you would!"

"It's too hot, Polly. Yes, Rosa has been creeping about with a white face for two days. So annoying to see her!"

Lyssie was full of sympathy for Rosa. Had Dr. King seen her? What was the matter?

"Oh, nothing," Cecil answered impatiently; "a little feverish, perhaps. Of course I have n't sent for the doctor. One might as well start a hospital at once as keep five or six women. They always have something the matter with them, — or they think they have." And then she began to tease and cuddle Molly, until the clang of the iron gate broke in upon the child's laughing cries, and Cecil, leaning backwards, glanced through the shrubbery. "'Good Lord, deliver us!'" she said, under her breath, "it's Mrs. Dale. She has come to tell me her opinion of young women who don't call upon their elders and betters, — I know she has! But I was going; you'll bear witness to that, Lys?"

"Yes, when she was at the sewing society," Alicia returned, with malice.

Cecil slipped Molly down on her feet. "Molly, my angel, run! Say to that lady that mamma is not at home; say I've gone down to the village. Run! She has n't seen us, and you can meet her at the front door."

Molly went, with the matter-of-fact obedience that found such a command no surprise.

"Why, Cecil!" cried Alicia Drayton.

"What? 'Not at home'? Oh, Lyssie, what a funny little thing you are!"

"But Molly?" Alicia protested, her eyes widening with dismay.

"Oh, you really are delightful," Cecil said, much amused, looking at her with kind eyes. "How very far from the madding crowd you have lived!"

"But, Ceci, I'm — horrified! To tell Molly" —

Cecil put her hand suddenly, softly, over her sister's lips. "Fault-finding is the wind that blows to the Place-we-don't-believe-in, and it sends more people there than anything else. Do be quiet. Look! there is Mr. Carey."

Philip and Roger, with Eric at their heels, were crossing the meadow on the further side of the pool. Lyssie's face was so serious, when the two men reached the stone seat under the poplars, that Roger Carey looked blank.

"I wonder if she's offended?" he thought, frowning. "I wonder if Mrs. Shore has been saying nasty things about me? Why, she's hardly smiled!" And he himself hardly smiled, while Cecil told him how Molly had come to the rescue and dismissed Mrs. Dale.

"But I wish you could have seen my sister's horror," she ended gayly.

Roger sat down on the grass, and Eric squatted behind him, leaning his chin on the young man's shoulder, and blinking his honest yellow eyes at Philip, who was talking to Alicia. Philip did not look at his wife until she said, breaking into something she was telling Mr. Carey, "There, Polly, don't lean on mamma. Come! run and tell Rosa she really must take you out to walk."

"No, you take me; you promised," Molly teased. "Rosa's sick; she says she feels" —

But Mrs. Shore was not interested in Rosa's feelings. "My little Polly, I adore you, — you are an angel; but don't bore me. Run along, like a good child."

"I will take you to walk, Molly," said Philip over his shoulder.

Cecil leaned her head back and laughed. "Philip never surprises one. *Of course* he'll take Molly to walk!"

"Is Rosa really ill?" her husband asked. "Shall I send King up to see her?"

"Oh, if you want to. I suppose we ought to make sure it is nothing contagious," Mrs. Shore said indolently.

Roger Carey looked as though about to whistle, but checked himself, and eased his mind by pulling Eric's ears until the amiable dog squealed, and then licked his hand, as if apologizing for having allowed his emotions to overcome him.

Philip was indifferent, apparently, to the nature of his wife's consent. "Very well, I'll tell him to come up. Come along, Molly." And he whistled to Eric, and started toward the village.

"Philip's goodness leaves nothing to the imagination," murmured Cecil.

"I have known people who left it all to the imagination," Mr. Carey observed.

"If you are going to be epigrammatic, I shall leave you," his hostess assured him.

"Oh, are you going in?" Roger said cheerfully, rising as she rose, but instantly sitting down again to talk to Miss Drayton.

Cecil laughed, but the color came into her face as she went back alone to the house.

As for Philip, he walked along with Molly, his face grim with the restraint he had put upon himself in the talk by the pool.

"To deliberately tell the child to lie!" he was thinking; and then he told Molly that he was going to take her into the woods. "You'll like that, won't you, old lady?" he asked absently.

"Oh yes," cried Molly, "let's go to the woods! Mamma promised she would take me last week, but she did n't. And can I pick some flowers for her? And shall we watch the ants carry their babies into the sun to keep them warm? Oh, and father, will you tell me the story you

told me when I had the measles, about the man who rode to the moon on a wooden horse? And father" — Her little, bubbling flood of questions caressed his ear.

"Yes; yes; yes," Philip answered blindly, as she seemed to expect. His indignation at Cecil's carelessness about Molly's truth-telling deepened into a bitter sense of his own helplessness to protect the child. This sort of thing was always going on. So far as Cecil was concerned, Molly knew nothing of the sacredness of a promise; the duty and grace of kindness to inferiors she had never seen; truthfulness, according to her mother, was always secondary to good manners, and, in consequence, a matter of expediency. Cecil caressed or punished the child with the most absolute selfishness, and lived her own life without a thought of the responsibility of example. Any protest from the unloving husband to the unloving wife only made matters worse, by adding to carelessness the deliberateness of antagonism. The effect of all this upon Molly was, of course, deplorable.

The child of unloving parents, illegitimate in a deep and terrible sense, — for love is the fulfilling of the law, — suffers, as whatever is in opposition to law, human or divine, must always suffer.

Philip said to himself that this little human soul, this little child of his, had wandered into a home polluted by the presence of the dreadful dead body of Love; and if a man fears corruption and its train of disease for his child physically, what must he feel for a corruption which may taint her spiritually? He held Molly's hand in his in a rigid grasp.

"Oh, father, you hurt my hand!" she cried, pulling it away from him, and dancing on in front of him, across the upland meadow towards the woods; then she ran back to adorn the lapel of his coat with a stalk of early golden-rod. "Tell me the wooden-horse story now!"

"Oh, not now," Philip objected. "I'll tell you what will be nice: let's sit down here, and father'll smoke, and you shall tell him a story."

"That would be nice for father," Molly said, pushing out her lips, "but it would n't be *very* interesting for me."

"Oh, but to entertain me? You did n't think of that," he reminded her.

Such confidence in her amiability could have only the desired effect, though she qualified her consent by the condition that they should tell the story together; for collaboration was a frequent amusement of these two friends.

Philip scratched a match on a stone, shielding the spurt of flame with a curving hand; then he lighted a cigar, and stretched himself out on his back, his hands under his head and his hat pulled over his eyes. "All right," he said. "Go ahead."

"No! You begin," Molly insisted anxiously. And with a little sigh Philip resigned himself to fiction.

It was a still July morning: the leaves overhead moved slightly back and forth across a sky that was deeply blue and cloudless; there was a flickering play of shadows on the grass and moss. Down in the valley lay Old Chester: here and there a gable showed through the thick foliage, or a chimney-stack rose well above it; beyond, on the opposite hill-side, was the house from which they had just come, — "Cecil's house." Philip, staring out from under his hat brim at that house, and telling the story of a green-haired banshee, was reflecting upon that extraordinary folly of sentiment which, when love, which constitutes the home, has died, holds a husband and wife together, lest the "home be broken up." "As though the family idea meant the mere living together of the father and mother!" he said to himself.

Molly, cuddled against his side, with one arm thrown across his breast, watched him as he began his tale, her round, serious eyes full of profound interest; the

more so as her father's stories were not apt to end with a moral, or to contain those indirect insinuations of virtue which children find as personal and as disagreeable as do their elders.

"Well, this green-haired banshee," Philip declared, after having described a banshee suitable for the infant mind, "went down to the seashore, and she saw a sea serpent. He had a mane all about his head, and it was covered with barnacles and little pink shells, and they rattled and clashed; and his sides were all wet and shining, and they were blue and green and gold; and he had diamond eyes" —

"Oh, draw him, father, draw him!"

So Philip hunted in his pocket for a pencil and an old envelope, and proceeded to sketch a strange beast unknown to natural history; on its back, clinging with bony fingers to its mane, he put a banshee, with wild hair and eyes, and a dreadful mouth full of sharp and jagged teeth.

"The banshee waded out and got on the back of the sea serpent, and he began to career around. She thought it was pretty nice at first; but sometimes the sea serpent would go under the water for an hour or so, and that made her wet, you know" —

"Why, she'd get drowned, father!" Molly broke in, with some sternness.

"Oh, she was a land-and-water lady," Philip explained.

But Molly frowned. "She was n't a lady; she was a creature," she informed him.

Her father looked at her admiringly. "Your distinction is fine, Molly. I've known 'creatures.' Well, anyhow, once when the sea serpent came up to the surface of the water, the banshee looked up into the air, and away up in the air, about nine hundred miles, she saw two rocs fighting."

"Rocks?" said Molly, following him breathlessly.

"I mean birds. Don't you remember

the rocs in Sindbad? They were fighting up there eight hundred miles, and" —

"You said nine hundred," Molly interrupted threateningly.

"Why, yes, it *was* nine hundred. What am I thinking of? Their great wings were like four gray clouds, and they covered the sun. And just then a feather from one of their wings floated down into the sea, and lay rocking up and down on the waves like a boat. So the banshee climbed on to it."

"You did n't draw her with any legs, father," Molly objected.

"Oh, we must give her some legs," Philip said gravely, and, putting his cigar down on a flat stone, he indicated, among the voluminous folds of flying drapery, the very thin legs proper to a banshee. "Well, she climbed up on this great gray feather, and pulled up the big end for a sort of sail, you know, and then she went sailing and sailing and sailing; and after a while she came to a desert island."

Molly sighed deeply, and nestled close up to her father, her chin on his breast, and her eyes watching his lips.

"She came bump up against this island, and the great gray feather grated against the pebbles on the beach, and she got off and ran up on the shore. It was a very rocky island; there was n't a single green thing anywhere on it, — not a tree, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass."

"Nor any goats?" Molly asked anxiously. "Robinson had goats."

"No, no goats. But right in the middle of the island was a great white roc's egg that looked like the Mormons' Temple. No, you never saw the Mormons' Temple, Molly, but never mind. That's what it looked like. And what do you suppose the banshee did? She knocked a hole at either end of the roc's egg, — just as if she were going to suck it, you know; and then the wind blew right straight through it, and there it was, empty! a beautiful, white, shining house for the banshee, who immediately turned

into a beautiful princess; for it seems a wicked magician had enchanted her and turned her into a—a creature. Oh, and the inside of the egg, the part we eat, I mean”—

“Do we eat roc’s eggs?”

“I never have, Molly,” Philip admitted, “but I should like to. Well, anyhow, it all ran out on a rock where the sun had been beating for a thousand years, so it was very hot, and of course it cooked the egg into omelets; so you see the beautiful princess had plenty to eat. Now finish it; it’s your turn.”

Molly gasped. “Oh, father, not yet?”

“Yes, it’s your turn. What are you going to do with the princess?”

But he did not follow her adventures. His thoughts went back to the old question: “What is my duty?” He said to himself again, as he had said so many times in these last few years, “Molly?” He knew, of course, that if he ended what he believed to be an ignoble and a lying relation, if he and his wife separated, the court would take no cognizance of his subtleties, and Molly would unquestionably be given to her mother; that is, if the matter were pushed to any legal decision. And if it were not made a legal question, he knew equally well that Cecil would never consent to give the child to him; the only possible arrangement would be a division of Molly’s time,—that arrangement fatal to the father and mother idea in a child’s mind. All the embarrassment and pain of such a plan to the growing girl came before his mind: she would have no fixed home; she would have to make explanations; she would be surrounded by the horrible atmosphere of antagonism in which each parent must live in regard to the other, who, in so many months or so many weeks, would steal the child away again. On the other hand, suppose that he were to give up his desire for integrity, his passionate belief in the honor of marriage, and continue this miserable life, so that Molly’s little existence be kept unruffled: what would

be the result to her? What would be the effect upon her of the incessant contradiction and bickering between her father and mother, the teaching of each denying the teaching of the other; and, more subtle and deadly possibility, what would be the effect upon her of the lie which the father and mother lived? Was not the truth safer? Was it not to be trusted? There was surely less danger to her from the sad, outspoken acknowledgment that because love was the supreme thing, because they honored marriage, her father and mother had parted! Again and again he had argued this with himself; again and again he had answered, “Yes, the truth is best!” And yet, how could he give her up, how could he trust her to Cecil even for half the time?—*Molly!* It was as though upon the fine and delicate and admirable machinery of his theories this little unconscious hand was laid, and everything jarred and snapped and broke. Ah, we take a great deal upon us, we men and women, when, all uncertain of ourselves and of each other, we dare to bring a child’s soul into the strife and confusion and cruelty which any lack of love between us will create out of marriage!

Philip was not listening to Molly’s story,—it was something about Indians and sponges,—when suddenly she broke it off with a question:—

“Father, why doesn’t God kill the devil?”

“Well,” said Philip, knocking off the ashes of his cigar with a careful finger, “candidly, I don’t know.”

“Why, father!” cried Molly. “You ought to know,” she said severely.

“I don’t,” Philip confessed meekly.

Molly sighed. “I don’t know why He does n’t, either. He’s the biggest.”

“What do you know about God and the devil?” her father inquired.

“Oh, I know everything.”

“Really? Do impart your information, Polly.”

"Well, God lives in a garden. I think the stars are the bushes growing in it. And He hides somewhere in the bushes, 'cause we never see Him, you know."

"Yes," Philip said, "it does seem sometimes as if He hid Himself."

"There is a river in the garden, and a gold house for Him to live in. And He keeps crowns in a box under the bed, and gives 'em to the angels, an' the angels keep throwing them down in front of Him. I don't see why."

"It does seem singular," her father agreed.

"Well, and the — Other. He has ears like a cow, and hoofs. He makes people bad. He makes 'em say — 'damn'!"

"Oh, *dear*!"

"Yes, he does; he's awfully wicked. And God does n't like him. So why does n't He kill him? I would." She dropped her head on her father's breast, so that her soft, straight hair touched his lips. "I really don't understand it, father?"

"I've known others who are confused by it, Polly. But if I were you, I would n't bother about it. If God knows, why, that's enough."

"Well," returned Molly reluctantly. Then she looked up and said, "Mamma laughs and laughs, but I think it is a good deal better to say a prayer to both of 'em. If God is n't quite big enough to kill him, why, it's safer to say a prayer to him, too. Then he won't be mad."

Philip's hand, holding his cigar, hid his face for a moment, but when he spoke his voice was very serious. It was better to think of what was good than of what was bad, he told her. "And so," he ended, "I would n't pray to the devil, darling."

"Well," said Molly doubtfully; "but it seems to me — *just as well*! Mamma said my devil prayer was naughty, — oh, she thought it was real wicked, father," she said, with some pride, — "but it made her laugh and laugh; she made me say it to Mr. Carey. Want me to

say it to you, father? It will make you laugh like everything. 'Dear Dev—'"

"No!"

At the change in his voice, Molly's little face puckered into excuses and defense. "Why, mamma laughed, she" —

"No," Philip said again, but gently. "You must not make an exhibition of your prayers, Mary."

"A what, father?"

"An exhibition. Let's see if you can understand. Your prayer is only for the One to whom you speak. If it is only one word, 'God,' it is a prayer; and if you say it to make father laugh" — He stopped and set his lips; how was he to spare the mother to the child? "Your prayers must be reverent, dear," he ended lamely; "will you remember? Whether it is a devil prayer or a God prayer, you must not think of any one else. Do you understand, Molly?"

"Yes," Molly answered. "Oh, father, quick! look at the ant walking around your hat!"

Philip let her chatter on, with a word now and then to keep her happy. Once the look in his face called out her rebuke: "Don't wrinkle your forehead so, father. It is n't pretty. What makes you hold your lip in your teeth that way? Father, you look cross."

He kissed her and soothed her, but he was angry. "I will see her to-night," he was saying to himself. "I must speak to her. This sort of thing has got to stop! Oh, the child!"

IX.

But Philip had no opportunity to speak to Cecil that evening.

Alicia came to dinner, and, watching the pretty drama being enacted under his eyes, his harsh and silent thought of his wife seemed to him a sort of sacrilege. No shy inflection of the girl's voice, no humid look from the undeclared lover's eyes, no meaningless badi-

nage that hid all meanings, escaped his reverent appreciation. He was like a man struggling and drowning in the mire, yet seeing, far off, firm sunlit uplands. He had not attained them, but he was still able to believe in them. There are the lowest deeps, where a man ceases to believe in what he has missed; but Philip Shore believed in love with all his soul.

Cecil watched the lovers, too; and when Lyssie went home, with Philip and Mr. Carey as escorts, she thought tenderly of her little sister, but with half-bitter amusement of the situation. "She takes it seriously!" she thought. She was distinctly interested, however, and checked Molly's persistent chatter that she might follow her own thoughts undisturbed; but the child's teasing questions annoyed her, and she sent her into the house for some candy. "You can have all you want, if you'll only keep quiet; but if you bother mamma, you must go to bed."

Molly, delighted to find herself possessed of a whole box of candy, was very obedient, until Rosa, looking pallid, came to take her to bed. Then she cried, and Cecil kissed her, and promised her a present if she would be good, — a bribe which left the mother to the peace and quiet she desired.

Yes, they were interesting, those two. "He's charmed because she's so good, but I don't believe he's in love," she said to herself; "he's not the kind of man to go mad over goodness; and Lys is good, bless her little heart!"

Cecil had a small silver flask in her hand, full of some thick golden perfume, and she opened it slowly. "To think it should be Lys! What a pity Philip is married; he would be so much more appropriate for her." The natural sequence of this statement occurred to her, and she meditated upon it with some interest.

Cecil Shore was a singularly clear-sighted woman, and she was in the habit of observing herself as truthfully and

intelligently as she did other people. But truthfulness of this sort is in no sense spiritual; it is only a calm, material dealing with facts. Hence she felt no shock or shrinking at the tendency of her thoughts, or her serious admission that it was a pity things could not be more appropriately arranged; she only sighed a little, and began to plan how she might make this sweet, unreal, fleeting time still sweeter for Lyssie. "I must have her here oftener," she thought. Then she remembered Mrs. Drayton, and half laughed and groaned. "I'll have to step into the breach and be agreeable to her, so that she'll let Lys off. I'll have to go and sit with her sometimes, and talk about her soul, — Heaven help me!" Then she started, and said sharply, "Who's that?" for a figure moved down among the shadows at the foot of the steps, and then stood still.

"Me, ma'am," a frightened voice answered.

Cecil, still feeling her heart beating, sat up, and said, "Well! who are you? Eliza Todd? What do you want, Eliza? You should n't come creeping about this way; you frightened me to death!"

The little gray figure came out into the faint light from the house. "I — I thought Miss Lyssie was here, ma'am. I'm sure I did n't mean to frighten you, Mrs. Shore. I thought Miss Lys-sie was here."

"She has gone home."

"Oh, has she, ma'am?"

"Yes."

"Well, it don't matter. 'T ain't no great odds. I'm sorry I disturbed you, I'm sure."

Eliza was creeping back into the shadows, but stopped as Cecil asked, "Why did you want to see Miss Lyssie, Eliza? Anything wrong?"

"No, 'm; oh no, 'm. I just thought she was here; I thought I'd — I'd get her," said Eliza, her voice breaking; and

then she lifted the skirt of her calico dress and wiped her eyes. "I'm all shook up, Mrs. Shore. I'm sure I beg your pardon for giving way before a lady like you. But I thought Miss Lyssie was here."

"Oh, don't cry, whatever you do!" Mrs. Shore said cheerfully. "Tell me what troubles you. I think I'll do as well as Miss Lyssie. Is it the rent?"

Cecil could see, in the half light, Mrs. Todd's pallid face, and her worn, thin hand which she laid across her mouth, as though to steady the nervous tremor of her lips. "I've been doin' your windows to-day, Mrs. Shore, and the girls said Miss Lyssie was here to dinner, and was out setting on the porch with you; and so I come round from the back of the house to see if I could get her. That's all."

"But what do you want Miss Lyssie for, at this hour of the night? Oh, come, Eliza, you mustn't cry! I never can do anything for people that cry." And then, after a moment's pause, seeing the little, crouching, crying figure at the foot of the steps, Cecil added kindly, "Come up here; then I can talk to you better."

Eliza came, slowly, catching her breath as she tried to stop crying. She sat down on the steps, and Cecil, stretched out in her long chair, could see all the details of work and poverty in her face.

"Tain't anything, ma'am, only I was afraid to go home. I thought maybe Miss Lyssie would go with me. She can do anything with *him*."

"Miss Lyssie!" cried Lyssie's sister, resentment and amusement in her face. "Why, my sister could n't go home with you at this time of night, Eliza. I suppose you mean that you and Todd have quarreled; but Miss Lyssie can't do anything."

"Oh no, ma'am, we 'ain't quarreled," Eliza explained eagerly. "Only your Rosa said that Mr. Shore's John told her he seen Todd going home, full. Well, I expect my baby in six weeks,

ma'am, and I ain't real smart; an' when he's full, he's just as like as not to jaw at me. And I thought I'd just get Miss Lyssie to speak to him. She'd get him pleasant, if he was n't real drunk. If he's real drunk, he sleeps, and then I don't mind. But Rosa said John said that he were n't more 'an half. So I thought I'd get Miss Lyssie."

"Is Miss Lyssie in the habit of going around at night to pacify Todd?" said Cecil curiously.

"Ma'am?"

"Does she often come and talk to your husband? She ought not to go at night, Eliza."

"Well, yes, 'm, she comes sometimes. There's nobody can do anything with him but Miss Lyssie,—the nasty brute!"

"Oh," said Cecil, surprised, "is that the way you feel about him? Well, I'm sure I should think you would. It would be very disagreeable to live with a man who 'jawed' at one."

"Well, that's just what he does," Eliza said resentfully. "My! nobody knows what I've put up with in that man. An' he's just a worthless brute; I've told him so a hundred times. I've told him the Lord only knew why I demeaned myself to marry him."

"That must have been encouraging to him," Cecil observed.

But Mrs. Todd went on passionately: "Me, that was well brought up! I had my music lessons, Mrs. Shore, when I was a girl, and I had an instrument; I could play 'See the dewdrop.' I suppose you know that piece, ma'am?"

"I don't recall it," Mrs. Shore confessed.

"And then to think I married that—that—that—*carpenter*!" ended Eliza, at a loss for an adjective.

"Well, you were very foolish to marry a man who drank," Cecil said, yawning.

"Oh, but he signed the pledge," Eliza excused herself,— "he signed it as many as six times before we was finally mar-

ried. And now look at him! And look at me, *slavin'*! I never thought I'd come down to washing people's windows, Mrs. Shore. My father was a respectable man. He was never took up for anything, and he never kept company with them that was took up. So I had advantages; course, now, I feel it. We 'ain't got any instrument. My goodness! we 'ain't got anything. Oh, it's no good talking; it makes me real put out. But to-night I thought I just could n't stand him if he got to jawing; so I came round to get Miss Lyssie to speak to him."

"Well, Eliza," Mrs. Shore assured her, "I think, considering your powers of invective, there may be something to be said for Job. However, never mind that. I wish you'd tell me one thing: why in the world do you go on living with Job? I should think the simplest way out of it all would be to leave him?"

"My! I've threatened to do that a hundred times. But then, when he ain't drinking he gets good wages. I suppose I'm more comfortable, ma'am, takin' it all together, than if I had n't his wages coming in sometimes? And then, Mrs. Shore, I've got a tongue."

"I've noticed that," Cecil murmured.

"An' I can give it back to him! It's only when he licks me — well, he's only done that three times. I could have had him took up, but then there would n't 'a' been any wages, you see; so I just content myself by telling him that he's a brute. An' he is! — my baby coming, and me afraid to go home for fear he'll get me in a tremble! I thought Miss Lyssie would make him pleasant," she ended, and whimpered, and wiped her eyes on her skirt again, and rose. "Oh, I'm that scared of him!" She stood there, her poor gaunt little face full of the frightened resentment of selfishness, but with no gleam of pity for the sinfulness of the poor sinner who was her husband.

"You are a very foolish woman to live with him," Cecil said impatiently.

"As for to-night, I can send John home with you — But no, that would n't do any good. Oh, well, you poor silly little creature, come, I'll go home with you myself." She got up lazily. "Run into the hall and bring me that white wrap that is on the sofa. Yes, yes; I'll walk home with you," she insisted good naturedly in answer to Eliza's tremulous protest.

They were outside the gates before Cecil remembered that she should have had John follow her, that she might not have to come back alone. Still, in Old Chester one does not mind being out after dark by one's self. So she said one or two kind things to Eliza, promised her some baby clothes, told her she might come up to the barn every night and get milk for the children, and then, silently, walked along in the starlight down to the village, to the miserable little house where the Todds lived. There, Eliza slipped behind her, while she knocked gayly, and then instantly pushed the door open and entered.

There was a moment's pause on the threshold of the squalid room. Job, who was sitting with his head on his arms, at a table on which were some unwashed plates with scraps of meat upon them, and a pitcher of tea, and a sugar bowl black with flies, lifted his head, and looked at her with dull eyes; a child, wailing fretfully on a bed still unmade, stopped, open-mouthed. Cecil, with a quick glance, took in the scene. Job Todd's jaw dropped in blank and sheepish astonishment as she came toward him.

"Oh, Mr. Todd," she said graciously, "I'm so glad you're at home. You're just the man I want to see. Can you do a piece of work for me to-morrow, in my stable? Ah, Eliza, that little woman on the bed wants her supper! Mr. Todd, I'm afraid I kept your wife very late, but she is such a capital cleaner I really could n't let her go sooner."

Job had gotten on his feet, and was grinning in a silly way, but at Eliza's

name his heavy red face darkened. "I had to get my own supper," he began threateningly.

Cecil, with a charming smile, broke in: "I have heard people say that men are better cooks than women! But you've had your supper, Mr. Todd? I'm not interrupting you?"

"Oh no, 'm; not at all, I'm sure," Job said, jerking his head up and down in a bow.

"I just wanted to ask you about this piece of work," Cecil went on, aware that Eliza was slipping the children away to an inner room, and clearing the table, and turning down the lamp which was smoking on the mantelpiece above the untidy stove. "I know what a good carpenter you are; I remember hearing some one say what good work you did."

Job shook his head, with a pleased look, and thrust out his weak lips. "Well, I don't know. Used to be." And then the drunken anger came back into his face. "*She* wastes all my money, an' I have to get my own supper; no good in being first-rate in your trade, if" — He glared at Eliza, and Cecil was in despair. Well, there was nothing for it but to take him away. She shivered a little, but she said, courteously, that she wondered if he would be so good as to walk up the hill with her?

"I forgot to tell my man to come for me; but if you will walk home with me, Mr. Todd, that will be better, because I can tell you about the work."

That Job was flattered was so evident that Cecil could hardly keep the gravity of countenance which was essential; he came stumbling out into the street with her, murmuring, "Yes, 'm, yes, 'm," to everything she said. And she said much, and always with "Mr. Todd?" at the end of her sentences, spoken in that enchanting voice which made the poor fellow straighten himself, and feel more like a man than he had in many a year, — far more than Dr. Lavendar's invectives, and Miss Susan's sensible re-

proaches, and Miss Lyssie's entreaties had ever made him feel. Cecil did not refer to the work again, and she devoutly hoped he would not. "What *shall* I say, if he asks what it is?" she thought nervously. She spoke of the weather, and was "so glad" Mr. Todd thought it was going to be fine; she asked him about his politics with all the gravity in the world, and took him to task for not voting. "American men ought to vote, and not leave the ballot to aliens, don't you think so, Mr. Todd?" And Job, who had not paid his poll tax since he was twenty-one, said, "Yes, 'm, yes, 'm. Yer right, 'm. We had ought to vote; yer right, 'm." It seemed to Job that she had forgotten that he was a drunkard, as Dr. Lavendar and the others had assured him he was, over and over. A glow came about his heart. He was so elated that he did not notice the relief in her tone, when, halfway up the hill, she interrupted herself suddenly by saying, "Oh, there 's Mr. Carey, — there 's Mr. Shore and Mr. Carey, Mr. Todd. I shall not have to trouble you to go on up the hill with me. Philip!" she called out sharply, and the two men turned, astonished to see her and her companion. When they were beside her, she laughed a little at her own relief, but she said, still with that gracious politeness that stirred Job as nothing but flattery can stir a fool, "I had to go down to the village, and Mr. Todd was so kind as to walk up the hill with me. Good-night, Mr. Todd. Thank you so much."

And Job Todd made a jerky bow, promised to attend to the stable job, and went off with a brisk step that surprised himself.

As for Cecil, she drew her wrap about her, with a shiver and a laugh. It seemed as though she still felt his heavy presence, and the smell of liquor near her. "*Oh*, what a beast he is!" she said. "How glad I am I met you! Mr. Carey, that is one of my sister's pro-

tégés. Philip, find something for him to do to-morrow, will you? I've told him I had some work for him. Can't you break down a stall, or something? I told him the work was in the stable." And then she shook her head and laughed. "No, no! please don't talk about him, — horrible creature!"

She was plainly nervous, and yet full of the drollery of the situation.

It was useless, Philip saw, to think of having any talk with her about Molly that night.

X.

The next morning, in accordance with her plan of being agreeable to Mrs. Drayton, so that Lyssie might have a little more freedom, Cecil went to see her stepmother; and she was agreeable, though the repression she had to put upon herself in her conversation with this foolish little woman made her tired and cross, — so cross that when, at noon, Rosa came to ask what work Mrs. Shore wished Job Todd to do in the stable, Cecil replied impatiently, "I don't know, I'm sure! Don't bother me about it, Rosa. Just tell John to find something for him to do. Anything; I don't care what. Let him build a kennel for Eric."

"Eric has a very good kennel, Mrs. Shore," Rosa said hesitatingly.

"Well, let him tear it down and make a bigger one," Cecil said, relieved to have the matter decided; and then she called the woman back. "Oh, I suppose I must go myself," she remarked crossly, with that impatience which we all feel when we would do evil, but find good present with us. So she went out across the hot sunshine of the courtyard, said a dozen pretty words to Job, and then came back again, touched and amused by the poor stupid fellow's slavish admiration.

She had a delicious nap that afternoon, Rosa fanning her softly until she fell asleep, and when she awakened,

warm and flushed, bringing her a sangaeree so cold that the goblet was frosted with beads of mist. Cecil was very comfortable by that time, and very good natured: she had planned an unusual salad for dinner (tomatoes set in aspic, with a delicious accompaniment of stuffed eggs), and she had arranged with Mrs. Drayton that Lyssie should have a whole day off, and two such successes could not fail to make her good natured. She intended that Lyssie's day should be charmingly spent with Philip and Mr. Carey on the river. For her part, she would go and sit with her stepmother, and then have her nap as usual in the afternoon. Cecil very frankly hated excursions, — they involved too much exertion, and the sun was generally hot; but, provided she could stay at home, she was willing to arrange them for other people. In fact, she liked the pleasure, which in some natures is almost sensuous, of giving pleasure to others.

When she announced her plan to Mr. Carey, that evening, his quick look of delight annoyed her. She did not know why. "One would think he would be a little bored by a whole day of it," she thought; and when Philip, who had been walking restlessly up and down the porch, turned to go into his library, she stopped him rather curtly, and told him what she had arranged.

"That will be very nice," he said absently. "To-morrow, you say? I'm glad of that; I must be away the next day, unfortunately." And then he explained to Mr. Carey that he had been called up to town. "I've just had a letter from Woodhouse," he said, "saying that he can go over Miller's work with me on Thursday."

"Miller is Philip's little artist," Cecil said. "You know Philip keeps an artist as some people support missionaries. He thinks he can create genius by encouraging ability. Now, Philip, I hope you are not going to be hard on him?"

"I hope not," Philip returned briefly.

"I'm sorry, Carey, to clear out in this way, but I have to take Woodhouse when I can get him. Miller is his missionary as well as mine. Poor Miller sent the pictures over six weeks ago, and I suppose he is beside himself with anxiety to know what his chances are. We withdraw the money, you know, if the excellence of the work does n't warrant it."

"What are his chances? Has he the real stuff in him?" Roger asked. He knew all about this plan of Philip Shore's for lending a young artist money for three years' study abroad. One man had already profited by this arrangement, and now Philip was watching with some anxiety the progress of the second.

"Well," he said doubtfully, "I don't know. This examination will settle it. He does not seem to me to stick as he should."

"Sure you're not holding too tight a rein?" Roger suggested. "He's young, you know."

"Indeed he is holding too tight a rein!" Cecil broke in. "Philip's idea of the artistic passion is to die in an attic. Now, I think one can be an artist, and yet not die in an attic. Here's Philip himself," she ended, with a droll glance.

Her reference to the life which he had put aside because he had recognized his limitations, put aside with agony and truth, stung like a lash across his face; but he said, carelessly enough, "Oh, very likely I was n't capable of dying at such an altitude," and would have gone away, but Cecil detained him by a gesture and a laugh.

"You did n't sell your pictures; that was the real reason. Come, now, Philip, was n't it?"

"Of course it was. If they had been good, they would have sold; and fortunately for me, no misguided friends purchased what was n't good, to encourage me in devoting myself to mediocrity."

"It's a pity your view is n't more general," Roger Carey observed. "Misguided friendship and weak-kneed bene-

faction are harder on art than hunger and cold ever were. I'm glad you won't support your man unless he has the real stuff in him. But, poor devil, I'm sorry for him, if his work does n't come up to the scratch."

"So am I," said Philip Shore; and there was something in his voice which told that he was acquainted with that grief.

"Ah, well," Cecil said lightly, "somebody may die and leave him some money, or he may marry a rich wife; that will destroy any passion for dying in attics. But really, it would be very hard on him to have to give up, now, without such compensation. If you decide against him, I'll send him the money to go on with his work."

Naturally the conversation ended with this remark. Roger Carey looked at his hostess with a wonder at her possibilities which was almost admiration. As for Philip, he excused himself to his guest because he had some letters to write, and went into his library, setting his teeth hard, and closing the door behind him with a vicious bang. As he did so, he heard Cecil's voice saying, "Has she talked religion to you yet? She has it in its most malignant form"—and he knew that poor Mrs. Drayton was serving as a stalking-horse for his wife's wit.

He did not hear Roger Carey's blunt rejoinder: "Oh, now, look here, Mrs. Shore, I like Mrs. Drayton! You must n't abuse her to me."

Cecil laughed. "My dear Mr. Carey, what has liking to do with it? You don't suppose that I am not deeply attached to my stepmother? But I can't help seeing that she is amusing."

"You would see something amusing at a funeral!"

"Ah, well, you have n't experienced her religion," Cecil defended herself. "She has n't told you how intimate she is with her Creator, and you've never heard her purring on about infinity by

the hour! I assure you, Mr. Carey, she empties her soul of its emotions just as a boy pulls his pocket wrong side out to show you that there's nothing in it. And to think that I am going to sit with her to-morrow morning, so that my sister can have a little spree, poor child!"

Roger felt the reproach for his somewhat aggressive goodness, as she meant he should.

"You're very good, awfully good, to sit with her instead of coming out on the river. But is she too sick to be left alone?"

Cecil laughed. "Sick? She is the most robustly delicate person I know!"

"Well, then, why does she object to being left alone?"

"But don't you know?" said Cecil, surprised — "there is never any '*why*' in Mrs. Drayton's objections!"

Again Roger Carey frowned, and said that at any rate Mrs. Drayton spared Miss Lyssie to do lots of charitable work; and for his part, he thought there was nothing more attractive in a woman than just that sort of thing.

"Oh, nothing!" Cecil agreed, smiling.

But Mr. Carey had nothing more to say of little Lyssie. Indeed, he did not like to talk about her to this strangely different woman; to discuss her with Cecil Shore was like analyzing a violet upon a gaming table. Instead, he took her to task for having told Molly to fib, the day before. "I should think it was awfully important to teach children to tell the truth," he said. "'I speak as a fool,' for I don't know much about 'em, but don't they take to lying pretty easily, anyhow? You instructed Molly so gracefully, the young one will think fibbing is a fine art."

This led to a discussion upon truth, in which Mr. Carey aired very noble sentiments, and Cecil insisted that truth was governed by the law of benefit. "And I consider that I was a benefactor to you all by saving you from the old lady," she said, with some earnestness. Mr.

Carey's carelessly frank astonishment at what she had done annoyed her to the point of self-defense. "Besides, the child discriminates, you know."

"Yes, against Mrs. Dales, no doubt," Roger said, but was so little interested in her explanations that he hardly waited for her to finish another excuse before he began to talk about Job Todd; his admiration of what he called in his own mind her "sand" in walking at night with an intoxicated man spoke plainly in his voice.

"Do tell me how you happened to do it," he said, scratching a match upon the sole of his boot, and lighting his cigar.

And she told him; commenting, when she ended, upon the absurdity of the situation. "Here they are, living a cat-and-dog life; and we have to support their miserable little children! I told her she was a great goose not to leave him."

"She was a goose to marry him, but she ought to stick to her bargain. I hope your dangerous views didn't strike in?"

"Marriages are queer things, are n't they?" Cecil returned thoughtfully. "Did you ever notice how we say of all our friends, 'Why in the world did *he* marry *her*?' or, 'What possessed *her* to marry *him*?'"

"Yes, I — I've noticed it," said Roger Carey, looking at the tip of his cigar.

"Ah, well, there's a mistake somewhere in this idea of marriage," Cecil informed him gayly. "Talk about matches being made in heaven! If they are, they light the fires of — the other place very successfully."

"Well, you help to light the fires with bad advice," Roger Carey insisted dogmatically, but with that good-humored contempt of a woman's opinion which does not condescend to argument; and then he moved his chair so that he might see her face as she talked. His first repulsion always faded after he had been

with her a little while. Perhaps it was her repose which charmed him, — a repose so absolute that to see her eyes when she lifted her white lids he had thus to move his chair, for she would not turn her head when she spoke. Her voice, between her melodious silences, was deep, for a woman, and soft, and it had in it the delicious clearness and color of dark wine; she spoke slowly, too, so that he could feel the caress of sound without the tension to catch the sense. He heard her excuse Job Todd because of the fatality of his environment; he heard her advocate the irresponsibility of temperament. She talked well and cleverly, touching, with the conventional unconventionality of our day, on subjects which a generation ago were tabooed between men and women, but which now we see fit to discuss, declaring that there can be no consciousness in the commonplace — though every man and woman of us knows better! Once he contradicted her sharply, and once he laughed; but he was not listening closely. "Oh, now, look here!" he said vaguely, with the intonation with which, to a man, he would have said, "Bosh!" He was following — for her sleeve was of some sheer muslin — the line of her arm from the shoulder to the finger tip: he saw the exquisite curves, unmarred by any ornament, he saw the faint color of her relaxed palm, and it came into his mind, with that primitive ferocity which lurks below the product of civilization which is named a gentleman, that a man might grasp the satin smoothness of the round flesh, above and below the elbow, and kiss the blue vein on that warm curve of the inner arm, — kiss it, and kiss it, until —

Roger Carey rose hastily. "I must go in; I have some letters to write. Beg pardon for interrupting you, but I must go in. I just remembered." He dropped her hand carelessly when he said "Good-night," and then went hastily to his own room, where for a long time he

stood before the open window frowning out into the darkness. But after a while his face cleared, and he smiled and drew a deep breath. "She is a dear little thing!" he said.

Roger, capable of forgetting himself, was also capable of forgetting Cecil; but she did not readily forget him. When she went upstairs there was some annoyance in her face. "How unpleasant he is!" she thought, and sat down in front of her mirror, looking absently into its shadowy depths. "Very unpleasant, but" — Then she half laughed and sighed, and, leaning her elbow on the table, looked long and deeply into the glass.

The room was lighted only by the candles on the dressing table, for the night was warm and still. Cecil, moving about, stopped to trim the wicks, and then stood, the snuffers in her hand, absorbed in thought. Some one knocked, and she answered absently, without turning her head, "Come in;" then, with a start, she saw her husband's face in the mirror.

"What, you?"

"Yes; can you spare me a few moments?" said Philip; but, involuntarily, he stood still on the threshold, in the quick delight of the artist at that sumptuous figure, standing there in the faint dusk of the candlelight. Somehow, the beauty of it, and the sense of his absolute ownership, took him by the throat for one bad moment that sent the blood into his face. All this beauty which enchanted and invited him, this length of shining hair, the white column of the stately throat, was his; for was she not his wife?

But the soul of the man knew better.

"Of course I can spare you a few moments," Cecil answered, smiling, and sitting down, one white bare arm along the back of her chair, and the other on the dressing table.

"I am afraid it is late," he said, "but I saw your light, and I was anxious to

“speak to you. I won’t detain you very long.”

“I don’t see why you should be apologetic,” she interposed good naturedly. “Sit down, won’t you?”

There was a certain intent look in Philip’s face that did not escape Cecil. “I have attacks of nerves,” she had once said, “but Philip has attacks of soul!” Such attacks were not agreeable to her, though she bore them with remarkable patience. She thought now, watching him with amused, critical eyes, that such an attack was imminent. “I suppose,” she reflected, “that this sort of thing attracted me at first, because it was odd. Yes, and there is an intellectual value, too; Philip is no fool.”

“I hope nothing has bothered you?” she said, aloud.

“I want to speak to you about Molly.”

“Molly! Why, what is the matter? Is she ill? What about Molly?” Her face changed sharply, and she half rose.

“No; nothing, nothing; she is quite well.”

Cecil sank back in her chair, with a quick breath of relief. “Oh, you startled me so!” she said, her color coming again. Her hair, falling over her shoulders, was pulled sideways by her change of position; she caught it and twisted it in a rope, and wrapped it about one bare arm; a faint gleam touched a gilt thread here and there in the soft coil, as the flames of the candles behind her bent and flared in a sudden light draught. “I wish you would n’t come in and frighten me this way,” she told him irritably. “Well, what is it? What do you want?”

“I want to ask you” — he spoke slowly, and his manner was guardedly polite — “I want to call your attention to the danger of giving Molly an idea that truth is not important. I noticed yesterday morning” —

“Yesterday morning?” she broke in. “Oh, you mean ‘not at home’? Oh, now, really, Philip, do you think it worth while to discuss a social form?

I’m pretty patient with your ideas generally, but really!”

“I’m not talking about a social form; I’m talking about the spirit of truth. We debauch a child’s soul when we allow it to sink its directness in what we call a social form. Molly can’t discriminate. She tells what she thinks is a lie, and finds it indorsed, in fact suggested, by us!”

“‘Us’!” Cecil repeated, and laughed. “Philip, your politeness leads you dangerously near this same debauchery yourself. Pray don’t consider my feelings. Tell the truth, and shame — me. Oh, I’ll not send any more such messages by her, if it distresses you so much. But don’t, don’t, at midnight, begin about the ‘spirit of truth’! Must you, Philip?”

All her good nature had come back again, for she was sleepy.

Philip Shore made no appeal for any deeper motive in her acquiescence than this mere contemptuous consideration of his wishes; the time for such appeals seemed to him long gone by. “Thank you,” he said. “And there’s one other thing. Molly happened to speak about that prayer of hers — to the devil, you know?”

“Yes, well? What of it? It was very funny. Did she repeat it to you?”

“Repeat it? Of course not. Do you suppose I’d let the child think her prayer could be amusing? That is what I wanted to speak to you about; it was outrageous to make a jest of the child’s prayer!”

Cecil dropped her arm on her dressing table with a soft crash. “Oh, dear me!” she said, and then swallowed a yawn which brought the water into her eyes and made her smile. “(I beg your pardon.) Philip, if you had the slightest sense of humor, you would be spared much. The idea of being harrowed because I laughed at Molly’s prayer! And really, I must protest; I can’t have my child praying to the devil, — if that is what you want. I mean that Molly

shall have some religious teaching, and know that one does n't pray to the devil."

"Certainly. Check it, by all means. But the point I make is this: when you treated her prayer, which according to your theology was bad, as a joke, you robbed the child of reverence."

"Your ideas of reverence are interesting. Reverence, and a prayer to the devil!"

"It is the prayer which I revere. The name 'God' or 'devil' is nothing, the instinct of prayer is everything; and you laughed at it, and made the child repeat it; you turned it into a show. It was shocking!" His anger with her grew as he put it into words. "I know you have no reverence yourself, but, for Heaven's sake, don't rob the child of it!"

Cecil sighed. It was nearly a year since Philip's last attack of "soul;" she felt that she owed him a hearing for so long a holiday, but she wished he would hurry. "Go on," she said resignedly; but could not help adding, "It is interesting to hear you advocating religious teaching, — you, a skeptic. Oh, Philip, there! I did n't mean to call down a statement of your faith!"

"Don't be alarmed," he said dryly. "I should n't make such a statement to you."

"There's one thing that always interests me about you good people," returned Cecil, yawning: "not your certainty that the rest of us are swine, — no doubt we are, — but your certainty that your opinions are pearls."

"My only certainty is that there is no skepticism so dreadful as that which finds no seriousness in life," he answered significantly.

"If you mean that for me," she protested, "my dear friend, no one finds life more serious than I; especially on such occasions."

"You don't know what it means, even," he said angrily. "If you did,

you would be incapable of treating lightly the instinct of worship in a child's soul!"

It seemed that his words had some effect, for she sat without speaking, tapping one foot upon the floor, and pulling with a restless finger at her red lip. But her flippancy was so intolerable to him that he turned to leave the room. "I don't often interfere," he said, pausing on the threshold, for her continued silence restrained him like some spoken word, — "I don't often interfere about Molly, but in a thing of such vital importance as" —

"Look here, Philip," she interrupted. "You and I will never agree about Molly, so what is the use of talking about it? I will never allow her to be taught your dreadful agnostic ideas; I'd rather have her pray to the devil upon the housetops, to the amusement of everybody. No, we'll never agree about her; but oh, life would be so much more comfortable if you would just make up your mind to that fact. You go your way, and I'll go mine."

"What?"

"I mean, you teach her your ideas, and I'll teach her mine."

"Oh, I — I misunderstood you!" he exclaimed, his voice suddenly harsh; and then he was silent a moment until he said, "Of course that is perfectly absurd; it would be as though you said a thing was white, and I said it was black. She would end by not believing either of us. No, I sha'n't contradict your religious teaching; but you must not ignore moral teaching, — that I shall insist upon. I sha'n't say that this or that doctrine seems to me ridiculous; but I do insist that while your teaching is, as I think, intellectually crooked, it is not also morally crooked."

Cecil's face had grown slowly white. "This is — insufferable!" she said, in a low voice. She turned her back upon him, and, shaking her hair loose, began to braid it with trembling fingers.

"Philip, I shall do exactly as I please. You can make up your mind to that. Good-night. Please go. You are perfectly impossible. Please go." Anger vibrated in her scantily civil words. She

saw him, in the mirror, hesitate, and then turn away.

As the door closed behind him, she said, violently, under her breath, "You fool!"

Margaret Deland.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

ASSYRIAN ARROWHEADS AND JEWISH BOOKS.

I KNEW that the squire took much interest in the Arrowheaded Inscriptions, so one morning I got him to talk on the subject.

Foster. Do you read the Arrowheaded Inscriptions of which I see so many volumes?

Squire. No; I content myself with enjoying the fruits of other men's labors; hoping, however, that I may occasionally get from these learned men some new light on questions which may not have attracted their own attention.

Foster. Scholars now quote the records of Rameses and Sennacherib as much of course as they do the Commentaries of Cæsar; but the discovery of the key to the decipherment of the Egyptian hieroglyphics and the arrowheaded inscriptions must have seemed very wonderful at first, as indeed it was.

Squire. Yes. These keys, like photography, with the silver plate of Daguerre followed by the paper-printing of Talbot; the electric telegraph, with its development of the telephone and the phonograph; and I may add, the uses of steam by sea and land, — all these are now seen by us in the light of common day. Yet I can recollect something of the sense of the marvelous which fell upon some of us on their first discovery. It seemed a happiness only to have lived in those days, to borrow a phrase from Wordsworth about the early days of the French Revolution; only we, hap-

pily, have not had to repent, as he had to do.

Foster. The reading of the Egyptian hieroglyphics seems comparatively easy, if I rightly remember the account of the process. Was it not that the French, in 1799, found at Rosetta a stone with an inscription of Ptolemy Euergetes in Greek and in the demotic or common Egyptian writing of the period, as well as in hieroglyphics? And then, by assuming that the vernacular Egyptian of the time of the inscription did not differ materially from the Coptic of the present day, it was found that Coptic equivalents for the several words of the Greek could be made out and read in the demotic version, so that finally the hieroglyphic inscription itself could be read. But then Ptolemy, like Pharaoh, had told his dream to the wise men, who had to interpret it. Nebuchadnezzar needed to be told his dream as well as the interpretation thereof. There was no inscription, in Greek or any other known language, was there, at Persepolis or Behistun?

Squire. On the contrary: Diodorus said the Behistun inscription was by Semiramis, and Rawlinson found it to be by Darius. You are right in the main as to the comparative easiness of the hieroglyphic decipherment, I think, but in both cases the discoverers must have possessed and exercised no small amount of the powers of criticism and divination, which Niebuhr calls the means by which

history supplies the deficiencies of its sources. But the decipherment of the arrowheaded inscriptions was no doubt by far the more difficult; and its results have, in my opinion, far surpassed the other in their interest and historical importance.

Foster. I know less about the arrow-headed than about the hieroglyphic inscriptions, and shall be glad if you will tell me something about them.

Squire. The subject is a vast one, and it continues to increase. I will show you the few pebbles I have picked up on the shore; but if I exhaust your patience, it will not be by the knowledge of the learned Dr. Dryasdust who has recorded all that has been done or written on the subject. I have only the odds and ends which I have gathered up through many years from journals of learned societies, books of translations, monographs on fresh discoveries of lions and bulls and bricks and slabs, and so on in infinite variety.

Foster. It is a pleasant way of getting knowledge, if only a man's memory can keep all that he so collects; but

"Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back
Wherein he puts alms for oblivion."

Squire. No: I will, like Time, in this case quote the general at the siege of the impregnable fortress of Bhurtpore, when he had ordered a gun up to a particular position. The officer came back, after some time, and reported that it was impossible. "Impossible, sir! Why, I have the order in my pocket!" So the gun was brought up, and the fort was taken. There, at Persepolis, for two thousand years had stood that rock, rising four hundred feet above the plain, with its scarped face covered with writing which no man could read, and so looking foolishly enough, as Carlyle said of the Pyramids. The imaginative inhabitants of the land, forgetting that their own fathers had written and read those words, believed them to be the work of jins, telling of hidden hoards of

gold and jewels never to be discovered, while some wise skeptic from the West pronounced them to be merely the work of worms. But there, age after age, still stood the old General Time, with the order in his pocket, waiting for the hour and the man. The beginnings of the discovery were humble and its progress was slow, but we may say that the critic and the diviner were there from the first with Philology, Archæology, and History for their tools to work with. Increasing intelligence and accuracy in copying the inscription were followed by increasing recognition of the arrangements, repetitions, and variations of the still unknown characters. They were in three columns, of which there were in one only forty-two of the little groups of arrowheads or wedges, each of which groups might be assumed to be a letter; in another column there were four hundred of such groups, which therefore must have been ideographic: and these characters and signs, for which ample space was taken at one end of the line, were crowded together at the other, thus showing that the writing was from left to right. From each of these facts was derived an hypothesis, which, when verified, became the law of a new hypothesis, to be verified and expanded again in like manner. If these columns were used for a proclamation by a king ruling over the country in which they stood as a centre, the three columns were probably the same proclamation in the three principal languages of the monarchy, like those which the Sultan of Constantinople or the Shah of Persia still issues in Turkish, Arabic, and Persian. It might be taken that, being at Persepolis, this proclamation was by some king of the once great Persian Empire; that the language of one of its columns would be the Persian of the time; and that, with the unchanging customs and habits of the East, the style of his proclamation would most likely be the same as that used by the Sassanian dynasty which reigned in Persia till the

Muhammadian conquest. The languages of the columns with the letters or signs counted by hundreds were clearly what we call ideographic, like those of the Chinese or the Egyptians, in which each character represents a mental image; while the writing of the column with only forty-two variations of character was as plainly phonetic, in which each sign was merely a letter of an alphabet, as with ourselves. By these steps, Grotefend, in 1802, reached his position: the right-hand column is in alphabetical writing, and, assuming it to be a proclamation in the Sassanian form, beginning with the name of a king who calls himself king of kings, and son of a king with another name and the same title. Now, as to the inscription beginning with three words differing from one another, but combined with three other words, these repeated twice, the third being the same as the second, with an additional letter or letters,—I cannot put my hand on Grotefend's paper, but I understand his reasoning to be something of this kind: Call the three first-mentioned words A, B, and C, and the sentence will run thus: A, king of kings, son of B, king of kings, son of C. The word read as *king* is repeated with an addition which indicates the genitive plural, while the other repeated word stands for *son*. But C is not called "king of kings," like the other two. Then the three names are Xerxes, Darius, and Hystaspes; for the last, though father of Darius, was not a king. But to say that certain words meant *son* or *king* was not to read the words themselves, or to say to what language they belonged. Now, however, the Zend, or ancient Persian, began to be studied, and it became possible to say what those words would be if all the other assumptions were true. The other letters were hypothetically added to those which made up the names of the three kings. If Zend were the language in which the inscription was written, the words for *son* and *king* of

kings would be *putra* and *kshayathiya*, and more letters of the alphabet would be added to those in the three kings' names. So the inscription was gradually read, found to agree with the story of Herodotus, and took its place among the records of ancient Persia.

Foster. And so a key was found, like that of the Greek version on the Rosetta stone, for reading the other Persepolis inscriptions, one of which was, I suppose, Assyrian?

Squire. The actual course of things was somewhat different. Colonel (afterwards Sir Henry) Rawlinson, containing in himself, in no common degree and in very various kinds, the qualifications of a man of action and letters, had become so familiar with arrowheaded writing, which he had studied at Persepolis, that it seems as if it had been a sort of mother tongue to him, when he says that he cannot remember and trace back the steps by which he arrived at his knowledge. On visiting Behistun, he was able to read the Persian column of the trilingual inscription there found, and to tell the world that it was a proclamation, not of Semiramis, as Diodorus had supposed, but of Darius. A copy of the text with a translation was sent to England by Rawlinson, and published in the Journal of the Asiatic Society in 1847. To employ this deciphered inscription for the purpose of reading the other inscriptions side by side with it might have been interesting to Rawlinson in any case, but a new motive for such work had arisen. Botta in 1847, and Layard in 1845, had discovered, by actual excavation, the vast remains of the palaces of Nineveh and other cities of Assyria, the existence of which, under great earth mounds, had been conjectured by King in 1818. These excavations were the beginning of a work which is still going on; of the discovery not only of the remains of magnificent buildings, but of an almost infinite variety of written records in the arrowheaded characters. There were

not only monumental inscriptions on colossal bulls and lions, and on alabaster slabs which had lined the walls of the palaces, but also on clay tablets of every size, which had been baked after the arrowheads had been impressed on them, and which tablets were eventually (as I will explain directly) found to be books of all sorts. The characters in which all these were written were recognized as those of one of the trilingual inscriptions of Persepolis and Behistun; the genius which had read the Persian inscription of Behistun must have found it comparatively easy to read the Assyrian column, while employing Hebrew, just as Zend had been employed in the previous case, at each step of hypothesis and verification. And in 1852 Rawlinson was able to send home from Nineveh, from the Assyrian, annals of Sargon and Sennacherib themselves, whom we had till then known of only from the Hebrew history, and the still scantier Greek records. There were at first many failures and hitches, and learned men looked more or less doubtfully on the popular enthusiasm at a discovery which came home to every one who had read the Bible. Some years later a challenge was given, and accepted by Rawlinson, Hincks, Talbot, and Oppert, to translate independently of one another an inscription of which the untranslated original had been published by the British Museum; and to submit this to the judgment of Sir George Cornwall Lewis, Dean Milman, and Mr. Grote. The versions substantially agreed, except as to the proper names; but, if I remember rightly, Sir George Lewis remained incredulous, and Mr. Grote not quite satisfied. The key to the special mystery of these and other proper names was eventually found; and I suppose that no one now has doubts that those who are at the trouble may learn to read Assyrian as they do Greek or Sanskrit.

Foster. A library of brickbats for books sounds funny: it must have re-

quired some courage to begin reading in it.

Squire. Yes; and especially when the books lay in heaps by the thousand, having, as Mr. George Smith conjectured, fallen with the ruins of the building, from an upper floor.

Foster. You alluded to other special difficulties in the way of decipherment; what were they?

Squire. If I have rightly read the earlier work in the fuller light of the later knowledge, the story is something of this kind: The Assyrians were in the main a Semitic people; their language, like their race, was allied to that of the Hebrews, and their writing, like the Hebrew, was alphabetical. But the older civilization of Babylon, from which Assyria derived much of its own, was Turanian, and its method of writing was not alphabetic, but ideographic, like that of the Chinese and several other peoples. The Assyrians, very oddly, as it seems to us, combined the two methods, using dictionaries for the purpose, some of which have been actually found in what you call the library of brickbats.

Foster. Can you give me an example?

Squire. Here is one which I made many years ago. The Roman letter and numeral X is for many purposes an English ideograph, or character, used to express, in writing, not a mere sound, but a mental image. In a date we read it *ten*; after a king's name, *the tenth*; between two figures, as 3×3 , we read it indifferently as *times*, *into*, or *multiplied by*; the mathematician uses it as an *unknown quantity*; and the stockbroker reads X div. as *without the dividend*. No one hesitates to read Xway as *crossway*; and though X only represents a syllable in Xmas, Xtian, and like words, here, too, it may be called an ideograph. But now suppose that, in addition to all these uses of X in writing, we employed it also to express the sound of *ten* without attaching any mental image to it, and in any word in which that sound occurred

as one of its joints, as in *tenant, tender, tent*, we indifferently wrote the full word in alphabetic letters, or substituted X for t-e-n, and so with Xant, Xder, Xt. Imagine this double method of expressing what I call a point, or points, in a word employed habitually, and with every variety of ideographic sign drawn from the Babylonian ideographic writing, and you have the usual Assyrian method of writing. This may serve as an illustration, though it is of course only a small and fragmentary one, of what was a very complicated business, though no doubt it was easy to those accustomed to it. But, as I have said, they used dictionaries or lists of ideographic characters with their equivalents in Assyrian letters.

Foster. Was it from these dictionaries that the way to read the strange forms embodied in half-spelt words was found out?

Squire. No. I think the first discovery was by help of one of those happy accidents which come to men of genius, and which they know how to seize and make their own. An inscription was found in duplicate. In one copy Rawlinson came to a word which, if read phonetically and as if the language were Hebrew, gave good sense; in the other copy, this word was expressed by one which, if so read, would give no sense, and was in fact no word. This, then, was the ideographic equivalent of the real word. The clue was followed, and the labyrinth was traversed in and out. But, as I said just now, these are only the pretty pebbles I have picked up on the shore of the great sea. If you would explore the sea itself, you must put yourself under the guidance of Rawlinson, Schrader, Sayce, and George Smith; and indeed I might easily add other names.

Foster. It is curious that while the Hebrews were using leather and the Egyptians papyrus to write on, the Assyrians should have used clay.

Squire. It is fortunate that they did so. They did, however, also use some

perishable material, no doubt leather; for seals have been found with the holes for the strings which fastened them to the scrolls, and even the remains of the strings themselves. These seals are of clay, often with two impressions, one of which has Phœnician characters, showing them to belong to contracts between two parties. Some of these deeds of sale between Phœnician and Assyrian traders have also been found, and have helped to throw light on the question of language. But the most interesting of all the seals is one which bears the Egyptian hieroglyphics which had been already read by Egyptologists as the name Sabaco II., king of Egypt, and also an Assyrian device of a priest ministering before the king, which is reasonably supposed to be the royal signet of Sennacherib, the contemporary of Sabaco. It is manifestly the seal of a treaty between these two monarchs, whom we know to have met in battle not many miles from Jerusalem.

Foster. Has the discovery of the Egyptian and Assyrian records given much help in the study of Hebrew history and literature?

Squire. A good many facts, more or less important, and much general light, in which the old facts may be seen more plainly than before. A second history, especially if it be a contemporary history, always gives a greater sense of reality to the first one. One of the uses of two eyes is that each eye sees a little more of one side of the object than does the other; and thus the object is seen to be, what it is, a solid, and not a flat object. A photograph represents an object as seen with one eye; and when two such photographs are brought together into one picture by the stereoscope, we immediately perceive an effect of roundness instead of flatness. We may and do know that an object is solid, though we look at it with only one eye, but we only *see* it to be so when we look at it with both. Critics with the historical imagination of

Grotius and Gesenius could infer and make out from the discourses of Isaiah the military and political position of Jerusalem when its little territory was becoming the battlefield on which the rival monarchies of Egypt and Assyria met to fight for empire. But the picture is made still more lifelike when, alongside of the actual speeches by which Isaiah sustained and directed the energies of his king and countrymen in the supreme hour, are read the annals in which Sennacherib tells what he and his army were doing at the same time, within the sight of the men who, from the walls of the city, could see the valleys and plains full of Assyrian horsemen.

Foster. And besides these military and political annals, are there not some considerable remains of literature of the kind which reflects the general moral and intellectual culture of a nation?

Squire. Yes, and this too throws much light on the history and literature of the Jews. Now that we know that the people of Israel, at the period to which they carried back the life of their national ancestor Abraham, were in the midst of nations which had not only reached a high degree of civilization, but knew how to record that civilization in writing, we should be wholly unreasonable if we doubted the claim of the Jews to the possession of equally early written records. The old orthodox belief that Moses was miraculously enabled to write the Pentateuch, and the preposterous modern adaptation of the old rabbinical legend that it was the work of Ezra after his return from the exile, are equally unnecessary.

Foster. Are you not rather unfair to these modern critics? I recollect a J and E as well as a P C in the list of what I suppose you would call their imaginary documents. And then, is not "preposterous" rather a strong, or, as Jeremy Bentham would have said, "dyslogistic" word?

Squire. When Burke was called to order for using the word "preposterous"

in one of his speeches in the Warren Hastings trial, he justified himself by observing that the word only meant putting the cart before the horse. I cannot but think that this is a common habit of mind in our modern Biblical critics; though I respect the wonderful minuteness and industry of their learning, and have no doubt that it often throws new light on the subject they treat of.

Foster. Then you do not accept as conclusive the decision of Professor Wellhausen that the Old Testament, as we have it, was edited and published in the year 444 B. C.?

Squire. I know that a German professor is, like the prophet Habakkuk in the opinion of Voltaire, and the father of a family according to Napoleon, "*capable de tout*." Yet I have looked at that date again and again, and wondered how any one could believe it possible to evolve out of his inner consciousness the exact year, more than twenty-three centuries ago, of an event of which there is no record that it happened at all; and why that odd number of 4, or even 44, when dealing with so many hundreds, and even thousands? I can only compare this conscientious accuracy to that of the man who refused to imperil his immortal soul by saying that he had killed the round number of an hundred canvas-back ducks when in fact it was only ninety-nine.

Foster. But, squire, you just now quoted with approval Niebuhr's two qualifications for the historian, — criticism and divination. Will you not allow his countrymen and their English followers the use of these things in the study of Hebrew literature?

Squire. If they only would use them more than they do! The true critic is a judge. His business is to bring all the ascertainable facts of the case into clear light and order, and then either to pronounce a judgment, or to declare that no judgment is possible for want of sufficient evidence. He is not, in the latter case, to make up the deficiency by fancies

drawn from his inner consciousness to supply the lack of facts.

Foster. Is not this the divination of Niebuhr?

Squire. No, no. I believe Niebuhr himself may have sometimes mistaken the one for the other, but they are not the same thing. Divination in history is seeing into the life of things, not the dissection of a dead body and the labeling of the several parts. But there is another saying of Niebuhr's which is more to the point. He says that, when in Rome, you may often see existing walls with marble fragments of columns and cornices built into them; and it is equally certain that these are the portions of some older buildings, temples or palaces perhaps, but it is impossible to say what those buildings were. A like illustration might be drawn from some of our old churches and manor houses; and we know what woeful work our own learned modern architects have made of their so-called restoration of these. The churchwardens' whitewash has done far less harm. I have no difficulty in seeing, with Astruc, the plain marks in Genesis of two records, marked by the names of Elohim and Jehovah respectively; but I cannot follow Wellhausen in the ideal reconstruction of his so-called prophetic and priestly documents elaborated out of the early books, and duly docketed J E and P C.

Foster. I see your shelves full of the commentators you so scoff at.

Squire. I not only respect, but profit by their learning and industry, which are very great. I gladly use their books, though I do not like to wear their chains. There are some words of Grote on a like question in Greek literature which deserve to be written in letters of gold, and to be ever before the eyes of the student of the Old Testament. He says: "The lesson must be learnt, hard and painful though it be, that no imaginable reach of critical acumen will of itself enable us to discriminate fancy from reality in the absence of a tolerable stock of evidence. . . . In

truth, our means of knowledge are so limited that no man can produce arguments sufficiently cogent to contend against opposing preconceptions, and it creates a painful sentiment of diffidence when we use expressions of equal and absolute persuasion with which the two opposite conclusions have been advanced."

Foster.

"And art thou nothing? Such thou art as when

The woodman winding westward up the glen
At wintry dawn, where o'er the sheep-track's
maze

The viewless snow-mist weaves a glist'ning
haze,

Sees all before him, gliding without tread,
An image with a glory round its head.

The enamored rustic worships its fair hues,
Nor knows he makes the shadow he pursues."

It seems a pity; is nothing left for us but this luminous mist?

Squire. The books themselves; read the commentaries with them. You will not understand the books without their help. Only, read the commentaries for the sake of the books, and not the books for the sake of the commentaries, as has been always, and still is, the habit of too many, from the days of the Talmud and before down to our own.

Foster. You remind me of Bacon's advice: "Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider."

Squire. You can have no better instruction for the use of the commentaries. And for the books themselves, the more you read them for their own sake, the more you will find worth reading in them. People often think it clever to say that the Bible should be treated like other books. I wish it got a little more such treatment. Those who believe that it really differs in some respects from other books ought to be the most convinced that the more clearly you bring out the resemblances, the more distinctly will the differences come out, too.

Read the books as they are, and let the likenesses and the unlikenesses come out as they may.

Foster. Will you give me some illustration of your method? I will ask no questions as to the authorship of the book of Genesis, but what do you say of its account of the Creation, when the modern sciences of astronomy, geology, and ethnology have shown us that the beginnings of all things are lost in infinite distances of time and place?

Squire. Whatever discoveries the mind of man has made in all these directions,—and I do not question their reality or their importance,—they have neither ascertained nor satisfied man's demand for some ideal of a Creation, the work of a Creator. And this is just what the Hebrew story of the Creation supplies. David Hume, lifting his eyes to the sky on a starry night, said to Adam Ferguson, "Oh, Adam, how can a man look at that and not believe in a God!" Some three thousand years before, the same faith was perhaps awakened by the same sight in the mind of the Hebrew, whoever he was. The institutions of his country had accustomed him to think of work and duty with the rules of law and order as the highest and noblest forms of life, and therefore those ideals in which his belief in a Creator must centre itself. It must be work and it must be good, worthy of the highest workman. But there are method, law, and order in all the higher kinds of work. One of the most ancient of his national institutions, held to have been given to his people by the Divine King himself, was that work was regulated by the week,—the division of time into six days of work and one of rest.

Foster. Then do you go on to discuss such questions as whether these days in Genesis are actual days or geological periods; and if the latter, whether they have any claim to represent accurately those periods in our modern science?

Squire. I repeat that I certainly like

to read such disquisitions, but not either to contradict and confute, nor to believe and follow. I prefer the treatment of Seneca and Cicero, of Addison and Wordsworth, as well as that of the Hebrew psalmists and prophets themselves. There is, too, if I remember rightly, a fine passage in Luther's Commentary on Genesis to the like effect. The concrete forms of the imagination are not less natural than our logical or scientific abstractions, and are much more needful to our moral life. And when you show me that Hebrew imagination and modern science and logic do not run together exactly on all fours, and that there has been no miraculous interposition to give the first the same kind of accuracy as belongs to the others, I say, so much the better. Logical skepticism, like that of Hume and John Mill, recognizes the conceivableness of a miracle where there is a reasonable ground for expecting it; but here the account of Creation is all the more human because it in no way anticipates Newton's Principia or Lyell's Principles of Geology. Nor is any claim it may have to be held to be superhuman affected by the showing that it is not preter- or non-human.

Foster. Do not the readers of the arrowheaded inscriptions find that the Assyrians divided the lunar month into four weeks, with days of rest named the Sabbath, and an account of the Creation in six days?

Squire. We are told so, with other things of a like kind. If they were confirmed, they suggest the question whether the Hebrew traditions, which are so infinitely nobler in moral and intellectual as well as literary character, are developments of the ruder and coarser beliefs, or are themselves the older, and were afterwards degraded from their earlier simplicity. The Hebrew account of the migration of their traditional ancestor, Abraham, will fall in with either supposition. The germs of national life, civil and religious, which he brought with

him, and which eventually grew into so great a tree, may have been mere germs, or they may have already grown up somewhat, though in very inferior forms, in Babylon and Assyria. The question is interesting, yet it is perhaps incapable of any answer but what the individual habit of mind of the inquirer may give it.

Foster. I understand you, then, to hold that there is so little evidence as to the early or late date of the Hebrew books, and so much probable, at least plausible argument on either side, that the reasonable course is to keep the mind in suspense on the subject. I like to hear both sides; and yet when I have heard one, I always feel like the judge who, when he had heard the plaintiff, stopped the case, because he said he saw it very clearly as it was, and should only be puzzled if he heard more.

Squire. So do I; but there is no help for it. Anyhow, these prose epics of the Hebrews keep their ground, age after age, in all lands: and that because, for simplicity, pathos, grandeur, and, in a word, humanity, there is nothing equal to them. They, and not Latin and Greek, are the *literæ humaniores* of the world. Milton was a competent judge, for he knew all alike, and he expressed his preference for the Hebrew above all other literature. Of its lyric poetry, after speaking, in the preface to his second book on the Reason of Church Government, of "those magnificent odes wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy," he says, "But those frequent songs throughout the law and the prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made to appear, over all the kinds of lyric poetry, to be incomparable."

Foster. Does Milton anywhere speak of the book of Job?

Squire. I do not remember that he does. He calls the Song of Solomon a pastoral drama; and no one would have

gainsaid him if he had declared that the book of Job embodies in the purest poetry the true idea of the tragic drama,—the riddle of the Sphinx of Greek tragedy. And then you know as well as I do his comparison of the Hebrew poets and prophets with the Greek and Roman poets and orators. But let me hear you read what one can never be tired of.

Foster (reads).

"Or, if I would delight my private hours
With music or with poem, where so soon
As in our native language can I find
That solace? All our law and story strew'd
With hymns, our psalms with artful terms
inscrib'd,

Our Hebrew songs and harps, in Babylon
That pleased so well our victor's ear, declare
That rather Greece from us these arts derived;

Ill imitated, while they loudest sing
The vices of their deities, and their own
In fable, hymn, or song, so personating
Their gods ridiculous, and themselves past
shame.

Remove their swelling epithets, thick laid
As varnish on a harlot's cheek, the rest,
Thin sown with aught of profit or delight,
Will far be found unworthy to compare
With Sion's songs, to all true taste excelling,
Where God is praised aright, and godlike
men,

The Holiest of Holies, and his saints;
Such are from God inspir'd, not such from
thee,

Unless where moral virtue is express'd
By light of nature not in all quite lost.
Their orators thou then extoll'st, as those
The top of eloquence; statisticians indeed,
And lovers of their country, as may seem;
But herein to our prophets far beneath,
As men divinely taught, and better teaching
The solid rules of civil government
In their majestic, unaffected style,
Than all the oratory of Greece and Rome.
In them is plainest taught, and easiest learnt,
What makes a nation happy, and keeps it so,
What ruins kingdoms and lays cities flat;
These only with our law best form a king."

Do you think that their political philosophy was so instructive and important as he says?

Squire. I have written a volume to try to answer the question, Yes, as to one of the prophets, Isaiah. But still I continue to ask it of myself. My doubt

is less whether it is true than how and when it can and will be shown to be true. Our political morality is not very high; yet we live and move, if only half consciously, in a religious atmosphere unknown to the Greeks and Romans, but without which we could not breathe. And this atmosphere is the belief in the God made known to the Hebrews in the plain of Mamre and the Temple of Jerusalem.

Foster. I suppose the differences and contrasts between the Jewish and the Assyrian religions are greater than their resemblances?

Squire. Infinitely greater. There is much simplicity in the Jewish ritual, notwithstanding the daily Temple services, which stands in marked contrast to the swarms of gods, devils and spirits of all kinds, good and bad, with the rites and ceremonies appropriate to them all. It is indeed a puzzle how great military conquerors like Tiglath-Pileser, Sargon, and Sennacherib could have found time for them.

Foster. I suppose it was chiefly a mechanical work which their priests could do for them, — a sort of live praying-machine, not essentially different from the Tibet praying-machines, which they work, as travelers tell us, by hand or by water-power, for private or public worship, as the case may be. But Isaiah speaks of these conquerors as if they had no religion at all, but were mere atheists.

Squire. Not unnaturally, though a nineteenth-century philosopher like yourself may know better. But I am reminded of a curious parallel between the language in which Sennacherib describes his treatment of Merodach-Baladan, king of Babylon, and that of Isaiah as to the fashion of the conquest of one of Sennacherib's predecessors. The Assyrian king says, "All his broad country I swept like a mighty whirlwind. Over their cornfields I sowed thistles." "He himself — for the fury of my attack overwhelmed him — lost heart, and like

a bird fled away alone, and his place of refuge could not be found." And the Jewish prophet, I might almost say rejoins, though his words are a little earlier in date, "For he saith, By the strength of my hand I have done it, and by my wisdom; for I am prudent: and I have removed the bounds of the people; . . . and as one gathereth eggs that are left, have I gathered all the earth; and there was none that moved the wing, or opened the mouth, or peeped."

Foster. Should you say that the Assyrians had much civilization, in an ordinary use of the word?

Squire. Possibly as much as the Romans had before they conquered Greece. Like the Romans, they loved great public works; and the remains of their buildings amply confirm us in supposing that Sennacherib said truly, "Of all the kings of former days, . . . though the central palace was too small to be their royal residence, none had the knowledge nor the wish to improve it. . . . Then I, Sennacherib, . . . by command of the gods resolved in my heart to complete this work." From this and other passages it is evident that Sennacherib was what the Romans called a great *ædile*. Then the Assyrians kept historical Annals of the Empire, the truth of which is proved by their records of eclipses, which have been verified by modern astronomers.

Foster. But, granting without reserve that our Assyriologists have really recovered the language and read the inscriptions, are we bound to believe all they tell us of the poetry, religion, and literature of this ancient country as fluently as if they were giving us an account of modern China or Japan?

Squire. Hafiz says that the leader of the caravan cannot be without information about the road and the customs of the wayside halting-places; and these learned men must know much more than we, and be able, as we are not, to look at things with eyes trained to use in twi-

light. On the other hand, it is not unreasonable to suppose that they may a little overrate what has been in fact a very wonderful discovery, or series of discoveries. I confess that when reading in good modern English the Assyrian story of the Creation or the Deluge, I have felt a certain relief, a sense of having a bit of firm ground under my

feet, when I have come to the statement that from here the tablets are missing, or some lines of the writing are so mutilated as to defy decipherment.

Foster. Like Sydney Smith's admiration for Macaulay's occasional flashes of silence. But I am sure you will be glad of more than a flash of silence after all this long talk.

Edward Strachey.

THE FORE-ROOM RUG.

DIADEMA, wife of Jot Bascom, was sitting at the window of the village watch-tower, so called because it commanded a view of nearly everything that happened in Pleasant River; those details escaping the physical eye being supplied by faith and imagination working in the light of past experience. She sat in the chair of honor, the chair of choice, the high-backed rocker by the southern window, in which her husband's mother, old Mrs. Bascom, had sat for thirty years, applying a still more powerful intellectual telescope to the doings of her neighbors. Diadema's seat had formerly been on the less desirable side of the little light-stand, where Priscilla Hollis was now installed.

Mrs. Bascom was at work on a new fore-room rug, the former one having been transferred to Miss Hollis's chamber; for, as the teacher at the brick schoolhouse, a graduate of a Massachusetts normal school, and the daughter of a deceased judge, she was a boarder of considerable consequence. It was a rainy Saturday afternoon, and the two women were alone. It was a pleasant, peaceful sitting-room, as neat as wax in every part. The floor was covered by a cheerful patriotic rag carpet woven entirely of red, white, and blue rags, and protected in various exposed localities by button rugs, — red, white, and blue disks superimposed one on the other.

Diadema Bascom was a person of some sentiment. When her old father, Captain Dennett, was dying, he drew a wallet from under his pillow, and handed her a twenty-dollar bill to get something to remember him by. This unwonted occurrence burned itself into the daughter's imagination, and when she came as a bride to the Bascom house she refurnished the sitting-room, as a kind of monument to the departed soldier, whose sword and musket were now tied to the wall with neatly hemmed bows of Turkey red cotton.

The chair cushions were of red-and-white glazed patch, the turkey wings that served as hearth brushes were hung against the white-painted chimney-piece with blue skirt braid, and the white shades were finished with home-made "scarlit tassels." A little whatnot in one corner was laden with the trophies of battle. The warrior's brass buttons were strung on a red picture cord and hung over his daguerreotype on the upper shelf; there was a tarnished shoulder strap, and a flattened bullet that the captain's jealous contemporaries swore *he* never stopped, unless he got it in the rear when he was flying from the foe. There was also a little tin canister in which a charge of powder had been sacredly preserved. The scoffers, again, said that "the cap'n put it in his musket

when he went into the war, and kep' it there till he come out." These objects were tastefully decorated with the national colors. In fact, no modern æsthete could have arranged a symbolic symphony of grief and glory with any more fidelity to an ideal than Diadema Bascom had felt in working out her scheme of red, white, and blue.

Rows of ripening tomatoes lay along the ledges of the windows, and a tortoiseshell cat snoozed on one of the broad sills. The tall clock in the corner ticked peacefully. Priscilla Hollis never tired of looking at the jolly red-cheeked moon, the group of stars on a blue ground, the trig little ship, the old house, and the jolly moon again, creeping one after another across the open space at the top.

Jot Bascom was out, as usual, gathering statistics of the last horse trade; little Jot was building "stickin'" houses in the barn; Priscilla was sewing long strips for braiding; while Diadema sat at the drawing-in frame, hook in hand, and a large basket of cut rags by her side.

Not many weeks before she had paid one of her periodical visits to the attic. No housekeeper in Pleasant River save Mrs. Jonathan Bascom would have thought of dusting a garret, washing the window and sweeping down the cobwebs once a month, and renewing the camphor bags in the chests twice a year; but notwithstanding this zealous care the moths had made their way into one of her treasure-houses, the most precious of all, — the old hair trunk that had belonged to her sister Lovice. Once ensconced there, they had eaten through its hoarded relics, and reduced the faded finery to a state best described by Diadema as "reg'lar riddlin' sieves." She had brought the tattered pile down into the kitchen, and had spent a tearful afternoon in cutting the good pieces from the perforated garments. Three heaped-up baskets and a full dish-pan were the result; and as she had snipped and cut and sorted, one of her sentimental projects

had entered her mind and taken complete possession there.

"I declare," she said, as she drew her hooking-needle in and out, "I would n't set in the room with some folks and work on these pieces; for every time I draw in a scrap of cloth Lovice comes up to me for all the world as if she was settin' on the sofy there. I 'ain't told you my plan, Miss Hollis, and there ain't many I shall tell; but this rug is going to be a kind of a hist'ry of my life and Lovey's wrought in together, just as we was bound up in one another when she was alive. Her things and mine was laid in one trunk, and the moths sha'n't cheat me out of 'em altogether. If I can't look at 'em wet Sundays, and shake 'em out, and have a good cry over 'em, I'll make 'em up into a kind of dumb show that will mean something to me, if it don't to anybody else.

"We was the youngest of thirteen, Lovey and I, and we was twins. There's never been more 'n half o' me left sence she died. We was born together, played and went to school together, got engaged and married together, and we all but died together, yet we war n't a mite alike. There was an old lady come to our house once that used to say, 'There's sister Nabby, now: she 'n' I ain't no more alike 'n if we war n't two; she's jest as dif'rent as I am t'other way.' Well, I know what I want to put into my rag story, Miss Hollis, but I don't hardly know how to begin."

Priscilla dropped her needle, and bent over the frame with interest.

"A spray of two roses in the centre, — there's the beginning; why, don't you see, dear Mrs. Bascom?"

"Course I do," said Diadema, diving to the bottom of the dish-pan. "I've got my start now, and don't you say a word for a minute. The two roses grow out of one stalk; they'll be Lovey and me, though I'm consid'able more like a potato blossom. The stalk's got to be green, and here is the very green silk

mother walked bride in, and Lovey and I had roundabouts of it afterwards. She had the chicken-pox when we was about four years old, and one of the first things I can remember is climbing up and looking over mother's footboard at Lovey, all speckled. Mother had let her slip on her new green roundabout over her nightgown, just to pacify her, and there she set playing with the kitten Reuben Granger had brought her. He was only ten years old then, but he'd begun courting Lovice.

"The Grangers' farm joined ours. They had eleven children, and mother and father had thirteen, and we was always playing together. Mother used to tell a funny story about that. We were all little young ones and looked pretty much alike, so she did n't take much notice of us in the daytime when we was running out 'n' in; but at night, when the turn-up bedstead in the kitchen was taken down and the trundle beds were full, she used to count us over, to see if we were all there. One night, when she'd counted thirteen and set down to her sewing, father come in and asked if Moses was all right, for one of the neighbors had seen him playing side of the river about supper time. Mother knew she'd counted us straight, but she went round with a candle to make sure. Now, Mr. Granger had a head as red as a shumach bush; and when she carried the candle close to the beds to take another tally, there was thirteen children, sure enough, but if there war n't a red-headed Granger right in amongst our little boys in the turn-up bedstead! While father set out on a hunt for our Moses, mother yanked the sleepy little red-headed Granger out o' the middle and took him home, and father found Moses asleep on a pile of shavings under the joiner's bench.

"They don't have such families nowadays. One time when measles went all over the village, they never came to us, and Jabe Slocum said there war n't enough measles to go through the Den-

nett family, so they did n't start in on 'em. There, I ain't going to finish the stalk; I'm going to draw in a little here and there all over the rug, while I'm in the sperit of plannin' it, and then it will be plain work of matching colors and filling out.

"You see the stalk is mother's dress, and the outside green of the moss roses is the same goods, only it's our roundabouts. I meant to make 'em red, when I marked the pattern, and then fill out round 'em with a light color; but now I ain't satisfied with anything but white, for nothing will do in the middle of the rug but our white wedding dresses. I shall have to fill in dark, then, or mixed. Well, that won't be out of the way, if it's going to be a true rag story; for Lovey's life went out altogether, and mine has n't been any too gay.

"I'll begin Lovey's rose first. She was the prettiest and the liveliest girl in the village, and she had more beaux than you could shake a stick at. I generally had to take what she left over. Reuben Granger was crazy about her from the time she was knee-high; but when he went away to Bangor to study for the ministry, the others had it all their own way. She was only seventeen; she had n't ever experienced religion, and she was mischeevous as a kitten.

"You remember you laughed, this morning, when Mr. Bascom told about Hogshead Jowett? Well, he used to want to keep company with Lovey; but she could n't abide him, and whenever he come to court her she clim' into a hogshead, and hid till after he'd gone. The boys found it out, and used to call him 'Hogshead Jowett.' He was the biggest fool in Foxboro' Four Corners; and that's saying consid'able, for Foxboro' is famous for its fools, and always has been. There was thirteen of 'em there one year. They say a man come out from Portland, and when he got as fur as Foxboro' he kep' inquiring the way to Dunstan; and I declare if he did n't meet them thirteen

fools, one after another, standing in their front dooryards ready to answer questions. When he got to Dunstan, says he, 'For the Lord's sake, what kind of a village is it that I've just went through? Be they *all* fools there?'

"Hogshead was scairt to death whenever he come to see Lovice. One night, when he'd been there once, and she'd hid, as she always done, he come back a second time, and she went to the door, not mistrusting it was him. 'Did you forget anything?' says she, sparkling out at him through a little crack. He was all taken aback by seeing her, and he stammered out, 'Yes, I forgot my han'-k'chief; but it don't make no odds, for I did n't pay out but fifteen cents for it two year ago, and I don't make no use of it 'ceptins to wipe my nose on.' How we did laugh over that! Well, he had a conviction of sin pretty soon afterwards, and p'raps it helped his head some; at any rate, he quit farming, and become a Bullockite preacher.

"It seems odd, when Lovice war n't a perfessor herself, she should have drawed the most pious young men in the village, but she did: she had good Orthodox beaux, Free and Close Baptists, Millerites and Adventists, all on her string together; she even had one Cochranite, though the sect had mostly died out. But when Reuben Granger come home, a full-feathered-out minister, he seemed to strike her fancy as he never had before, though they were always good friends from children. He had light hair and blue eyes and fair skin (his business being under cover kep' him bleached out), and he and Lovy made the prettiest couple you ever see; for she was dark complected, and her cheeks no otherways than scarlit the whole durin' time. She had a change of heart that winter; in fact, she had two of 'em, for she changed hers for Reuben's, and found a hope at the same time. 'T was a good honest conversion, too, though she did say to me she was afraid that if Reuben had n't taught

her what love was or might be, she'd never have found out enough about it to love God as she'd ought to.

"There, I've begun both roses, and hers is 'bout finished. I sha'n't have more'n enough white alapaca. It's lucky the moths spared one breadth of the wedding dresses; we was married on the same day, you know, and dressed just alike. Jot war n't quite ready to be married, for he war n't any more forehanded 'bout that than he was 'bout other things; but I told him Lovey and I had kept up with each other from the start, and he'd got to fall into line or drop out o' the percession. Now what next?"

"Was n't there anybody at the wedding but you and Lovice?" asked Priscilla, with an amused smile.

"Land, yes! The meeting-house was cram jam full. Oh, to be sure! I know what you're driving at! Well, I have to laugh to think I should have forgot the husbands! They'll have to be worked into the story, certain; but it'll be consid'able of a chore, for I can't make flowers out of coat and pants stuff, and there ain't any more flowers on this branch, anyway."

Diadema sat for a few minutes in rapt thought, and then made a sudden inspired dash upstairs, where Miss Hollis presently heard her rummaging in an old chest. She soon came down, triumphant.

"War n't it a providence I saved Jot's and Reuben's wedding ties! And here they are, — one yellow and green mixed, and one brown. Do you know what I'm going to do? 'I'm going to draw in a butterfly hovering over them two roses, and make it out of the neckties, — green with brown spots. That'll bring in the husbands; and land! I would n't have either of 'em know it for the world. I'll take a pattern of that lunar moth you pinned on the curtain yesterday."

Miss Hollis smiled in spite of herself. "You have some very ingenious ideas and some very pretty thoughts, Mrs. Bascom, do you know it?"

"It's the first time I ever heard tell of it," said Diadema cheerfully. "Lovey was the pretty-spoken, pretty-appearing one; I was always plain and practical. While I think of it, I'll draw in a little mite of this red into my carnation pink. It was a red scarf Reuben brought Lovey from Portland. It was the first thing he ever give her, and aunt Hitty said if one of the Abel Grangers give away anything that cost money, it meant business. That was all fol-de-rol, for there never was a more liberal husband, though he was a poor minister; but then they always *are* poor, without they're rich; there don't seem to be any halfway in ministers.

"We was both lucky that way. There ain't a stingy bone in Jot Bascom's body. He don't make much money, but what he does make goes into the bureau drawer, and the one that needs it most takes it out. He never asks me what I done with the last five cents he give me. You've never been married, Miss Hollis, and you ain't engaged, so you don't know much about it; but I tell you there's a heap o' foolishness talked about husbands. If you get the one you like yourself, I don't know as it matters if all the other women folks in town don't happen to like him as well as you do; they ain't called on to do that. They see the face he turns to them, not the one he turns to you. Jot ain't a very good provider, nor he ain't a man that's much use round a farm, but he's such a fav'rite I can't blame him. There's one thing: when he does come home he's got something to say, and he's always as lively as a cricket, and smiling as a basket of chips. I like a man that's good comp'ny, even if he ain't so forehanded. There ain't anything specially lovable about forehandedness, when you come to that. I should n't ever feel drawed to a man because he was on time with his work. He's got such pleasant ways, Jot has! The other afternoon he did n't get home early enough to milk; and after I done the two cows, I split

the kindling and brought in the wood, for I knew he'd want to go to the tavern and tell the boys 'bout the robbery up to Boylston. There ain't anybody but Jot in this village that has wit enough to find out what's going on, and tell it in an int'resting way round the tavern fire. And he can do it without being full of cider, too; he don't need any apple juice to limber *his* tongue!

"Well, when he come in, he see the pails of milk, and the full wood-box, and the supper laid out under the screen cloth on the kitchen table, and he come up to me at the sink, and says he, 'Diademy, you're the best wife in this county, and the brightest jewel in my crown,—that's what *you* are!' (He got that sentence out of a duet he sings with Almiry Berry.) Now I'd like to know whether that ain't pleasanter than 't is to have a man do all the shed 'n' barn work up smart, and then set round the stove looking as doleful as a last year's bird's-nest? Take my advice, Miss Hollis: get a good provider if you can, but anyhow try to find you a husband that'll keep on courting a little now and then, when he ain't too busy; it smooths things consid'able round the house.

"There, I got so int'rested in what I was saying, I've went on and finished the carnation, and some of the stem, too. Now what comes next? Why, the thing that happened next, of course, and that was little Jot.

"I'll work in a bud on my rose and one on Lovey's, and my bud'll be made of Jot's first trousers. The goods ain't very appropriate for a rosebud, but it'll be mostly covered with green on the outside, and it'll have to do, for the idee is the most important thing in this rug. When I put him into pants, I had n't any cloth in the house, and it was such bad going Jot could n't get to Wareham to buy me anything; so I made 'em out of an old gray cashmere skirt, and lined 'em with flannel."

"Buds are generally the same color

as the roses, are n't they?" ventured Priscilla.

"I don't care if they be," said Diadema obstinately. "What's to hender this bud's bein' grafted on? Mrs. Granger was as black as an Injun, but the little Granger children were all red-headed, for they took after their father. But I don't know; you've kind o' got me out o' conceit with it. I s'pose I could have taken a piece of his baby blanket; but the moths never et a mite o' that, and it's too good to cut up. There's one thing I can do: I can make the bud with a long stem, and have it growing right up alongside of mine, — would you?"

"No, it must be stalk of your stalk, bone of your bone, flesh of your flesh, so to speak. I agree with you, the idea is the first thing. Besides, the gray is a very light shade, and I dare say it will look like a bluish white."

"I'll try it and see; but I wish to the land the moths *had* et the pinning-blanket, and then I could have used it. Lovey worked the scallops on the aidege for me. My grief! what int'rest she took in my baby clothes! Little Jot was born at Thanksgiving time, and she come over from Skowhegan, where Reuben was settled pastor of his first church. I shall never forget them two weeks to the last day of my life. There was deep snow on the ground. I had that chamber there, with the door opening into this setting-room. Mother and father Bascom kep' out in the dining-room and kitchen, where the work was going on, and Lovey and the baby and me had the front part of the house to ourselves, with Jot coming in on tiptoe, heaping up wood in the fireplaces so 't he 'most roasted us out. (He don't forget his chores in time o' sickness.)

"I never took so much comfort in all my days. Jot got one of the Billings girls to come over and help in the house-work, so 't I could lay easy's long as I wanted to; and I never had such a rest, before nor since. There ain't any

heaven in the book o' Revelations that's any better than them two weeks was. I used to lay quiet in my good feather bed, fingering the pattern of my best crochet quilt, and looking at the firelight shining on Lovey and the baby. She'd hardly leave him in the cradle a minute. When I did n't want him in bed with me, she'd have him in her lap. Babies are common enough to most folks, but Lovey was dif'rent. She'd never had any experience with children, either, for we was the youngest in our family; and it war n't long before we come near being the oldest, too, for mother buried seven of us before she went herself. Anyway, I never saw nobody else look as she done when she held my baby. I don't mean nothing blasphemious when I say 't was for all the world like your photograph of Mary, the mother of Jesus.

"The nights come in early, so it was 'most dark at four o'clock. The little chamber was so peaceful! I could hear Jot rattling the milk-pails, but I'd draw a deep breath o' comfort, for I knew the milk would be strained and set away without my stepping foot to the floor. Lovey used to set by the fire, with a tall candle on the light-stand behind her, and a little white knit cape over her shoulders. She had the pinkest cheeks, and the longest eyelashes, and a mouth like a little red buttonhole; and when she bent over the baby, and sung to him, — though his ears war n't open, I guess, for his eyes war n't, — the tears o' joy used to rain down my cheeks.

"'Oh, Diademy,' she'd say, 'you was always the best, and it's nothing more 'n right the baby should have come to you. P'r'aps God will think I'm good enough some time; and if he does, Diademy, I'll offer up a sacrifice every morning and every evening. But I'm afraid,' says she, 'he thinks I can't stand any more happiness, and be a faithful follower of the cross. The Bible says we've got to tread fiery ploughshares before we can enter the kingdom. I

don't hardly know how Reuben and I are going to get any to tread on; we're both so happy, they'd have to be consid'able hot before we took notice,' says she, with the dimples all breaking out in her cheeks.

"And that was true as gospel. She thought everything Reuben done was just right, and he thought everything she done was just right. There war n't nobody else; the world was all Reuben 'n' all Lovey to them. If you could have seen her when she was looking for him to come from Skowhegan! She used to watch at the attic window; and when she seen him at the foot of the hill, she'd up like a squirrel, and run down the road without stopping for anything but to throw a shawl over her head. And Reuben would ketch her up as if she was a child, and scold her for not putting a hat on, and take her under his coat coming up the hill. They was a sight for the neighbors, I must confess, but it war n't one you could hardly disapprove of, neither. Aunt Hitty said it was tempting Providence and could n't last, and God would visit his wrath on 'em for making idols of sinful human flesh.

"She was right one way, — it did n't last; but nobody can tell me God was punishing of 'em for being too happy. I guess he 'ain't got no objection to folks being happy here below, if they don't forget it ain't the whole story.

"Well, I must mark in a bud on Lovey's stalk now, and I'm going to make it of her baby's long white cloak. I earned the money for it myself, making coats, and put four yards of the finest cashmere into it; for three years after little Jot was born I went over to Skowhegan to help Lovey through her time o' trial. Time o' trial! I thought I was happy, but I did n't know how to be as happy as Lovey did; I war n't made on that pattern.

"When I first showed her the baby (it was a boy, same as mine), her eyes

shone like two evening stars. She held up her weak arms, and gathered the little bundle o' warm flannel into 'em; and when she got it close she shut her eyes and moved her lips, and I knew she was taking her lamb to the altar and off'ring it up as a sacrifice. Then Reuben come in. I seen him give one look at the two dark heads laying close together, and then go down on his knees by the side of the bed. 'T war n't no place for me; I went off, and left 'em together. We did n't mistrust it then, but they only had three days more of happiness, and I'm glad I give 'em every minute."

The room grew dusky as twilight stole gently over the hills of Pleasant River. Priscilla's lip trembled; Diadema's tears fell thick and fast on the white rosebud, and she had to keep wiping her eyes as she followed the pattern.

"I ain't said as much as this about it for five years," she went on, with a tell-tale quiver in her voice, "but now I've got going I can't stop. I'll have to get the weight out o' my heart somehow.

"Three days after I put Lovey's baby into her arms the Lord called her home. 'When I prayed so hard for this little new life, Reuben,' says she, holding the baby as if she could never let it go, 'I didn't think I'd got to give up my own in place of it; but it's the first fiery ploughshare we've had, dear, and though it burns to my feet I'll tread it as brave as I know how.'

"She did n't speak a word after that; she just faded away like a snowdrop, hour by hour. And Reuben and I stared one another in the face as if we was dead instead of her, and we went about that house o' mourning like sleep-walkers for days and days, not knowing whether we et or slept, or what we done.

"As for the baby, the poor little mite did n't live many hours after its mother, and we buried 'em together. Reuben and I knew what Lovey would have liked. She gave her life for the baby's, and it was a useless sacrifice, after all. No, it

war n't neither; it *could* n't have been! You need n't tell me God 'll let such sacrifices as that come out useless! But anyhow, we had one coffin for 'em both, and I opened Lovey's arms and laid the baby in 'em. As Reuben and I took our last look, we thought she seemed more 'n ever like Mary, the mother of Jesus. There never was another like her, and there never will be. 'Nonesuch,' Reuben used to call her."

There was silence in the room, broken only by the ticking of the old clock and the tinkle of a distant cowbell. Priscilla made an impetuous movement, flung herself down by the basket of rags, and buried her head in Diadema's gingham apron.

"Dear Mrs. Bascom, don't cry. I'm sorry, as the children say."

"No, I won't, more 'n a minute. Jot can't stand it to see me give way. You go and touch a match to the kitchen fire, so 't the kettle will be boiling, and I'll have a minute to myself. I don't know what the neighbors would think to ketch me crying over my drawing-in frame; but the spell's over now, or 'bout over, and when I can muster up courage I'll take the rest of the baby's cloak and put a border of white everlastings round the outside of the rug. It'll always mean the baby's birth and Lovey's death to me; but the flowers will remind me it's life everlasting for both of 'em, and so it's the most comforting end I can think of."

It was indeed a beautiful rug when it was finished and laid in front of the sofa in the fore-room. Diadema was very choice of it. When company was expected, she removed it from its accustomed place, and spread it in a corner of the room where no profane foot could possibly tread on it. Unexpected callers

were managed by a different method. If they seated themselves on the sofa, she would fear they did not "set easy" or "rest comfortable" there, and suggest their moving to the stuffed chair by the window. The neighbors thought this solicitude merely another sign of Diadema's "p'ison neatness," excusable in this case, as there was so much white in the new rug.

The fore-room blinds were ordinarily closed, and the chillness of death pervaded the sacred apartment; but on great occasions, when the sun was allowed to penetrate the thirty-two tiny panes of glass in each window, and a blaze was lighted in the fireplace, Miss Hollis would look in as she went upstairs, and muse a moment over the pathetic little romance of rags, the story of two lives worked into a bouquet of old-fashioned posies, whose gay tints were brought out by a setting of sombre threads. Existence had gone so quietly in this remote corner of the world that all its important events, babyhood, childhood, betrothal, marriage, motherhood, with all their mysteries of love and life and death, were chronicled in this narrow space not two yards square.

Diadema came in behind the little school-teacher one afternoon.

"I cal'late," she said, "that being kep' in a dark room, and never being tread on, it will last longer 'n I do. If it does, Priscilla, you know that white crape shawl of mine I wear to meeting hot Sundays: that would make a second row of everlastings round the border. You could piece out the linings good and smooth on the under side, draw in the white flowers, and fill 'em round with black to set 'em off. The rug would be han'somer than ever then, and the story — would be finished."

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

ON THE UPPER ST. JOHN'S.

THE city of Sanford is a beautiful and interesting place, I hope, to those who live in it. To the Florida tourist it is important as lying at the head of steamboat navigation on the St. John's River, which here expands into a lake — Lake Monroe — some five miles in width, with Sanford on one side, and Enterprise on the other; or, as a waggish traveler once expressed it, with Enterprise on the north, and Sanford and enterprise on the south.

Walking naturalists and lovers of things natural have their own point of view, individual, unconventional, whimsical, if you please, — very different, at all events, from that of clearer-witted and more serious-minded men; and the inhabitants of Sanford will doubtless take it as a compliment, and be amused rather than annoyed, when I confess that I found their city a discouragement, a widespread desolation of houses and shops. If there is a pleasant country road leading out of it in any direction, I was unlucky enough to miss it. My melancholy condition was hit off before my eyes in a parable, as it were, by a crowd of young fellows, black and white, whom I found one afternoon in a sand-lot just outside the city, engaged in what was intended for a game of baseball. They were doing their best, — certainly they made noise enough; but circumstances were against them. When the ball came to the ground, from no matter what height or with what impetus, it fell dead in the sand; if it had been made of solid rubber, it could not have rebounded. "Base-running" was little better than base-walking. "Sliding" was safe, but, by the same token, impossible. Worse yet, at every "foul strike" or "wild throw" the ball was lost, and the barefooted fielders had to pick their way painfully about in the outlying saw-

palmetto scrub till they found it. I had never seen our "national game" played under conditions so untoward. None but true patriots would have the heart to try it, I thought, and I meditated writing to Washington, where the quadrennial purification of the civil service was just then in progress, — under a new broom, — to secure, if possible, a few bits of recognition ("plums" is the technical term, I believe) for men so deserving. The first baseman, certainly, who had oftenest to wade into the scrub, should have received a consulate, at the very least. Yet they were a merry crew, those national gamesters. Their patriotism was of the noblest type, — the unconscious. They had no thought of being heroes, nor dreamed of bounties or pensions. They quarreled with the umpire, of course, but not with Fate; and I hope I profited by their example. My errand in Sanford was to see something of the river in its narrower and better part; and having done that, I did not regret what otherwise might have seemed a profitless week.

First, however, I walked about the city. Here, as already at St. Augustine, and afterward at Tallahassee, I found the mocking-birds in free song. They are birds of the town. And the same is true of the loggerhead shrikes, a pair of which had built a nest in a small water-oak at the edge of the sidewalk, on a street corner, just beyond the reach of passers-by. In the roadside trees — all freshly planted, like the city — were myrtle warblers, prairie warblers, and blue yellowbacks, the two latter in song. Once, after a shower, I watched a myrtle bird bathing on a branch among the wet leaves. The street gutters were running with sulphur water, but he had waited for rain. I commended his taste, being myself one of those to whom

water and brimstone is a combination as malodorous as it seems unscriptural. Noisy boat-tailed grackles, or "jack-daws," were plentiful about the lakeside, monstrously long in the tail, and almost as large as the fish-crows, which were often there with them. Over the broad lake swept purple martins and white-breasted swallows, and nearer the shore fed peacefully a few pied-billed grebes, or dabchicks, birds that I had seen only two or three times before, and at which I looked more than once before I made out what they were. They had every appearance of passing a winter of content. At the tops of three or four stakes, which stood above the water at wide intervals, — and at long distances from the shore, — sat commonly as many cormorants, here, as everywhere, with plenty of idle time upon their hands. On the other side of the city were orange groves, large, well kept, thrifty looking; the fruit still on the trees (March 20, or thereabouts), or lying in heaps underneath, ready for the boxes. One man's house, I remember, was surrounded by a fence overrun with Cherokee rose bushes, a full quarter of a mile of white blossoms.

My best botanical stroll was along one of the railroads (Sanford is a "railway centre," so called), through a dreary sand waste. Here I picked a goodly number of novelties, including what looked like a beautiful pink chicory, only the plant itself was much prettier (*Lygodesmia*); a very curious sensitive-leaved plant (*Schrankia*), densely beset throughout with curved prickles, and bearing globes of tiny pink-purple flowers; a calopogon, quite as pretty as our Northern *pulchellus*; a clematis (*Baldwinii*), which looked more like a blue-bell than a clematis till I commenced pulling it to pieces; and a great profusion of one of the smaller papaws, or custard-apples, a low shrub, just then full of large, odd-shaped, creamy-white, heavy-scented blossoms. I was carrying a

sprig of it in my hand when I met a negro. "What is this?" I asked. "I dunno, sir." "Is n't it papaw?" "No, sir, that ain't papaw;" and then, as if he had just remembered something, he added, "That's dog banana."

Often than anywhere else I resorted to the shore of the lake, — to the one small part of it, that is to say, which was at the same time easily reached and comparatively unfrequented. There — going one day farther than usual — I found myself in the borderland of a cypress swamp. On one side was the lake, but between me and it were cypress-trees; and on the other side was the swamp itself, a dense wood growing in stagnant black water covered here and there with duckweed or some similar growth: a frightful place it seemed, the very abode of snakes and everything evil. Stories of slaves hiding in cypress swamps came into my mind. It must have been cruel treatment that drove them to it! Buzzards flew about my head, and looked at me. "He has come here to die," I imagined them saying among themselves. "No one comes here for anything else. Wait a little, and we will pick his bones." They perched near by, and, not to lose time, employed the interval in drying their wings, for the night had been showery. Once in a while one of them shifted his perch with an ominous rustle. They were waiting for me, and were becoming impatient. "He is long about it," one said to another; and I did not wonder. The place seemed one from which none who entered it could ever go out; and there was no going farther in without plunging into that horrible mire. I stood still, and looked and listened. Some strange noise, "bird or devil," came from the depths of the wood. A flock of grackles settled in a tall cypress, and for a time made the place loud. How still it was after they were gone! I could hardly withdraw my gaze from the green water full of slimy black roots and

branches, any one of which might suddenly lift its head and open its deadly white mouth! Once a fish-hawk fell to screaming farther down the lake. I had seen him the day before, standing on the rim of his huge nest in the top of a tree, and uttering the same cries. All about me gigantic cypresses rose straight and branchless into the air. Dead trees, one might have said, — light-colored, apparently with no bark to cover them; but if I looked up, I saw that each bore at the top a scanty head of branches just now putting forth fresh green leaves. Long funereal streamers of dark Spanish moss hung thickly from every bough. All the trunks were swollen enormously at the base, and among the tall living trees was a wilderness of conical stumps, — cypress mummies.

I am not sure how long I could have stayed in such a spot, if I had not been able to look now and then through the branches of the under-woods out upon the sunny lake. Swallows innumerable were playing over the water, many of them soaring so high as to be all but invisible. Wise and happy birds, lovers of sunlight and air. *They* would never be found in a cypress swamp. Along the shore, in a weedy shallow, the peaceful dabchicks were feeding. Far off on a post toward the middle of the lake stood a cormorant. But I could not keep my eyes long at once in that direction. The dismal swamp had me under its spell, and meanwhile the patient buzzards looked at me. "It is almost time," they said; "the fever will do its work," — and I began to believe it. It was too bad to come away; the stupid town offered no attraction; but it seemed perilous to remain. Perhaps I *could* not come away. I would try it and see. It was amazing that I could; and no sooner was I out in the sunshine than I wished I had stayed where I was; for having once left the place, I was never likely to find it again. The way was plain enough, to be sure, and my

feet would no doubt serve me. But the feet cannot do the mind's part, and it is a sad fact, one of the saddest in life, that sensations cannot be repeated.

With the fascination of the swamp still upon me, I heard somewhere in the distance a musical voice, and soon came in sight of a garden where a middle-aged negro was hoeing, — hoeing and singing: a wild, minor, endless kind of tune; a hymn, as seemed likely from a word caught here and there; a true piece of natural melody, as artless as any bird's. I walked slowly to get more of it, and the happy-sad singer minded me not, but kept on with his hoe and his song. Potatoes or corn, whatever his crop may have been, — I did not notice, or, if I did, I have forgotten, — it should have prospered under his hand.

Farther along, in the highway, — a sandy track, with wastes of scrub on either side, — a boy of eight or nine, armed with a double-barreled gun, was lingering about a patch of dwarf oaks and palmettos. "Have n't got that rabbit yet, eh?" said I. (I had passed him there on my way out, and he had told me what he was after.) "No, sir," he answered. "I don't believe there's any rabbit there." "Yes, there is, sir; I saw one a little while ago, but he got away before I could get pretty near." "Good!" I thought. "Here is a grammarian. Not one boy in ten in this country but would have said 'I seen.'" A scholar like this was worth talking with. "Are there many rabbits here?" I asked. "Yes, sir, there's a good deal." And so, by easy mental stages, I was clear of the swamp and back in the town, — saved from the horrible, and delivered to the commonplace and the dreary.

My best days in Sanford were two that I spent on the river above the lake. A youthful boatman, expert alike with the oar and the gun, served me faithfully and well, impossible as it was for him to enter fully into the spirit of a man

who wanted to look at birds, but not to kill them. I think he had never before seen a customer of that breed. First he rowed me up the "creek," under promise to show me alligators, moccasins, and no lack of birds, including the especially desired purple gallinule. The snakes were somehow missing (a loss not irreparable), and so were the purple gallinules; for them, the boy thought, it was still rather early in the season, although he had killed one a few days before, and for proof had brought me a wing. But as we were skirting along the shore I suddenly called "Hist!" An alligator lay on the bank just before us. The boy turned his head, and instantly was all excitement. It was a big fellow, he said,—one of three big ones that inhabited the creek. He would get him this time. "Are you sure?" I asked. "Oh yes, I'll blow the top of his head off." He was loaded for gallinules, and I, being no sportsman, and never having seen an alligator before, was some shades less confident. But it was his game, and I left him to his way. He pulled the boat noiselessly against the bank in the shelter of tall reeds, put down the oars, with which he could almost have touched the alligator, and took up his gun. At that moment the creature got wind of us, and slipped incontinently into the water, not a little to my relief. One live alligator is worth a dozen dead ones, to my thinking. He showed his back above the surface of the stream for a moment shortly afterward, and then disappeared for good.

Ornithologically, the creek was a disappointment. We pushed into one bay after another, among the dense "bonnets,"—huge leaves of the common yellow pond lily,—but found nothing that I had not seen before. Here and there a Florida gallinule put up its head among the leaves, or took flight as we pressed too closely upon it; but I saw them to no advantage, and with a single exception they were dumb. One bird,

as it dashed into the rushes, uttered two or three cries that sounded familiar. The Florida gallinule is in general pretty silent, I think; but he has a noisy season; then he is indeed noisy enough. A swamp containing a single pair might be supposed to be populous with barnyard fowls, the fellow keeps up such a clatter: now loud and terror-stricken, "like a hen whose head is just going to be cut off," as a friend once expressed it; then soft and full of content, as if the aforesaid hen had laid an egg ten minutes before, and were still felicitating herself upon the achievement. It was vexatious that here, in the very home of Florida gallinules, I should see and hear less of them than I had more than once done in Massachusetts, where they are esteemed a pretty choice rarity, and where, in spite of what I suppose must be called exceptional good luck, my acquaintance with them had been limited to perhaps half a dozen birds. But in affairs of this kind a direct chase is seldom the best rewarded. At one point the boatman pulled up to a thicket of small willows, bidding me be prepared to see birds in enormous numbers; but we found only a small company of night herons—evidently breeding there—and a green heron. The latter my boy shot before I knew what he was doing. He took my reproof in good part, protesting that he had had only a glimpse of the bird, and had taken it for a possible gallinule. In the course of the trip we saw, besides the species already named, great blue and little blue herons, pied-billed grebes, coots, cormorants, a flock of small sandpipers (on the wing), buzzards, vultures, fish-hawks, and innumerable red-winged blackbirds.

Three days afterward we went up the river. At the upper end of the lake were many white-billed coots (*Fulica americana*); so many that we did our best to count them as they rose, flock after flock, dragging their feet over the water behind them with a multitudinous

splashing noise. There were a thousand, at least. They had an air of being not so very shy, but they were nobody's fools. "See there!" my boy would exclaim, as a hundred or two of them dashed past the boat; "see how they keep just out of range!"

We were hardly on the river itself before he fell into a state of something like frenzy at the sight of an otter swimming before us, showing its head, and then diving. He made after it in hot haste, and fired I know not how many times, but all for nothing. He had killed several before now, he said, but had never been obliged to chase one in this fashion. Perhaps there was a Jonah in the ship; for though I sympathized with the boy, I sympathized also, and still more warmly, with the otter. It acted as if life were dear to it, and for aught I knew it had as good a right to live as either the boy or I.

No such qualms disturbed me a few minutes later, when, as the boat was grazing the reeds, I espied just ahead a snake lying in wait among them. I gave the alarm, and the boy looked round. "Yes," he said, "a big one, a moccasin, — a cotton-mouth; but I'll fix him." He pulled a stroke or two nearer, then lifted his oar and brought it down splash; but the reeds broke the blow, and the moccasin slipped into the water, apparently unharmed. That was a case for powder and shot. Florida people have a poor opinion of a man who meets a venomous snake, no matter where, without doing his best to kill it. How strong the feeling is my boatman gave me proof within ten minutes after his failure with the cotton-mouth. He had pulled out into the middle of the river, when I noticed a beautiful snake, short and rather stout, lying coiled up on the water. Whether it was an optical illusion I cannot say, but it seemed to me that the creature lay entirely above the surface, — as if it had been an inflated skin rather than a live snake. We

passed close by it, but it made no offer to move, only darting out its tongue as the boat slipped past. I spoke to the boy, who at once ceased rowing. "I think I must go back and kill that fellow," he said. "Why so?" I asked, with surprise, for I had looked upon it simply as a curiosity. "Oh, I don't like to see it live. It's the poisonousest snake there is." As he spoke he turned the boat; but the snake saved him further trouble, for just then it uncoiled and swam directly toward us, as if it meant to come aboard. "Oh, you're coming this way, are you?" said the boy sarcastically. "Well, come on!" The snake came on, and when it got well within range he took up his fishing-rod (with hooks at the end for drawing game out of the reeds and bonnets), and the next moment the snake lay dead upon the water. He slipped the end of the pole under it and slung it ashore. "There! how do you like that?" said he, and he headed the boat up-stream again. It was a "copper-bellied moccasin," he declared, whatever that may be, and was worse than a rattlesnake.

On the river, as in the creek, we were continually exploring bays and inlets, each with its promising patch of bonnets. Nearly every such place contained at least one Florida gallinule; but where were the "purples" about which we kept talking, — the "royal purples," concerning whose beauty my boy was so eloquent? "They are not common yet," he would say. "By and by they will be as thick as Floridas are now." "But don't they stay here all winter?" "No, sir; not the purples." "Are you certain about that?" "Oh yes, sir. I have hunted this river too much. They could n't be here in the winter without my knowing it." I wondered whether he could be right, or partly right, notwithstanding the book statements to the contrary. I notice that Mr. Chapman, writing of his experiences with this bird at Gainesville, says, "None were seen

until May 25, when, in a part of the lake before unvisited, — a mass of floating islands and 'bonnets,' — I found them not uncommon." The boy's assertions may be worth recording, at any rate.

In one place he fired suddenly, and as he put down the gun he exclaimed, "There! I'll bet I've shot a bird you never saw before. It had a bill as long as that," with one finger laid crosswise upon another. He hauled the prize into the boat, and sure enough, it was a novelty, — a king rail, new to both of us. We had gone a little farther, and were passing a prairie, on which were pools of water where the boy said he had often seen large flocks of white ibises feeding (there were none there now, alas, though we crept up with all cautiousness to peep over the bank), when all at once I descried some sharp-winged, strange-looking bird over our heads. It showed sidewise at the moment, but an instant later it turned, and I saw its long forked tail, and almost in the same breath its white head. A fork-tailed kite! and purple gallinules were for the time forgotten. It was performing the most graceful evolutions, swooping halfway to the earth from a great height, and then sweeping upward again. Another minute, and I saw a second bird, farther away. I watched the nearer one till it faded from sight, soaring and swooping by turns, — its long, scissors-shaped tail all the while fully spread, — but never coming down, as its habit is said to be, to skim over the surface of the water. There is nothing more beautiful on wings, I believe: a large hawk, with a swallow's grace of form, color, and motion. I saw it once more (four birds) over the St. Mark's River, and counted the sight one of the chief rewards of my Southern winter.

At noon we rested and ate our luncheon in the shade of three or four tall palmetto-trees standing by themselves on a broad prairie, a place brightened by beds of blue iris and stretches of golden

senecio, — homelike as well as pretty, both of them. Then we set out again. The day was intensely hot (March 24), and my oarsman was more than half sick with a sudden cold. I begged him to take things easily, but he soon experienced an almost miraculous renewal of his forces. In one of the first of our after-dinner bonnet patches, he seized his gun, fired, and began to shout, "A purple! a purple!" He drew the bird in, as proud as a prince. "There, sir!" he said; "didn't I tell you it was handsome? It has every color there is." And indeed it was handsome, worthy to be called the "Sultana;" with the most exquisite iridescent bluish-purple plumage, the legs yellow, or greenish-yellow (a point by which it may be distinguished from the Florida gallinule, as the bird flies from you), the bill red tipped with pale green, and the shield (on the forehead, like a continuation of the upper mandible) light blue, of a peculiar shade, "just as if it had been painted." From that moment the boy was a new creature. Again and again he spoke of his altered feelings. He could pull the boat now anywhere I wanted to go. He was perfectly fresh, he declared, although I thought he had already done a pretty good day's work under that scorching sun. I had not imagined how deeply his heart was set upon showing me the bird I was after. It made me twice as glad to see it, dead though it was.

Within an hour, on our way homeward, we came upon another. It sprang out of the lily pads, and sped toward the tall grass of the shore. "Look! look! a purple!" the boy cried. "See his yellow legs!" Instinctively he raised his gun, but I said No. It would be inexcusable to shoot a second one; and besides, we were at that moment approaching a bird about which I felt a stronger curiosity, — a snake-bird, or water-turkey, sitting in a willow shrub at the further end of the bay. "Pull me as near it as it will let us come," I said. "I want to see as much of it as

possible." At every rod or two I stopped the boat and put up my glasses, till we were within perhaps sixty feet of the bird. Then it took wing, but instead of flying away went sweeping about us. On getting round to the willows again it made as if it would alight, uttering at the same time some faint ejaculations, like "ah! ah! ah!" but it kept on for a second sweep of the circle. Then it perched in its old place, but faced us a little less directly, so that I could see the beautiful silver tracery of its wings, like the finest of embroidery, as I thought. After we had eyed it for some minutes we suddenly perceived a second bird, ten feet or so from it, in full sight. Where it came from, or how it got there, I have no idea. Our first bird kept his bill parted, as if in distress; a peculiar action, which probably had some connection with the other bird's presence, although the two paid no attention to each other so far as we could make out. When we had watched them as long as we pleased, I told the boy to pull the boat forward till they rose. We got within thirty feet, I think. At that point they took flight, and, side by side, went soaring into the air, now flapping their wings, now scaling in unison. It was beautiful to see. As they sat in the willows and gazed about, their long necks were sometimes twisted like corkscrews, — or so they looked, at all events.

The water-turkey is one of the very oddest of birds. I am not likely to forget the impression made upon me by the first one I saw. It was standing on a prostrate log, but rose as I drew near, and, to my surprise, mounted to a prodigious elevation, where for a long time it remained, sailing round and round with all the grace of a hen-hawk or an eagle. Its neck and head were tenuous almost beyond belief, — like a knitting-needle, I kept repeating to myself. Its tail, too, shaped like a narrow wedge, was unconscionably long; and as the bird showed against the sky, I could think of

nothing but an animated sign of addition. A better man — the Emperor Constantine, shall we say? — might have seen in it a nobler symbol.

While we were loitering down the river, later in the afternoon, an eagle made its appearance far overhead, the first one of the day. The boy, for some reason, refused to believe that it was an eagle. Nothing but a sight of its white head and tail through the glass could convince him. (The perfectly square set of the wings as the bird sails is a pretty strong mark, at no matter what distance.) Presently an osprey, not far from us, with a fish in his claws, set up a violent screaming. "It is because he has caught a fish," said the boy; "he is calling his mate." "No," said I, "it is because the eagle is after him. Wait a bit." In fact, the eagle was already in pursuit, and the hawk, as he always does, had begun struggling upward with all his might. That is the fish-hawk's way of appealing to Heaven against his oppressor. He was safe for that time. Three negroes, shad-fishers, were just beyond us (we had seen them there in the morning, wading about the river setting their nets), and at the sight of them and of us, I have no doubt, the eagle turned away. The boy was not peculiar in his notion about the osprey's scream. Some one else had told me that the bird always screamed after catching a fish. But I knew better, having seen him catch a hundred, more or less, without uttering a sound. The safe rule, in such cases, is to listen to all you hear, and believe it — after you have verified it for yourself.

It was while we were discussing this question, I think, that the boy opened his heart to me about my methods of study. He had looked through the glass now and then, and of course had been astonished at its power. "Why," he said finally, "I never had any idea it could be so much fun just to look at birds in the way you do!" I liked the

turn of his phrase. It seemed to say, "Yes, I begin to see through it. We are in the same boat. This that you call study is only another kind of sport." I could have shaken hands with him but that he had the oars. Who does not love to be flattered by an ingenuous boy?

All in all, the day had been one to be remembered. In addition to the birds already named — three of them new to me — we had seen great blue herons, little blue herons, Louisiana herons, night herons, cormorants, pied-billed grebes, kingfishers, red-winged blackbirds, boat-tailed grackles, redpoll and myrtle warblers, savanna sparrows, tree swallows, purple martins, a few meadow larks, and the ubiquitous turkey buzzard. The boat-tails abounded along the river banks, and, with their tameness and their ridiculous outcries, kept us amused whenever there was nothing else to absorb our attention. The prairie lands through which the river meanders proved to be surprisingly dry and passable (the water being unusually low, the boy said), with many cattle pastured upon them. Here we found the savanna sparrows; here, too, the meadow larks were singing.

It was a hard pull across the rough lake against the wind (a dangerous sheet of water for flat-bottomed rowboats, I was told afterward), but the boy was equal to it, protesting that he did n't feel tired a bit, now we had got the "purples;" and if he did not catch the fever from drinking some quarts of river water (a big bottle of coffee having proved to be only a drop in the bucket), against my urgent remonstrances and his own judgment, I am sure he looks back upon the labor as on the whole well spent. He was going North in the spring, he told me. May joy be with him wherever he is!

The next morning I took the steamer down the river to Blue Spring, a distance of some thirty miles, on my way back to New Smyrna, to a place where there were accessible woods, a beach,

and, not least, a daily sea breeze. The river in that part of its course is comfortably narrow, — a great advantage, — winding through cypress swamps, hammock woods, stretches of prairie, and in one place a pine barren; an interesting and in many ways beautiful country, but so unwholesome looking as to lose much of its attractiveness. Three or four large alligators lay sunning themselves in the most obliging manner upon the banks, here one and there one, to the vociferous delight of the passengers, who ran from one side of the deck to the other, as the captain shouted and pointed. One, he told us, was thirteen feet long, the largest in the river. Each appeared to have its own well-worn sunning-spot, and all, I believe, kept their places, as if the passing of the big steamer — almost too big for the river at some of the sharper turns — had come to seem a commonplace event. Herons in the usual variety were seen, with ospreys, an eagle, kingfishers, ground doves, Carolina doves, blackbirds (red-wings and boat-tails), tree swallows, purple martins, and a single wild turkey, the first one I had ever seen. It was near the bank of the river, on a bushy prairie, fully exposed, and crouched as the steamer passed. Blue yellow-backed warblers were singing here and there, and I retain a particular remembrance of one bluebird that warbled to us from the pine woods. The captain told me, somewhat to my surprise, that he had seen two flocks of paroquets during the winter (they had been very abundant along the river within his time, he said), but for me there was no such fortune. One bird, soaring in company with a buzzard at a most extraordinary height just over the river, greatly excited my curiosity. The captain declared that it must be a great blue heron; but he had never seen one thus engaged, nor, so far as I can learn, has any one else ever done so. Its upper parts seemed to be mostly white, and I can only sur-

mise that it may have been a sandhill crane, a bird which is said to have such a habit.

As I left the boat I had a little experience of the seamy side of Southern travel; nothing to be angry about, perhaps, but annoying, nevertheless, on a hot day. I surrendered my check to the purser of the boat, and the deck hands put my trunk upon the landing at Blue Spring. But there was no one there to receive it, and the station was locked. We had missed the noon train, with which we were advertised to connect, by so many hours that I had ceased to think about it. Finally, a negro, one of several who were fishing thereabouts, advised me to go "up to the house," which he pointed out behind some woods, and see the agent. This I did, and the agent, in turn, advised me to walk up the track to the "Junction," and be sure to tell the conductor, when the evening train arrived, as it probably would do some hours later, that I had a trunk at the landing. Otherwise the train would not run down to the river, and my baggage would lie there till Monday. He would go down presently and put it under cover. Happily, he fulfilled his promise, for it was already beginning to thunder, and soon it rained in torrents, with a cold wind that made the hot weather all at once a thing of the past.

It was a long wait in the dreary little station; or rather it would have been, had not the tedium of it been relieved by the presence of a newly married couple, whose honeymoon was just then at the full. Their delight in each other was exuberant, effervescent, beatific, — what shall I say? — quite beyond veiling or restraint. At first I bestowed upon them sidewise and cornerwise glances only, hiding bashfully behind my spectacles, as it were, and pretending to see nothing; but I soon perceived that I was to them of no more consequence than a fly on the wall. If they saw me, which sometimes seemed doubtful, — for love is blind, — they evidently thought me too sensible, or too old, to mind a little billing and cooing. And they were right in their opinion. What was I in Florida for, if not for the study of natural history? And truly, I have seldom seen birds less sophisticated, less troubled with that uncomfortable knowledge of good and evil which is commonly understood to have resulted from the eating of forbidden fruit, and which among prudish people goes by the name of modesty. It was refreshing. Charles Lamb himself would have enjoyed it, and, I should hope, would have added some qualifying footnotes to a certain unamiable essay of his concerning the behavior of married people.

Bradford Torrey.

IS THE MUSICAL IDEA MASCULINE?

SOME years ago, an American girl married a composer who at that time was known on both sides of the Atlantic, who is known to-day all over the world. A certain great mercantile man, an acquaintance of the bride, heard of her marriage with scorn bordering on disgust. "*A composer!*" said he, and shook his big business head over the hopelessness of her

lot. Had she chosen a milliner or a dress-maker, her fate could not have been worse, nor so bad; the successful ladies' tailor must have high practical qualities as well as an artist's eye. And yet this mercantile man was not all a Philistine; he could sometimes listen to music, provided it was not too modern, and he read Homer for relaxation.

In the practical business world generally music has not been reckoned one of the manly arts. The composer is only a part of a man; a very charming part, perhaps, but at the best only a poor sort of poet, a maker of empty sounds; nothing more. Music is all very well, one of the necessary luxuries of mankind, — chiefly of womankind; it must needs be that music exist, but woe unto them by whom it exists! (And truly, for the most part it has been woe to them. If the blood of martyrs was the seed of the Church, the woes of composers may be said to have been the seed of all that is great in the House of Sweet Sounds.) Yet music is acknowledged, even by our scornful merchant, to be one of the fine arts. This being so, the artists — those worthy the name — deserve consideration, if not social recognition. And who are the artists? *Men*, not women. Never women, though there is, indeed, a list of nearly fifty women who have written music of sufficient importance to deserve record. But who knows their work? A few song-writers, like Virginia Gabriel, have won a well-merited fame, yet not one of these has given us a melody, the lowest form of music, which has caught and clung, and which promises to live forever. For the rest, — composers of sonatas, concertos, operas, and overtures, — their names, if mentioned, would be unrecognized by the larger part of the musical world. Even Fanny Mendelssohn, perhaps the best known of all, who in her short day gained a certain success with songs and piano music, is not only accorded no separate mention in the musical encyclopædias, but is not spoken of therein as a composer. It is said that some of the Songs Without Words, now attributed to her brother Felix, were written by her; yet supposing that the very choicest numbers in that charming collection were proved to be hers, she could hardly on that account claim the title of great composer.

No, women have not produced great

music, not even remarkably good music. What is the reason? When it is asked, in regard to other matters, why women have accomplished so little, the question is promptly answered by saying that they have not been given the opportunity, or that opportunity has not as yet been theirs long enough to show their full capabilities. But this reply will not serve for the present case. If there is one thing, outside of household affairs, the pursuit of which has been permitted to woman in all ages, that thing is music. Whatever else was denied her, this was granted. The lute was put into her hands many centuries before the pen, and musical notation must have been familiar to her while book knowledge yet remained an unknown province.

Moreover, since music — and let it be understood that by music is here meant the musical thought or idea, not the expression of it by harmonic symbols, nor the interpretation of it by voice or instrument — since music has for its sphere the emotions, which sphere is claimed to be also especially woman's, the wonder redoubles that an art so feminine in its essence should have found in her no supereminent exponent. If ever a woman had been born with a true creative musical genius, it seems reasonable to suppose that she would have evinced it; and to those who consider the subject for the first time, the fact that she has not done so seems inexplicable. For this gift develops spontaneously, nor is a liberal education required for its highest fruition. Few of the great composers, not one of the very greatest, had any education to speak of, being born and reared in poverty and obscurity.

The musical idea is more persistent than the poetical, even: the latter is easily stunted, crushed, or blighted; the former will struggle forth and live and grow and flourish without encouragement, as the pine-tree grows strong and tall amid rock crevices, often with less earth about its roots than goes to nourish the com-

monest garden plant. Its name is precocity; it waits not for the full growth of other powers, but is born full fledged and coeval with the soul. It is, as Schopenhauer said, "itself the idea of the world; not an image of the ideas, as the other arts are, but an image of the will itself." Hence it needs no help from phenomena; outward knowledges are not its models; "Godlike, it sees the heart only."

What did the baby Mozart know when, at five years, he brought to his amazed father a concerto "too difficult to be played"? God whispered him something in the ear, and he wrote it down. Why did not God whisper something in his sister's ear? She, too, could have written it down as well as her brother Wolfgang. Would the father have refused to look at her work because it was a girl's? Doubtless not, for she was very accomplished in the performance of music, and made grand concert tours with her little brother.

When excuse is demanded for woman's artistic or scientific deficiencies, it is customary to urge marriage, motherhood, and the cares of domestic life as tending to quench her creative fires. And they certainly have this tendency, though they did not interfere with the production of Uncle Tom's Cabin, nor prevent Mary Somerville from becoming adept in the most abstruse mathematical science. Besides, of late years, among civilized nations, the marriageable age has been considerably set forward; and, moreover, marriage itself has not been regarded as an absolute necessity for women. Why, among the thousands of unmarried girls of leisure and education, has no musical genius even approaching the first rank arisen? I answer, that because woman, as the lesser man, is comparatively deficient in active emotional force, she cannot for this reason produce that which, at its best, is the highest and strongest of all modes of emotional expression; part, at least, of which sentiment has, I am

aware, a rather old-timey flavor in these days of the *Emancipirte Frauenzimmer*, of girl athletes, of senior wrangleresses and the triumphant petticoats of Harvard Annex. Woman has of late fallen into the way of posing as the greater man, and people are found everywhere who believe her capable of anything she may be allowed to try her head or hands at; insomuch that rumors are already on the wing to the effect that "envious men" are bethinking themselves, as in "antique times," how to

"Coin straight laws to curb her liberty."

One runs the risk of trial as a heretic who dares, in this year of grace, so much as to hint at an inequality in the sexes.

But "lesser" does not of necessity mean "lower." It may have reference to quality rather than to quantity; nor in this sense need it be taken to mean "poorer," as linen lawn, though so slight a thing in comparison with canvas, cannot be said to be poorer than it. There are very high purposes which require the lesser instruments for their execution. Can the circular saw do the work of the plane or the chisel? Is the lancet less noble than the sword or the battle-axe? And — though this is outside of the argument — is there any eternal reason why woman should enter every one of the lists set up for man, and why she should be expected to come out of them all peer, if not conqueror?

But there are, perhaps, many who are willing to admit more than is here asked for as to the secondary position of woman in the scheme of the universe, who will at once scout the assertion regarding her emotional inferiority. If she is not emotional, it will be asked, who then is? The answer has already been hinted at: man is. Man, not woman, is the emotional being *par excellence*. And heaping heterodoxy on heterodoxy, I will still further assert that, so far as musical composition goes, woman is better equipped intellectually than emotionally.

She can master the exact science of harmony, thorough bass, counterpoint and all; but, as somebody said of a wonderful German girl who spoke fluently in seven languages, "she can't say anything worth listening to in any one of them." And this is because of a certain lack in her emotional nature.

The ready-made opinion of the world is flat against this view; almost every one will, at first blush, dispute it. But I believe the opposite view to be a fallacy, founded upon a popular and erroneous idea of the term "emotion." Much of what passes in women for true emotion is mere nervous excitability. Because they are easily moved, because they habitually judge and act by their feelings, it is therefore assumed that as emotional beings they are the superiors of men, who rarely show feeling, but are the embodiments of reason, living by conscious deduction, induction, and similar cold, calculating faculties.

But though men do live mostly by reason, not feeling, it is hardly fair to deny them the latter. The tradition of manhood must not be overlooked. The boy baby cries no less than the girl baby; the little boy is quite as sensitive as the little girl, and as demonstrative in his sensitiveness as she, until he hears the word or breathes in the idea "manly." Then he begins to smother his feelings, which a stronger frame, if not a stronger will, enables him to do; and the requirements of his whole life, from the time that he sloughs off his petticoats, put emotionalism out of the question for him.

But it cannot be that he loses his feelings by smothering them, though it is frequently stated (by woman) that he does; already more intense than hers, they gather intensity by concealment. And compensation holds beautifully here: woman's finer, frailer organization, subjected to constant demands from her nervous system and from her affections, would be torn to pieces were her emotions excessively powerful; while man needs the

stronger emotional nature — though he may not make lavish display of it — to balance his other stronger faculties; without it, he would be an unlovable monster, which he distinctly is not.

This conservation of force fits even the average man for exhausting and sustained labor such as would kill any but the very strongest woman. The average woman, on the other hand, possessed in the start of less emotional force, spends what she has to little or no purpose. That man is possessed of a more intense degree of force in this direction than woman I believe to be logically true. The actual strength of emotion must be proportionate to physical and intellectual vigor. This can be proved from women themselves, leaving men altogether out of the question. Weak-minded or stupid women are rarely emotional, in the high sense of the word; they are often seemingly without the least capacity for true feeling, which includes not only the passive idea of mere soul sensations, but also the idea of a forceful, moving power. On the other hand, women in whom this moving power is of the strongest are conscious that it may be materially weakened by illness, and often, for a time, almost suspended by great fatigue. In every case that I can now recall, it is the well woman, or the mentally vigorous woman, or, notably, the woman who is both well and mentally vigorous, whose movements of the mind and of the soul are at all energetic or profound. And if, as I maintain it to be, her whole make-up, even at its best, is slighter than man's, it follows that she must fall below him in the strength of these soul movements which we name emotions. Hence, it seems to me, however fine her mental equipment, aided by education, may be, she must come out behind in the long run, when matched against man in the highest spheres of attainment; at least, in those spheres in which the greatest amount of emotional force is required, such as music. For music is emotion; its concep-

tion, its working out, demand concentration not of the intellect alone, but of the very forces of the soul. Woman cannot endure this double strain. Her soul movements are true, pure, lofty, but not powerful. Her emotional fires burn clearly, steadily, but their heat is insufficient; her intellect may be finely composed and well balanced, yet fail of certain high accomplishments because of a defect in the driving-force. For emotion, not intellect, is the fire of life, it is the true creative force; emotion keeps the intellect going; it turns the machinery that turns the world.

When we look for what woman has accomplished in other spheres of art besides music, what do we find? Plenty of thought, evidences of deep and broad observation, no lack of technical skill, abundance of feeling, using the word to express the sympathetic qualities. But evidences of great emotional power we rarely find; not in her poetry, not in her pictures. It is there, — I am not trying to prove her wholly destitute in this regard, any more than I am trying to prove that every man is superior in every way to any woman, — it is there; she is a human being; she is *homo*, but — *homunculus*.

Turning to prose fiction, success in which presupposes a more comprehensive array of faculties than any other art, let us take "the two Georges;" it is only fair to take the greatest. The works of these women are not ranked with women's works, but with men's. In construction, in description, in appreciation of types, in analysis of character, in broad, rich humor, in pathos, in deep philosophical observation, these two are behind no one. But I challenge anybody to show me in either writer a passage which has the almost elemental emotional force of certain scenes in *Esmond*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Richard Feverel*, *Anna Karénina*.

So much do these two great women — the Georges — possess, so near do they

come to the greatest men, that it seems quite natural to say there is no difference. Yet they do stop short; there is a lack, not in knowledge of life nor of books; it is something inherent, essential, something that makes itself felt even in the comparatively weak or stupid man: it is virility, the dynamo of the emotions, which gives to brains, as it gives to muscles, a quality such as no femininity can infuse. George Eliot, undoubtedly the peer of men in everything but this, must step down when the question is of emotion. I could name a dozen writers, men of the second, yes, and third rank, who outrival her on this score.

Middlemarch, one of the few greatest novels, lacks a really great scene. The most powerful portion of the *Bulstrode* episode is not where the pious criminal is confronted by his accusers, as it might so readily have been; it is rather to be found in those long analytical pages where we are wonderfully led through the labyrinth of *Bulstrode's* mind. In her diary, George Eliot tells how she "brought *Dorothea* and *Rosamond* together under great excitement;" and in reading of the meeting we feel an intense interest, but somehow we do not experience the author's degree of excitement. A certain amount of dynamic force must have been hers to produce the scene, which is a strong and beautiful one; but there was enough only for herself, not enough to "carry away" her readers.

It is the same with all her other books. They are powerful, but their chief power is not emotional. Her wit and wisdom and humanity are unquestioned; she stimulates us delightfully; she enchains, absorbs us; nor is her hold ephemeral; but she is incapable of that soul-carrying rush, that culminating crescendo of emotional force, which makes largely the overwhelming effect of *Browning's* poetry, of *Macaulay's* and *Ruskin's* prose, of *Wagner's* operas.

Leaving art for a moment, let us consider life. How is it with love, the great-

est of all emotional manifestations? Here, surely, woman is preëminent. Can she not love more and love longer than man? Is she not the very symbol of constancy? Yes, she is, and rightly. In constancy to the actual being whom she loves no man can excel her. Yet I claim that her constancy does not arise from emotional superiority, but rather from a lesser faculty of ideality, a high degree of which faculty is necessary in the production of great artistic works, and especially of great music.

The maiden has her ideal as well as the youth, but she does not hold to it so firmly; she is ready to cast it aside for the first real man who, for one reason or another, strongly strikes her fancy. Nothing is more common than to hear from the lips of a young *fiancée*, "I never dreamed of caring for this sort of man; my ideal was something quite different." Nevertheless, she gladly takes him as she finds him; sees him as he is, in all his divergences from that loved ideal; and loves him in spite of those divergences, — nay, loves him the more tenderly on their very account, since a woman's truest love is always strangely mingled with pity.

The youth, on the contrary, will never admit that his sweetheart is not the woman of his dream, whom he had "never hoped to find." He has found her, and his love is, assuredly, no less ardent than hers. It is, indeed, often a far more spiritualized — that is, idealized — thing than hers; he loves the veiled being for what he desires and believes her to be. He demands that his wife shall be an angel; she is content that her husband shall be a man. But just because he demands so much he is the more liable to disappointment; while she, having from the first steadfastly forced herself to see and acknowledge the actual being, her lover, has less to lose. Her ideal, feebly held, she relinquished long ago; the real man, at least, remains to her unchanged. And so it comes that the man is fre-

quently charged with inconstancy as with a crime, when it is but the inevitable result of his strong tendency to idealization; which tendency, it goes without saying, results from his superior faculty of imagination.

And now some will be smelling out another heresy, — a heresy both heinous and absurd. What, then! is wretched woman, already deprived of her traditional emotional precedence, to be robbed also of her darling imaginative faculties? No, not entirely, for, as before said, she is *homo*. Yet do I feel compelled to insist upon the inferiority in her of these same faculties. Here, again, certain weaknesses of her nervous organization get the credit of high mental manifestations; while the sternly practical and material aspect of a man's life often makes us forget that for success in large enterprises, even of the most prosaic nature, imagination is required no less than judgment, caution, and their kindred traits. Far more is it needed in the great businesses of the world than in a household. Imagination is "the great spring of human activity, the principal source of human improvement." It has its grades, or differing qualities; the star of commerce differeth from the star of poesy. It varies in women as in men; but, quality apart, it appears at its highest in the most powerful organizations, and does any one question that such are generally found in men? If women fail when they come to pit themselves against men in the great businesses, I believe it will be more on account of a lack in this spiritual quality of imagination than in the more practical requirements. And if this be so, it is a sufficient reason why there has not been nor ever can be a female Homer or Dante; it is a more than sufficient reason why there has not been nor ever can be a female Beethoven or Wagner.

But there is yet another and, I think, a more conclusive reason why the themes and harmonies of Tristan and of the

Ninth Symphony will probably never be matched in the compositions of any woman. The possession of the musical idea (which term, it will by this time be well understood, here means not the mere ability to make a tune, nor even to write good harmony, but the capacity for conceiving and expressing the greatest of musical thoughts, — such thoughts as we name immortal) presupposes more than the most tremendous active emotional force and high qualities of the imagination, which force and which qualities some women are found to have to a considerable degree. In order to awaken those “unheard melodies” that play through the soul in wondrous answer to the heard melodies of the masters, something else is essential. The imagination must be able to soar to the region of abstract emotion, for there has music its highest dwelling-place; and not alone to soar thither, like a strayed bird that can but flutter and perish in the lofty, thin atmosphere, but to rise confidently, and to rest there unterrified, as in an assured abode, where lungs and wings have fuller, freer play, and where songs are more spontaneous and sweet.

Now, woman is not at home in the abstract. The region has undoubted attractions for her, — from a distance, — and sometimes she is led to visit it; but its vast, vague loneliness and chilly uncertainty drive her back. She is like a cat in a strange garret, or a child in the dark; or rather, to change the figure, she is like an unaccustomed swimmer, who, stepping farther and farther out through the breakers, is suddenly horror-struck at finding nothing but water beneath him, and stretches out his feet wildly for the comfortable ocean bed. So woman ventures timidly, oftentimes boldly, into the shoreless deeps of the abstract. For a while she may disport herself prettily there, — in the shallows, so to speak; but she is never quite happy nor at ease unless the terra firma of the concrete be at least within reach. This makes her the

unquestioning devotee in religion that she has always been; it causes her to hold on to the material portions of the creeds; more than man does she cling to the actual resurrection of the body; it is difficult for her to divest heaven of its gates, streets, and harps. In discussions upon abstruse matters, she asks always for definite and familiar illustrations; in argument, — if she can argue at all, — she tends to bring everything home to her own personal experience, or to the experience of those whom she knows.

This aptitude of hers for dealing with the concrete makes her a good house-keeper and manager of a family; it helps her admirably for working in organizations for benevolence or for mutual improvement; by it she may, even without great ideality, paint famous if not great pictures, as Rosa Bonheur has done; especially does it fit her for producing works of fiction, which first of all must deal with the concrete life of every-day beings. Nor does it keep her from being a poet, in which department of art she has done some charming and noble work, her best being of the lyric order, short poems of her own feelings, sometimes narrative or descriptive poems, — the dramatic and epic in their highest forms being seemingly beyond her. And so, while her strong tendency towards the concrete has made it easy for her successfully to set to music simple words, such as express definite incidents or individual experiences, her instinctive shrinking from the abstract has kept her from interpreting, as in the composition of great operas, life and passion in their broad, universal aspects; and from producing great symphonies, in which, in the transcendental realm of harmony, life and passion have their very essence. Such an art does not suit woman's spiritual conformation. It is too vague and formless for her; she cannot picture the hole after the pile of sand has been taken away. Moreover, — I say it at the risk of abuse, — I do verily believe that she

is at all times more interested in the pile of sand than she is in the hole. At its best a hole is but an empty place, the mere contemplation of which makes one feel friendless and homeless; while without the sand it is nothing less than the spectre of infinity!

The fact of this repulsion from the abstract felt by woman (evidences of which repulsion are met with in those most gifted in imagination and emotional force) makes it appear highly probable that, unless her nature be changed, — which

Heaven forbid! — she will not in any future age excel in the art of musical composition, an art which, to quote Schopenhauer once more, “never expresses phenomena, but solely the inner being, the essence of phenomena, the will;” which, therefore, “expresses not this or that single or particular joy, this or that sorrow, this or that pain or horror or exultation or hilarity or repose of mind itself, but, as it were *in abstracto*, the essentials of these, without their concomitants, and hence without their motives.”

Edith Brower.

AT THE CONCERT: A WAGNER NUMBER.

A CRASH of the drum and cymbals,
A long, keen, wailing cry;
A throb as of wings of mighty things,
That with whirring din sweep by.

They come, with their thunder-chorus,
Vast shapes, of a stronger race;
An alien throng from some star of song
In the undiscovered space.

I thrill to their eager calling,
I shrink from their fierce control;
They have pressed and pried the great doors wide
That were closed to guard my soul.

Marion Couthouy Smith.

TWO STRINGS TO HIS BOW.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

MEANWHILE, Robert Kenworthy — as the Rev. Cresswell Price had now become — had quietly settled himself in a respectable boarding-place which suited his condition. As he stepped from the train at the Grand Central, he felt that his old life had been left behind. He be-

gan by following up the list of advertisements he had gathered, making up his mind not to be in haste, but to get by degrees a clear notion of what would be expected of him; to learn the ruling rates of wages, so as not to set his terms too high or too low; to find out the privileges

which he should stipulate for; and generally to make it appear that he declined rather than that he was not acceptable.

What he had in view was to get a country place at or near Bilhope, or else a city place with one of the directors of the Plutonian. It was the early spring, when waiters who had "no objection to the country" were in demand, and also largely in evidence. His ultimate purpose was to get under Mr. Pennybacker's own roof, where he knew that a semi-annual change was usual. But for that he must first find a footing elsewhere. For a week "the costly first step" was not taken, and it seemed to be as far away as at the start. At last, however, he found a rich widow who wanted a young man who was not too young, who could assist her petted and spoiled butler, now growing old and unequal to the heavier duties of his place. She wanted one who would not flirt with the female domestics, did not drink, would not grumble at having to do the most of the work for by no means the lion's share of the wages, and who would not intrigue against the autocrat of the pantry. It was hardly in the capacity of the ordinary servingman to meet all these requirements, and the better class of attendants promptly and firmly refused to undertake the task; the inferior order generally broke down in their trial month. Consequently, as little was hoped of Kenworthy, he proved, at the end of his novitiate, a pleasant surprise.

"I will say, mum," remarked the butler to his mistress, "that for one as never 'as 'ad the experience of the hold country, Robert is as 'andy and conformable as I could hask for a 'elper; 'e is not himperent like them Hirish, 'e bain't stoopid and pig-'eaded like them Germans, and 'e do pick up my ways uncommon ready; 'e don't drink, 'e don't swear, and 'e's as careful of the silver and linning as I am myself, mum; 'e goes to church of a Sunday reg'lar when 'e 'as 'is houting, and I think, mum, 'e's

gettin' a bit more 'igh than 'e was. If you 're agreeable, I think we 'll keep 'im, and make it a dollar more a month."

"Very well, Hilary," replied his mistress. "You know I would n't retain any one with whom you are not satisfied, and so Robert can continue."

Meanwhile, Robert was keeping a fixed eye on the Pennybacker household. He had the opportunity of waiting at table when the banker dined with Mrs. Kenyon Scott, his mistress, who was a large stockholder in the Plutonian, and he could not but contrast in his own mind this occasion with the last time he had been present at the banker's table. Then he had felt acute misery at his own *gauche* blunders and ignorance of the conventionalities. Now he was able to minister to the special tastes of his former host; to see that the cayenne was offered at the right moment with the mayonnaise, the claret poured into the proper glass, and the asparagus deftly slid upon the plate without interrupting the anecdote the banker was telling. Only one trial befell him, when, in reply to a question, the senior warden said, "Well, St. Faith's is a sore point with me, madam. I must say I miss poor Price more than I ever thought I should. We've not called any one yet. We've been trying a lot of youngsters from the seminary, who are always instructing me in my duties, and setting up their new-fangled ways. I begin to see what a real comfort in the parish the old rector was."

"What made him leave so strangely? Do you think he committed suicide?"

"I—well, I did fear so, but I have reason to think I was mistaken, and that he is still living here in the city."

At this, for the first time in his professional career, Robert let a knife and fork slide off the salver he was carrying, and the jingle caused a moment's break in the talk. As he stooped to pick them up he heard the banker say, "I got news of him the other day; that is, a person in my employ saw him down by the Ful-

ton Market. He was wearing the uniform of the Salvation Army, and looked very thin and seedy. If I can, I shall try to get some aid to him."

Robert had by this time picked up the fallen articles, and rose with a very red face. As he passed behind Mrs. Kenyon Scott's chair, he whispered in a low voice, "Please excuse me, ma'am. I had a little giddy turn."

"Never mind, Robert," she said graciously, and then went on with the topic: "But you never have told me why he left. He must have given up the ministry?"

"Well, as to that, no action was ever taken by the vestry, and of course none by the bishop. Now, please ask me no more questions, for I really am not free to speak; but if it did happen that he came back, I dare say we might welcome him again."

"Oh, then I suppose it was nothing discreditable. I heard that there was something about money matters, but what I feared was — well, complication with one of my own sex," replied the hostess, with a slight rise of color.

"Mamma, how absurd!" said one of the daughters of the house. "As if any living woman could have fancied such a miracle of awkwardness! I never saw him take the alms basin without expecting to see its contents tipped all over the chancel. Robert, please take my cup and give me a little more coffee. I like," she continued, addressing her mother, "a full cup, and Robert is the one waiter we ever had who could bring me a really full cup without spilling. Dennis used to ruin my dinner dresses regularly."

"Dennis, my dear, was not always in condition at the close of a dinner, I'm sorry to say. This one never fails that way, but is always deft and has his wits about him."

"Madam," said the banker, "I may say as much as this, that to a moral certainty there was no Eve chargeable with the expulsion of our Adam from his paradise, though I can't say that we made

St. Faith's exactly an Eden; but, if you will excuse me, I hope to know more definitely in a few days about the matter, and till then I should rather not say anything."

A few days, however, made it clear that the private of the Salvation Army was a broken-down clerk who had come to grief through variety shows and racing-pools, and was living as an adventurer.

A month later, Mrs. Kenyon Scott suddenly decided to go abroad. Hilary was left in charge of the house, but Robert and the other domestics were of course set adrift. So it came about, through no unnatural chain of circumstances, that our hero got the place he coveted in Mr. Pennybacker's service.

It was with a strange feeling that Price, alias Kenworthy, entered the familiar grounds of the banker's country seat. He feared a little that he might encounter an old acquaintance, but, to his relief, he found no one he had seen before, except the warden and his wife, who made up the family. Their only child had died in boyhood, and almost before he knew it Robert had slipped into the situation of confidential major-domo. Pennybacker was a martinet at the Plutonian, and, by a not unusual reaction, became all the more easy-going in his home. He was only too happy to have care and trouble saved him, and this generally led to those half-yearly changes of service which were, so to speak, the burning-out of chimneys choked with soot. Consequently, he was agreeably surprised to find that at the end of the first quarter of Robert's prime ministry the expenses had been as much less as the comfort was greater. He soon found other merits in his butler, of which the story shall be briefly told.

The temporary incumbent of St. Faith's was one of those semi-energetic men who are always setting on foot new projects, and leaving them in halfway fulfillment. The junior warden called him, on the sly, "King Stork, the suc-

cessor to King Log." He started a mission in the neighboring hamlet of Shepard's Hollow, and, after the first flourish of trumpets had died away, began to hint that it might be continued by lay reading. After a few Sundays he contrived to induce Pennybacker to drive over to the Hollow on a pleasant Sunday afternoon, and ere he knew it the warden found he was in for an indefinite series of services. The rector *pro tem.* had always an excuse for non-attendance, — a sick family to visit, a headache, or the like; so the warden took Robert with him to make the responses. Soon he discovered that Robert was more than an ally, and little by little they changed places, till Robert was fairly installed at the head of the work, taught a Bible class, made brief informal addresses, and read with real spirit the sermons which the parochial head selected. Presently that parochial head disappeared from Bilhope altogether, and the warden was at a loss as to how he should fill the gap.

"I suppose they will be offended if we don't give them a regular sermon, though I believe in my heart one of your plain talks, such as you give your Bible class, would do them twice the good. I've a lot of Price's old sermons; he left them all when he — hem! — when he disappeared, and I took charge of them. Read what you think best; that is, if you can make out his writing, which I can't. Perhaps if you copy off the parts you want, you will read them more easily."

Robert felt the risk of what he was doing when he stood up in the little schoolhouse to preach his own sermon. His first thought was to follow the dull and decorous fashion in which a lay reader reads off the printed sermon put into his hands. But he had come to feel a real interest in his little mission congregation, and, in copying out the discourse, he had broken up the long involved sentences, and put Saxon monosyllables in place of polysyllabic pulpit phrases. In doing this, he had uncon-

sciously brought out the real thought, which in his timid earlier days he had buried under pious platitudes and weak generalities. Instead of the repression which, as the correct thing, he had before cultivated, he now gave himself up to the sense of having something to say, and the impulse of saying it. The warden listened, at first with the complacent feeling of having got rather well out of a dilemma, and then with a growing and eager attention. As they were driving homeward, he sat silent for a time, and then broke out as follows: —

"Do you really mean to say, Robert, that you preached the sermon I gave you? I remember the text and the general treatment of it; but though there was something in your voice which made me think of Price, it was altogether like a new sermon to me. I suppose, when I first heard it, I was n't attending very closely, — was thinking, more shame to me, about bank matters. But that just shows what delivery will do; Price's dropping-down-dead manner was awfully against him. I fancy you shortened some of his long sentences, did n't you? Well, that is all right. I used to tell him that if he would condense a bit there would be more snap to his preaching. I've half a mind, when Mr. Ludlow leaves, next month, to have you licensed to lay read for St. Faith's."

It was quite evident that the Shepard's Hollow mission was becoming a great fad with the warden. He had the sense to see that he could aid it best by putting his hand in his pocket for the expenses, and handing over the other work to Robert. Finally, he made the proposition out and out that Kenworthy should apply for orders, and take a course of study. He was somewhat surprised when Robert made an evasive answer.

"Well," said the warden, "I've no fault to find with you as a servant, and I dare say you are doing better for yourself now; but I've a feeling that I am using

for myself abilities which belong to the Church. No man who takes the interest you do can say he has n't a call to the work. I suppose you feel shy, but I'm sure you could say it with a clearer conscience than half the young prigs the seminary sends us. Why, Price was better than they are, though I used to fret about him. He was n't above finding out what he should do. He took advice, and tried to follow it, poor fellow! Now, you, Robert, seem to know just what is what, till I've half a notion you must have had some training before. Never was a lay reader, you say? Well, well, we laymen sometimes see as clearly what should be as the clergy themselves."

The *ci-devant* rector had a fit of the blues that night, between his fear of betraying himself and his dread of having to drop his work, or else to mar it so as to conform to the standard expected of the warden's butler.

The next week after his perilous success at the Hollow mission, the situation became still more complicated. The warden appeared at his own front door an hour later than his usual train would bring him. He had taken a close carriage from the Bilhope station, a thing he never did in the stormiest weather; and there was some one in the carriage, whom he left just long enough to ring the doorbell hurriedly. Then he called from the side of the vehicle, "Here, Robert, send for the gardener, and then come yourself and help. I've got my poor nephew in the carriage here, and it will take all of us to get him upstairs. I've been expecting him to die on my hands every step of the way. He has just returned from South America, and is half dead from some kind of sickness — fever — he caught there."

A fainting figure was lifted out, with closed eyes and utterly relaxed limbs, and was laid upon a couch in the hall.

"Sha'n't I get him a glass of wine?" asked Robert.

"Yes, yes, — well thought of; or

brandy would be better. Get it as quick as you can."

Robert was supporting the sick man on the couch as he spoke. He felt the invalid give a little convulsive start, and noticed that the eyelids were feebly lifted for a moment. He would scarcely have recognized the banker's nephew had he met him elsewhere, so changed and wasted; but this strange start of the sick man at the sound of his voice gave Price a feeling of vague alarm. The brandy was brought, and it effected a temporary revival in young Pennybacker; but he seemed, as he regained a partial consciousness, to accept Robert, as he himself would have expressed it, "at his face value."

"Got new man, uncle? Where's Thaxter? What's this one's name? Robert? Looks handy sort of a fellow. Guess he's cheap at the price — any price — p-r-i-c-e" — he muttered, as he dozed off again.

They got him undressed and put to bed, and the coachman was dispatched for the family doctor. Robert offered to go, but the elder Pennybacker said, "No, you must stay here and watch. I'm in such a fluster that I can do no good."

Again at Robert's voice came the little flutter of nervous agitation; but no words followed, and the banker did not note it.

In about an hour the doctor arrived. He diagnosed the symptoms, and shook his head rather seriously. He followed the uncle into the library, closed the door, and then said, "He has a relapse of the Isthmus fever, and it has taken hold on a constitution pretty badly strained by reckless living. The worst feature is that there is something on his mind. Of course we look for flightiness in these cases. But when there is a recurrent string which keeps vibrating, it points to a hidden mental trouble. He must have a watcher to-night, a man strong enough to manage him if he goes wild. To-

morrow we can get a trained nurse from one of the hospitals. I'll send you the right sort of man. But meanwhile, if you've got a servant you can spare for a night or two, have him take charge. He ought to be one whom you can trust to hear any queer thing said, and to say nothing. The family skeleton must n't be let out of the closet, you know. How about this waiter, butler, or whatever you call him, of yours — Kendig — Worth — the one who is called Robert? He seems handy in a sick-room."

"I think I can trust Robert; and if I give him a hint not to talk downstairs, he won't say a word except to you or me."

"All right; that relieves me greatly. I'll give him his instructions, and we'll do the best we can."

So Robert was duly installed, and entered on his task with a mingled feeling of hope and fear.

The first part of the night fatigue and opiates kept the patient pretty quiet, and Robert took care to speak as little as possible. But about three in the morning, as Robert was seated by the bedside, keeping himself awake by the study of a passage in the New Testament which had been brought up in his Bible class, he was startled at seeing the sick man sitting up and staring intently at him with eyes unnaturally bright.

Before he thought, he spoke out: "Lie down, sir, and try to rest. Is there anything you want?"

The reply was startling: "I've got it. What are *you* doing here? I ain't so bad as to need a parson yet. No, you can't be — parson — He drowned himself in the Creek, and then they sent him up to Sing-Sing for that check he forged. Hard lines, was n't it, when I got the money? Say, were you pardoned out? Should n't think uncle would have kept you on at St. Faith's, though!"

Robert mastered himself with a strong effort, and said in a quiet, low tone, "You are not quite yourself, sir, and you mis-

take me for some one else. I'm your uncle's butler, and taking care of you till a trained nurse can be got. Now you must lie down and rest, and sleep if you can; in an hour you will need to take your medicine again."

"I'm not myself, you're not yourself. Well, we're pretty well mixed up, ain't we? I say, there's N. P. going up like anything, and B. & O. coming down; and if you can only hold on just one week, we're all right, if it was n't for that confounded note coming due. I say, parson, is n't there a text something like 'without money and without price'? That's what St. Faith's has come to, eh? What's the use of asking me for money, Esperanza? Esperanza! Diablita! Come now, Price, you've no business to lead trumps when my last lead was spades; b'sides, a dominie ought not to be playing cards, anyhow. You're a trump, though, — never gave me away. That's why I've come home. Got the whole squared up yesterday — yes — all but that five hundred of yours. I'll give a thousand for it, but then you'll have to face the music, dominie. I put it so, you see, to Ford & Gleason. I was mixed up with the affair, but your name stood as principal. I said to them, I did, 'The dominie has been taking flyers in the market, and got me to back him, of course, with the securities as collateral in my hands. Now he's come to grief, and these securities, probably, being forged, ain't worth the paper they are written on to me, and I could defend against you, if I was mean; but I'm not mean,' says I, — 'never was a mean streak in J. Augustus, you bet. I'll stand the racket, if you give me time. If you don't, you get nothing except the scandal and the bother of sending a poor devil up to Sing-Sing. Suppose you don't have even that? He goes to a hotel, shuts the tram-som, and blows out the gas. Then where are you? Now give me time, and for his sake, and because it is paper with my name on it, I'll see you paid, prin-

cip—and int— I'm going out to Bremen on business for my uncle, and I'm cocksure to make enough out of that to clear you when I get back.' Of course the mean skunks had a detective to arrest me at the German steamer, but they did n't look for me at the West India boat. When they found I was gone where the woodbine twineth, they made the best of it, and did wait."

Here the invalid broke down again, and went off into incoherent mutterings; and for a couple of days his condition was one of alternate delirium and exhaustion. The trained nurse appeared on the second of these days, and Price was relieved from the night-watching, much to his own comfort. It was on the evening of the fourth day that the warden rang for Robert to come to his library. He had just left the sick-room.

"Robert," he said, as his butler answered the summons, "here is a serious complication. My poor nephew is very weak, but apparently himself again except on one point. He has insisted to me that you are the late rector of St. Faith's, the Rev. Cresswell Price, and says that you were the forger of that check for five hundred, and that he cashed it for you just before he sailed for South America. He declares that he is very penitent for some irregularities of his, which he has made good, and that he was led into them by your offering to sign my name to certain documents which he states he used as collateral to obtain credit for loans which he has since paid up, and has destroyed the papers. He says that you forced him to cash that check by threats of revealing the whole story to me, and that this was the price of your work. He winds up this absurd story by saying that you proposed to him to forge a will in his favor, and then intimated that the will would very shortly be able to be used, and that in your situation as butler you could insure the result. Of course this is all the raving of a disordered

brain, but it is curiously well put together."

"I should think, Mr. Pennybacker, that your own judgment was enough. You knew Mr. Price, you know me."

"It ought to be, it ought to be, but somehow the obstinate persistence of that boy upstairs bothers me. He seems as sane as I am, and why should he tell such an improbable story in the face and eyes of us all? It is n't easy to see. It is like what you said to your Bible class last Sunday about miracles, in reply to that conceited fellow from the mills. People don't tell things where there is manifest evidence to the contrary unless they are true. But why do you hesitate? Just say out and out, 'I'm Robert Kenworthy, and never was Cresswell Price.' You are the only person who can't be mistaken in your knowledge of this fact. And as for taking your word, I'd do that against fifty such men as my nephew. He has lied to me, and you never have."

There was a pause. Price felt that he should have answered on the spot, categorically, and he had not done so; every moment of hesitation was virtually an admission. The hour had come when he must burn his ships, cost what it might.

"Mr. Pennybacker," he said, "I cannot answer you as you expect and wish, for the truth is that I was, and still am, Cresswell Price. So far your nephew is right."

The warden stared as if the ghost of his grandfather had appeared. Then his face darkened. "If that is so, why is not the rest true?"

"I can only speak as to the last point, the proposal about the will. That never passed between us; was never suggested by me to him, or by him to me. That is a clear hallucination of his illness. As to the rest, I am not free to speak."

"But — but — hang it, man, you can't keep still under such an accusation, if you can clear yourself! Don't you see, it blocks your coming back to the min-

istry, and just as you seem to have got hold of that work as never before, and it ruins you for a servant? The Good Book says we can't serve God and Mammon, but you are out on both sides. I don't see how I can keep you in my house with this hanging over you, or give you a reference for another place. I must say, if I'm asked why you leave me, that I dismissed you when I found you came into my service under a false name, and that you could n't explain very serious charges."

"If you wish," returned Robert, in his thorough servant manner, "I can leave to-night. I have time to catch the 11.20 train for the city."

"If I wish! I don't wish. I would n't have had this happen for ten thousand dollars in government bonds. To-night! I would n't turn a dog out at night, much less a man who has served me as faithfully as you have. Besides, you would n't leave me in the lurch till I can get another man, and that may not be under a fortnight; let alone sickness in the house, and all that. Then, too, if, as you say, you are not Robert Kenworthy, you are my rector and my guest, and how the dev—beg your pardon, dominie—how the mischief can I explain it to Mrs. Pennybacker? See here, Robert Price, — Cresswell Kenworthy, I mean, — why can't you clear this all up? If you can, you have only to go to town with me to-morrow, leave me at the bank, go to the nearest hotel, and come back to Bilhope on the 5.20 P. M. as your former self, — disappeared last year, temporary alienation, sick among strangers, recover your memory of who you are, and come back. Only we must have a straight story about the check business."

The look of pain and perplexity came back into the warden's face as he gazed anxiously at the one opposite and saw no responsive look. Just then the nurse called from the head of the stairs, "Mr. Pennybacker, will you please come up? There's a change."

The warden hurried upstairs, saying as he left, "Wait here, Robert; on no account stir from the room till I bid you." Presently he called from above, "Robert, come up!"

As Robert entered the room, he saw that the invalid's face was strangely drawn.

"What is it, nurse?" he asked.

"Paralysis," said the nurse. "He will not last long, I think, but he will never regain consciousness or the power of speech."

"Has the doctor been sent for?"

"Yes," replied the nurse, "I did that before I called; but he told me yesterday that this might happen at any time."

The rector sank into a chair, as if he too had been stricken. He had hoped to the last, and now fate shut the door in his face. He thought, "The one man who could clear me, the one man who could release me from my obligation as a priest and allow me to explain, will never speak again." Then the sense of his office came back to him. He stepped to the bedside, felt the scarce perceptible flutter of the pulse, and, to the warden's astonishment, knelt and offered the commendatory prayers for the dying. A spasm passed over the sick man's face, and then came the settling of that profound calm which cannot be mistaken. The nurse came forward, straightened the body, closed the eyes, and drew the sheet over the face. "It is all over," he said.

The uncle sat motionless, with bowed head. Robert Kenworthy, or Cresswell Price, — he hardly knew which to call himself, — left the room quietly, and went to his own chamber. He would pack up nothing; he merely took his overcoat and hat, called one of the other servants to close the front door after him, and went out into the darkness.

He was halfway down the avenue, when he almost ran into a man hastening in the opposite direction.

"Is Pennybacker in?" inquired the stranger breathlessly.

"Yes, I left him in the house. Mr. Pennybacker, Jr., has just died."

"Good gracious, Price!" exclaimed the other, "did you drop from above? Certainly Providence sends you here just now."

"What do you mean, Mr. Baldwin?"

"Mean? That you're the man I wanted most, and hoped least to see. You've turned up in the nick of time, just as I was coming over to tell Pennybacker that I've got to the bottom of the mystery, and to consult with him how best to discover you, if you were in the land of the living, as—I believe you are," he added, grasping the rector by the arm. "Yes, you materialize properly. But see here, I can't stop to talk in the dark. Come on, come on. Were you with Augustus when he died? Did he say anything? Has he owned up? Breaking it to his uncle will be a nasty business, if he has n't; but your reappearance makes it inevitable, and I count on you to help me."

"To break what, Mr. Baldwin?"

"Why, the whole rascality of that con—no, conscienceless scoundrel. I have it in black and white, though not much white about it except your part."

By this time they had reached the front entrance, and as the door was opened the hall lamplight fell full upon the companion of Mr. Baldwin.

"Eh? what? Bless my soul!" exclaimed the junior warden. "Why, are you the butler? I was sure, when I heard your voice, it was Price come back. Here, you must forget every word I've been saying; at least hold your tongue forever. Or no; on second thought, I must go through with it, and you will be witness. Here, come into the library, and somebody tell Pennybacker I must see him at once." Then he sat down opposite Robert, and stared at him with all his might.

It seemed almost an age before the banker appeared; and when he did, his face was far from reassuring. He had

learnt from the servant who let Robert out that his butler had left the house, and was now come back with Baldwin, the lawyer, who was a perfect Don Quixote in the defense of a distressed and impecunious client. Visions of blackmail, threats of a suit for defamation, and the prospect of a general bother floated before his mind. The opening of the attack was not of a sort to restore composure.

"Pennybacker," began Baldwin, in his cross-examination tones, "what became of that check which you said was, or might be, a forgery?"

"I have it in my safe upstairs."

"Very good; keep it there! Now, when was that five hundred paid, and to whom?"

"I don't know: that was the trouble."

"To whose account was it chargeable?"

"To St. Faith's,—the rector's salary."

"Very good! Was it an overdraft?"

"No; close up to the mark, though,—not five dollars left."

"Good again! Now, if Price got that money, he got his own, did n't he?"

"Yes."

"If he did n't get it, it was his loss, not the bank's?"

"Yes, unless he disputed his indorsement, and could prove it not his."

"Once more, good. Now, whoever got that money, he did not."

"Who did get it, then?"

"I'll show you. It was paid in gold. Gold is n't easily traced, but this happened to be all in eagles,—the first of a new issue, fifty of them."

"How do you know?"

"Because I have them in my safe at this moment, if the Safe Deposit Company has n't skipped. I got them in exchange for the like amount, bating a small discount, in Bolivian doubloons. I had a lot of these paid in settlement of *Sanchez v. Ruddiman*, a salvage case, and I was holding on to them till I

could pass them over to my client; and somebody knew it, and made me an offer. The exchange was about fifteen dollars against me, but as I might have to pay over at par, the United States gold was convenient. I did it, too, as a matter of accommodation to a friend who was going to the Isthmus, and did not care to have it known where he was going. He said he suspected he was shadowed, and if he went to any broker to buy South American gold, or get exchange on South America, he might be arrested by creditors."

Pennybacker gave a little start and a muttered ejaculation.

Baldwin went on: "You ought to know who would be the only man, except yourself, who could get that gold out of the Plutonian, and substitute a check for the same, without having it appear on the bank's books."

Pennybacker sat silent, with his eyes cast down.

"Furthermore, I hand you the full story, written out, and sworn to before a notary, of all the transactions in which your notes were used as collateral. Those notes are all retired, and there is no more of that paper afloat, but this will show who profited by the business. These notes were all signed by the party benefited by them, and indorsed with your signature, and they were made on your private blanks with the special water-mark. You know how you got that paper made and printed — or engraved, rather — for your exclusive use, and whether you ever supplied any one with those blanks or not, don't you?"

Pennybacker gave a groan. Price's face flushed, and his eyes flashed eagerly.

"Now, one question more. This time I ask it of Mr. Price, because if he is n't Mr. Price he cannot answer it. Did you ever, at the request of any member of this family, not the warden here, write signatures in imitation of his, the party requesting it, to be used as an autographic test?"

"Yes," said Price, before he had time to bethink himself; "that is, I" —

"That will do, sir. No fencing with the court, if you please. You betray no confidence. Confession is confession, but your previous knowledge is not affected by subsequent revelations. When you wrote that name on slips of paper, did you perceive anything peculiar about the paper?"

"Only that it was very slippery and smooth. All but one, I remember, were failures, and that led me to notice it. But they were destroyed; that is, she — I mean to say 'it' tore them up and threw them into the fire."

"It did, did it? If the court understand herself, and I think he do, 'it,' as you very properly say, threw blank slips of common paper away, and kept the others. No, Mr. Price, I'm not the gentleman whom you require all sponsors to renounce in baptism, but only a lawyer, and, in spite of calumny to the contrary, do not invoke him as my patron. I have followed up hints and blind clues, and what I guessed you have confirmed, till I know it as well as if I had been present. Somebody tried the autographic dodge on a professional penman, and it did n't work; but you, dear old guileless Israelite, walked straight into the trap."

Baldwin paused. Pennybacker simply said, "All this rather improbable story may be true, but I must look over these papers first."

The others sat in silence while, frowning and evidently pausing to make little mental calculations, the warden ran his eyes quickly over the sworn statement. When he finished, he looked Baldwin full in the face, and said interrogatively, "Well?"

"Yes, well? What is the matter with my case?"

"Would you like to go to a jury with it? Do you suppose twelve men of the average intellectual capacity of such would give you a verdict on this evidence, if the judge, which I don't believe, would

let it in? There is but one man who could furnish satisfactory proof to clear the accused, and he lies dead in the room above. As for the rest, my name has been forged and used. I have the document, and can produce the man whose name is on it. I can swear to the fact that paper of like character, to large amounts, has been in existence, taken up, and replaced over and over again, and that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the signatures all came from the same hand. It is not necessary to show how much benefit the forger — the writer, I mean — got from the transaction. You know the ruling in *Regina v. Culbertson*, 3d of Barnwell and Adolphus." (The president, like most moneyed men, had a fair knowledge of banking law, and thought he was a master of it.) "There it was allowed sufficient to show that a writing-master was accustomed to furnish signatures at a sovereign apiece. The court held that it was not required to show the particular sum paid for the forgery in evidence; it was enough that the signature was forged, and that the prisoner wrote it. It was also held that the defense offered, that the writing was to be used in preparing a lithographic facsimile, must not be inferred, but must be directly and affirmatively proved."

"But, Pennybacker, you don't mean, you can't mean, to prosecute the matter now? If you do, all I can say is, that I will put twenty witnesses on the stand to swear that this is Robert Kenworthy, and not Cresswell Price; and if need be, that he was n't within a hundred miles of Bilhope when this happened. Hang it, man, I thought I was doing you a favor by furnishing moral evidence of an innocent man's innocence."

"Stop a moment, Baldwin," said the warden quietly; and then, for the first time since he came into the room, he turned to the third person in the library. "Robert Kenworthy," said he, "will you repeat the declaration you made

here in this room, this very evening? Don't do it unless you are prepared to face all consequences, to appear as the forger of my name, the accomplice and tempter of that poor boy in the room above. If you choose to remain Robert Kenworthy, neither Baldwin nor I can prove you are not, nor shall we try to, but you ought to know the risk you run."

Baldwin stared in blank astonishment. The challenged man did not hesitate. He stepped to the table in the centre of the room, laid his hand on the open Bible there, and said, "I repeat what I told you. I am the Rev. Cresswell Price, and I have been living in your house as Robert Kenworthy, your servant."

"Knew I was right," said Baldwin to himself. "The voice in the dark was not to be mistaken, but the sight of him put me all out."

"I can swear to it, too," said the warden, "not on any legal grounds, like my brother warden here, but because you say it; and I want to add that I am comforted through the saddest experience of my life, and shall be as long as I live, in the thought that I have known one true Christian man, and that I can restore him to my fullest confidence and esteem. Baldwin, I thank you, I bless Heaven, for clearing up this. Reverend and dear Mr. Price, I can only say that these terrible papers exonerate you from all suspicion. We never have filled the rectorship of St. Faith's, we never have made it vacant, and while I am vestryman and warden, and while you live, it never shall be filled by any other than the best clergyman in this or any diocese in the land, the one who fills it now." Then, with a half smile, he added, "I call you to witness, Baldwin, that I'm sincere in this, for I lose the best servant I ever had in my employ. If I could only keep Robert Kenworthy to wait on the rector at dinner, I should have nothing to ask; but as I can't, I

suppose I shall have to take Robert to town to-morrow, and you will bring the rector up with you on the evening train. He comes to attend the funeral here, and steps back into his old duties. Don't you see," he explained, noting the puzzled looks of the others, "that puts

it all straight? We are supposed to have known — I can say I did know — where the rector has been, and why we summon him in a family distress, which we would n't do if he was n't in perfectly good standing. Nobody can object, and I don't think anybody will."

Walter Mitchell.

THE CITY OF THE END OF THINGS.

BESIDE the pounding cataracts
Of midnight streams unknown to us,
'Tis builded in the dismal tracts
And valleys huge of Tartarus.
Lurid and lofty and vast it seems;
It hath no rounded name that rings,
But I have heard it called in dreams
The City of the End of Things.

Its roofs and iron towers have grown
None knoweth how high within the night,
But in its murky streets far down
A flaming terrible and bright
Shakes all the stalking shadows there,
Across the walls, across the floors,
And shifts upon the upper air
From out a thousand furnace doors;
And all the while an awful sound
Keeps roaring on continually,
And crashes in the ceaseless round
Of a gigantic harmony.
Through its grim depths reëchoing,
And all its weary height of walls,
With measured roar and iron ring,
The inhuman music lifts and falls.
Where no thing rests and no man is,
And only fire and night hold sway,
The beat, the thunder, and the hiss
Cease not, and change not, night nor day.

And moving at unheard commands,
The abysses and vast fires between,
Flit figures that, with clanking hands,
Obey a hideous routine.
They are not flesh, they are not bone,
They see not with the human eye,

And from their iron lips is blown
A dreadful and monotonous cry.
And whoso of our mortal race
Should find that city unaware,
Lean Death would smite him face to face,
And blanch him with its venom'd air;
Or, caught by the terrific spell,
Each thread of memory snapped and cut,
His soul would shrivel, and its shell
Go rattling like an empty nut.

It was not always so, but once,
In days that no man thinks upon,
Fair voices echoed from its stones,
The light above it leaped and shone.
Once there were multitudes of men
That built that city in their pride,
Until its might was made, and then
They withered, age by age, and died;
And now of that prodigious race
Three only in an iron tower,
Set like carved idols face to face,
Remain the masters of its power;
And at the city gate a fourth,
Gigantic and with dreadful eyes,
Sits looking toward the lightless north,
Beyond the reach of memories:
Fast-rooted to the lurid floor,
A bulk that never moves a jot,
In his pale body dwells no more
Or mind or soul, — an idiot!

But some time in the end those three
Shall perish and their hands be still,
And with the masters' touch shall flee
Their incommunicable skill.
A stillness, absolute as death,
Along the slacking wheels shall lie,
And, flagging at a single breath,
The fires shall smoulder out and die.
The roar shall vanish at its height,
And over that tremendous town
The silence of eternal night
Shall gather close and settle down.
All its grim grandeur, tower and hall,
Shall be abandoned utterly,
And into rust and dust shall fall
From century to century.
Nor ever living thing shall grow,
Or trunk of tree or blade of grass;

No drop shall fall, no wind shall blow,
 Nor sound of any foot shall pass.
 Alone of its accursèd state
 One thing the hand of Time shall spare,
 For the grim Idiot at the gate
 Is deathless and eternal there!

Archibald Lampman.

A GREEK PRIME MINISTER: CHARILAOS TRICOUPIS.

"POOR charming Greece! How she is to get out of her scrapes I do not see, but I love her all the same." So, not long ago, wrote a friend, a careful student of Greece, her people and politics; and I am sure that any one who has taken even a passing interest in her later history will echo his feeling. More than fifty years have passed since her struggle for freedom from Turkish rule awoke the sympathy and aid of Europe; but though more than once since then her importance in the ever living "Eastern question" has made European diplomats anxious on her account, in America the Greece that we know is still that of Pericles and Aristotle. We know that there is a free modern Greece, but what she has done, what she is doing, we know little about; few of us suspect that the Greek of to-day is not merely proud of his ancestors of the "golden age," but that he is ambitious and even hopeful of emulating them in many fields, and that he often expects a speedy realization of his dreams of conquest. Still less often do we think that the effort of Greece to attain and to improve the highest civilization of Europe, in spite of her poverty and the heritage of ignorance and disorder and misrule of the Turk, has many lessons that statesmen may well heed. Yet the progress of Greece within the last thirty years is astonishing. In habits of life, in wealth, in facilities for education, in the development of the arts and sciences, in government, in all that

tends toward refinement and culture, the Greece of to-day is not to be compared with that of a generation ago. Many mistakes have been made; many undertakings have failed. The people in the country districts are yet not well educated. The country to-day is so deeply in debt that its solvency is a matter of doubt; but the progress has been wonderful, and in the achievements of the past lies in great part the hope of the future.

One peculiarity of Greece has been that these changes have been brought about especially through the influence of a few chosen leaders. The form of government is parliamentary, and hence democratic in spirit; but probably in no other country of Europe is there so little popular initiative, so much reliance upon the political leaders. The system, or rather the habit, has its disadvantages; but it has also its benefits. For one thing, it serves to develop strong, self-reliant, though possibly at times reckless leaders, upon whom, in great part, must fall the praise or the blame of all public acts.

For the last dozen years, the most prominent of these leaders has been Charilaos Tricoupis, a man who, in the opinion of more than one member of European cabinets, is a great statesman in a small country, but a man who would have been a great statesman in any country. He comes of a well-known political family. His father, Spiridion Tricoupis, perhaps best known abroad as the author of the

standard history of the Greek Revolution and the eulogist of Lord Byron, at home is noted rather as one of the chief actors in that history, and as a *littérateur*, poet as well as historian. His father's brother-in-law, Maurocordatos, was perhaps the most prominent political actor on one side of the revolutionary struggle, while Spiridion Tricoupis himself was a member of several cabinets, and in 1855 Prime Minister; he had studied in France and England, was once envoy extraordinary to France, twice envoy extraordinary at London, and was accredited there a third time, when he refused the appointment in order to become Prime Minister at home.

Charilaos Tricoupis, born at Nauplia, in Greece, in 1832, had thus, from his father's long residence abroad in France and England, the inestimable benefit not only of a thorough knowledge of the languages, learned when he was young, but, what is of vastly greater importance for a statesman, a sympathetic understanding of foreign politicians and peoples and of their institutions, acquired much as a native acquires it. Though he studied at Athens and had a careful home training in Greece, he also studied law in Paris, and in fact took there the diploma of law. In 1852 he was made *attaché* of the Greek legation in London; in 1855 he became secretary of legation there, and in 1862 he was made *chargé d'affaires*.

Tricoupis began his political career in Greece in 1863, when, on the occasion of the revolutionary change of dynasty, he was chosen with his father, by Greeks in England, as their representative in the National Assembly, though he took no especially prominent part in the proceedings. From the time when he was first chosen member of the Boulé (Chamber of Deputies) from Missolonghi until to-day, with the exception of one year, he has been either in political life at home, or on some special mission abroad.

In physique, as his portrait would show,

he is very robust and strong, carrying his sixty-two years with the vigor of a man twenty years younger. His powers of work and endurance are simply phenomenal, though one may perhaps question at times the judgment of the man who so abuses a good constitution. When he is in office, with the burden upon him not merely of the treasury, but of all the multifarious duties in the way of local government, office-distributing, and general dictatorship that fall to the lot of the Prime Minister of Greece, he often works from eighteen to twenty hours a day, and, so far as one can learn, makes no provision at all for regular recreation or rest. At his house, one day, his sister told me that he had gone to bed that morning at three o'clock, and at seven was again in his office at the treasury department. People who wish to see him on business have, at times, appointments made late in the night, when he is more likely to have leisure than when, in the daytime, his anteroom is thronged with visitors. A Greek Prime Minister needs unlimited powers of endurance, for his work is almost that of a dictator, with corresponding duties, while his political opponents are ever watchful to catch him napping, and often do not hesitate to go to extremes to upset him.

Three or four years ago, the opposition filibustered and talked on the budget from four o'clock in the afternoon until ten the next morning. Divided into relays, they talked against time, raising technical points, and using all the arts common to such tactics. Members read, yawned, slept, went to the lobbies and elsewhere in small squads for refreshments, keeping well within call of the party whips; but for sixteen hours Tricoupis never left the Chamber, sitting quiet, watchful, apparently unwearied and needing no refreshment. At another session he remained fourteen hours, and was led finally to rest a moment only by the ruse of a friend, who sent for him to give advice on an impor-

tant question concerning the matter in hand. In the lobby he found his friend with a freshly prepared cup of chocolate, and no further matter to settle.

Many people, friends and opponents, say of him, "Tricoupis has no physical wants." To his scorn of physical feeling and indulgence, and to his almost unlimited power for work, is due in great part, doubtless, his remarkable versatility and breadth of knowledge; a versatility that his friends are fond of comparing with Gladstone's, though until his knowledge manifests itself more in print few will be prepared to go so far. Certainly, however, this knowledge is extraordinary. A few moments' talk with him on politics shows not merely the politician of the keenly practical type, who deals with men as they are, and who knows their weaknesses well, but shows also the political philosopher and student, the master of comparative constitutional law and practice. One might expect this, perhaps, from a lifelong political and diplomatic training; but he is also generally conceded to be easily the first financier of Greece, and he would be a great financier anywhere. Yet — and this illustrates his power of acquisition and reasoning — one of the members of the cabinet, and himself commonly considered one of the strongest students of finance in the country, a man well worthy to be minister of finance, said of him: "When I first knew him well, in 1874, Tricoupis was not a financier, was not even a strong student of finance, not having turned his attention that way. Later, the question became of vital importance, and he took it up. In an almost incredibly short time, he had become a master of the subject, in theory and in practice, as applied to Greece."

Nearly every educated Greek knows French well; but Tricoupis speaks English also, practically like a native Englishman, with perfect readiness and mastery of idiom. Though he does not pretend to the same familiarity with German, yet

he speaks the language with Germans who call to see him, and has a like command of other tongues.

A Prussian general said that he had rarely known a politician with so good a knowledge of military affairs. When in 1886-88 the question of buying ironclads for the Greek navy came up, he was found by naval men and shipbuilders to be thoroughly conversant with the problems of their work. So, whatever the subject, — geography, statistics, history, science, the last book of travel, — he takes an interest in it. He does so much that his breadth of knowledge is remarkable, and in all concerning his special work he is profound. To his interest in archæology is due in great part the rapid development of the study and of the museums in Greece. The best laws favoring the extension and direction of the museums have been his; and he has given the greatest aid and encouragement to foreign schools in his country, not merely officially, but personally aiding them in securing sites for buildings and in arranging streets near at hand.

The relation of the central government to local government in Greece, as well as the personal ascendancy of Tricoupis as Prime Minister, is clearly shown by an experience of the English and American Archæological Schools. A narrow street running by their properties had become a place for deposit of nuisances by people in the neighborhood; so much so that it seemed best to the schools to have it closed. On trying to discover the best method of bringing this about, they were advised to see Tricoupis. The directors of the schools accordingly sought an interview with him, and stated their case. As one of them said afterwards, Tricoupis appeared at once to see the whole case in all its bearings. He stated to them, very briefly, but very completely, all the disadvantages of such a procedure, and asked if they still wished to have the street closed. When they said Yes, he promised that it should

be done. They did nothing more; but, to their great surprise, — for promptness in such matters is rarely expected anywhere, — within a few days workmen appeared, and the street was closed.

In speaking to him afterwards of the relations of the central government to the city government, this case came up, and I asked him how the Prime Minister could thus direct a purely local affair. He replied that it had not seemed necessary to him to explain to the directors the course of proceeding. It would have taken time, and he knew that what they wanted could be done; so he had promised it. In fact, he had simply brought the case before the local authorities, and the matter had been arranged by them. He added, "Because I speak English, a large part of the public business of the English and American residents comes to me first; and it is often, as in this case, easier for me personally to see that it is done than to send them to the local authorities." It is, however, also true that it is a much surer way. Owing to the fact that the prefects of departments, to use the corresponding French term, are appointees of the central government, and that these prefects have practically unlimited control — at any rate, through obstruction — over the local finances by means of a veto and power of amendment, the Prime Minister can, if it should seem to him wise, bring overwhelming pressure to bear upon the local officers. In consequence, when the Prime Minister promises that something in the field of local government shall be done, it is no idle promise, depending upon the whim of a local city council for its fulfillment. It will probably be done without opposition, for the Prime Minister, as a sensible man, will not bring forward a bad case; but if the council does object, the Minister — if he is strong and willing to risk the political influence of his acts — is in a position to block completely the wheels of local government.

In speaking of Tricoupis as an orator, — for he is easily, especially from the standpoint of a thoughtful Englishman or American, the greatest orator of modern Greece, — it is not a little amusing to note that Greeks are impressed, even in his speaking, by his power of endurance. "I have seen him speak four hours at a stretch without taking a sip of water," said one of his admirers, "while Delyannis" (his chief political rival) "drinks glass after glass in a budget speech." I have even seen the same statement in print. His opponents, too, tell a rather malicious story of a motion to adjourn the House in the middle of one of his speeches, on the ground that the members were tired out, and of the reply by the president, that if the orator could stand it, he thought they would have to. On the other hand, a German admirer says, on the authority of one of Tricoupis' political opponents: "He does not speak; he roars from the tribune. He does not refute; he tears his enemy to pieces. His dialectic power not only persuades, but carries away like a torrent." In fact, his oratory is impressive from the evident sincerity and power of the orator, and from the nature of the subject matter. Tricoupis' power of very condensed lucid statement is most exceptional. In his budget speeches, he shows rare clearness and force in the exposition of a difficult subject. To these qualities are added a coolness of judgment, a willingness to look to the bottom of things and to see the unfavorable side of his own case, that are very persuasive in an orator. His frankness, lately, in openly recognizing the bankrupt condition of the treasury illustrates his direct way of dealing with difficulties, while his striking statement of the case shows his oratorical power. In its English dress, one of his budget speeches lacks, as it must, perhaps, in translation, something of the polish of phrase and of allusion and apt comparison that make a similar speech by Gladstone really de-

lightful reading; but it is no less clear or persuasive. His diction, too, is said by the Greeks to be remarkably pure, and even classic in tone, — the highest praise for a Greek to give it, — though I believe that some of his political opponents, who, to make capital, call him the “Englishman,” and speak of his foreign training as if it made him a less patriotic Greek, affect at times to find in his pronunciation and style a lack of the true native flavor of idiom.

In his long experience in foreign affairs, however, it would seem that he has not lacked patriotism. Rather, his love for Greece and his vigor in her behalf have won him the compliment of consideration by foreign courts that has not always been friendly. When, for example, in 1870, it was proposed to send him to Constantinople as minister, Turkey objected at first. As acting minister for foreign affairs at the time of the Cretan insurrection, he had been, for Turkish taste, too positively and emphatically a Greek, with the “great idea” that it is the duty of Greece to watch over the interests of all people of Greek blood wherever found. Though for the last ten years he has been exhorting his countrymen to reasonable patience in the carrying out of their plans for territorial extension; though he is often denounced at home as unpatriotic, because he is too cool-headed to permit his people to rush unreasonably into an unequal conflict before their own resources and power are more fully developed, yet he has the hot blood of the Greek, and feels as keenly as the most rampant among them. He knows self-control better.

In 1878, however, when he thought that France, at the Berlin Conference, was betraying the interests of Greece, his words of blame were so stinging that it gave his political opponents a chance to pass a vote of apology to France for them. It should be remembered, too, that Russia, even if she did not press her objection, did not wish him to be the Greek

member of that Conference, though it had been proposed to send him there. It was known on all hands that he was the ablest and boldest Greek for such a position.

So in 1885, at the time of the Bulgarian *coup d'état*, when he was out of power, and Delyannis, then Prime Minister, mobilized the Greek army, to get also, if possible, a slice of Turkish territory, he criticised the action sharply, not because it was warlike, but because it was not warlike enough. Before Greece did anything of importance the powers blockaded her ports and compelled her to desist; so that she gained nothing but a large increase of debt, and a vigorous hint to King George that if he prized his crown he must not let such things happen again. Tricoupis, now, would have acted more quickly. “Had we been in power,” said he, in speaking of the event lately, “our policy would have been to seize promptly as much of the territory as we could hold, before Turkey could guard it, and then to open negotiations. Possession is often nine points of the law, but in such cases it is ninety-nine points out of a hundred.” Of course his opponents say that he could not have done better than did Delyannis; but still they confess that he often has a way of doing more than he promises, and that he is not afraid. He is, nevertheless, Machiavellian enough (I am one of those who see much to admire in Machiavelli) to think it wise to be prudent, and not to keep other nations unfriendly, when nothing can be gained by hostility. This same prudence is noticeable in his personal conduct. For example, he makes it a principle never to receive a present. It would not do to let even a suspicion of his personal honesty and honor arise.

His diplomatic training also appears in a most interesting light in his correspondence with the foreign office when he was so skillfully conducting the negotiations that led to the cession of the Ionian Islands to Greece. We are the more im-

pressed with the diligence and ability and pluck and character of the man when we reflect that, a young man but thirty-two years of age, he found himself pitted against the shrewdest and best trained diplomats of Russia and Austria. In a letter dated March 2, 1864, occurs a sentence or two which, though innocent enough, would have delighted Machiavelli himself. Referring to a declaration which Earl Russell had said that he would send him, Tricoupis writes: "I have not refused to accept it, in order that I may send it to Athens, but I am resolved not to sign; indeed, it is better to be silent on some subjects than to make reservations, as by thus acting we lead others to suppose that we accept the proposals which had no reservations."

It would be unfitting, of course, to attempt to give in detail, in such an article as this, any account of Greek finance, and of the part that Tricoupis has played as minister of finance, yet this is perhaps his highest claim to statesmanship. The general nature of his policy, however, and the principles by which he has been guided are simple, complicated as are the specific problems.

Greece, on account of her limited area, is not a wealthy country, but she ought to pay her running expenses and the interest on her debt. This, in the opinion of English financial experts as well as of Tricoupis himself, she is fully able to do without burdening industry to the point of exhaustion. Instead of running behind each year, as she has usually done, she should get a budget balance, even if this does necessitate high taxes.

Again, the inner resources of the country cannot be properly developed without means of communication that will enable producers to reach markets at a distance. It is, therefore, Tricoupis thinks, the only wise policy, if one looks to the future, to build good roads and railroads as fast as the country can afford them. He thinks, too, that she can afford a good many. The country cannot develop its own resources

without them. And besides, Greece is especially well fitted in many ways to attract tourists, if only the means of access to the chief places of interest are not too rare and expensive. Tourists in large numbers are a source of wealth, as Switzerland has long since proved. For this reason, also, it will pay to build roads.

There must be a sound currency to do business with. An irredeemable paper currency not only brings difficulty into budget calculations, an enormous loss in exchange in buying abroad and in paying interest on the public debt abroad in gold, while taxes are collected in depreciated paper, but it is always a poison in the business circulation, making it speculative, uncertain, and weak. Greece has a paper currency badly depreciated, gold standing at points fluctuating between 150 and 175 as political prospects change. Seldom does it fall to one man twice to do away with such a blighting influence on financial prosperity as paper money is, yet Tricoupis has done this once, and it is his plan to do it a second time, if the present policy succeeds. Rarely is the statesman whose position depends upon the will of the people so courageous and self-sacrificing that he is willing alone to take into his hands the responsibility of such an act, especially if it brings with it an increase of taxation and a probable fall from power; yet such a man is Tricoupis.

In 1883-84, he raised a loan, withdrew surplus paper, and abolished legal tender at one stroke, coupling with fiscal reforms an increase in taxation and his scheme of internal improvement. In 1885, largely in consequence of the increase in taxation that his necessary reforms demanded, he fell from power, and in his year of absence from office he was compelled to see a useless mobilization of the army, to which we have already referred, that added millions to the already heavy burden of the debt, and a reintroduction of the legal tender money that he had made such efforts to abolish. And now it has been his policy to abolish it

once more, though we must await the event to see if he can succeed.

Such, briefly, is and has been his policy, — sound money, internal development, a budget balance, even with high taxes. To be sure, with this have gone many reforms in taxation. Indeed, the whole system has been revised and bettered, though, to save his country's credit, he has not shrunk from increasing taxation. So long as this increase is not carried so far as to cut into the sources of income, as every student of finance is aware, no harm is done, and Tricoupis knows his country well. The taxes have been tripled within a dozen years, but a year ago, according to foreign finance experts, the country showed no signs of exhaustion.

The perplexities of the finance minister in Greece, however, are not more the weight of taxation than the difficulties of collection, due to the nature and habits of the people, and to the trouble in securing continuous support in carrying out any policy that involves an increase of taxes. The opposition promises a lessening of taxes, but the opposition never gets a balance for the budget; and a late finance minister, M. Carapanos, who told me a year ago that he was endeavoring to found a party that should be devoted to a principle instead of being personal, as most Greek political parties are, and who, according to late papers from Athens, has secured enough followers in the House to give his party a name, the Progressive, — this M. Carapanos recommended an understanding with the creditors of the state by which they should receive in hand sixty per cent of the interest money due them, and the assurance that the rest would be given them "when the resources of the country enable us to do so." So long as Greece showed no more signs of exhaustion than it did a year ago, a finance minister who did not earnestly strive to balance his budget and pay his country's obligations was either ignorant, or was simply cowardly and playing for popular support; knowing that if he con-

tinued his policy the future had nothing for him but bankruptcy and repudiation of debts. Tricoupis prefers the honor of his country to popular applause, though the six months that he was out of office last year have made the task almost hopeless even for him. He has had to cut down two payments when they were due, though he hopes to complete arrangements promptly for meeting the others.

This leads me to consider him briefly as an administrator, and to note some of his views on the nature of Greek politics, as well as to consider certain problems that a Greek Prime Minister finds confronting him; for a Greek Prime Minister is by no means in the position of one in England or in France; he is more autocratic, and at the same time more dependent upon personal favor.

Since King George came to the throne there has been only one legislative body, the Boulé, and, as in England and France, the Prime Minister is dependent upon his majority there. As, however, with this majority he can pass into law any bill without reckoning later with Senate or House of Lords, and as also the number of deputies is small, the value of individual votes is great. The members know their value, and do not hesitate to bring about concessions of various kinds from the cabinet. Of course I do not mean to say that all members of the Boulé sell their votes for favors. Rather, as the matter was stated to me by more than one Greek in a position to know, it is not wise for the government to offend members, if it wishes to remain in power. When a member asks the government for an office for one of his faithful constituents, or that some army officer whose turn it is to go to the frontier be allowed to remain in the capital, or that a teacher be transferred to some more pleasant locality, the government wishes to grant the favor, and often does so. The practice is not materially different from that which holds with us at times, only the member can make his influence more directly felt

on the executive; he may vote against him; and the members are not so held within party traces as in England and in the United States.

It is said that Tricoupis is moved less than any other minister by such requests from members. He is not so easily accessible; his rather cool demeanor and businesslike way of looking at things do not encourage the asking of favors. Indeed, he is said to lose votes at times by summary refusal of such petitions; and yet, doubtless, when he is in office, office-mongering is carried on in his cabinet, and without his express disapproval, if not directly by himself. In a country given over to the spoils system perhaps as badly as ours, he has yet done much to check the evil and to put things on a better basis. He has passed more than one law providing for qualifications for office holders that should insure the selection of fit men for office. When Delyannis was last in power, he repealed these laws and changed many office holders, intending, as he himself told me, to pass better laws on the same subject, since these were faulty; but, he said, he was dismissed by the King before he could carry out his intention. Tricoupis afterwards reenacted his former laws, though not, his enemies say, before he had put out Delyannists, and put in his own friends. The practice of removals on party grounds is evidently active on both sides, though all recognize the evil, and are honestly endeavoring to remove it, with still the strong temptation that we find at home to do so in good part at the expense of the opposite party. "I think," said M. Tricoupis, "that the government ought not to have the power to dismiss and appoint non-political officials at will, though I do believe in a strong executive with much power and responsibility. The government should not have its hands too much tied, but should be able really to *do something*." In fact, whatever may be said by friends or enemies, he is the only one who has deliberately gone ahead

to deprive himself, by legislation, of the burden of office-mongering, though M. Sotiropoulos, the late Prime Minister, wrote, before accepting office, as if he intended to go even further. What he did I have as yet been unable to learn.

Tricoupis is businesslike in the conduct of public affairs. Officials say that they must work harder when he is in office; but as he is a hard worker himself, they cannot complain. Indeed, it is his intense earnestness in work, and his unwillingness to spare himself in the public service, as well as his consummate ability, that, rather than any personal courting of favor, give him his firm hold on party and country.

A word or two regarding the personal nature of Greek political parties, to which I have already referred, will put this relationship between leader and followers in a clearer light. The political parties in Greece all start in the Boulé. As soon as a man gets influence enough to direct the votes of a small group of members, he has a party; and if he is strong, this party may grow until he can control the Boulé, and later, in a general election, the vote of the people. Thus, Tricoupis himself, first a follower of Kumunduros, but with some vigorous reform notions of his own that won him adherents, in 1872 founded his party with five or six members. In 1879, his party in the Boulé numbered fourteen, though in the mean time he had been Prime Minister. And to-day the Greeks — an intensely political nation — are Tricoupists or Delyannists, Carapanists or Rhallyists. The leaders may represent some special ideas, though party lines are not closely drawn on principles; but for the great mass of their followers, at any rate, the allegiance to party is a personal allegiance to the chief. Throughout the country, each party chief has his local leaders of the people, who are more or less faithful to him, and to whom in turn the voters are more or less faithful. I say more or less faithful. A friend of mine in Ath-

ens asked a candidate who was soliciting his vote three or four years ago whether he was to support Tricoupis or Delyannis in the next Boulé. "I cannot tell," he frankly replied, "until after the election, when I can see how matters stand."

As citizens the Greeks are very keen and bright. In the cities they are well read, and are all politicians; and even in the rural districts, though the rate of illiteracy is high, the political interest seems remarkably strong. When it comes to voting, however, the motives are as mixed as our own. Patriotism, judgment on party questions, fidelity to chiefs, personal interests, even bribery in many localities, — all have their influence, as with us. Many candidates expect to put one hundred drachmæ or so with the innkeepers to supply wine and *raki* free to electors. Elections often cost the candidate ten thousand drachmæ, and queer stories are told of election debts and their payment.

Even the *kumpari* system — that is, the relation of godfather to children, which in the Greek Church is a sacred relationship, binding the child to the godfather for life in bonds of duty — has been used to hold votes, a man thus widening his influence greatly.

Such methods are employed, of course, only with the more ignorant; and one must not misjudge the wisdom or patriotism of the Greeks because these things occur. The country is still young in self-government; and until lately the country districts were far removed from the political centres through lack of means of communication, while the Church and the customs of the people smack strongly of patriarchal government.

"The Greeks are the best sons and brothers in the world," said proudly one of the most intelligent men in Athens, a Greek, familiar with Europe and America, though the same man had just been telling me some of the above-named weaknesses of his people.

Perhaps no other people exhibit their

love of fatherland and home as do the Greeks. Witness the magnificent public buildings, museums, and monuments built by the wealthy for the education of their people and the beautifying of their country. Witness also those who come to pass their green old age in Athens, when they have gathered their portion in foreign lands. One of the most striking buildings in Athens, the Academy, built for the use of a society which the Greeks hope some day may rival in reputation the French Institute, was given to his country by a wealthy banker.

Now, in a country where the people, in spite of these excellent traits, are often so susceptible to political trickery and art as are the Greeks, Tricoupis stands out sharply distinguished from his fellow-politicians in his habits and manner. He has courted neither politicians nor people; he has made himself necessary to them. They may not love him; they admire, and fear, and trust him. Said a very keen observer, not a Greek, who has passed a dozen years in close relations with the court and politics in Athens: "Tricoupis is an autocrat. Nobody dares do anything without his aid, even in local government, when he is in power. He puts on airs. He is very able, is a genius. He has no physical wants, makes no concessions, will not condescend. Delyannis will drink mastic on a street corner with the coachmen, and is popular; Tricoupis shuts himself off with his lordly airs. But when the people get into trouble, they want Tricoupis." "This reserve is his art," his opponents say, of course; but to one who has seen him even a little, this reserve appears perfectly natural and sincere. He neither could nor would stoop to other methods; and, moreover, while he may seem more reserved than most Greeks, and while he is very direct in his speech, certainly foreigners would not consider him lacking in courtesy.

His apparent indifference to praise or blame is striking. Indeed, it may fairly be

a question if he is not at times unwise in his neglect of the press; if he does not really owe it to the country that he is serving to have the side of the government fairly represented before the people and the world. It is an open secret that the governments of France and Italy and other countries keep part of the press subsidized; they justify themselves on the grounds given above. Tricoupis certainly does not subsidize many papers. Only two out of all in Athens could say a good word for him before his last resignation, and now when he is again in power the situation is about the same. An article in the *Contemporary Review* a year or two ago says that the gentlemen on the staff of a paper that favored him asked him once to guarantee two seats in the Boulé. He refused point-blank, and the paper went to the opposition. Another ministerial paper kept a gambling den. Tricoupis ordered it closed, regardless of the wish of the paper. There was one more issue of the journal, in which it sought revenge by a violent onslaught on him; then it stopped.

This disregard of opposition is seen in many acts of his. He has never hesitated to increase taxes when it seemed wise to do so, though such an act is always unpopular. Not long ago, in order to lessen expenditures, he suspended the foreign ministers, and left the business of the legations in the hands of the secretaries. In 1887, he had strength enough to reduce the number of deputies in the Boulé from two hundred and fifty to one hundred and fifty, — a measure which, however useful it might be from the standpoint of economy and of improving the grade of deputies, could hardly make him beloved by the politicians. In 1891, Delyannis, who was the Prime Minister, increased the number to two hundred and seven, where it still remains.

A year or two ago, Tricoupis passed a bill providing for payment of tuition by

students in the university, an act which nearly caused a riot in that susceptible class, and brought about a characteristic scene, characteristic both of Greek students and of the stern directness of Tricoupis. A crowd of students gathered in front of his office, and a delegation waited upon the Prime Minister. As soon as they had announced the purpose of their visit, without waiting to hear their argument, he demanded, "Do you come here as students or as citizens? If as students, you are not competent to discuss the question; if as citizens, you are unpatriotic, being unwilling to bear your share of the burdens of the country." Whereupon he turned away to his private office. The students went out; and when, later, an outbreak was imminent, the cool-headed chief of police turned water on the crowd from the fire hose, and they dispersed. This treatment of the students, just or not, was not a means to secure popularity. To despise popularity may be heroic at times; to refuse to descend to trickery is always so; but when one's power to do good for one's state rests in the people, needless severity is weakness and unwisdom.

"Sometimes," said he one day, "it is best for the country to do things that the people do not want just then." But that does not make one popular. Moreover, it is unsafe as a principle. In rare desperate cases it is true; at other times it may be true, when the people can be made to see what is best in season to prevent their overthrow of the policy; but it is always risky, and when it fails may do far more harm than delay would have done. When it was intimated that his proposed line of policy — recalling the legal tender, making a loan, raising taxes — was a bold one, he replied: "We have counted the cost. It is a policy that is sure to defeat us ultimately. Raising taxes, contracting the currency, dismissing officials, can have no other result. But it is worth the cost if we can get the policy so firmly established

before we fall that our successors must carry it on after us. Then we have won."

Noble words these, and, I feel sure, sincere ones; and yet there is the great "if." Can he get his policy established? Under the existing circumstances, desperate as they were, he was surely right in making the attempt; and to his heroic determination at the time Greece probably owes to-day what is left of its financial credit. But still such circumstances are extremely rare.

The experience of Greece during the last few years; its ambition to extend its territory, without the requisite strength; the checks by the great European powers; its increasing burden of debt; its failure as yet to bring all the Greeks in Macedonia, Crete, and elsewhere under its control, as many devotees of the "great idea," with lack of judgment, hoped that it might soon do; and the unrest that all these conditions have given the people, make not uncommon among Greeks a feeling that their present form of government is not a success, and that it needs serious modification. A prominent member of the cabinet said, not long ago, that he would favor a senate of some kind to check the Boulé, and to lessen the pressure from its members. Many articles have appeared in the papers, advocating a more active participation in affairs by the King, — practically the advice to the King to act as his own Prime Minister. Lately, again, the King has been blamed for acting too much on his own judgment. One very intelligent Greek — not an active politician, but a man conversant with politics at home and abroad — told me that he really doubted, in view of the experience under the constitution, if the Greeks were yet ready for self-government. In country districts the people are ignorant; very many cannot read or write, and take little interest in politics, except from the personal standpoint with reference to the success or failure of their leaders. He

was inclined to think that if the King were a somewhat different man, it might be both wise and practicable to abolish the constitution, and to let the sovereign govern as well as reign, with the aid of chosen counselors. Strange views, these, in a popular government of to-day, with the drift toward democracy that is seen throughout Europe! They all remind us that Greece is not yet free from a touch of Orientalism.

The ideas of Tricoupis on the subject are quite different, and are of great interest and value in the present crisis. When these views were set before him, he said that he considered the Greeks a thoroughly intelligent people, though in the country districts many are illiterate. Very many of them are now landowners; there is land enough for nearly every one to be so, and the laws favor such holding. There is no proletariat in Greece, such as is found elsewhere in Europe; consequently, there is no socialistic movement there. The interests of the people are well enough defined, and the people understand them well enough in the long run, so that it is safe and best to trust them. "This is not true of all countries," he continued, "but in my judgment it is true of Greece. Political parties are based on principles and interests. On the whole, it is safer and wiser to base action upon the *interests* of the people. When the people are intelligent enough to recognize these interests, as, I think, the Greeks are, they are ready for self-government." Lately the people have seemed slow in following his judgment; and if they were to overthrow him in the next election, it would militate against his opinion regarding them.

Believing thus in his people; knowing that, without a proletariat, and with the great natural resources of the country, the people could well bear an increase of present burdens for the more rapid development of the country, he has not hesitated to push them on in the way of

development. Were they of his mind, were they ready to make the effort, one cannot doubt their ability to do all that he has asked, and more, and that it would be wise for them to do so. Keen observers, however, who have lived long in Athens, — not Greeks, — think that he has been a little too far ahead of his people, and that they will not follow him. Recent events would seem to point that way, and yet one can but hope that they will be ready to trust again so strong an intelligence.

If Tricoupis has a weak point as a statesman, it is probably this: he is a little too willing to drive public opinion, or rather the public, into the right road, instead of following the slower but surer plan of leading them thither. He possibly pushes his measures — wise ones — too fast. One can but contrast his methods with those of Lincoln in his first term. Lincoln waited until the people were with him, leading them; and thereby he won. Had his patience been less wise, his sympathetic knowledge of the people less, he could not have been so great a statesman as the world now confesses him to have been, however great he might have been in intellect or heart.

Tricoupis, nevertheless, in spite of his rather autocratic methods, may fairly be said to have created popular government in Greece; for until he had stirred the King and people by his articles advocating trust in the people's majority, and so had won his first premiership, elections in Greece were hardly free, and the government was not in fact really of the people. Now the government is of the majority in the Boulé.

One can but admire his rigid independence and scorn of petty trickery; but it is not necessary to be careless of popular feeling in order to be upright and honest; and, moreover, if one is to rely upon the people, one cannot be too far in advance of them. In the present financial condition, to avert bankruptcy, heroic measures are needed. It is not a mis-

take to drive matters now; but it may be a question whether great expenditures for roads and railroads and other developing agencies could wisely precede the popular demand and willingness to pay heavy taxes. Doubtless the people were glad to have the improvements, but the result seems to show that they had not counted the cost.

Throughout his long political career Tricoupis has remained a poor man, caring only for his work, and living on the meagre salary paid him and the slenderest income from some little inherited property. He lives very modestly, in a rented house, with his sister, who, unmarried also, seems with him to give her life to politics and the state. No sketch of him would be complete without mention of this highly gifted lady, who has been for years his most useful aid. Day after day, and all day long, she receives friends, strangers, constituents, opponents, greeting all with the unfailing tact and courtesy that delight and win, and speaking to each his own language with an accuracy that astonishes one. "Her drawing-room," well says a writer in the *St. James Gazette*, "is perhaps the nearest approach to the political and literary salon of the last century."

From what has been written it will be seen that Tricoupis is essentially a man of action. "It is better to make a campaign upon what you have done than upon what you have said and promised," he declared, in speaking of his policy; and he acts upon this view. A German writer, in describing him, says that his most striking characteristic is will; and I think that this opinion is shared by all who come to know him, though on first meeting him, the chief impression upon many people is made by the wonderful rapidity with which he seems to grasp in all its details the subject presented. Delyannis, who from his long years of contest with him ought to know his characteristics well, said of

him, "M. Tricoupis is a man who dares." The remark was not intended to be complimentary, for Delyannis thinks that he dares do more than he has a right to do. Indeed, others also think that Tricoupis has not hesitated at times to bend the letter when it seemed to conflict with the spirit of the law, or with what he thought to be the real interest of the country; but in no case have I heard any charge that he ever had a personal end in view, or that he considered anything but the highest interests of his country; and in most cases those who gave the facts justified them as in themselves wise, but perhaps dangerous, as being precedents which unwise or unpatriotic men might follow. "A man who dares," a most necessary characterization of all great men, I think an excellent one of him, though I have already shown that he is also prudent, *audax et cautus*. But he is not vacillating or timid. He is prompt, vigorous, sure. In many things said of him, and in many things that one sees, he reminds one of Bismarck: a man of blood and iron, if need be, in a small country with limited means, forced to be prudent and to wait, doomed to be checked by being thrown out of power every few years, and to see his good work undone by his opponents. Think of his tax reforms, legal tender repeals, civil service laws, set aside, to be remade by him, while he had also to pay the debts uselessly heaped on the country by others. The debts made by him have been in the main for substantial benefits to the country. Greece is too poor and small to cope with Turkey on land; but a struggle with Turkey every Greek considers inevitable. Tricoupis provided for ironclads that would give Greece control of the sea so far as Turkey was concerned; but at the moment when the ironclads were firing the first salute to their new masters, as they entered the Piræus for the first time, the minister who had secured them was with the King laying

down his office. With all his strength and enthusiasm Tricoupis feels keenly these reverses; but he knows that the only fortunate outcome for Greece is through prudence and patience, and he will do his best to raise her by every possible means. He, with the rest of his countrymen, hopes for a greater Greece; but, as he has written to his people, "the true policy for Greece is to become a strong country. Strengthen Greece morally and in wealth, then she will be sound and right, and ready to take what comes in the future."

The events of the last two ministerial changes in Greece, when Tricoupis resigned, and after a six months' interval returned to power, serve to throw further light upon his character, the nature of Greek politics, and his relation to the policy of the country and to the King.

The basis of his late financial policy was a new loan, which should pay the interest of the old debts for three or four years, enable them to be consolidated, the paper money to be withdrawn, and the tax system arranged to suit the circumstances. The policy originated with him, and was favorably commented upon and declared entirely practicable by the special English commissioner sent to investigate the condition of the country. The loan was negotiated, and all was settled but one point. The English bankers wished some English control over the taxes that were pledged to the payment of the loan and its interest. This neither the King nor Tricoupis would grant in any form that would take away the suzerainty of Greece. At length, after long negotiation, it was arranged that these pledged taxes were to be paid into the hands of English trustees, to be remitted to the bankers in question. Both the King and Tricoupis were agreed that the suzerain rights of the people were not alienated, and that the loan might be closed by royal decree, under existing laws. At this point the opposition

press stirred up so violent an outcry, asserting that any such condition was unpatriotic and a sacrifice of Greek sovereignty, that public opinion veered around; placards appeared denouncing Tricoupis as a dictator, and criticising his policy and the loan as unconstitutional; and finally the King lost his courage, and suggested the idea of reserving the realization of the loan for the legislative sanction. Tricoupis felt that the outcry was uncalled for, and was willing, if backed by the King, as before, to go ahead and sanction the loan by royal decree, as first intended. When the King was unwilling, however, to take the responsibility without the consent of the Boulé, Tricoupis accepted the suggestion, and telegraphed to London that the loan was to be submitted to the Boulé for sanction, as the case had been with all other Greek loans. He knew that he could count upon his majority in the Boulé; and he wished, as a minister should, to stand by the King in all forms, however unnecessary, without protest. The bankers, in those circumstances, not having confidence in the fickle Boulé, categorically refused that condition, and insisted upon the decree alone, saying that was sufficient. In consequence, Tricoupis promptly resigned, so as to give his successor as much time as possible to meet the difficulties. Had the King stood by him, his pluck was enough to put the matter through, while late events show that he

was not mistaken in relying upon his majority.

The new cabinet struggled through the summer without calling together the Boulé, but when, in November, the Boulé met, on the ballot for the presidency the ministry fell on a vote of 102 to 50 against it. Tricoupis' candidate had more votes than the candidates of all his opponents combined. The King, perforce, has called his great minister again to power, and, with a very strong majority, he takes up the heavy task where he laid it down, — a task made heavier by the weakness of the King and the delay that he had caused. The whole story brings more vividly to view the difficulties of a statesman in a small state, with a people passionate and fickle, hardly ripe for self-government.

What the outcome is ultimately to be is doubtful; what the next few years, or even the next year, may have in store for Greece is a grave problem; and yet, one who has seen the land and the people can hardly believe that the Greeks are not to be a successful nation. At any rate, we may be sure that in power — as he has been most of the time for the past twelve years — or in opposition, Charilaos Tricoupis is to be a prime factor in directing the course of his country. He is easily the greatest Greek of his day, is one of the great statesmen of the century, and his influence must be felt, and felt for good.

Jeremiah W. Jenks.

THE SAPPHIC SECRET.

*"Ἔρος δαῦτ' ἐτίναξεν ἔμοι φρένας,
ἄνεμος κατ' ὕρος δρύσιν ἐμπέσων.*

Shaking my soul a gust of passion goes,
A mountain wind that on the oak-tree blows.

SOME subjects never wear out, but, like those broadcloth coats so prized by our grandfathers, keep even their shiny

surface nap to the very last. If we think out the matter to its bottom, we shall find that these perennial themes have an honest connection with what is elemental in human nature. We are growing prouder every day, as we continue to add web over web to the cocoon

of our ensphering artificiality; but yet we remain the same simple species of worm which, in its early nakedness, spun the matchless gossamers of unconditioned art.

Said a maker of maple syrup to me once: "The first sap drawn from the tree at the earliest moment of the season is always the best. It has a flavor quite indescribable, suggesting a direct connection with the tree's most precious and most mysterious life." I do not give his words, but what I took to be his meaning. Going back to his crude speech, it would be something like this: "The fust runnin' is the cream o' the sap; ye git it right out'n the root, an' it tastes jes' like the spring o' the year b'iled down an' squeezed through sugar-tree wood. It's ondoubtedly the jolicousest tastin' stuff in the known world."

When the Muses first tapped the veins of human passion, away back in the springtime of the world, it was a fragrant and racy tippie that they drew forth. It was better to taste it "than to lick a honeycomb," — ἢ μέλι λείχαιν, as Theocritus makes his herdsman sing; and, pretend to the contrary as we may, the whole world likes it still. That is, the whole world would like it, were the flagons in which it is kept, those supremely delicate yet indestructible receptacles of the Lesbian vintage, unsealed and placed within the common reach.

But who shall strike the wax of mystery from those priceless amphoræ, and give to the unsophisticated nostrils of the average reader the ravishing bouquet of wine pressed in a garden of Mytilene twenty-five centuries ago? We spring to the task with enthusiasm, and scrape away the ἀλειφαρ, the pitch seal, and wrench out the stopper; but who shall share with us the first puff of long-imprisoned fragrance?

When a neighbor is called in, and a draught is offered him, it is ten to one he fails to detect the distinguishing characteristic of it, and turns with pleasure

to something like a glass of California claret. The few, the select coterie, — you and I belong to it, — have always appreciated the indefinable, and have met to discuss it, with this Sapphic tippie shimmering like liquid fire upon the board. We would all be translators, — that is, cup-bearers, — were it possible, and carry from lip to lip around the circle of the world this electrifying philter, the secret of the tenth Muse.

It seems to me that no fascination of mere pedantry can account for the influence exerted by the ancient Greek lyrists over the minds of modern poets. The universal desire to translate has behind it a stronger force than could be generated by a dry school-impulse; for it is not always, perhaps not oftenest, the college man who flies headlong into the flame of the lamp of Hellas and is singed to madness thereby. I knew a young rustic of burly frame, whose head was as large as Webster's, and he chopped wood in winter and ploughed corn in summer for his livelihood; but he had found time to study Latin, and was half crazy to turn the Eclogues of Virgil into English verse. There is a wide space between such a lettered hind and a poet like André Chénier; still, it is all the more interesting when we bring the extremes together, for then we know that the circle is complete, and that it measures a universal fascination. It is as if all mankind had joined hands to receive the thrilling shock from a primal and inexhaustible battery.

English poetry, from Chaucer down to Tennyson, acknowledges the lyre, the syrinx, and the flute, and is not ashamed of a "smack of Helicon," as Lowell somewhere phrases it. Indeed, the master singers of our tongue may be most readily tallied by the Greek sign. Not that they all have been Greek scholars: the influence entered them, mayhap, indirectly, as notably in the case of Shakespeare; they clutched at second hand, if not at first, the fine substance of Arcadian song-

simples, each using them in his own way, as a bee uses what it gathers from flowers.

The Elizabethan poets, at their taverns in Bohemian session, kept the tradition, if not the scholarly study, of Greek poetry alive and active, while in France a succession of lyrists dated song back to the rose gardens of Mytilene and the olive slopes of Ætna, the vineyards round about Teos and the tuneful rivers of Bœotia. But in our day the blight of so-called realism has fallen upon expression to such an extent that one voice is but an echo of all the rest, a bird-organ cry of the commonplace and the usual.

Greek realism was the true realism, beside which the much-boasted "faithfulness to life" of our Whitmans, our Ibsens, and our Tolstôys is a dirty wash of imitation. The civilization of Greece had for foundation what its poets represented it to have, but is American civilization anchored in what Whitman would have us believe? The good gray poet looked back with but half-enlightened eyes to the freedom and the heathen sincerity of Homer. Consciously, even self-consciously and with long forethought and training, he tried to be an elementary voice of ancient, unhindered man, and, with a prodigious show of contempt for our enlightenment, proclaimed himself, as of old did Simichidas, "a burning mouth of the Muses."

Καὶ γὰρ ἐγὼ Μοισᾶν καπνὸν στόμα.

And he much wished to go naked and run races with Pan, or loaf and invite his soul after the example of the pseudo-Anakreon.

However, it is not every poet who wills it that can be strong enough to connect himself, through perfect understanding, with a dead civilization, and key his song-score in unison with it. The modern realist always fails, as Whitman did, owing to the difference between original, unconscious nakedness and a belated bluster about "truthfulness to nature." Poets

like Keats and Tennyson, simply asserting their genius, have joined the old chorus, in a way, without spoiling their modern tone and accent, while those of André Chénier's ilk have groped in vain for the αἶλός and the tibia, the syrinx and the divine shell, not to be satisfied short of possessing at least the very instrument, τοὺς πρητοὺς δόνακας, offered by Daphnis to the goat-footed god, and unwilling to blow a single note left unsounded by the Arcadian pipers. But what has it mattered that every voluntary effort to reproduce the Greek word-music has failed? The next genius is sure to try it again, and stick fast in the trap set for him by Æde.

Now, what is the secret of this unavoidable fascination and this inevitable failure? Swinburne has attempted to explain it in one of his gorgeous essays, with only the success of demonstrating that mere violence of epithet could not serve his turn. Yet one or two of his phrases must be numbered among the happy, ever memorable flashes which now and again leap from the pen-nib of rare genius. Speaking of Sappho, he says, "Her verses strike and sting the memory," and "they seem akin to fire and air;" that they are "the supreme success, the final achievement, of the poetic art."

While it is true that the writers of Greek middle comedy, those ancient American humorists who, like our own present fun-makers, wanted their food to be all salt, did not agree with the enthusiastic champion of English erotic poetry, still, it is the larger fact that Sappho captured and held thrall the Greek imagination. She was mistress of the world to a greater degree than Homer was master of it; she appealed to men with a stronger fascination than any other lyrist could command, and so great was her power over women that she drew them about her in a school the like of which has never been controlled by any other poet.

Restraint appears to have been con-

sidered a hardship not bearable by the biographers of Sappho; the poet's divine rage has rendered even the wisdom of counsel lurid and perfervid. The quarrel has been fierce over the question of Sappho's moral character distinguished from her character as a poet, and has been pushed to a profitless extreme. The simple truth is, we know scarcely anything about her life, and the few facts to be accepted as even probably true, bearing upon the subject, are accessible to every reader, and need not be gone over here.

For my part, I always come to the fragments of Sappho's poetry expecting to find something new in them, — and I invariably do; but this novelty seems to steal through and from behind the words. Very often I imagine that a glimpse of the woman, superbly beautiful and divinely gifted, comes out of her phrases, a form seen dimly through Coan silk, *ἰδαίνα βράκη*, like the English poet's vision appearing

"Through leagues of shimmering water, like a star."

It is a most tantalizing half revelation.

In taking up this old theme once more, then, it is not to enter the dusty arena of grammar or archæology or philology, nor yet to repeat the meagre facts, and the thrifty conjectures dear to this or that one of the many learned biographers. Let us try to find out what Sappho herself has to say; for it is this, and but this, that should interest us under the conditions of the record.

A true poet is what his poetry is; that is the artistic view. Genius speaks through what it creates, and the golden fragments of Sappho's verse are the best biography of the world's greatest lyricist.

Counting verses and mere scraps of verses, all that we have pretty well identified of Sappho's poetry would make at the best, if combined, a single poem of about two hundred and twenty lines. The odes, and the probably genuine fragments which are long enough to be of im-

portance from a literary point of view, or chance to contain a complete artistic stroke, are, as I select them, thirty-four in number. Other fragments are interesting on a minor account, and may be mentioned incidentally; but mainly to the two dozen and ten must we look for the key to the Sapphic Secret. Two of these are doubtfully attributed to Sappho, namely, fragments 26 and 120.

The Ode to Aphrodite is the only complete poem of Sappho's that time has spared to us, — one, but a masterpiece, almost overrich in its ripe and strangely racy maturity and its tropical intensity of conception and expression. It is surpassed, however, I think, by the Ode to Anactoria, the most perfect, even in its fragmentary or truncated state, of all erotic poems. These two pieces, the first made up of twenty-eight lines, the second of seventeen, the last two lines of the second being fragmentary, offer at the outset a study of the poet's incomparable "verbal economy," as Mr. Watts, in his article on Poetry in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, has so aptly named it. Here the amazing power of Greek words as words is shown in such a way that phrases, like ripe fruit clusters, seem bursting with a rich juice of passionate meaning. Let us try to examine, and if possible dissect, some of these word wonders, so that what is vaguely known as "popular intelligence" may grasp somewhat of their captivating secret.

Alcæus called Sappho a pure violet-weaver, *ἰόπλοκ' ἄγνα Σάπφοι*; and if he referred to her mastery of color-purity in song, it was a happy comparison. The very first word of the first ode suggests a tapestry of priceless and fadeless dyes, — *ποικιλόθρον'*, *ἀθάνατ' Ἀφροδίτα*. It sets before the Greek mind a throne draped in embroidered cloth, the handiwork of an absolute master, many-colored, the hues divinely approved, and harmoniously blended into some matchless pattern of beauty. Our language has no word with which to translate it, nor

yet any rhythmic combination of words that will paraphrase it.

"Splendor-throned queen, immortal Aphrodite,"

is Sir Edwin Arnold's attempt to render the whole line; but "splendor-throned" leaves out the woven colors. Colonel Higginson is content with "beautiful-throned," and "star-throned" satisfied John Addington Symonds. Swinburne, essaying to surprise the poet, and take her secret unawares, tried this splendid paraphrase:—

"Love, as burning flame from crown to feet,
Imperishable upon her storied seat."

The reader to whom Greek is a sealed fountain must feel as readily as the profoundest Greek scholar that here is a single word baffling the genius of four men known all over the world as, in differing ways and degrees, masters of expression.

In the second ode, the phrase *χλωροτέρα δὲ ποίας* is translated by John Herman Merivale "grassy pale." Symonds tries "paler than grass in autumn," and Swinburne "paler than grass in summer."

Here again is the despair of the would-be translators. The word *χλωροτέρα* has a compound meaning: it describes a plant's greenness fading into the pallor of decay, the vernal hue of foliage disappearing and leaving the lush greenery fallow and wan; and its force of comparison in connection with *ποίας*, grass, gives it the further meaning "more grass-fadish than faded grass;" that is, more like the fallow wanness of faded grass than the color of faded grass itself. But Sappho uses the whole phrase as an adjective descriptive of herself under the blanching and jaundicing strain of an imperious emotion. It tells how the splendor and color, the vigor and abounding life, of a fresh and joyous youth suddenly give way to a living death of jealousy and despair. "All flesh is as grass," *πάντα σὰρξ ὡς χόρτος*, is the apostle's expression, where *χόρτος* stands for fresh-cut grass not yet cured into

hay. This phrase is perfectly translatable word for word, while Sappho's finest meaning eludes every possible stroke of betrayal. I can think of no more striking contrast than is here projected between a realistic and an idealistic mode of expression. "All flesh is like green hay;" that is, it must shortly wither and be consumed. The comparison is a direct physical measurement of one thing by another. But in Sappho's words lurk a whole swarm of physical, spiritual, and sensuous suggestions, all correlated, and shading off from densest substance into the most tenuous and filmy spiritual allusion. The apostle hits us plump with a bullet of gross truth; the poet thrills us with a strain of haunting music which comes along like a flash of woven splendor-rays.

By her marvelous art in the linking together of words Sappho makes them her own, seems to invent them or give them an omnipotent energy. The incomparable realism of Theocritus when he speaks of the grayish, ash-brown cicadas in the summer trees as *αἰθαλίωνες*, burnt and smoked to a cinder color by basking in the sun, is but superficial when compared with Sappho's *ἐπιπορφύρει* (fragment 94), by which she describes—"paints" is the better word—the darkening change of purple color which takes place in the petals of a hyacinth that has been trampled under the feet of shepherds on a hilltop. Take the petal of a blue violet and crush it between your fingers; you will see the change to opaque purple. But Sappho is not content with mere realism; she makes the spiritual connection by using the whole phrase adjectively to suggest the change from the flower-flush of happiness to the dusky gloom of sadness after the heart is trampled upon. Theocritus was often enough artlessly true to the very facts of nature, and set them forth with absolutely sincere dramatic directness. Sappho was just as true, just as sincere, just as direct, with

the added force of incomparable art, — an art that could flood a phrase, or even a single word, with the concentrated riches and splendors of a whole dramatic situation. She made words reciprocate; forced them to borrow and lend, empty shades of elusive meaning into one another, light up one another's remote nooks, focus their colors into dazzling iris centres of beauty, passion, and charm.

In fragment 4 this art of verbal squeezing, so that the meaning of one word gushes out into that of another, like musty juice, so to speak, is carried to the furthest, and yet the passage is a piece of simple and apparently artless description: —

Ἀμφὶ δὲ ψυχρον κελάδει δι' ὕδων
μαλίνων, αἰθυσσομένων δὲ φύλλων
κῶμα καταρρεῖ.

I translate this into prose as best I can: "Coolness steals all around through the apple boughs, and down the shimmering foliage a drowsiness settles gently." The dry grammarian will laugh at my rendering; but it is literally what Sappho meant. In her words, however, is inclosed the dreamy sense of summer in a breezy, slumbrous apple orchard, like the purple juice in a cluster of ripe grapes. Theocritus describes much the same conditions with his παντ' ὄσδεν θέρεος μάλα πίνος, ὄσδε ὀπώρας, — "All breathed the odor of rich, fruity summer time." But here again Theocritus thrusts forth only the beautiful fact, while Sappho makes her meaning include a spiritual condition, the drowsy dream of the soul, induced by the coolness, the leaf rustle, and the slumber-bearing weather.

Matthew Arnold has denied that the Greek poets have the magic of expression which belongs to Western genius; but it seems to me that just what he called magic is to be found doubly distilled in some of these pathetic "stray gusts of Sapphic song," and in a few of the happiest flute-scores of Theocritus

and some haunting chord fragments of the true Anakreon. There is not a single line of all that Shakespeare wrote which, if left to stray alone through twenty-five centuries, could give the human soul a finer thrill than fragment 33:

Ἡράμαν μὲν ἔγω σέθεν, Ἀτθι, πάλα πῶτα.

Indeed I loved thee once, O Atthis, long ago.

Our English words do not carry the undertone of that backward cry through the darkness of dead years; they barely suggest it.

Here is a bundle of the fragments, with what seems to me their meaning in English: —

Ἔρος δαδτέ μ' ὁ λυσιμέλης δόνει
γλυκύπικρον ἀμάχανον ὄρπετον.

(Frag. 40.)

Now Love, the unconquerable serpent bitter-sweet,

Thrills me to nervelessness from head to feet.

Οἶον τὸ γλυκύμαλον ἐρεύθεται ἄκρῳ ἐπ' ὕδῳ
ἄκρον ἐπ' ἀκροτάτῳ λελάοντο δὲ μαλοδόρπες,
οὐ μὲν ἐκλεάθοντ', ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐδύναντ' ἐπίκεσθαι.

(Frag. 93.)

As the sweet apple, red a-blush on the top
spray of the tree,

The tipmost top, that the gatherers failed to
see;

Nay, saw, but could not touch, and so let be.

Οἶαν τὰν ὑάκινθον ἐν οὐρεσι ποίμενες ἄνδρες
πόσσι καταστειβοῖσι, χάμαι δ' ἐπιπορφύρει ἄνθος.

(Frag. 94.)

As on the hills the shepherd's feet the hyacinth
crush and wound,

And the flower all darkly purpling dies upon
the ground.

Χαίροισα νύμφα, χαίρέτω δ' ὁ γάμβρος.

(Frag. 103.)

The bride rejoicing, let the groom rejoice.

Δέδυκε μὲν ἃ σελάννα
καὶ Πληγίδες, μέσαι δὲ
νύκτες, παρὰ δ' ἔρχετ' ἄρα,
ἔγω δὲ μόνᾳ κατεῦδω.

(Frag. 52.)

The Pleiades are gone,
The moon has set, and I,
Midway from dark to dawn,
While time drags slowly¹ on,
Lonesome and lonely lie.

to express tediousness, which I have tried to indicate by "slowly."

¹ Symonds renders the phrase thus, "And time slips by;" but I feel that Sappho meant

Ἐσπερε, πάντα φέρων, ὅσα φαίνοις ἐσκέδασ' αὔω,
φέρεις οἶν, φέρεις αἶγα, φέρεις ἅπνυ μᾶτέρι παῖδα.
(Frag. 95.)

O Evening, thou dost bring, what bright morn
sent wandering,
The errant goat, the straying sheep, the child
in mother's breast to sleep.

But the English phrasing is pale, sap-
less, and unsuggestive of that element in
the Sapphic equation which in almost
every word of the original is subtly
personal and magically appealing.

Fragment 109 has a haunting plan-
gency of movement, and a pathos that
returns again and again, like a mournful
echo:—

παρθενία, παρθενία, ποῖ με λίποις' ἀποίχρη;
οὐκέτι ἤξω πρὸς σέ, οὐκέτι ἤξω.

Girlhood, girlhood, gone oh where from me?
I come, I come never, never again to thee.

So fragment 39 carries a note almost be-
yond the reach of suggestion in English:

ἦρος ἄγγελος ἱμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Messenger of spring, love-longing-voiced night-
ingale.

The tender, love-burdened and joy-
sweetened cry of the song-bird in spring
is expressed in absolute terms by the
compound word *ἱμερόφωνος*; it is the
voice of elemental, unsophisticated de-
sire. I never read that line without
thinking of the mocking-birds in May
among the blooming haw boskets and
wild plum thickets of Georgia.

Sappho had the true song-bird's voice,
— the seeking, calling voice of absolute,
initial longing, the cry of pristine pas-
sion. "Desire," connected with love in
its purest and highest human sense, was
the key-word of her song. We need not
pause to inquire whether, living in an age
of hideous moral laxity, she was a bad or
a good woman. Her song is not evil in
its substance nor vicious in its essence.
Her love-desire was that of a burning,
music-charmed genius, full of health and
vigor, wandering in the springtime groves
of song. I have found it interesting to

group together her phrases containing
this key-word "desire: "—

γαλασας ἱμερόβην.

θυμός ἱμέρρει.

ἱμερον ἢ κάλων.

ἔρος δ' ἐπ' ἱμέρτῳ κέκνται προσώπῳ.¹

ἱμερόφωνος ἀήδων.

Here we have the laughter of desire;
the desiring heart; good-desiring, — that
is, a pure love-impulse; a desireful face,
in connection with beauty; and the de-
sire-burdened voice of a bird in spring.
This note of longing is not a coarse cry
of lust, as the fleshly school of critics
and poets would have us believe, but a
fine human utterance in behalf of the
noblest natural, elemental impulse. Sap-
pho, whatever may have been her atti-
tude as a Lesbian woman living some
six hundred years before Christ, was, in
her poetry, so far as what we have of it
goes, a true woman, singing freely the
deepest and sweetest as well as the
strongest and most burning secrets of
woman's heart. She sings the mother
and the child, the groom and the bride,
the bird in the grove, the maiden's ten-
der dream of love beside her loom, a
child girl golden-fair, the love of deli-
cacy, flowers, beautiful colors, the rustic
girl and her clever artfulness, a sweet-
voiced maiden, her girl friends, as well
as the pain and stress and overmaster-
ing clutch of love and jealousy and long-
ing and despair. But her key-word is
one that belongs exclusively to women,
— a word meaning more than our word
"longing," and bearing a more spiritual
allusion to love than our word "desire."
She was not sentimental, but she was a
gorgeous fountain of sentiment; beyond
this, her music and her colors and her
masterly command of sympathy make her
verse strangely captivating.

A poet once said to me that Sappho's
poetry always seemed to startle imme-
morial echoes in his mind, and held him
breathlessly expectant of some miracu-
lous revelation. It looks to one who

¹ This is Weil's reading of fragment 100.

reads as if all the poets had felt this curious effect of the fragments, which so often just reach the line of cleavage between tantalizing suggestion and the full explosion of discovery. What it is that one expects and seems just on the point of realizing is not what is so persistently iterated and reiterated in the Anakreontics, not what the shallower harp sounds monotonously as its only phrase, — *ἔρωτα μούνον ἤχεῖ*, — but some immanent, soul-pervading, and final expression of human love loosed within by a supreme voice, the far overpassed imerophone, thrilling the ancient sphere with unimaginable melody.

Each master poet has this precious secret of a haunting reserve, this remote, alluring suggestiveness beyond all words; but none like Sappho. Each true genius swings a colored lantern with magic effect across our track, and its light is always characteristic and individual, with a signal flash exclusively its own. Sappho's light is that of absolute, universal womanhood. She knew herself, her sex, and her power; and it is this womanly knowledge, informed with a genius never yet surpassed, that brims her words with imperishable fascination.

Ἄστέρων παντῶν ὁ κάλίστος.

Maurice Thompson.

THE REFORM OF SECONDARY EDUCATION IN THE UNITED STATES.

It has come to be distinctly recognized that any far-reaching educational reform in this country must begin with the secondary schools. The elementary school is helpless if the secondary school refuses to coöperate with it in raising the standard of scholarship and improving the methods of instruction; and but few colleges are strong enough to demand of the secondary schools more and better work than the latter are now doing. Persuasion on the part of the colleges has in some cases accomplished a good deal, but the improvement has been limited either to one or two subjects of instruction, or to the schools of a relatively small territory. The secondary schools themselves, not always conducted in a wise or generous spirit, have too often sacrificed the necessities of sound training to the local demand for an ambitious programme containing twoscore or more of school subjects, no one of which is pursued far enough or long enough for the pupil to derive from it the educational value it possesses. Or they have

erred on the other side, and in their devotion to a past ideal excluded from the curriculum whole fields of knowledge that have grown up within a century. Thus the secondary school has appeared to many observers not only to scatter a pupil's energies and interests, but to delay him unduly. The consequence is, as President Eliot showed very clearly several years ago, that the American boy of fifteen or sixteen, no whit inferior to his French or German fellow in native ability, is from two to three years behind him in acquired knowledge.

To remedy so apparent an evil as this would be an easy task in France or in Prussia. The minister of education would consult his official advisers, and call the leading educational experts to his council; in a few weeks an order would issue prescribing for the schools a new and reformed procedure. In this way, *Lehrpläne* and *Lehraufgaben* for the higher schools of Prussia were issued in 1882, and again in 1892. Similarly, in 1890 the existing *Plan d'Études*

et Programmes of the secondary schools in France was promulgated. In this country, however, where no central educational administration exists, and where bureaucracy is not popular, educational reforms can be brought about only by persuasion and coöperation, for no official and no institution is empowered to dictate to us. The press, the platform, the teachers' meeting, must be availed of to put forward new ideas, and men and women in large numbers must be reasoned with and convinced in order to secure their acceptance.

For secondary education, and through it for our educational organization generally, a long step has been taken in this direction by the proceedings that led up to the appointment of the Committee of Ten by the National Educational Association, and by the exceedingly valuable report which that committee has just laid before the public.¹

For thirty years the National Educational Association has been known as a large body of teachers that assembled annually to listen to addresses and discussions of more or less practical value. It has come to command an attendance of as many as sixteen thousand teachers, of all classes and from every section of the country. Its power and authority have increased with its size and its representative character. In 1892, the directors of this association determined to pass from the field of mere discussion, and begin an educational investigation, under their own auspices and paid for out of their own funds, that should result in some practical gain to the country at large. They accepted the suggestion, made to them after careful deliberation, that the

problems connected with secondary education should be vigorously and systematically attacked, and appointed a committee, which has come to be known as the Committee of Ten, to take full charge of the task, at the same time appropriating twenty-five hundred dollars to pay the expenses of the work. The members of this committee were carefully selected with a view to giving representation to the types of educational organization most interested, and to the various sections of the country.²

As finally constituted, the committee was made up of one president of an Eastern university, two presidents of Western state universities and one of a Southern state university, one president of a college for women, one professor in a Western college open to both sexes, one head-master of an endowed academy, one principal of a public high school for both sexes, one principal of a public high school for girls only, and the Commissioner of Education, whose familiarity with the principles and practice of education in every part of the United States gave representation indirectly both to the elementary school interest and to the special students of education.

The procedure adopted by the Committee of Ten is fully described in the report to which it is the object of this paper to direct attention. It may be briefly stated thus:—

After a study of the whole problem, it was decided to appoint nine Conferences of ten members each, — one Conference for each of the main divisions of work that fall properly to the secondary school. The members of the Conferences were selected equally, as nearly

¹ Published by the Bureau of Education, Washington, D. C., and to be obtained on request.

² The members of the committee were: President Charles W. Eliot, of Harvard University, chairman; Dr. W. T. Harris, Commissioner of Education; President James B. Angell, of the University of Michigan; President James M. Taylor, of Vassar College; Mr. John Tet-

low, of the Girls' High School, Boston, Mass.; Mr. O. D. Robinson, of the Albany (N. Y.) High School; President James H. Baker, of the University of Colorado; President Richard H. Jesse, of the University of Missouri; Mr. James C. MacKenzie, of the Lawrenceville (N. J.) School; and Professor Henry C. King, of Oberlin College.

as possible, from college and school instructors who had attained a reputation in connection with the subject of their Conference, due regard being had also to the representation of various educational interests and the several sections of the country. Conferences were appointed, therefore, on Latin; Greek; English; Other Modern Languages; Mathematics; Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry; Natural History (Biology, including Botany, Zoölogy, and Physiology); History, Civil Government, and Political Economy; and Geography (Physical Geography, Geology, and Meteorology). The several Conferences assembled in December, 1892, at convenient points, and eighty-eight of the ninety members were in attendance. Of these eighty-eight, forty-six were in the service of colleges and universities, forty-one in the service of schools, and one was a government official formerly in the service of a university. So admirable are the lists of members of these Conferences that it is difficult to speak of them without enthusiasm.* Among the ninety names will be found many that stand in the foremost rank of American scholarship, and no one of the ninety was without valuable educational experience of some kind. This fact of itself gives great weight to their recommendations, and their exhaustive reports, which are appended to the Report of the Committee of Ten, are a mine of educational information and suggestion of the utmost value.

The nine Conferences were in session for three days, and addressed themselves to the task of preparing answers to the searching questions submitted to them by the Committee of Ten. These questions, eleven in number, were as follows:—

“(1.) In the school course of study, extending approximately from the age of six years to eighteen years, — a course including the periods of both elementary and secondary instruction, — at what age

should the study which is the subject of the Conference be first introduced?

“(2.) After it is introduced, how many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it?

“(3.) How many hours a week for how many years should be devoted to it during the last four years of the complete course; that is, during the ordinary high school period?

“(4.) What topics, or parts, of the subject may reasonably be covered during the whole course?

“(5.) What topics, or parts, of the subject may best be reserved for the last four years?

“(6.) In what form and to what extent should the subject enter into college requirements for admission? Such questions as to the sufficiency of translation at sight as a test of knowledge of a language, or the superiority of a laboratory examination in a scientific subject to a written examination on a textbook, are intended to be suggested under this head by the phrase ‘in what form.’

“(7.) Should the subject be treated differently for pupils who are going to college, for those who are going to a scientific school, and for those who, presumably, are going to neither?

“(8.) At what stage should this differentiation begin, if any be recommended?

“(9.) Can any description be given of the best method of teaching this subject throughout the school course?

“(10.) Can any description be given of the best mode of testing attainments in this subject at college admission examinations?

“(11.) For those cases in which colleges and universities permit a division of the admission examinations into a preliminary and a final examination, separated by at least a year, can the best limit between the preliminary and final examinations be approximately defined?”

The first impression produced by a study of the reports of the special Conferences is that their members addressed

themselves to their task with marked skill and directness. The questions submitted to them are answered, and answered fully, and the answers are accompanied with the reasons therefor. From the standpoint of the old-fashioned preparatory schoolmaster, ignorant alike of the newer school subjects and of the newer methods of imparting life to the old ones, the changes urged by the Conferences may seem many and radical. Yet it will be difficult to disprove the deliberate conclusion of the Committee of Ten that, on the whole, the spirit of the Conferences was conservative and moderate. For example, the Latin Conference distinctly disclaim any desire to see the college admission requirements in Latin increased. The Greek Conference prefer to see the average age of entrance to college lowered rather than raised. The Mathematics Conference recommend the actual abridging of the time now devoted to arithmetic, algebra, and geometry. The Geography Conference agree that the time now spent upon that subject in the schools is out of all proportion to the value of the results secured.

As a matter of course, the Conferences that dealt with the modern languages and the several departments of natural science had the largest amount of work to do. Greek, Latin, and mathematics have been staple school subjects for generations. They are carefully organized and graded. Adequate textbooks are provided. A large body of teaching experience lies behind each of them. Of the other subjects this is not true. They appear only sporadically in schools. Too often they are taught badly, and their educational value is lost. The Conferences dealing with the modern subjects make it clear, in every case, how these evils may be avoided; but their reports are correspondingly longer and more minute than those on the other subjects. The Conference on Physics, Astronomy, and Chemistry, for example, append to their report an elaborate

outline of experiments to be performed and topics to be taught in the secondary school. The reports from the Conferences on History, Civil Government, and Political Economy, Geography, and Natural History are similarly detailed.

The recommendations of the Conference on English will naturally be turned to first; for the tendency to emphasize the importance of the study of the mother tongue, and to improve the methods of teaching it, is now too strong and too general to be resisted, if indeed any one wishes to resist it. The report of this Conference is very short, but it is extremely clear and cogent. In substance, it says that the proper use of English can only be gained by using it properly in exercises of increasing difficulty and variety. The spelling-book is discounted. Formal grammar is relegated to the subordinate place that it deserves. The reading-book should contain real literature, and not articles on physical science or natural history, and but little sentimental poetry. In the high school it is held that English should have as much time allotted to it as Latin, and that the two points to be kept constantly in mind, in the teaching, are the study of literature and training in the expression of thought. All this advice is so sound that, being now given a quasi-official authority, it should be followed generally in the secondary schools, both public and private.

The fact that education cannot be cut up into artificial periods distinct in themselves is brought out by almost every Conference. They agree in saying that the elementary school must improve, and must coöperate with the secondary school, if the latter is to meet the demands now made upon it. English teaching cannot be neglected from six to thirteen, if good results in it are to be obtained from thirteen to seventeen. It is facts like this that give the reports of the Conferences their chief significance. Though dealing ostensibly and directly with secondary

education only, they reach every nook and corner of the elementary school as well.

It is extremely encouraging, also, to find the nine Conferences and the Committee of Ten, one hundred teachers in all, in cordial agreement on many points of fundamental importance. It is laid down, for instance, that no school subject should be taught in different ways to pupils who are going to college, to a scientific school, or to neither. If a pupil studies algebra or Latin, he should study it in the same way and to the same extent, during the time that he studies it, whether he is to enter Harvard or Yale, the Institute of Technology or the Rensselaer Polytechnic, or a merchant's office. On this point there is not a single dissenting voice. This one principle, if followed in the secondary schools, would immensely simplify their programmes and decrease the cost of their instruction.

The Conferences agree, again, — excepting the Greek Conference, the members of which had no reason for dealing with the subject, — that much work now taken up for the first time in the secondary school should be begun in the elementary school. One foreign language, for instance, history, algebra, and geometry are all capable of excellent use in the upper grades of elementary schools, and are already to be found there in some of the more progressive cities of the country. The discussion on shortening and enriching the school curriculum, begun so recently, has already accomplished thus much.

The four Conferences on language study and the three on natural science also agree among themselves as to the best methods of teaching. The former are a unit in desiring reading aloud in the language to be studied, the association of writing the language with translating from it, and the careful correction of translation, in order to secure in it the use of accurate and idiomatic English.

The three scientific Conferences come to a like agreement. They all believe that laboratory teaching is better than textbook teaching, and that the inspection of laboratory notebooks should be combined with written examinations, in testing a pupil's attainments.

The last, and most important, point of agreement among the Conferences relates to the coördination of the studies in the curriculum. Neither the Committee of Ten nor the Conferences contained a single person who may be classed as a follower of the Herbartian educational theory, as exemplified by Ziller, Stoy, and Rein; yet by purely empirical methods the committee and the Conferences arrive at a striking confirmation of one of the main doctrines of the Herbartians, the coördination and correlation of studies. The scientific Conferences show how the practice of writing accurate descriptions of observations and experiments contributes to the acquirement of a clear, simple English style. The Conference on history wish to have that subject always associated with the study of geography, and the Conference on the latter subject agree with them. The English Conference explicitly ask that the study of the mother tongue and its literature be supplemented by that of the history and geography of the English-speaking race.

Taking these points alone, and passing over the hundred and one questions of detail on which the Conferences pronounce, we have a considerable body of educational doctrine that is sound to the core, and that applies to one school and to one stage of education as well as to another. Principals of schools, teachers of special subjects, and students of education will examine and weigh carefully every recommendation of the Conferences, however minute; but the general reader and the intelligent parent wish most of all to gain an idea of what is unanimously, or even generally agreed upon. That question is substantially an-

swered in the foregoing summary of the Conference reports.

To study carefully the several Conference reports, and to base upon them a general recommendation to the country, was the more difficult part of the task of the Committee of Ten. Any recommendation, to be tangible, must of course include a schedule showing how a school can arrange its programme so as to carry out the ideal of the committee. Four such schedules, or tables, are given by the committee; and while not perfect, — what school programme is? — they are extremely suggestive. The first table is not a programme, but an ordered arrangement, by topics and school years, of all of the recommendations of the nine Conferences. It offers material for a thousand programmes. The second table is given to test the practical character of the Conference recommendations. It includes them all in a four years' course, adding to each subject the number of weekly periods to be allotted to it. When this is done, it is found that for three fourths of the course much more is demanded than any one pupil can follow, but — and this is the important point — not more than a school can teach. The necessary consequence is that there must be in the high school a choice or election of studies. In a small school, this choice will be made by the principal, who will say: "With the staff at my command, I can teach only five subjects of those proposed by the Conferences, in the manner recommended. My school shall therefore be limited to those five." Larger and richer schools can teach more, or perhaps all of the subjects, and then the choice among them will be made by the pupil. This choice is necessary, as the Committee of Ten is careful to point out, to thoroughness, and to the imparting of power as distinguished from mere information; for any large subject whatever, to yield its training value, must be pursued through several years, from three to five times a week.

The committee's third table is based on the second, but uses four as the standard number of weekly periods of study for each subject, except in the first year of a new language. Further reference to this table is unnecessary.

But the fourth table submitted is of great interest, for in it the committee, after due deliberation, makes its own selection out of all the material and suggestions supplied by the Conferences, and submits sample standard programmes of secondary school work. It would be a grave error to dismiss this question of a specific programme as one involving mere detail that might be left to any principal or superintendent of schools. The Committee of Ten itself dissents strongly from that view; for it believes that to establish just proportions between the several subjects, or groups of allied subjects, it is essential that each principal subject shall be taught adequately and extensively, and therefore proper provision for it must be made in the programme. As the committee says: "The method of estimating the amount of instruction offered in any subject by the number of recitation periods assigned to it each week for a given number of years or half years is in some respects an inadequate one, for it takes no account of the scope and intensity of the instruction given during the periods; but so far as it goes it is trustworthy and instructive. It represents with tolerable accuracy the proportional expenditure which a school is making on a given subject; therefore the proportional importance which the school attaches to that subject. It also represents, roughly, the proportion of the pupil's entire school time which he can devote to a given subject, provided he is free to take all the instruction offered in that subject. All experience shows that subjects deemed important get a large number of weekly periods, while those deemed unimportant get a smaller number. Moreover, if the programme time assigned to a given subject be insufficient, the value of that sub-

ject as training cannot be got, no matter how good the quality of the instruction."

In framing the sample programmes, the Committee of Ten proceeded upon some general principles that are of great significance. In the first place, it endeavored to postpone to as late a period as possible the grave choice between a Classical and what is generally known as a Latin-Scientific course. Very frequently this choice determines a boy's future career, and it is important that it be made not only late in the school course, but after excursions into all the principal fields of knowledge have discovered the

boy's tastes and exhibited his qualities. A second principle is that each year of the secondary school course should be, so far as may be, complete in itself, and not made wholly dependent on what is to follow. This is essential, because thousands of pupils are obliged to leave the high school after one or two years, and during that time linguistic, historical, mathematical, and scientific subjects should all be presented to them in an adequate manner. It is also important that provision be made so that each subject may be treated in the same way for all pupils who take it; that time enough be given to each subject to gain from it the training it is

YEAR.	I. CLASSICAL. Three Foreign Languages (one Modern).		II. LATIN-SCIENTIFIC. Two Foreign Languages (one Modern).	
1	Latin	5 p. ¹	Latin	5 p.
	English	4 p.	English	4 p.
	Algebra	4 p.	Algebra	4 p.
	History	4 p.	History	4 p.
	Physical Geography	3 p.	Physical Geography	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
2	Latin	5 p.	Latin	5 p.
	English	2 p.	English	2 p.
	German ² [<i>or French</i>] begun	4 p.	German [<i>or French</i>] begun	4 p.
	Geometry	3 p.	Geometry	3 p.
	Physics	3 p.	Physics	3 p.
	History	3 p.	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
3	Latin	4 p.	Latin	4 p.
	Greek ²	5 p.	English	3 p.
	English	3 p.	German [<i>or French</i>]	4 p.
	German [<i>or French</i>]	4 p.	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.
	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.	Mathematics { Geometry, 2 }	
			Astronomy ($\frac{1}{2}$ year) and Meteorology ($\frac{1}{2}$ yr.)	3 p.
		20 p.	History	2 p.
				20 p.
4	Latin	4 p.	Latin	4 p.
	Greek	5 p.	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.
	English	2 p.	English { additional, 2 }	
	German [<i>or French</i>]	3 p.	German [<i>or French</i>]	3 p.
	Chemistry	3 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History	3 p.	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History	3 p.
		20 p.	Geology or Physiography ($\frac{1}{2}$ yr.), and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene ($\frac{1}{2}$ yr.)	3 p.
				20 p.

¹ Weekly periods.

² In any school in which Greek can be better taught than a modern language, or in which local public opinion or the history of the school makes it desirable to teach Greek in an ample way, Greek may be substituted for German or French in the second year of the Classical programme.

YEAR.	III. MODERN LANGUAGES. Two Foreign Languages (both Modern).		IV. ENGLISH. One Foreign Language (Ancient or Modern).	
1	French [<i>or</i> German] begun	5 p.	Latin, or German, or French	5 p.
	English	4 p.	English	4 p.
	Algebra	4 p.	Algebra	4 p.
	History	4 p.	History	4 p.
	Physical Geography	3 p.	Physical Geography	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
2	French [<i>or</i> German]	4 p.	Latin, or German, or French	5 or 4 p.
	English	2 p.	English	3 or 4 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French] begun	5 p.	Geometry	3 p.
	Geometry	3 p.	Physics	3 p.
	Physics	3 p.	History	3 p.
	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.	Botany or Zoölogy	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
3	French [<i>or</i> German]	4 p.	Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
	English	3 p.	English { as in others, 3 }	5 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French]	4 p.	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.
	Mathematics { Algebra, 2 }	4 p.	Astronomy (½ yr.) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.
	Astronomy (½ year) and Meteorology (½ yr.)	3 p.	History { as in Latin-Scientific, 2 }	4 p.
	History	2 p.		20 p.
		20 p.		20 p.
4	French [<i>or</i> German]	3 p.	Latin, or German, or French	4 p.
	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.	English { as in Classical, 2 }	4 p.
	German [<i>or</i> French]	4 p.	Chemistry	3 p.
	Chemistry	3 p.	History	3 p.
	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra, or History	3 p.	Trigonometry and Higher Algebra	3 p.
	Geology or Physiography (½ yr.), and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.	Geology or Physiography (½ yr.), and Anatomy, Physiology, and Hygiene (½ yr.)	3 p.
		20 p.		20 p.

able to give; that the different principal subjects be put upon an approximate equality in the matter of time-allotment; that all short courses given for purposes of information only be excluded; and that the instruction in each of the main lines — namely, language, history, science, and mathematics — be continuous. With all of these principles in mind, the Committee of Ten framed the four sample programmes given herewith, the names by which they are designated being based on the amount and character of foreign language study in each.

In adopting twenty as the maximum number of weekly periods of school work, the committee had two qualifications in mind: first, that at least five of the

twenty should be given to unprepared work; secondly, that laboratory subjects should have double periods whenever that prolongation is possible. Such subjects as music, drawing, and elocution, often found in secondary schools, are purposefully omitted from the programmes, it being left to local authorities to determine how they shall be introduced.

Inspection will show how carefully the programmes have been framed with reference to being carried out economically in a single school. With few exceptions, the several subjects occur simultaneously in at least three of the four programmes, and with the same number of weekly periods allotted to them. From a practical point of view this is a most important ar-

rangement. Some minor difficulties were caused by adhering to the rule laid down by all of the language Conferences, namely, that two foreign languages should not be begun at the same time, and by limiting the course to four years. A six years' programme would be far easier to construct.

Critical examination of the committee's programmes discloses grave defects in the most important of all, the Classical. It does not provide continuous study in science, for that great department is not represented in the third year at all. History is similarly interfered with, and there would also be a break in the mathematical course if the option given in the fourth year were exercised in favor of history. The difficulty lies, I believe, in trying to include history in a four years' classical course. The classics themselves teach history in an admirable way, if the instruction is good. A wealth of historical knowledge is grouped about the reading of Cæsar, Cicero, and Vergil, Xenophon and Homer, the usual secondary school authors; and in those which are themselves professedly historical, a great gain would follow from a more thorough study of the subject matter. If history, then, were dropped entirely from this programme, a modern language could be begun in the first secondary school year, the English course extended in the second year, and no break in the science instruction would be necessary.

Defects in the other programmes exist, but they are not so glaring as those just pointed out in the Classical. For instance, there is no continuity in the history course of the Latin-Scientific or Modern Language programme; and in both of the last-named there would be a break in the mathematics course also, should the pupil exercise his option in favor of history.

The following table discloses at a glance in what relation the four programmes stand to each of the four great divisions of secondary school study. The figures in the several columns represent the total

number of weekly periods given during the entire four years, in each of the four programmes, to the main subjects. No scheme can be called radical that proposes to give 52.5 per cent of all secondary education whatsoever to language study, or, adding history, 62.8 per cent to the humanities. That this would be the result of following the committee's recommendations the table shows.

	Classical.	Latin-Scientific.	Modern Languages.	English.	Total.
Language . . .	50	42	42	34	168
History	7	6	6	14	33
Mathematics . .	14	14	14	14	56
Natural Science .	9	18	18	18	63
Total	80	80	80	80	320

This table brings out other interesting facts. It shows how closely allied are the Latin-Scientific and Modern Language courses, and how small a part natural science is to play in the revised scheme, after all. The one quarter of the whole school time that the scientific Conferences asked to have given to natural science is not so given in any of the programmes, though it is closely approached in three of them.

Although the report itself contains no reference to European experience or practice, it will be interesting to compare the committee's recommendations with the programmes of European secondary schools. Take, for example, the Prussian Gymnasium, the Tertia and Secunda of which nearly correspond to the American secondary school years, and the French Lycée, where the classes known as Cinquième, Quatrième, Troisième, and Seconde are in about the same relation. There the division of time is as follows:—

PRUSSIAN GYMNASIUM.

SUBJECTS.	Unter-Tertia.	Ober-Tertia.	Unter-Secunda.	Ober-Secunda.	Total.
Religion	2	2	2	2	8
German	2	2	3	3	10
Latin	7	7	7	6	27
Greek	6	6	6	6	24
French	3	3	3	2	11
History and Geo- graphy	3	3	3	3	12
Mathematics . .	3	3	4	4	14
Natural History, Physics, and Chemistry . .	2	2	2	2	8
Total	28	28	30	28	114

FRENCH LYCÉE.

SUBJECTS.	Cinquième.	Quatrième.	Troisième.	Seconde.	Total.
French	3	2	2	3	10
Latin	8	5	5	5	23
Greek	2 ¹	6	5	5	18
Other Living Lan- guage	1½	1½	1½	2½	7
History	1½	1½	1½	1½	6
Geography . . .	1	1	1	1	4
Mathematics } Natural Science }	1½ ²	1½	3	1½	7½
Total	18½	18½	19	19½	75½

¹ Greek is not begun until the second half of the year. Previous to that time ten hours weekly are given to Latin.

² This time is divided between observation lessons on rocks and plants and arithmetic.

It is seen at once that the German

boy is called upon for far more work, measured in terms of time, than the American boy; though the difference is not so great as it seems, for "learning lessons" out of school is not so prominent a feature in German as it is in American education. The French boy, under the existing revised programme, does about what is to be expected of the American, but his time is differently distributed. The French device for preventing "scrappy" courses from becoming intolerable is to assign them few but long periods. For example, history, in the Lycée, is taught but once a week, but that once it occupies an hour and a half consecutively, so that much more is accomplished than in two periods of forty-five minutes each. As a rule, the recitation or lesson periods in France are considerably longer than those usually found elsewhere.

In spite of the differences between them, however, it is clear that the proposed American Classical programme is not very unlike those in vogue on the Continent. Were the comparison extended to the other programmes, — the Latin-Scientific, the Modern Language, and the English, — a similar relation to the French and German programmes of like character would be found to exist. The higher classes of the Gymnasium and Lycée have still a great advantage over the American secondary school in the fact that the work leading up to them is carefully organized and developed, and may be depended upon. The American grammar school, or better, the upper grades of the elementary school, on the contrary, is only here and there efficient. For two generations the so-called grammar school has conspired with the lower or primary grades to retard the intellectual progress of the pupil in the interest of "thoroughness." The arithmetic of many puzzles, the formal grammar, and the spelling-book with its long lists of child-frightening words have been its weapons. Slowly and with a struggle these are being wrested from it. New knowledge is being introduced

to illustrate and illuminate the old, and higher processes to explain and make easier the lower. All this promotes true thoroughness, and also allows the child's mind to grow and develop as nature intended it should, and as it often does in spite of the elementary school, not because of it. Therefore, every year pupils are reaching the high school better prepared for its peculiar work; and it is not unreasonable to hope that in ten years the secondary school may assume, in the case of its youngest pupils, an ability to use simple English correctly, a knowledge of the elements of algebra and geometry, and of some epoch or movement in history. Perhaps even the study of a foreign language will have been begun.

From the standpoint of the elementary school, therefore, the Committee of Ten is not unreasonable in its ideal, nor have the Conferences proposed anything that is impracticable. The same is true when the report is viewed from the standpoint of the colleges, though here, too, reform and improvement are necessary. As is well known, college admission examinations not only differ widely among themselves, but vary from year to year. Perhaps no one of them is too high to admit of a well-taught boy entering college at seventeen, but many are so low that the same boy ought to pass them successfully at fourteen, or even earlier. The colleges have been injuring higher education in America by giving their own idiosyncrasies as to admission examinations free scope, instead of agreeing together upon a policy.

I do not mean that the admission examinations of all colleges should be uniform; that is not necessary. But, to quote from the report, "it is obviously desirable that the colleges and scientific schools should be accessible to all boys or girls who have completed creditably the secondary school course." If the recommendations of the Committee of Ten are carried out, — and there is every reason to hope that they will be, — the "com-

pletion of a secondary school course" will have a definite meaning, and the colleges can deal with it accordingly. The graduate of a secondary school will have had four years of strong and effective mental training, no matter which of the four school programmes he has followed, and the college can safely admit him to its courses. This single step will bring about the articulation of the colleges and scientific schools on the one hand with the secondary schools on the other, — an articulation that has long been recognized as desirable for both classes of institutions and for the country.

The question will naturally arise, — it arose in the minds of the Committee of Ten, — Can the improvements suggested be effectually carried out without a very considerable improvement in the training of the teachers who are to do the work? To this question but one answer, a negative one, can be given. But, on the other hand, the opportunities now available for the higher training of secondary school-teachers are many times as numerous and as valuable as they were a decade ago. It is true that the hundreds of normal schools are accomplishing very little in this direction, even the best of them; but the colleges and universities, where the mass of secondary teachers will always be educated and trained, have now awakened to a sense of the responsibility that rests upon them. Harvard and Yale, Columbia and Cornell, Michigan and Illinois, Colorado and Stanford, and many others have organized special departments for the study of education, and one or two of them are manned and equipped more thoroughly than any similar departments in Europe. The effect of this great expansion of activity in the study of education cannot fail to be widely felt within the next few years. The colleges have needed, and some of them still need, an enlargement of sympathies, as do the normal schools. The colleges have focused their attention and energy too largely upon their own special work, and have paid no

heed to what was going on about and beneath them. The normal schools have thought it sufficient to study more or less psychology, and to expound more or less dubious "methods" of teaching, and have neglected the larger field of genuine culture and the relative values of studies. Better apparatus and more teachers will not of themselves lift the college or the normal school out of its rut. Only a full appreciation of the relations of these institutions to the work of education as a whole can do that.

And finally, what is the effect of this prolonged and earnest investigation upon that ideal of a liberal education that has so long been held in esteem among us? It will not have escaped notice that only one of the committee's four programmes makes a place for the study of Greek, while one excludes both Greek and Latin. It is true that these are recommended as ideal arrangements, and that it is expressly stated in the report to be the unanimous opinion of the committee that, "under existing conditions in the United States as to the training of teachers and the provision of necessary means of instruction, the two programmes called respectively Modern Languages and English must, in practice, be distinctly inferior to the other two." Nevertheless, it seems clear that the committee has been able to disentangle the real from the accidental in our conception of a liberal education, and has put the former forward in all its strength. It has not forgotten the precept of Aristotle, that "there are branches of learning and education which we must study with a view to the enjoyment of leisure," and that "these are to be valued for their own sake." "It is evident, then," the philosopher continues, "that there is a sort of education in which parents should train their sons, not as being useful or necessary, but because it is liberal and noble. Whether this is of one kind only, or of more than one, and if so, what they are and how they are to be imparted, must

hereafter be determined." It is just this determination that the committee has made; and it is a determination that each age, perhaps each generation, must make for itself. Between a diminution of the time given to classical study and a relapse into quasi-barbarism there is no necessary relation of cause and effect. May not the American say, as did Paulsen of his countrymen, that "idealism generally, if we will use this word of so many meanings, is a thing which is not implanted from without, but grows from within, and that, in particular, the idealism in the character of the German people has deeper roots than the Greek and Latin lessons of our gymnasia"?

Mr. Lowell's hope, expressed so eloquently at the Harvard Anniversary, will not be disappointed by the recognition of a broader basis for human culture. Every one may accept the recommendations of the Committee of Ten, and still say with him: "I hope the day may never come when the weightier matters of a language, namely, such parts of its literature as have overcome death by reason of their wisdom and the beauty in which it is incarnated, such parts as are universal by reason of their civilizing properties, their power to elevate and fortify the mind, — I hope the day may never come when these are not predominant in the teaching given here. Let the Humanities be maintained undiminished in their ancient right. Leave in the traditional preëminence those arts that were rightly called liberal; those studies that kindle the imagination, and through it irradiate the reason; those studies that manumitted the modern mind; those in which the brains of finest temper have found alike their stimulus and their repose, taught by them that the power of intellect is heightened in proportion as it is made gracious by measure and symmetry. Give us science, too, but give first of all, and last of all, the science that ennobles life and makes it generous. . . . Many-sidedness of culture makes our vision clearer and keener

in particulars. For after all, the noblest definition of Science is that breadth and impartiality of view which liberates the mind from specialties, and enables it to

organize whatever we learn, so that it becomes real Knowledge by being brought into true and helpful relation with the rest."

Nicholas Murray Butler.

HIS VANISHED STAR.

XVIII.

THE anomaly of administering upon one's own estate Lorenzo Taft was permitted in some sort to experience. A definite realization of finality attended his meditations, as he sat bending over the embers in the great fireplace of the store, in the rain-clouded morning that rose upon the conclusion of his labors of removing the still and destroying all its approaches. His vocation was gone, and naught remained. He had no more affinity for a law-abiding occupation than a fox or a wolf. The possible profits that might stick to his hands in the process of the conversion of the goods upon the shelves from the wholesale ratio to the retail failed to allure him, for the store had never been aught but a "blind." The furrow was no thoroughfare. That wild gambling with the chances of the sun and wind and the rain in its season, and often out of its season, known as farming, and doubtless permitted by the law only because it insures its own punishment, was risky enough to jump with his humor, but the stakes were hopelessly inadequate. He could not look forward, and the glance backward over the shoulder needs a good conscience to commend the prospect.

Now and again he lifted his heavy boot and kicked the embers together fiercely, as if at great odds with his thoughts and his own counsels. Like many another, he undervalued his success, its hairbreadth jeopardies and its difficulty

of attainment, now that it was fairly secured. It seemed to him a slight thing, the device of his quick wits to insure his safety, and his satisfaction in its triumphant exploitation had already evanesced. Had it been possible to reestablish the status of yesterday, doubtless he would have hardly risked the discovery of the still, the disclosure of Larrabee, the capture of Espey, Dan Sykes's drunken tongue, and, as a result of these, the "shootin'-irons" of the "revenuers" and the sentence of the federal court. But gunpowder as a factor in a scheme admits of no second thoughts.

He even upbraided his own acumen that, in the emergency, he had sought with an eye single the safety of himself, his one remaining comrade, and the apparatus, regardless of all considerations of enmity. But now that judgment was satisfied and escape certain, vengeance clamored.

Whenever he thought of Larrabee outside, triumphant, free, enjoying an absolute immunity from the law by reason of the destruction of the moonshiners' lair, which rendered the discovery of his complicity impossible, Taft frowned heavily and swore beneath his breath, and kicked the unoffending embers into a new adjustment, so bitter was the fact that his own safety made Larrabee's protection complete. Even poor Dan Sykes's exile — and doubtless the young sot was well on the way to Texas by this time — was as necessarily a measure taken in Larrabee's behalf as if it were

the dearest desire of Taft's heart to shield and screen him. The realization that, despite himself, Larrabee shared his security cheapened it. Less and less he realized its value. A turbulent pulse began to stir within his veins. His heavy cheek was red and pendulous beneath his yellow beard. Occasionally he dropped his lower jaw with an expression of angry dismay, so ill had the event fallen out with his liking. The sight of old Copley wandering about the half-darkened house, lighted only by the fire and the pallid grayness from the door ajar opening upon the rainy outside world, as uneasy as a homeless cat, able to settle to nothing, his face a palimpsest of care and trouble and failure, overwritten again and again above the half-obliterated script of years ago, irritated him vaguely. Taft eyed him loweringly, as the two children in the opposite room besieged him for the detail of the adventures and dramatic "taking off" of a certain "black b'ar," a vanquished enemy of his earlier days, which he recounted as aimlessly as if the story were elicited by a wooden crank; but responding to a spirited encore, he plucked up heart of grace to add new and fresh particulars. His worn and not unkindly face did not ill become the armchair and the propinquity of the juvenile heads. His serenity, as the two resorted from contradiction to blows, smartly administered across him to his own great jeopardy, bespoke a grandfatherly tolerance, nearly related to affection, for the combatants. Without more masterful leading than his own mind could originate or his own propensities could furnish, he might spend the rest of his life at the plough-handles, and ask no better society, and hope for naught beyond his coarse garb and his coarser fare. He was old, and this might be a better prospect than the still could promise, with always the possibility of a federal prisoner's cell at the vanishing point of the long perspective.

Taft could preëempt no such demesne of mild content. His rankling regret for all that he had done, and done so well, in that it served his enemy perforce as one with himself, deepened as he began to realize that in escaping so great and imminent a danger none sustained appreciable injury but himself. He alone seemed at the end. He could not for years, perhaps, safely rehabilitate the still. A new place must be sought, a new trade established, new dangers guarded against; and complicated by his relations with Larrabee, at large and at enmity, a removal unobserved and a reëstablishment without pursuit seemed impossible. He dwelt with futile persistence on the peculiar adaptability of his hiding-place, now demolished forever. Nowhere else could he have commanded such advantages of seclusion. Surely nowhere else could his dangerous vocation have been so safely plied. He enumerated the varied precautions that he had observed, the dangers that he had successfully balked. All the chances of the world outside had run in his favor; even the mysterious burning of the hotel was strangely calculated to aid his design in discouraging the advent into the Cove of strangers, summer sojourners, that might lead to the discovery of his lair. Doubtless, too, by this time, in addition, Kenniston's plans were definitely and forever baffled by the untoward result of processioning the land. And as the thought of it recurred to him he started suddenly, the color deepened in his face, and he beheld the events of which he had elected to play the *deus ex machina* in a new and baleful light.

Certainly there was no flaw in his reasoning that stormy night when he had betaken himself, in company with the wind and the rain, high up into the solitudes of the "bald" of the mountain. A wild night, with none else abroad save perchance a stray marauder of the furry gentry. Only the mists dogged his steps, and only the lightnings

searched out his path. The gigantic boulder that seemed immovable, grim, gaunt, forbidding, the agency of giant powder set astir easily enough; and although the charge, accurately calculated for the purpose, was not sufficient to fracture the great mass, its equilibrium on the steep slope was destroyed. A wild turbulent dance it had as it hurled down the slope from the spot where the ebbing seas of centuries ago had left it stranded. A thunderous crashing voice it lifted as it went, and the thunder of the clouds seemed to reply. In the pallid dawn of the rainy day, Taft had crept back through the wet clouds of the summits and the spent winds lingering in the dank woods, to behold it lying there in this alien spot, as immovable of aspect as of yore, with great trees uprooted by the tempest athwart the rocky ledges about its path, and every trace of the action of powder effaced by the persistent rain. It marked a new corner for the beginning of Kenniston's survey; on a line with the old, it is true, but full five furlongs distant. There was a north-westerly line to be run out thence; the greater divergence would occur in the Cove, which fact Taft had learned as Kenniston made a swift plat of his irregularly shaped land with his cane on the floor of Captain Lucy's cabin porch. A simple scheme enough, this,—that the one available site for the hotel should be thrown within the boundaries of Captain Lucy, who would not bargain, sell, or convey, and that thus the ill-omened caravansary should be crowded out of the space it was expected to occupy; for as yet Bruin's intervention as incendiary was among the uncovenanted things, and since the unlucky threat to burn the building had originated among the moonshiners Taft feared discovery should he apply the torch himself. A simple scheme, well planned and carried out with full effect, and how should its completion so ill please its projector?

The fact that Captain Lucy should

profit by it Taft had heretofore hardly heeded, since this was the necessary incident of his own greater profit. Now, however, that treachery, as he esteemed it, had riddled the whole finespun web and brought it to naught, a turmoil of rage possessed him. It seemed some curious chicanery of fate that he alone should sustain loss, and that to others should accrue all the advantage of his subtle weavings of chance and fact, as if the threads still held fast. Captain Lucy was in possession, doubtless, of many hundred acres of Kenniston's land. Now he grudged them to Lucy as he had never bethought himself to grudge them to Kenniston. Jealousy is an intimate passion, and insistently of the soil. The neighbor, the associate, the friend's friend,—it makes no far casts. Kenniston was beyond its restricted bounds. Captain Lucy's causticity, his arrogance, his insulting courage which belittled the possibilities of another man's wrath, his intrenchment in the subservience of his household, and his preëminence in the esteem of his small world did not serve to commend him to his unwilling benefactor, who stood in immediate contemplation of his own loss. And suddenly, as the radiant face of Julia appeared in the dim midst of Taft's recollection, he rose to his feet, his resolution taken in the instant. He had not forgotten the look in Larrabee's eyes when Espey had demanded of him whom he had been "a-courtin' at Tems's." Now, with Espey gone and Larrabee foot-loose and free, it might chance that these hundreds of acres of which he had bereft Kenniston would one day fall into Larrabee's possession as his wife's inheritance, when Captain Lucy should go to his account,—which Taft doubted not would be a long one.

"I 'll be dad-burned," he cried, "ef I 'll stand by an' see Kenniston choused fur ole Lucy or Lar'bee, air one!"

Few human motives are simple. The travesty of restitution served to cloak

even to himself jealousy and grudging and revenge, and that mad impulse to hurl down and wreak woe upon those who had chanced to prosper in the dispensations which he had ordered himself, and which had wrought perversely to his interest. He had, however, nothing of the appearance or the manner of a subtle villain when he was on horseback, in the slanting lines of rain, that multiplied till they hid the mountains near at hand, and erased the Cove, and nullified all the conditions of the familiar world. On the contrary, his bluff, bold, open aspect was of a reassuring geniality, notwithstanding its overbearing intimations, and served to identify him to Kenniston, as he lounged in his unsubstantial domicile, and looked out ruefully at the dull day and the gray rain and the grayer mist and the ochreous pools of water, seeing naught else till this massive equestrian figure took form and seemed to ride straight out of it all. Taft flung himself from his saddle with a decision which implied a mission; and despite Kenniston's intention to discourage the visits of the mountaineers, he could not, with so assured a guest, have withheld the customary greeting of hospitality without more definite rudeness than he had expected to adventure.

The new-comer was the more welcome since Kenniston's companion in keeping the monkey stove warm was Rodolphus Ross, who had come to the Cove for the purpose of examining the scene of the fire and ferreting out the incendiary. He had, under the guise of questioning Kenniston on the subject, inflicted his society upon his restive host for the better part of an hour, now and then desisting from the discussion to work away at the damper of the monkey stove, which he patronizingly denominated a "smart little trick," albeit by reason of the heavy air and ill adjustment and the lack of adequate draught it was doing itself no credit. Ross experimented with an ardor and uninformed

energy which threatened the total wreck of its constitution. The clatter of the metal was hardly more grating upon Kenniston's educated nerves than were his guest's speech and bearing. There was something in the exaggeration of the deputy's urban boorishness, the plaid of his ill-fitting garments, the hilarity of his vulgar townish impudence, that daunted a charitable acceptance of his foibles. It might seem righteous to cuff him. So distasteful to Kenniston's cultured taste was the degree of sophistication acquired by the deputy sheriff, and with many a misconception adapted to his personality, that the absence of it seemed dignity in the mountaineer, and Taft's unvarnished address the unpolished substratum of good manners.

"How's ducks in the hills?" Ross greeted him, dropping the small poker, and looking up with bright dark eyes, his prominent front teeth appearing beneath the short upper lip. There was a moment of rabbit-like expectancy of expression; then his lips widened to a laugh as the burly stranger turned his serious, impressive face toward him.

"Air you-uns speakin' ter me, sir?" demanded Taft, in a grave, direct manner, his steady eye full upon him.

The airy deputy shifted ground for once. "Good day fur ducks," he modified his speech.

"Cornsider'ble fallin' weather," admitted Taft incidentally, and, seating himself in the chair indicated by Kenniston, he proceeded to take part in the conversation, his big booming voice rendering interruption impossible save as he listed.

"I hev viewed you-uns afore at ole Cap'n Lucy Tems's house," he said to Kenniston, crossing his legs, and eying the steam casually as it rose from the damp boots under the persuasive heat of the stove. "Yes, sir, Taft is my name."

"I remember you very well," replied Kenniston affably. "Won't you light your pipe?" He pushed a match holder

and tobacco pouch across the table to him.

Taft, without comment, filled his pipe from an inexhaustible supply of tobacco that seemed always loose in his pocket; it was far stronger than that of his host, as the rank odor which rose on the air presently demonstrated. Rodolphus Ross had looked at him with a grin of hopeful anticipation, which shrunk at once when he recognized and adapted to his own needs the uses of the lucifer match.

"Yes, sir," Taft resumed, "I war toler'ble sorry ter hear 'bout'n yer hotel bein' burnt. I did n't view it at the time." He puffed the coals into a glow, and pulled away comfortably.

"Meanes' people on yearth, these hyar mountaineers!" cried Ross. "They jes' so durned ignorant they don't know sin from salvation, nor law from lying."

"Then 'they ain't 'sponsible," remarked Taft coolly. He pressed down the burning tobacco in the bowl with a callous forefinger indurated by long practice to crowding his pipe, and resumed: "I 'lowed it mought gin ye a start ef I war ter tell ye I hearn sev'ral men talkin' 'bout burnin' it, — long time ago, 'fore it war begun."

Kenniston was leaning back in his chair, much at his ease, noting with a sort of languid interest the intimations of force and ferocity in his visitor's face: the keen sagacity, as rather the instinctive endowment of one of the lower orders of creation than belonging to an enlightened intelligence; the beaklike nose; the contradictory geniality of the full blue eye and broad floridity. He brought his tilted chair suddenly to the floor, leaned forward on the table, and barely caught himself in time to repress an exclusive gesture toward Rodolphus Ross, which, although it escaped that worthy, caused Taft a sharp regret for his precipitancy, and gave him a clue for the future.

The deputy sheriff was all a-clamor.

"Why, now, my big bull o' Bashan, ye

hev got ter make that statement under oath with full partic'lars, — names, dates, and place!" He rose up on the opposite side of the monkey stove, with the lifter in his hand, with which he gesticulated imperatively.

Kenniston could hardly restrain his impatience.

"Of course, Mr. Ross, of course, — all in due season," he said irritably.

"But abuse the authorities, in season an' out, an' 'low the devil will ketch the officer, in due course o' jestic, 'fore the officer 'll ketch the malefactor. I ain't a-goin' ter lose you, Mr. Durham, ye bet high on that!" he added, turning to Taft.

"Mr. Taft expects to swear to the facts, of course," said Kenniston. He paused abruptly, meditating a remonstrance with the tumultuous brute; but Ross's very vulgarity, his clamorous brutality, the impossibility of reaching through his hardened exterior any sensitiveness, or pride, or sense of decorum, or whatever sanction may control the heart of a man who is a gentleman in jeans, gave him an advantage over a man of breeding which no culture could compass. Kenniston could not cope with him; his training had prepared him for no such encounter.

Only Taft's great sonorous voice could overbear the deputy's words, which sounded in his first utterance with the disjointed effect of Christmas firecrackers enlivening the booming of Christmas guns.

"I 'll make oath ter statements ez ter date an' person, but not place, — I hev no call ter drag other folks inter sech. I dunno ez they fired the hotel; I only heard 'em threat it."

"But why?" demanded Kenniston eagerly.

"Deviltry, — deviltry, o' course," protested Ross. He had contrived to smirch his face in the careless handling of the poker of the monkey stove, which added a certain grotesque effect to his

appearance, if one were in the mood to be amused by it.

Kenniston's mood was far from such influences.

"I must ask you to be quiet, sir," he said, with acridity.

"Ye must?" sneered Rodolphus Ross.

"An' who war that ez 'lowed ef the local force war so 'torpid,'—*torpid*, ye hed it,—ye'd hev up private detectives from Bretonville ter settle the hash o' these kentry varmints?"

He threw up his eyebrows almost to the smirches obliquely laid across his forehead, laughed with a gleam of white teeth and an intent widening of the dark eyes, the whole facial expression gone in an instant.

"Waal, we ain't 'torpid' no longer. 'Wake up, snakes!' Now, ole buck, answer my questions, an' tell me why they war n't willin' ter let Mr. Kenniston build his hotel in the Cove."

Kenniston folded his arms as he tilted himself back in his chair, and resigned the conversation to its unique leadership. The ceaseless motion of the falling lines of rain gave a spurious effect of motion to the great monastic forms of the mountains cowed with mists and robed in dreary hue, seeming continually in sad processional along the horizon. The ochreous pools near at hand had lost all capacity for reflection, although the dark green branches of the firs here and there bent above them, and the gray rain dripping from the fibrous fringes upon the unquiet tremulous surface took its color, and was seen no more. His returning glance met Taft's eye as he was about to speak, and somehow in that momentary contact a quiet understanding was established between them.

"The reason, I reckon, they did n't want Mr. Kenniston ter build his hotel hyar war kase 't would bring too many strangers round."

"And what's the objection to strangers?" asked Kenniston anxiously. It was not merely a retrospective interest

that the question served. He asked for the future.

"Waal, I reckon they hed some moonshinin' or sech on hand," returned Taft coolly.

"Thar, now! what did I tell ye?" vociferated Rodolphus Ross, appealing to Kenniston. "An' I'll bet this hyar Larrabee war one of 'em."

Taft nodded, and Kenniston meditatively eyed the dull flashes from the stove, recollecting the strange conversation of Larrabee here, and his sudden significant betrayal of secret knowledge of the origin of the fire when it was mentioned.

"Strangers air powerful unhealthy fur the moonshinin' business," said Taft, as a sort of corollary to his former statement.

"Speak from experience?" sneered Rodolphus Ross.

"I do so," declared Taft unequivocally. Then turning to Kenniston, "I sarved a prison term fur illicit distillin' whenst I war a young man. I 'lowed, like all these other young muskrats, ez I could do what I pleased with my own corn an' apples. But whenst I traveled all through six or seven States goin' to the North, an' seen this big kentry an' sech, I knowed I war n't ekal ter runnin' agin its laws; an' whether thar's reason in 'em or no, I undertook ter keep 'em arterward."

This unexpected confession disconcerted Ross in some sort. He silently eyed Taft, whose criminal experience seemed rather an error of an unripe judgment than the turpitude of law-breaking, and his candor in admitting it bluntly did not detract from the serious impression he had evidently made upon Kenniston. With Ross nothing was serious long. There was a sudden breaking up of the gloss of intentness in his round dark eyes, and as they shifted they fell upon the poker of the stove, and he once more thrust it through the bars and rattled it smartly.

"I oughter say," said Taft, meditatively sucking his pipestem, "that 't war Espey ez fust 'lowed ter burn ye out. 'Burn his shanty!' he say."

A picture as definite as if it were the reality of pigments and canvas glowed suddenly before his contemplation, — the red walls of his den a-flicker in the flare of the furnace fire, the burnished gleam of the copper, the burly forms of the tubs of mash, familiars of the brown gloom, and the circle of faces, definite with those sharply marked shadows and striking high lights that a strong artificial glow elicits from the darkness. For his life he could not repress a long-drawn sigh, and then he shifted his position and cleared his throat raucously. But the picture, like many another masterpiece of the painter Memory, was not on general exhibition. For all its close detail and strong salience and brilliant reality of hue, it was invisible to Kenniston. As to the regretful sigh, fat men are often wont to sigh for very fatness, and it passed without significance.

After a thoughtful pause, "Did it ever occur to you that this Larrabee is a crank," asked Kenniston, "what you call, and very aptly, touched-in-the-head?"

"Who? Larrabee?" exclaimed Taft vehemently, all alert once more, his eyes on fire, his angry breath quick. "He's smart ez the very devil! Don't you let him pull the wool over yer eyes with the lunacy purtense."

Rodolphus Ross gave a final rasping clatter of the poker between the bars; then flung it, resounding, down upon the floor. He rose to his feet, stamping with first one and then the other to shake out his trousers from their persistent kneed effect, and, turning to Taft, he said, with an offhand manner, "Now, look-a-hyar, Prize Beef, when did ye an' this sea'ce buzzard Larrabee meet the last time?"

The "Prize Beef" apparently perceived no sort of offense in this form of address.

"I ain't viewed him in — I dunno when. I 'lowed he hed lef' the kentry

till he war up at my store, a few nights ago. I war n't thar, but my leetle gal, she seen him."

The sly, predatory look was in Rodolphus Ross's eyes. He lifted his knee and smote it as if he had discovered a very apt coincidence.

Taft hesitated; then he said, "Ye'd better go up yander an' talk ter my leetle darter 'bout'n it." He hesitated once more. He feared that Copley might be inadequate to the situation, but, with his ever alert suspicions, he would doubtless fly at the very sight of a stranger; and as to Sis, he could rely upon Rodolphus Ross's address and manner to arouse the enmity of old Mrs. Jiniway's disciple in etiquette, and he knew of old that Sis was wont to give her adversary no quarter. A dozen of such as Rodolphus Ross would hardly be a handful for Sis. He would learn naught from her which he wanted to know. "Take my mare out thar, bein' ready saddled," he said hospitably. "I'll wait hyar till ye kem back."

Contrariety was the breath of the deputy's life. The congeniality of his vocation lay much in the opposition of his duties to the desires of those of his fellow-men with whom he was brought into official contact. He earnestly wished to negative Taft's suggestion, but the possibility of getting at closer quarters with Larrabee, of once more finding his trail, which had seemed to disappear from the face of the earth, was stronger for the moment. His enmity had not grown cold; it was the stronger the more it was baffled. He lingered a moment; then, turning up his collar, stuffing the lower ends of his trousers into his spurred boots, and pulling down the broad rim of his hat all around to afford eaves to conduct the rain from his head, he plunged out into the steady torrents with a discordant yawp that made the little shanty ring.

Taft gazed thoughtfully after him as he vaulted into the saddle and rode off

with a good deal of unnecessary heel-and-toe exercise in the region of the animal's ribs. The restive mare apparently resented the ungentle treatment, for the last that was seen of mount and rider was a profile rampant against the blank white expanse of the closing mists ere they were enveloped in the opaque multitudinous folds.

"They tell me that Gawd made man," said Taft at last. "'Pears ter me ez the Almighty slighted *that* job, sure."

Kenniston was a man of painfully orderly instincts. He could not satisfactorily resume the conversation without gathering up the poker, the lifter, and other appurtenances of the stove which Ross had scattered about the little zinc square on which it sat, replacing them, rearranging the writing materials, newspapers, tobacco, and cigars on the table, and stirring the fire to brightness and a possibility of burning. As he threw himself into his chair he marked how the encroaching mists had invested the house. Not half a dozen paces of the path remained visible from the door; even upon the threshold the vapor hung in vague white wreaths, to vanish in the heat, and be replaced by white clouds floating in with a rolling motion, — never disappearing utterly, but venturing no further. On the roof and in the invisibilities of the white mists outside they could hear the chilly rain still steadily falling. The seeming isolation gave a certain confidential character to the conversation even before its developments warranted this condition.

"How did the percessionin' turn out?" Taft demanded.

"The rain stopped it," returned Kenniston, gloomily eying the thickening mists, while Taft critically but covertly observed him.

"Satisfied ez fur ez it went, I s'pose?" Taft flicked off the ashes from his pipe, and pressed down the remainder of its contents with that salamander of a forefinger.

"No," said Kenniston irritably. "It is a great surprise to me."

"Mr. Kenniston," said Taft, with that blunt directness which so commended him to the experienced man and so warped his judgment, "that thar Big Hollow Boulder, the beginning o' yer survey, hev been bodaciously moved."

Kenniston lifted his head quickly, the excitement of the moment showing red in his face. A half-scornful incredulity was in his eyes, almost on his lips. He was about to speak; then paused doubtfully. The testimony of his recollections of Captain Lucy's significant insistence on the phrase "Big Hollow Boulder" and a thousand satiric allusions to the stationary functions of a monument of boundary overwhelmed him for the moment; for their incongruity with a culpable knowledge or agency in the fact was more than inexplicable; it was mysterious. There needed no dexterous jugglery with phrase and fact, however, to account for Luther's furtive hang-dog manner and averted eye.

"It seems impossible! But I will not believe that old man Lucy had anything to do with moving it," Kenniston began. He suddenly caught his lip and bit it hard. It was evident from his flaunting remarks that the old mountaineer had not been similarly generous to his neighbor.

"A heap o' land," suggested the polite Taft. "But then I s'pose ter run yer eastern line out would show whar yer corner is?" He asked the question eagerly.

"Oh no. Calls for permanent natural objects usually control calls for distance. I suppose that rule would hold fast in this instance. My eastern line can only run to the boulder, which is presumably immovable."

Taft's countenance fell. He had thought that the further survey of the eastern boundary would serve to reestablish the corner where the boulder should be; and now Captain Lucy was invested with many hundred acres for which he

had given no equivalent in goods, or money, or even occupancy.

"I saw that something was mighty wrong with the line that the surveyor was running; and so did Captain Luey, for that matter," said Kenniston, revolving the events of the processioning. "He looked dumfounded when he saw Wild Duck Falls in his boundary, and the hotel, — or rather the place where the hotel ought to be."

Taft caught a quick inspiration. "That's it, — them boys is a moonshinin' fur true. They must hev moved the boulder ter crowd ye out of a buildin' site. An' then they burnt the hotel."

"Well, they've got me pretty badly crowded, — I'll say that for them."

Kenniston was looking out of the door, with that sullen sense of injury and hopelessness which oppresses a city man in the country in bad weather. The world had slipped away, somehow; he was left to the vague unresponsiveness of the inexpressive white mists; the rain would probably continue forever; the day was of a longevity known to no other that had ever dawned; without the prompting of his watch he could not have said if it were morning or afternoon. The roof leaked; the boots of his uncouth visitors tracked up the floor with red clay mud. A saddle in one corner gave out an obtrusive odor of leather, and the monkey stove, despite all this dankness, filled the room with that baking, dry, afflicting aroma common to all its kindred. His pugnacity was abated under these untoward conditions; his enthusiasms were overwhelmed beneath the depression of the rain. He thought wistfully of Bretonville, and of a cozy corner in the reading-room of a certain club, and of his office, and sighed as his mind reverted to the jeopardy of the present, the futility of the money and thought he had spent here, and the froward tangle which must needs be untwisted if these unpromising assets were to be utilized at all.

"Mus' hev been Lar'bee an' Espey a-moonshinin'." Taft once more sought to prompt that inimical sense of injury. "An' moved the boulder bodaciously, — the corner landmark."

"A felony," said Kenniston thoughtfully.

The patter of the rain came heavily through the silence, and in that bleak whiteness without they heard far away the wind rousing from its lair in furthest defiles. The terrors of its voice did not shake the mists; only the sound touched a responsive chord of feeling, and the day was the drearier for the broken stillness.

"A felony," he repeated, and fell a-musing. He vaguely repudiated the idea, and then bethought himself, contradictorily, of the strange subterfuge with which he had been summoned to the door. For no harm, surely, he argued. There was a certain fascination in the thought of the new star which the mountaineer had brought to his contemplation. Not a bad face, this star-gazer's, and with a coloring which had always commended itself to his artistic sense. A good face and finely cut, he would have said but for that association of ideas, "a felony," that sudden conscious expression as of some guilty knowledge of the burning of the hotel. He could not believe it of his star-gazer, with his elated upward look! He remembered afterward how he thought then that the dankness of the weather, in relaxing all manner of tension, had slackened his rigid standards and his taut personal exactions. He was morally limp, doubtless, as well as physically; but he shrunk from the phrase in this application, and he considered that the most definite sensation of that most indefinite day was the relief he experienced when Rodolphus Ross came plunging out of the mists.

In high dudgeon the deputy was with the events and results of his mission, and he had wreaked his resentment on the unoffending animal. The mare's sides

showed the marks of his stinging lash, and she had retaliated as well as she could by perversely refusing to pause where he wished to dismount to avoid the pools. A false start or two dragged him through water knee-deep, and as he came into the house his eyes were flashing with his various anger, and his lip curled scornfully.

"I tell ye," he said to Taft, with his fractious mirthfulness, "thar's money in that brat o' yourn, that Cornelia Taft! Buy her a muzzle an' a chain an' jine a show, an' she'll draw a crowd ez the Leetle She-B'ar o' Persimmon Cove! Bless my boots! I'm glad I'm all hyar. The leetle b'ar like ter tore me ter fringes!" he exclaimed metaphorically. He canted his head mockingly to one side as he threw himself into a chair beside the stove, seized the poker, and administered a rousing shake. "I tell you what," he said, eying Taft gloweringly, "I'd keep her nails an' teeth well pruned, my friend."

For Miss Cornelia Taft and Rodolphus Ross had failed signally to hit it off amicably. Old Copley had watched the interview through the open door of the store with varying emotions of anxiety: first, lest Ross was a "revenuer" or a spy; then, lest, as an officer of the state law, he had some charge against them; again, lest he cause Sis some apprehension; and lastly, lest the temerity of the doughty Sis bring woe and wreck upon the devoted household. Joe cowered in a corner of the fireplace, leaning against the great jamb, essaying only a few of the writhings and twistings of his anatomy which he affected, and sometimes sitting still altogether, so did the interest of the colloquy overmaster the tendency of his muscles.

"Hello, youngsters!" was Ross's affable greeting as he tramped in when Joe opened the door. He flung himself into a chair before the fire, then turned and surveyed Sis, whose prim, pale, precise face looked more unfriendly and

forbidding and negative than usual, as she sat, her hands demurely crossed on her lap, on the opposite side of the fireplace.

"My Lord! is this all? I 'lowed yer dad hed a heap bigger gal 'n you. Some similar ter a shrunk-up gran'mammy; ye look like ye mought hev lasted sence the flood. How's yer fambly, ma'am?"

The juvenile heart resents a scoff. Cornelia Taft's faculties were limited, but she gathered herself for revenge.

"Waal, then," he demanded, as she sat stiffly silent and insulted, "how's rats?"

"I could n't jedge," she piped up suddenly. "We-uns hain't hed a terrier happen in hyar afore now fur a consider'ble time."

He was fairly silenced for the nonce. Elated by the execution of her sally, and not propitiated by his subsequent effort to ignore the passage at arms, she took full advantage of the opportunity to harass him which was presented when he announced himself an officer of the law, and demanded to know when and where she had seen Larrabee the last time. No perverse adult witness could have more dexterously baffled him with indefinite statements; and when he appealed from her to Joe, whose clumsy efforts to remember were hopelessly inadequate, her open glee was peculiarly tantalizing to Ross; for none can so resent a jest as a confirmed joker. Then it was that he made his fatal false step.

"Look-a-hyar, Small Female, leetle ez ye be, I'll arrest you-uns an' kerry ye off ter jail, ef ye don't spry up an' answer my question."

And then it was that Sis, bracing her small back, defied the majesty of the State of Tennessee as exemplified in Rodolphus Ross. So it came to open war. She was animated, too, by a partisan spirit for Larrabee. She remembered, with her infrequent approval, how he had conducted himself on the occasion in question; how quiet, how gentle,

he was, how observant of the graces of her housekeeping, how commendatory of her dominion over Joe. Their conversation had since been often in her mind; she had rehearsed it as she sat in the gloaming on her stool before the flickering fire, with the history of the Biblical worthies of which it was redundant. With no one else could she talk of these things. With quick adulation she had transformed Larrabee into a hero, and she longed to see him again. Her tongue, being feminine, could not be held altogether, but she told Ross naught which he desired to hear. She sounded the praises of Larrabee on many a key, and "disremembered" persistently whether it was Friday or Monday, or last week or week before, when she had seen him.

"Waal, what war he a-doin' of hyar, ennyhows?" queried Ross.

"Talkin'."

"'Bout what, gal?"

"'Bout no gal," Miss Taft responded, with a flash of the eye.

"Waal, then," — even he was fain to concede, in the hope of finding some thoroughfare in thus beating about the bush, — "'bout what boy?"

She hesitated. She had not intended to cheapen the subject of her interest and enthusiasm by mention in this queer symposium. The talk with Larrabee had been in the nature of a confidence, as in the admiring canvass of mutual friends; she had a sense as if it were not the thing for general public and unworthy conversation. Nevertheless, her affinity for the subject constrained her. There was a light in her face, a placid softening of feature. Her flabby little colorless cheek mustered up a dimple.

"'Bout Sam'l," she said, with a smile.

"Sam'l who?" he demanded keenly.

Sis hesitated, suddenly posed. "I — I disremember his — his surname," she admitted.

"Did ye see him with Lar'bee?" he asked, his big pertinacious eyes on her

face, expectant of immediate developments.

"I — I ain't never seen *him*. I — I reckon" — it seemed too terrible to contemplate — "I reckon he mus' be — daid." She had never before looked upon it in this light, and her heart sank.

"Friend o' Lar'bee's?" he persisted.

"I reckon so; he hed read 'bout him."

"Read 'bout him? Whar? In the Colb'ry Gazette?" He lowered his voice respectfully, for to him personal mention in the Colbury Gazette meant fame.

"Naw. In the Bible, o' course," said Sis, stiffly reproving.

He stared at her in blank amaze for a moment; then he smote his leg a sounding thwack, and burst into a howl of derisive laughter.

"Ye an' Lar'bee hed a pray'r-meetin', did ye? An', my son," he continued through his nose with a sanctimonious whine, turning to Joe, "did ye lead the saints in supplication, or raise the hymn-chune?"

Joe responded with a fat chuckle of delighted laughter, rejoiced to see his Mentor, the professor of many novel and distasteful arts of household economy, put to ridicule and out of countenance.

It was only for a moment. She turned acridly against the domestic insurgent.

"*He* tuned up arterward. Joe done *his* quirin' arter Lar'bee war gone, an' the wind riz, an' the rain kem down. He wisht an' wisht Lar'bee hed bided. He fairly blated fur skeer!"

"I never!" protested Joe in pouting indignation. "*I* war n't 'feared o' the wind an' rain, nare one! 'T war the racket them dead ones kep' up in the Los' Time mine diggin' thar graves. This hyar house air right over the mine."

Ross's great shifting wild eyes widened as he looked from one to the other.

"Thar *ain't* no dead ones diggin' thar graves!" cried Sis didactically. She

must needs spend too many lonely hours here for that suggestion to be a welcome one. "Them ez dig ain't dead. Dad say jes' some boys, he reckon, a-moonshinin' or sech of a night in the Lost Time mine."

Rodolphus Ross rose to his feet. He was elated, confident. He snapped his fingers noisily in the air as he made two or three of the sideway paces usually preliminary to a clog dance, which accomplishment he had acquired by viewing what he termed a "minstrel show." He had long suspected Larrabee of moonshining, and here was the *locus in quo*. He had said that Larrabee's trail had seemed to disappear from the face of the earth; with what literal reason he had not dreamed. Notwithstanding his haste, however, he must needs tarry for a flier.

"Gran'mammy Taft," he said, leering at the little girl, with her prim, antique aspect, "I never thunk ter find ye hobnobbing with moonshiners."

"Lar'bee ain't no moonshiner," she protested, with swift alarm.

He joyed in her evident flutter.

"Ah, gran'mammy Taft, ye kin consider yerse'f under arrest fur aidin' an' abettin' in moonshinin', ye an' all yer fambly."

"Ye ain't no revenuer!" cried Sis, moving back a step, however. "Ye ain't 'lowed ter *purtend* ter be one, nuther. I hearn o' a man in Persimmon Cove ez *purtended* ter be a off'cer o' the law, an' got 'rested hisse'f. An' I would hev thunk ennyways ez ye hed hed enough o' arrestin' folks fur fun, sence that time ye flung Lar'bee over the bluffs, an' nigh kilt him. Ef ye be so sharp set ter 'rest ennybody, go find Jack Espey an' 'rest him."

Ross was out of countenance. Nevertheless — "How many j'int's hev her tongue got?" he demanded of Joe, with a feint of serious interest.

But Joe had deserted to the enemy. He thought that Sis was in the ascen-

dant, and Ross's threat at once angered and terrified him. He received with pouting silence the officer's aside, while Sis went on triumphantly: —

"Dad say my granny Jiniway air kin somehows ter the high sher'ff's wife; an' whenst I go ter Colb'ry nex' week with dad, I be goin' ter go ter her house an' ax the high sher'ff ef he 'lows his dep'ties ter arrest people fur joke, an' *purtend* ter be revenue off'cers, an' skeer leetle gals by arrestin' 'em, an' 'lowin' he 'll take the whole fambly fur moonshinin'. My granny Jiniway's third cousin air the high sher'ff's wife!"

In the face of this genealogical detail, it was with a somewhat subdued spirit that Ross mounted the mare and set forth on his return; for the high sheriff was a man with a most attenuated sense of humor, a literal interpretation of the duties of his office, and notwithstanding the fact that Ross's willingness to ride long distances, in all manner of weather, relieved him of this the most irksome of duties to an inert temperament, he had begun to look doubtfully upon him, particularly since Espey's escape, and Ross felt that his tenure was not altogether secure. As he passed the portal of the Lost Time mine, the thought of his quest recurred to his mind, and the important clue which he deemed he had obtained from the little girl's conversation. He no longer thought it important, for from the rough-hewn portal of the cavern poured forth the compressed stream of the divers subterranean currents, gathered together and hurled forth in a great spout, and with a plunging force that astonished him, remembering as he did the far tamer flow of the earlier season. He ascribed the change to the persistent autumn rains flooding some watercourse that doubtless pierced the hidden chambers. It filled the outlet within a few feet of the summit of the arch. Any entrance here was impossible; as for another opening to the mine, he looked about him upon the limitless

tangled wilderness of wood and rock, the shifting beclouding mists, the endless skeins of the rain, and he swore between his big front teeth an oath which, despite the grotesque humor of its phraseology, had within it all the bitter profanity of his baffling disappointment. And in default of aught else on which to wreak his anger, he cruelly lashed Taft's mare; and so he went down to join the others at Kenniston's quarters amongst the shanties of the workmen in the Cove.

XIX.

That night, the rain, beating out its strong staccato rhythm on the old clapboards roofing the barn, made scant impression on Jasper Larrabee's senses; he slept soundly amongst the great elastic billows of the hay. As by degrees the downpour slackened, the comparative silence affected his half-dormant consciousness as sound had failed to do. He roused slightly from time to time, and presently was broad awake, to hear only the melancholy drip from the eaves and the chorus of far-away frogs beginning to pipe anew along the pools. He did not welcome his other self, that mysterious essence of thought and will that was torn with hopes and fed on regrets, and was prone to hold troublous disputations with yet another inner self, which on its part was always keen to find out every fault, to upbraid each cherished sin, and had an ugly trick of unmasking and setting in a strong unflattering light motives which might otherwise seem to be above suspicion. The humbler obvious entity known as Jasper Larrabee would, he often thought, be happier without so definite a development of either of these endowments, his mind or his conscience; for thus he learned from their functions to differentiate them. When this Jasper Larrabee was well fed, he was hearty and happy. The sun shone on him, and he sang till the woods rang.

When he went down into the sunless depths of the Lost Time mine, every strong muscle rejoiced in the work, and his steady nerve, which is called courage, gave a zest to danger, whether the menace were of the law, or of the wild beast in the wilderness, or of the civilized savage amongst his own associates. If it had not been for his mind forever asking "Why?" and his conscience grimly protesting "Because," what a thriving, well-balanced physical organization Jasper Larrabee might have been! He knew others who were little more than body, who asked no questions and heard no answers; he held them far the happier for it, and he did not realize how much the duller. And so he hated the "Why?" and flinched from the "Because." And here they were in company, these choice spirits, in the suddenly silent midnight, with only the melancholy drip at long intervals from the eaves, the vague piping of frogs sounding afar off and failing again, and that strange preponderating sense of the proximity of the mountains although enshrouded and invisible in the mist. The sibilant rustle of the hay was loud in the stillness as he shifted his posture. He shifted it often, being anxious and restless, for his brace of companions were more censorious even than their wont as to that limited cheerful physique which he accounted Jasper Larrabee. He had had naught to eat but a few handfuls of grapes from the vines that clambered over the gable of the barn, and some unpalatable raw eggs found among the hay; and this fact of hunger gave a mighty grip to the poignancy of "Because." He had had naught to do all the long rainy day but to lie in the hay and look out through the crevices of the logs at the queer acorn-like roof of his mother's house, that had welcomed so many, and had no place now for him or for her. He watched with all the grief of an exile the children coming and going, and the gaunt Mrs. Timson wielding an

unbridled authority, making the most of her usurpations; he heard her raucous raised voice in objurgation or command with the indignant objection that naturally appertains to the heir to the throne. Again and again these sounds came from the opaque blankness of the mist; for often the clouds obscured the little house altogether, and crowded through the crevices of the barn, and shifted back and forth. For the reason of the continuous fog he had delayed to inform the officer of the law and deliver Espey up. Doubtless, in the idleness of his solitary day in the mine, Espey would be alert and hear an approach, and might escape through some aperture of the cavern other than the main entrance; the thick mists would then conceal him indubitably, and further his flight without the slightest scruple as to responsibility as accessory after the fact. Larrabee was waiting for the darkness that he might take Espey the more certainly, while his vigilance was relaxed in working at the forlorn enterprise of old Haight and his lieutenant "Tawm" in the mine. But in waiting Larrabee had fallen asleep, and the iteration of the steady rainfall was somnolent in its effects, and the hours drowsed by. He knew that it was past midnight before he noted the slant of a late-risen moon, golden, lustrous, dreamlike, softly shining through the crevices of the logs in one corner of the ramshackle old place. The sky was clearing, then. He rose hastily to his feet, and leaned out of the window. Clear! It was of a deeply limpid and definite blue, with white and gray clouds, moon-illuminated, drawing back swiftly from vast expanses of this lucid ether all a-sparkle with the pellucid whiteness of the stars. With the dank earth so dark below, and the dully glamorous light of the moon in her last quarter, it seemed to him that he had never seen the stars so splendidly white. The next moment a sudden pang of suspense, of fear, that was like a bodily throe had wrested away his breath. He

hardly realized that he had moved; he only knew that he had sprung down the rotting rungs of the old ladder and through the barn below, because he was standing outside the door upon the ground, gazing up, bareheaded, wild-eyed, in a frenzy of doubt, of anxiety, of a sort of unreasoning terror, at the skies. For the star — his star — was gone! It had vanished! Again and again, with the strong pulse of hope, he swept the heavens with eager search. Afterward he thought he remembered a dull leaden-hued minute object in the place of that splendid silver shining that had made his heart so glad. It had vanished, — its message withheld, its mystery unrevealed, like an illusion, like a fagged-out enthusiasm, like the futile words of a prayer without the fervor of faith. He could not believe it. Again and again he sought a new posture, a new hope. He followed its closer neighbors along the steepes of the mountain as they journeyed toward the west in the sky above. The tint of the heavens was changing presently, — a lighter blue. The golden moon grew of a pearl-like lustre. The stars waxed faint. The clouds were red. And here was the gray day hard upon him, and in the earth naught of value, for in the sky he had lost a star. How strong, how resistless of advance, was the riding up of the great sun! Get ye away, illusions, and glamours, and dreamers of dreams! Such a definite visible world! How full of fixed facts! He saw, as he stood, the shanties of the workmen in the Cove, where the mists were hustling off in great haste, as if too tenuous, too unsubstantial, too inutile, to hold ground in the face of the strong practicalities dawning over the horizon. The smoke was curling up from the chimney of Captain Lucy's cabin, where breakfast was cooking. The cows were at the bars. All the woods were lustrous with moisture, and splendidly a-glint with the yellow sunbeams striking aslant through them. The distant mountains

were blue and amethyst and violet and purple, — a rhapsody of color. Here and there, as if the rain had painted them, boughs of sumach and sourwood were scarlet in the woods; the sweet-gum showed flecks of purple leaves, and the hickory had occasional flares of yellow. The goldenrod had burst into bloom, and with this seal of the autumnal season stamped upon the land came Julia along the road, her bonnet hanging on her shoulders, her head bare, her face like spring itself, her hands full of flowers that she scattered as she sang. How her fresh young voice rang against the turmoil of the current from the Lost Time mine, like some sudden burst of joy from out the fretted tides of a troubled life! As she tossed the flowers, and glanced over her shoulder to see where they fell, Larrabee crossed the log laid from one deeply gullied bank to the other side of the road, to serve foot passengers when the water was high in wet weather. She paused, and looked at him with a frown. The unwonted corrugations in her fair young brow changed her inexpressive face almost out of recognition. He stood in silent deprecation for a moment. His heart was sore. His life was full of trouble of many sorts and degrees. That æsthetic loss, that sense of bereavement because of his vanished star, outranked them all.

Courage is of the nature of an essence; one may not judge how it will pull the beam, nor is it dispensed by dry measure. Something seemingly inadequate, a breath of wind, a change of mind, or the chilling of the fervors of some futile and foolish enthusiasm, and behold the volatile element is dispersed through the air. The strain on Larrabee's nerves had been great. His sensibilities had waxed tender. He faltered before the definite bending of those delicately marked brows.

"Ye air out betimes, Julia?" he ventured propitiatingly, as she stoutly maintained silence. "What be ye a-doin' of with them flowers?"

"Sowin' 'em," said Julia instantly. "I expee' 'em ter bloom thar in the road ter mo' purpose 'n they ever did afore."

He cast a glance of wonderment at her. But her unfriendly manner, her cold eye, disconcerted him afresh, and nullified his surprise at her words.

"Air you-uns mad at me down at yer house?" he demanded eagerly.

"What fur?" she asked, with a keen, belligerent look that was mightily like Captain Lucy's.

"'Bout my speakin' so free 'bout Espey, an' Cap'n Lucy not warnin' me an' my mother, knowin' him ter be sought fur murder?"

"Oh!" she cried, with airy causticity. "I hed furgot it."

He felt the covert flier of this speedy dismissal. But with him pride was at a low ebb. He silently looked at her as she held a cardinal flower to her red lips, while her long-lashed blue eyes scanned the dewy bunch of jewel-weed and mountain snow and wild asters that filled her hands. The wind swayed her dark blue skirt as she stood on a great fragment of rock beside the running stream. It gave a certain volant effect to her pose, her flower-laden hands, her singular beauty; she seemed the very genius of the flowering season, its perfect personification.

"Waal, I'm glad o' that," he said humbly. "I need all my friends, an' all the comfort I kin git."

He paused, daunted in a measure by her unresponsiveness. But she was always silent, always undemonstrative, and perhaps her manner in this instance went for less than its worth.

"Julia," he said, "I hev hed a powerful strange 'sperience lately. An' it hev cast me down mightily. Not religious, — though I expected suthin' leadin' an' 'speritual out'n it. I viewed a new star in the sky."

She was looking at the flowers on the soggy road as if she cared for no other

radiance than their gleam of earthy hue, albeit an evanescent glow.

"Nobody but me viewed it," he went on, after a moment of unfruitful expectation. "I tried other folks, an' they seen nuthin'. An' by that I 'lowed it hed some charge fur me, some leadin'. Stars hev been messengers afore this." He interposed this affirmation of precedent for proof. His senses were keen. He had not failed to note the ring of incredulity in Kenniston's voice. He paused, thinking again of the wise men of the East, and the blessed path to the cradled Christ as the Star guided them. He sighed deeply as he plucked off the yellow plumes of a wayside spray of golden-rod. The fragments floated away on the stream, and he drearily lifted his haggard eyes to the broad whiteness of the day brightening over all the purple mountains and bronze-green valleys; here all miracles exhaled with the mists of the night and the evanescence of the stars. The atmosphere of the practical, the prosaic, the recognized and thrice-tried forces of nature was paramount. Naught seemed to exist that man in his ignorant cognoscence had not explored. But he had expected no miracle; he had sought no wonderful worldly gifts or graces. True, the will of God is much to know, but he had thought that with so signal an intimation a leading might be vouchsafed. Had not other men followed a star to Christ? And was there naught for him, no little thing for him to do? Did that gracious supernal stellar presence shine on him, and him alone, only to amaze, to baffle, to dismay him, — to find his life but poorly furnished, and to leave it empty?

"I got no leadin' out'n it," he said drearily. "It jes' disappeared some-hows. I dunno ef ez suddint ez it kem or no, bein' ez several nights war rainy and clouded over. It's gone!"

Something in his dreary tone smote upon Julia's preoccupied faculties. Whether she harbored rancor against him for

Jack Espey's sake, whether she resented his criticism of her father, whether she repelled the intrusion of the consciousness of any other emotion than the paramount emotion which possessed her, and love crowded out and trampled on pity, she spoke with a keen fling of satire.

"Waal, ef yer star hev petered out, ye hed better go an' get Ad'licia ter hearten ye up by tellin' ye ter take notice how many stars thar be lef'. Ye 'll be lighted full well on occasion."

He flushed at the taunt, but love is of long patience.

"Air ye mad at Ad'licia?" he queried, interested in aught that touched Julia.

"Naw — yes" — She hesitated, interested herself. "That is, I can't help bein' mad with the idjit fur bein' *sech* a idjit."

"How is she a idjit?" demanded Larrabee.

"Fur not marryin' Jack Espey whenst she hed the chance. Dad an' Luther would hev stood off Ross an' *sech* cattle, or gin bond fur him an' patched up things somehow. Ye know they would. Ef I hed been in her place, now, an' ef he hed axed *me*" —

She paused abruptly, with a sort of appalled recognition of the sentiment that animated her. A sudden illumination had broken in upon her; her heart throbbed tumultuously with pleasure, or was it pain? For she loved Jack Espey; and he — oh, was it true that he loved Adelia still? She hardly heeded or realized her self-betrayal. She did not see — so little did she care — the pallid dismay, the heartbreak, on Jasper Larrabee's face. He could not deceive himself, — it was too patent. He turned away with a bitter sense of resentment, another grudge toward Jack Espey for this sly and complete supplanting. At that moment his eye fell upon the jagged rock about the entrance of the Lost Time mine, and he drew back in amazement.

"Why, where does all this water come from?" he exclaimed sharply. He wondered that he had not marked it before, despite his preoccupation. For the flow of the stream was quadrupled, its momentum every instant greater. Naught could enter now. The interior must be flooded anew. As he gazed at it, wide-eyed and dumfounded, a sudden enlightenment as to the phenomenon broke upon him. The blasting which he had heard, — he remembered it now; doubtless the concussion had brought down some mass of rock or earth damming an underground current, and forcing its waters into the channel of the stream which emptied here, while the residue backed up and filled the spaces. He thought that Espey and the old man and "Tawm" had possibly made good their escape before it happened; but if not — and Taft — He remembered how close were the ghostly voices when he had last heard the false cracked tones of command ring through the tunnel. Those ill-timbered galleries would fall to a certainty. He turned pale at the very thought of a living burial in the den of the still-room.

He did not hesitate. Without a word he sprang upon the log, crossed the water, and sped away like the wind, leaving Julia gazing in astonishment after him. He found his worst fears realized, as he thought, at the store of the Lost Time mine. His hasty question elicited from the children only the fact of the absence of Taft and Copley. He ran down into the cellar, to find the obliteration of the traces of the old door, which he recognized only as an added precaution since his departure. Doubtless some other method of entering the tunnel had been devised. An axe hacking through the chinking served to reveal the ruin of the tunnel, and to admit a strong and pervasive odor of gunpowder.

Lorenzo Taft's plans were very perfectly calculated and adjusted to the probabilities. There had been no rift in his judgment. Nowhere could he

find fault or flaw in his reasoning. A lucky chance had fired the hotel, and freed his hands from the smirch of the firebrand and the possible penalties of arson. The moving of the great monument of boundary had thrown the only available site for the hotel on the Kenniston tract well within Captain Lucy's lines when the land was processioned, and thus the summer swallow must needs alight elsewhere, and the commercial interests of moonshining would thereby be promoted. Each detail had fallen out exactly as he had planned. Success seemed the essential sequence. Only Espey's frantic fear of arrest had precipitated all the untoward events which had advanced, parallel after parallel, and forced him to his last defenses. And these one might think were most sagacious and adequate. The foolish drunken boy, whose tongue might work mischief, was within the hour hustled out of the country. Every trace of the forbidden vocation was demolished beyond the possibility of detection. If Larrabee should seek revenge by informing, he could prove naught, not even his own complicity. It would seem but the groundless accusation of malice. And Taft had even taken time by the forelock by avowing his former illegal practices, his prison record, his familiarity with the motives and manœuvres of moonshiners, and insidiously casting suspicion on Larrabee, ascribing to him an adequate motive for moving the Big Hollow Boulder, in the eyes of the law a felony.

No possible flaw in his reasoning from the premises from which he argued. He had guarded himself logically, boldly, with great perspicacity, from enmity, from revenge. It never for one moment occurred to him to devise protection from good will!

Kenniston and Ross, even in the excitement of the emergency, and the tumultuous tide of Larrabee's eager explanations when he suddenly burst in

upon them as they sat smoking together after breakfast, could but take heed of the subtler sub-current of significance in his disclosure. More than once they exchanged glances charged with a meaning deeper than he wot of.

"Thar's a shaft," he cried, "an old air-shaft, a-nigh that thar tunnel! Ef ye'll rig up a windlass, or let yer men put me down with a rope, I'll find Taft, an' the t'others too, ef they be thar yit."

"You'll drown yourself, or fall, or suffocate with gas," Kenniston said tentatively, looking about for his hat, and pausing to cast a keen glance at Larrabee.

"I'll resk it — I'll resk it — fur him and Espey too — an' I dunno what my mother would do ef old daddy Haight war ter kem ter sech an e-end! Oh, I'll resk it! An' Taft, he ain't a bad man when all's said. Taft's mighty clever sometimes."

"I think he's the worst man I ever saw," said Kenniston, as he flung away his cigar.

A call for volunteers and the offer of a reward by Kenniston secured no companion to Larrabee in his venture when the workmen looked down into the dark shaft, with its crumbling sides, and sound of tumbling waters, and chill, dank, foul breath. They manifested their good will only in their alacrity in adjusting and adapting such appliances as they could to insure Larrabee's safety as far as possible. Kenniston doubted at the time whether he ought to permit the jeopardy; but being assured that the effort would be made at all events, and without the advantage of the heavy cables and pulleys which had been used in building the hotel, and which his compliance offered, he yielded. Afterward he was disposed to take great credit to himself for several devices which facilitated the enterprise, and from his knowledge of mechanical resources he doubtless insured its success; he bore the honors of achieving the rescue with all the unblushing effrontery

of an officer whose command has won a battle.

He was in a glow of enthusiasm for the nonce, and he continued the rôle of *deus ex machina* with more genuine pleasure than had lately fallen to his jaded susceptibility. He placed eighty-seven silver dollars in a worn leather bag, a tobacco pouch of one of the workmen, to be given to old Haight when he should be sufficiently recovered, with the pious fiction that his own money had been found in the shaft. "Keep the old mole from burrowing again," he said.

His abounding good nature was very thorough when once aroused. His heart was touched by Espey's forlorn plight as he lay panting on the grass, and the pallor of his young face marked by the dread of life that had just succeeded the dread of death.

"Can't you make out to let up on Espey, somehow?" he said aside to Rodolphus Ross, whose clumsy pranks of delight at the successful outcome of this most exciting episode were like the extravagant joviality of a gamboling Newfoundland dog, and not unpleasing to his interlocutor from their common bond of sympathy.

"Who? Espey?" He paused, turning his lighted dark eyes on Kenniston, his peaked hat shading his elevated eyebrows and surprised face. "I ain't hyar arter Espey no more. I'm arter the firebug, ye know. That thar man ez Espey shot in Tanglefoot Cove hev got well o' the pip, or the gapes, or whatever the weak-kneed chicken took from the bullet; an' this hyar warrant fur arrest hev been kerried round in my pocket till it's mighty nigh wore out." He took the ragged paper from his pocket and shook out its tatters, and laughed and grimaced in the very face of its august authority. "Go on, boy, go on! I would n't put the county ter charges ter board ye!" he said to Espey.

A supply of whiskey was on hand, for the ostensible purpose of reviving the

victims of the Lost Time mine, as they were drawn up one by one from those treacherous depths, limp and pallid and fainting. But the quantity was sufficient to enable the company of rescuers subsequently to refresh themselves, and Kenniston genially treated the crowd. Some of the men now and then began to coil up the ropes, and again fell to discussing the jeopardy and the disastrous possibilities; and there was much hilarity and gratulation amongst the group in the dewy woods, still filled with the slant of the early morning sunshine, when Espey slipped away from it. His heart was still sore, as if it had forgotten to beat except with a dull throb of pain, unrealizing his change of fortune except sullenly to rebel against all the unnecessary woe that had fallen to his lot. As he went along the road, he scarcely noted the flowers that lay here and there on the soggy ground. The dash and fret of the stream from the portal of the Lost Time mine caught his attention. He marked its added volume, and, with his familiarity with the terrible subterranean chambers, he could picture to himself the obstacles which lay in its course, and which the blasting from the tunnel or the still-room had brought down. He trembled and grew cold with the thought of his jeopardy. He mechanically cursed anew Taft's name, as he had done again and again since his voice, his "partin' compliments," had been audible before the charge in the tunnel had been fired. He shuddered again as he recalled the sound of the water backing up ever higher and higher through those black dungeons, lipping and hissing its insidious threat through all the long night. How woeful it had been — with the wild terror of his companions to contemplate, till he was as wild with the terror of them as of his own fate — to look momentarily to meet death here, without a soul on earth truly to care, to anguish for him as he was anguished — He paused, the tenor of his thought breaking abruptly. Had

he seen it before, or had he only fancied that cardinal flower lying in the sun on the gray rock by the water? Was it not thus that he should know that Julia had passed and had thought of him, — was not this their covenant? He doubtfully picked up the delicate spray — another; still, it might be an accident, a coincidence. A cluster of jewel-weeds lay caught in the bark of the log that served as footbridge, and swayed and glowed in the sun: it was in his hand when he reached the further bank. As far as one might hope to command a glimpse from the mine the fragile tokens were scattered. They were full of dew; their breath allured him. They trembled as with some shy, timorous thought in his trembling hand. The color had come into his face; a light was in his eyes; his tired troubled pulses were beating fast, strong, with a new rhythm. And as Julia, still loitering homeward, her head bare, her hands empty, heard a footstep behind her and turned, she saw him, all her garnered blossoms in his grasp, and all his heart in his eyes.

Kenniston, still elated, but somewhat tired out with the morning's excitements, upon reaching his quarters among the workmen's shanties, found Captain Lucy there awaiting an audience, and all unaware of the progress of events of so much moment elsewhere to-day. A rousing "cock-a-doo-dle-doo" might be a fair summary of Captain Lucy's discourse. His perplexities had vanished with the tangled twists of the rain, and he set forth boldly and with much detail his discovery of the moving of the boulder, the corner monument of boundary, his anxiety and doubt as to his proper course, and his realization that the surveyor's line had thrown much land which he knew was Kenniston's within his own domain.

A man of tact was Captain Lucy in his own way. He so glossed over his suspicions of Kenniston that albeit the latter detected them rather through the

correlated circumstances and the baffling mystery than through the veneer of that section of his mind which it pleased Captain Lucy to present, he did not look upon them seriously. He was a stranger; the old man was densely ignorant, and his experience of life and comparative knowledge of men were limited indeed; and in truth it was apparently impossible to deduce from the facts any other interest to be served by the moving of the boulder. Thus he silently forgave Captain Lucy for his suspected suspicions.

And Captain Lucy was heartily ashamed of them now.

"I know it air moved bodaciously — Big Hollow Boulder — corner mark — monimint o' boundary; an' now what air ye an' me goin' ter do 'bout that thar dad-burned line what's gone an' coiled itself like the plumb old Scorpion o' the Pit?"

"Procession the land again, and prosecute the man who moved the boulder," said Kenniston coolly.

And indeed justice had hardly overtaken Lorenzo Taft, for Kenniston's unwonted leniency did not hold out to include his offending. It seemed to him a very pretty play of cause and effect that so close upon the heels of Taft's accusations of Larrabee, and his subtle and successful hoodwinking of the practiced man of business, who made a point of knowing men, Taft should be hurrying to Colbury and the county jail, under the escort of the jubilant Rodolphus Ross and a posse of two or three stout fellows, to answer these very charges of arson and feloniously moving a corner monument of boundary, — all because of Larrabee's voluntarily putting his life in jeopardy for his sake.

Nevertheless, Kenniston listened mildly enough to Adelia's earnest intercessions for Taft that evening, when he sat as of yore with the family circle around Captain Lucy's fireside; he seemed to find a certain fascination in the incon-

gruities of her ingenious palliations and extenuations of his crime.

"He mought n't hev been acquainted with the boulder ez a monimint o' boundary," she urged; and when the fallacy of this was demonstrated, "He mought hev been sorry an' wanted to put it back, but it was too heavy an' the hill was too high."

Whereupon Kenniston burst into satiric laughter.

"He's sorry enough now, I'll warrant you; and he'll be sorrier still before I'm through with him."

But although Adelia's expertness in excuses for other people failed in this instance, Kenniston's purposes were frustrated by a wholesale jail delivery which took place at Colbury shortly after, and Taft was among the jail-birds who took flight thence. He was never heard of again in the Cove. The thought of him at large and at enmity served to postpone the building of the hotel for a time. The plans for a great public edifice in Bretonville absorbed Kenniston in the immediate future, and finally he grew indifferent to the project of the mountain resort, and it was definitely abandoned.

Larrabee profited by Kenniston's advice, and availed himself of the "amnesty" proffered by the government to moonshiners about that time, and thenceforward the still knew him no more. The manufacture of "brush whiskey" was never resumed at the Lost Time mine. The store there became truly a centre of barter under the ministrations of old Copley and the power behind the throne, Cornelia Taft, who developed much of her father's decision and definiteness and shrewdness of character as she grew older, always tempered by old Mrs. Jiniway's precepts, to which she rigidly adhered. She received countenance, and much guidance too, in these early years, from Adelia, who persisted in following the bent of her own lenient inclination toward others, and making the most

of their good qualities and light of their foibles. It was a certain solace in the bitter loss of other illusions for which she was less charitable. She never could be brought to believe that Julia had not intentionally wiled her lover's heart away from her. It was a relief when these strained relations were at an end, and Julia and Espey married, in defiance of Captain Lucy's opposition, and went to Tanglefoot Cove. Captain Lucy argued their much-mooted points of difference with Adelia less than before, and deferred in silence to her. It was only when, in the winter evenings, Jasper Larrabee was wont to come and read aloud, as in the old days, that Captain Lucy rose to his normal temperature of contradiction, and controverted sundry hard sayings difficult to be incorporated in the life of a willful man, and contemned Jasper Larrabee's learning, and accused him of ignorantly perverting the Scriptures. Then it was that Adelia's talents of optimism became transcendently apparent. She developed a wonderful craft of interpretation. Leaning over one arm of Captain Lucy's chair, while Jasper Larrabee leaned over the other with his book and page to show, — Captain Lucy, flustered and red-faced, acrid and belligerent, vociferating between them, — Adelia would demonstrate that this doubtless meant the other, or it was plain to see that the reference was not general, including Captain Lucy, but was made directly to the character under discussion; whereby Captain Lucy, perceiving that no added burden of meekness or other Christian grace was to be laid upon him as essential to salvation, would permit himself to be pacified. And Adelia's gifts grew by much exercise. Even Captain Lucy, always acute, became reluctantly aware of this, in some sort. "Ad'licia hev got so durned smart she kin mighty nigh explain away the

devil," he fretted, unaware that this feat had already been accomplished by other and more pretentious theologians than Adelia. The gossips said, in the Cove, that it was in the process of trying to "‘square’ Cap'n Lucy to the Scriptur's, or ter square the Scriptur's ter Cap'n Lucy," that Adelia and Jasper fell in love with each other. Certain it is the days came in which neither had aught to regret, and Adelia's optimism was triumphantly justified.

Even his vanished star came to be a tender memory to Larrabee rather than a poignant bereavement. Sometimes thinking of that dread descent into the crumbling old shaft of the Lost Time mine, with the chill sound of the tumbling waters below, the thick foul air in his every breath, the desperate straining of the ropes that so shook his nerves, the fragments of rock falling about his head, and his heart fairly failing him for fear, he deemed he had found the "leading" he had asked and followed it. For since he could do naught for Christ, whose humble humanity is merged in the majesty of the great King of heaven, he might do somewhat for man whom He died to save.

He did not know that his star remained for a time a faint telescopic object and interested the speculation of astronomers, whose outlook from their wisdom was also limited as his from his ignorance. They merely accounted it one of those mysterious, unwonted apparitions, a stranger to all the astral hierarchy, prettily called "guest-stars" in the ancient Chinese records, and they knew after a time that the "Ke-sing dissolved." They did not dream that this celestial visitant could be charged with a moral mission; for in all the discoveries and advances of science what mystic lens might serve to reveal the amaranthine wreath and the nearing pinion?

Charles Egbert Craddock.

SCOTT'S FAMILIAR LETTERS.

WHEN the Life of Sir Walter Scott was written by his son-in-law, John Gibson Lockhart, not quite two generations ago, he inserted a number of Scott's own letters and a few from his correspondents. A great mass of letters on both sides, however, was withheld from publication, and, as now appears, with good judgment. As time passed on, a sensible curiosity was more and more directed to the manuscript stores at Abbotsford, still in the possession of a granddaughter of Lockhart and Sophia Scott. This lady has kindly afforded access to her treasures, which have been consulted with great profit by the students of our ballad literature. From them the present editor published a few years ago the whole of Sir Walter Scott's journal, from which Lockhart had given copious extracts; and now we have two handsome volumes of letters,¹ which may be supposed to complete, for the present at least, our knowledge of Scott's private life.

These pages give us a very valuable and a very charming addition to our information about Scott and his times. The latter were so stirring, and Scott's acquaintance with great people was so extensive, that he could hardly write the most familiar letter without unconsciously writing history at the same time; and his own nature was so full of life and love that the simplest domestic details are full of universal interest.

It is, however, quite apparent why most of them could not be published in 1837. Besides the fact that many of Scott's correspondents and other persons alluded to were still alive, there is an obvious freedom about much of the writing that in those days kept itself close in the sanctity of private correspondence, and would have shrunk from any species

of publicity. In fact, the race and spirit of these letters, equal to the very liveliest of those in Lockhart's work, is really remarkable, bringing us into even closer contact with its subject than that very intimate and familiar book. This is in marked contrast to many supplementary correspondences, which, called out of their retirement by the success of some striking biography, are disappointing, because they show the subject in his duller, not his livelier moments. It is far otherwise with these. It might be hard to select any one passage more vivid and racy than some in Lockhart; but the staple strikes a constant reader of the biography as bringing Scott nearer to our hearts.

A good instance of what it would hardly have answered to give out in the lifetime of John and Charles Kemble is contained in this extract from a letter to Joanna Baillie:—

"I hear a rumor that Mrs. Siddons means to be solicited out on the stage again. Surely she is not such an absolute jackass: she might return with as much credit if she had been a year and a half in her winding-sheet. I should like, if it were possible, to anatomize Mrs. Siddons's intellect, that we might discover in what her unrivaled art consisted: she has not much sense, and still less sound taste, no reading but in her profession and with a view to the boards; and, on the whole, has always seemed to me a vain, foolish woman, spoiled (and no wonder) by unbounded adulation to a degree that deserved praise tasted faint on her palate. And yet, take her altogether, and where shall we see, I do not say her match, but anything within a hundred degrees of what she was in her zenith?" (Vol. ii. p. 42.)

Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

¹ *Familiar Letters of Sir Walter Scott*. Edited by DAVID DOUGLAS. In two volumes.

Plain speaking enough, in contrast to the fashionable cult of the theatre, which holds that a "great actor" must be intelligent and well informed even when his performance defies all common sense.

Hesitation to publish letters to and from living correspondents is particularly marked in the case of Francis Jeffrey. It was not wholly respect for the living that made Lockhart so sparing in his notices of this well-known man. The bitterness of party was still very strong in Edinburgh, and the sarcastic Tory did not dare to say all he would like to of the equally sarcastic Whig. But these letters show us, what Macaulay's correspondence had already done, that in spite of politics, in spite even of the review of *Marmion*, Scott truly loved Jeffrey, and was loved by him in turn, and that the editor of the *Edinburgh* was eager to renew the old coöperation years after Scott had indignantly parted with the "blue and yellow." He writes:—

"If you would allow me to inscribe you on the list of our contributors, I should place you at once in the rank of the original founders of the work, who are settled with on a different footing, and invested with a certain control, where they think it necessary, over the proceedings of the editor. I know nobody whom I should like so well to have viceroy over me as you, and I am sure there is no one to whose advice I should be so happy to resort in any case of perplexity." (Vol. ii. p. 32.) The entire letter is well worth quoting.

Another passage relating to Jeffrey is of peculiar though not very flattering interest to Americans. It describes an interview with President Madison in 1814, when it seems strange that a subject of George III. — although on an expedition for wooing an American bride — should have been welcome to Washington. The passage is too long to extract, but one may quote from Scott's report of Jeffrey's description that President Madison was "an exceedingly mean looking little

man, who met him with three little ducking bows, and then extended a yellow withered hand to him like a duck's foot." Surely, of all the Europeans presented to Mr. Madison in his days of state at Washington, with the single exception of Thomas Moore, Francis Jeffrey was the last to venture on criticising him for being small in stature.

It may be remarked that Scott's Toryism, fierce as it seems in many of Lockhart's pages, assumes a milder air in the course of these volumes, especially by contrast with some of his correspondents. His friend Mr. Morritt, of Rokeby, for instance, was far from being an active politician; his whole taste ran in the direction of classical investigation, wherein he almost made himself the forerunner of Schliemann in exploring the Troad. Yet he could bring himself to write thus of the gallant Lord Cochrane, afterwards Earl of Dundonald, whose conviction on a charge of conspiracy is now admitted to have been brought about by an unparalleled combination of private meanness and party bigotry:—

"We are pretty absurd in Westminster, for you will see that Lord Cochrane is again to be a senator, notwithstanding conviction, expulsion, and pillory. At least so the electors resolved on the day of nomination, and nobody appeared to oppose him, while Sir Francis Burdett proclaimed his wrongs and virtues to a mob. This worthy synod unanimously acquitted the noble lord of all sins, present, past, and future. Your Scotch aristocrats managed his forefather better at the bridge of Lauder, who I believe did not deserve a *tow* half as well." (Vol. i. p. 326.) This of what was beyond a doubt the most enlightened electorate in England, the constituency of Fox and Romilly.

Another copious correspondent of Sir Walter's, of whom we often crave to hear more in the *Life*, is Lockhart himself. To his son-in-law, the husband of his favorite daughter, Scott's relations were most interesting. He admired him

for his genius and his principles ; he respected him, perhaps beyond what he deserved, for his superior education, and never seems to be conscious, as he well might have been, that his own character was the more elevated of the two. But he could not help being conscious that his own temper was far more generous and sweeter ; that his knowledge of men and his appreciation of the varied excellences were a precious and useful possession, far beyond the pungent and repellent criticism of his somewhat moody and reserved son-in-law, who gauged everything by academic and literary standards. It is truly touching to see how he tried, by gentle and firm advice, to guide and control a spirit which he loved in spite of every fault, to restrain Lockhart from indulgence in that love of contests and triumphs of wit which were sure to leave a sting, and rarely brought away either honey or wax. That Lockhart responded to this kindly direction, and lost the sunshine from his life when his wife and her father died, these pages clearly reveal. One most painful story is recalled by them of a fatal duel arising out of a review incorrectly ascribed to Lockhart, which fairly makes us shudder to think that only seventy years ago a man of Sir Walter's benevolence could contemplate a duel, especially one arising from such a cause, as anything but an infamous crime. The incident referred to, which may be found in vol. ii. pp. 120, 121, occurred in 1821. Only seven years later, the Duke of Wellington, then Prime Minister, thought it right to "go out" with Lord Winchelsea, the most foolish of all his colleagues in the House of Peers, — a bold word ; shortly before, Scott himself was looking calmly forward to a duel with Gourgaud ; and in 1838 Macaulay found himself in precisely the same situation with Wallace.

We have no great increase of Sir Walter's correspondence with other members of his own family, unless it be his

eldest son. Of the second Sir Walter we know little more than we knew before, and probably there was little more to know. Handsome and athletic, a keen rider and sportsman, a good son, brother, and husband, attached to his profession and respected in it, one never hears of his attaining any species of distinction beyond what might have been looked for in a descendant of Wat of Harden or William of Deloraine. He was his mother's true child, as none of her other children seem to have been ; without one spark of romance, poetry, or literature in his nature. Yet to both of them Sir Walter's heart went out with a devoted and unchanged affection, instinct as he was with that undying homeliness which forms so essential an element in the singular checkerwork called the Scottish character, a character unappreciable, perhaps, by any other people — except the New Englanders.

There are some allusions in these letters to Scott's first love ; but it seems very strange that the mystery about her name and lineage should be kept up. It is pretty plain that she was Williamina, daughter of Sir John Stuart of Fettercairn, and his wife, Lady Jane Leslie ; she married Sir William Forbes, one of Sir Walter's most devoted and generous friends at the crash of his fortunes in 1825. It is sad to feel, as one must from the records of the journal, where Scott dwells on his interviews with Lady Jane Stuart, that pride of birth alone separated two persons who seem to have been made for each other.

The influence of this idea — the fact that Walter Scott's own family, though "sprung of Scotia's gentler blood," was still counted below the haughty ranks of her higher aristocracy, "high dames and mighty earls" — is not doubtfully shown in his most interesting correspondence with Lady Louisa Stuart and the Marchioness of Abercorn. Intimate, nay familiar, as many parts of these letters are, Scott seems to have been a little

afraid of these high-born ladies; and the feeling comes out still more plainly in his letters to his "chieftainess," Harriet, Duchess of Buccleuch, whom he indeed looked up to as personally, and not by pedigree or position, a superior being, to be adored rather than admired. It is perhaps not easy for us exactly to understand Sir Walter's regard for rank, which the Edinburgh lawyer and son of a lawyer felt and showed. It is easy to fall into such phrases as "snobbery" and "toadyism," and thereby to miss the entire temper of the age. A lieutenant is not snobbish for deferring to his colonel, nor is a captain a toady because he shows peculiar respect to an admiral; and the feeling in respectable and cultivated society in Edinburgh in Scott's youth and manhood set feudal in the same category as military or naval rank. We should not forget that it was about the time of Sir Walter Scott's birth that Harvard College ceased to enroll its members in a list according to the social rank of their parents. The Marquis of Abercorn, a peer in three kingdoms, was a great personage in 1818, as his descendant, the Duke of Abercorn, is now. But the good manners of the former time exacted in such a case a certain deference from persons in legal and literary life which the present etiquette would equally condemn as servile from one gentleman to another. Certain it is that in writing to Lady Abercorn, although the correspondence grows easier, Scott never passes one point of reserve; namely, he evades the great secret of his authorship of the Waverley novels, at a time when he was talking freely of it to a dozen others. He even gravely discusses the improbability of their being the work of A, B, and C; and to do this he has to sail rather near the wind, and, without absolutely denying that he wrote the novels, uses language almost incompatible with the fact of the authorship of them.

One would imagine that there was no

more doubt of Sir Walter Scott's being the author of *Old Mortality* and the rest than of *The Lady of the Lake*. Yet in reading these letters there are passages which would almost make one think that there was some basis for the old rumor, started at the time, that his brother Thomas, in Canada, had at least an important share in their creation. It would seem as if Scott had encouraged this idea for the purpose of putting people off the scent. He must have had a natural love for mystification, or he never would have taken the elaborate pains he did to set up some alien authorship or other, he cared little whose, for the *Bridal of Triermain* and *Harold the Dauntless*; and it may be that even in his private correspondence with those who were in the secret he deliberately chose to keep up the delusion for the purpose of keeping his hand in.

The letters to Lady Louisa Stuart are especially interesting, as this venerable lady, who lived to be ninety-four, dying in 1851, was one of the most distinguished links between our own time, that of Scott himself, and a very different age. She was the daughter of John, Earl of Bute, the notorious minister of George III., and granddaughter of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. She had been brought from her very childhood into the most intimate association with the nobility at a time when the cultivation of literature was considered at once their duty and their privilege. No letters can show a pleasanter combination of wit, refinement, and sympathetic good nature than hers. A long passage from one of them (vol. ii. pp. 18-22) had already appeared in *Lockhart's Life* (vol. iv. p. 176 of the original edition), almost the only instance wherein Mr. Douglas has reprinted matter already before the world.

There opens before us, as we read page after page of these volumes, abundant scope for quotation or comment, but we must forbear. It is enough that, fifty years after the death of a great and

good man, we are given new and absolutely authentic memorials of his inmost life, his ways of writing and living, his hopes, fears, passions, doubts, successes, failures. We are brought again face to face with the friend of our childhood, our youth, our manhood; that admired and cherished master who led us through every pictured path of chivalric and domestic emotion and sentiment with the same fascination that endeared him to Washington Irving and Edward Everett, to George Canning and Lord Byron; loved for his writings, loved for himself.

He lives again for us, as he does in every page of his own works, simple and penetrating as the sun or the rain, free from the fantasticalities of later poets and novelists, all sufficiently described by the attributes of his own mediæval hero, Douglas, "tendir and trew." And let an ample share of the same sweet encomium be given to the namesake of that stern champion, David Douglas, of Edinburgh, who has edited these volumes with an affection and fidelity to the subject worthy of his ancient name, his honored calling, and his glorious city.

THE HISTORICAL SPIRIT.

IN a recent acute but somewhat unscientific and unphilosophical work,¹ Rhode Island is picturesquely characterized as "the dumping-ground for the surplus intellectual activity of New England. The born agitator, the controversialist, the generally 'otherwise-minded,'—every type of thinker, whether crude and half crazy like Samuel Gorton, or only advanced like Roger Williams,—there found refuge. Thus, what was a good and most necessary element in the economy of nature and the process of human development was in excess in Rhode Island; and the natural result followed,—a disordered community." This view of the community may be taken as having reference to the seventeenth century exclusively, and even to the former half of that century. If the historical critic chose to pursue an inquiry into the characteristics of the community as it proceeded to develop its resources after it had escaped from the conditions of its first settlement, a good

contention could be maintained that this otherwise-mindedness tended toward a sturdy independence of thought and action; an assertion of individualism in social relations; a disposition not only to insist upon personal freedom, but to grant the same rights to others. A score of years ago, a Rhode Islander of large attainments in history said to the writer that no one could come into the State to live, from Massachusetts for instance, where he had been living for a time, without noticing how very little social compulsion there was; there was not even any diminution of respect for a man who did not go to church. It was supposed that he knew his own mind, and his neighbor indulged in no criticism of him for such lapse of good form.

It is partly because of this quality in Rhode Island life that a special interest attaches to the study which Miss Caroline Hazard has made of one Rhode Island family,² and especially of a single

¹ *Massachusetts, its Historians and its History. An Object Lesson.* By CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

² *Thomas Hazard, Son of Robt, call'd Col-*

lege Tom. A Study of Life in Narragansett in the XVIIIth Century. By his Grandson's Granddaughter, CAROLINE HAZARD. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

notable figure in the family. The conditions of life in an agricultural community, where there was but the faintest shadow of serfdom to accentuate the pride of mastery, and where a certain geographical isolation aided in the development of local self-dependence, afforded an admirable opportunity for the cultivation of family society out of such materials of character as we have intimated prevailed in Rhode Island. Miss Hazard states that the first of her name in this country came to Newport from Boston, probably with Mrs. Hutchinson, and that his son, Robert Hazard, bought land in Narragansett in 1671, and thus laid the foundations of the family estate. "He left five sons," Miss Hazard writes, "the eldest named Thomas after his grandfather, — a custom which was continued for seven generations, each eldest son of an eldest son being named after his grandfather, making a succession of alternate Thomas and Robert Hazards. At first blush this would seem to lighten the labors of the student of heredity, but, unfortunately for his research, Robert Hazard had not only a Thomas for eldest son, but a Robert for third son. His second son, George, had an eldest son Robert, and also a son Thomas. Though the family rule was adhered to, each son, with characteristic individuality, founded a family of his own, using the names of the older branch whenever he chose. By the end of the eighteenth century there were, in this way, some thirty Thomas Hazards, of various degrees of kinship, all calling each other 'loving cousin.'" To distinguish these several Thomases nicknames were used, and the College Tom of this narrative was so called because he enjoyed the unusual distinction of a collegiate education which he received at Yale.

With that English passion for land which in persons has made great landlords, and in the state great colonial possessions, the Hazard family early acquired large tracts of the Narragansett

country. Land was indeed at once the sign and the cause of wealth. In the delightfully genealogical language of these annals it is told of Robert Hazard, great-grandson of the first immigrant, "by his great-grandson Isaac Peace Hazard, on the authority of his grandmother," that he had "twelve negro women as dairywomen, each of whom had a girl to assist her, making from twelve to twenty-four cheeses a day, . . . one hundred and fifty cows being about the number he generally kept. . . . He kept about four thousand sheep, manufacturing most of the clothing, both woolen and linen, for his household, which must have been very large, as I have heard my grandmother say that after he partially retired from his extensive farming operations, or curtailed them by giving up part of his lands to his children, he congratulated his family and friends on the small number to which he had reduced his household for the coming winter, being only seventy in parlor and kitchen." This patriarch was the father of College Tom, and the man whose career is recorded in these pages was the inheritor of the estate. He inherited also the religious opinions of his fathers, who since the coming of George Fox had been Friends, and it is clear that he derived from his forbears and fortified in his own experience a character upright and scrupulous, and a will strengthened by intellectual exercise. From the family papers preserved, but unopened since 1827, Miss Hazard has traced his life from his marriage in 1742 until his death in 1798.

It is the story of one American of what may fairly be called the better class living in the period which immediately preceded and immediately followed the disruption of political allegiance to England; and although Miss Hazard has little to say of political history, the silence of the records from which she draws is all the more expressive. That is to say, we are shown in

the minute details of country life how self-centred and independent that life was; and it is easy to see in the instance of this particular family, especially as it was unentangled in ecclesiastical affairs, how there had been growing up a community which realized in its own relations the conditions of a miniature state, and would be ready, without violence, to enter finally into the larger life of a new nation. We are apt to put in the foreground the political and ecclesiastical elements of American society in the latter half of the eighteenth century, just as now we emphasize politics; but then, as now, the industrial element had the greater significance, and in the dairy, the sheepfold, the farm, by the spinning-wheel and the loom, there was such real possession of the land as assured permanence and stability.

If politics in the way of the administration of government is lightly touched on, it must not be supposed that the records used by Miss Hazard are silent as regards the nobler estate of man. With great skill and insight she has drawn forth College Tom's awakening to the iniquity of slavery, his interest in common education, his religious life, and the peculiar trials which he and his family and neighbors were called upon to endure through the war for independence because of their principles as members of the Society of Friends. It is the intermingling of all these intimations of character and moral purpose with the homely details of a pastoral and agricultural life that serves most completely to explain the sturdy, independent, and self-sustained community upon which, as upon multitudes of others, rested the real hopes of the nascent Union.

Miss Hazard, therefore, in her admirable book, which seems at first glance merely the antiquarian record of a single family, has, without saying it in so many words, really contributed a valuable monograph to the better comprehension of American history. Her task,

fulfilled patiently and with scrupulous aim at accuracy, is one which might well be imitated by others. The life of the nation is in the integrity, first of its members, and then, scarcely less significantly, of those members in their family relation; and every contribution of the nature of Miss Hazard's book is a distinct aid toward that last, finest result of historical research, the grasp of the very consciousness of the nation.

In another field the historical spirit finds exercise of a lighter sort, but distinctly valuable. Documents and institutions form so very large a part of our resources in history in America that we scarcely consider how much we miss in that other great testimony, the witness of monuments. Old World history is written with great vividness, architecturally and epigraphically, but with us the earliest monuments are painfully near our own day, and the few that have any existence are rather illustrations of what we know from other sources than very illuminating themselves. Yet allied with the interpretation of monuments is that study which may be called the reconstruction of wholes from fragments; and as a German scholar could show the modern eye just how the Parthenon actually looked, so the student of American history, if he will scrutinize closely geographical features and examine relics, architectural or domestic, may still do much toward enabling the reader to make the narrative of history real and to modify traditional acceptations. Such a service in a light way has been rendered by Mr. Bliss in some of the papers in his agreeable book¹ of which *The Old Colony Town* is the leading number. He visits Plymouth with his mind well furnished with the historical incidents which have made the place famous, his knowledge covering an acquaintance with the town records, and

¹ *The Old Colony Town, and Other Sketches.* By WILLIAM ROOT BLISS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

in a simple, direct way, all the more effective that it does not seem to imply any very deliberate intention, he looks over the ground, examines the sites and the few relics in Pilgrim Hall, and proceeds to touch one fabric after another of merely traditional structure, with the result that they crumble into dust, and in a few easy sentences to reconstruct the ordinary life of the town. In this reconstruction he also effects a dissipation of illusions, and turns the hard, dry, rather unlovely, but clearly truthful side of that early life to the eye of the reader. Mr. Bliss's picture is without much atmosphere, and one instinctively feels that it is accurate in details so far as ordinary life goes, but takes no account of heroism, latent or expressed. Its value lies in its correction of false notions, its insistence upon actualities, its calling back the mind from vain imaginations. In another paper, *The Ambit of Buzzard's Bay*, he is equally successful in making the reader share with him the illustrative knowledge of history which comes from a familiarity with localities identified with historic life, and such a vivid acquaintance with that life that his eye scarcely sees the overlying growth of modern days. It is as if he swept the ground clear of whatever obstructed the view of a New England antiquity.

Such contributions as these by Mr. Bliss suggest how much may be done by the historic imagination under guidance of a well-trained memory. The test of sight and touch is applied, and a too exclusive absorption in records and documents corrected and adjusted. It is by such detailed investigation as Miss Hazard and Mr. Bliss carry on that the facts of history are made available and placed in a clear light. Yet the historical spirit, after all, is not content with these forms of assertion. Without depreciating these heaps of accurate fact, it demands still further the generalization of the facts, the association of them under laws, and that interpretation of

human life which is in itself a contribution toward the perfecting of life.

Mr. Charles Francis Adams, in his *Three Episodes of Massachusetts History*, has shown himself a master in the art of patient research resulting in a valuable aggregation of particulars. Nor is the book lacking in a strong sense of the laws which govern society; his very selection and grouping of materials bear witness to this, as well as his frequent impressive inferences. He has, however, in his latest book, to which we referred at the outset, more deliberately undertaken to set forth in brief the results of his study in this field. The contention of his forcible essay is that "so far as the principles of civil liberty and human rights are concerned, Massachusetts has always been at the front;" but that as respects religious toleration "not only has Massachusetts failed to make herself felt, but her record as a whole, and until a comparatively recent period, has been scarcely even creditable;" and finally, that from 1637 onward the historians of Massachusetts have had recourse to all manner of sophistry to evade the plain teachings of history on this point.

"To see history truly and correctly," Mr. Adams well says, "it must be viewed as a whole;" and when making his sweeping indictment of Massachusetts historians, he excepts one writer, Mr. Brooks Adams, who, in his *Emancipation of Massachusetts*, has perceived the contrast between the political independence and spiritual servitude of the people, just as in treating of historians generally he accords Mr. Buckle the position of being the one writer who has addressed himself in a comprehensive spirit to that subject which is the great theme of modern history, namely, Freedom of Conscience and the Equality of Man before the Law. These two exceptions throw some light on Mr. Adams's attitude toward Massachusetts history, and help to explain his general theory of historic writing. He educes from the

movements of modern history certain general laws, and proceeds to examine the particular history of a somewhat isolated community in the light of these laws. By this process of concentration, he simplifies the problem, narrows the field, and heightens the effect of the results secured. The general laws to be illustrated are large and cover great tracts of human endeavor; so that the inquiry is no mean one, and the historian, fascinated by his pursuit, grows constantly more bold and confident. Mr. Adams, with his masculine habit of mind, holds his conceptions so firmly that he makes a most telling argument in support of his position; so that the reader is forced almost to the conclusion that Massachusetts was built up for the purpose of demonstrating the possibility of a steady growth in political freedom all the while that she was suffering an atrophy of religion.

We do not purpose entering a defense of Massachusetts historians. A writer who sets up an exclusively truthful interpretation of history is himself on the defense when he is most aggressive. Nor are we disposed to quarrel greatly with Mr. Adams's general inference that religious toleration in Massachusetts under the leadership of her divines lagged far behind the advance of political liberty under the same leadership. Our inquiry turns rather upon the spirit in which Mr. Adams has illustrated his admirable saying, that "to see history truly and correctly, it must be viewed as a whole." If history may be resolved into the illustration of the development of political liberty and religious toleration, then Mr. Adams, in this little book, is both scientific and philosophical, for he confines himself to those facts which have immediate relation to the law of development, and he makes his theme comprehend the life of a community throughout its entire period of independent history.

In point of fact, Mr. Adams has availed himself of an interesting work-

ing hypothesis of historic development, and has applied it to a community somewhat integral in character and exceptional in circumstance. He has found abundant facts for the support of his theory, and in his triumphant display of them he has vehemently criticised all other historians who have been disposed to interpret the facts otherwise. He has, by the forcible presentation of his thesis, unquestionably aided in the cause of a truthful interpretation of Massachusetts history; his point of view will serve to correct the errors of other points of view; but we do not think he has demonstrated his claim to an exclusive explanation of the history of Massachusetts.

Mr. Adams, in a very striking passage, maintains that all modern history is the explication of a drama, the Emancipation of Man from Superstition and Caste; he treats the history of Massachusetts as one scene in that drama. The conception is a large and fascinating one, and in the light of it he finds an instructive parallel between Massachusetts and Spain, an equally instructive contrast between Massachusetts and Holland; ignoring the teaching of history which requires in the former instance that the ultimate fate of a nation, as of a person, shall determine the corruption of the will at any one period in the formation of character, and in the latter that national relations have a vast deal of influence in the determination of national policy, — Holland set in the network of European states was a very different body from Massachusetts in the wilderness. But when one is setting forth a drama, he must use high lights and strong situations.

It is very true that Massachusetts cannot be studied as an abstracted state. Nevertheless, we conceive that no study of its history can approach finality which does not lay hold with great tenacity of the proposition that it was a plantation in the wilderness by Englishmen who carried with them the seeds, but not the

mature stock of democracy ; that its relation both with the mother country and with the neighboring colonies was far less an important factor in its development than its interior growth out of principles and ideals which were the moving cause of the plantation itself ; and that to reach the consciousness of a state which is the last and finest result of historical research, one need not be unmindful of general laws, but he must be exceedingly watchful of those manifestations of personality which differ-

entiate the individual. In this view, those historians are not so far wrong as Mr. Adams would have us believe who see in the attitude which Massachusetts took toward dissidents an instinct of self-preservation. The leaders in the colony were not just then considering how they might emancipate man from caste and superstition, but they were very vitally interested in considering how they might preserve intact what they would very likely have called the Ark of the Covenant.

A NEW READING OF LEONARDO DA VINCI.

THERE is a fascination in the incomplete. In art this is a commonplace ; in life and history it is none the less true. Great men have more than once consciously increased their renown by enveloping themselves in a mystery. Petrarch confesses to have obliterated himself from the world in the hermitage of Vaucluse not for the sake of solitary meditation, but that the world might wonder what he was up to. And the result was that in his own day Petrarch was, if possible, less talked of as the singer of Laura or as the humanist than as the man-of-mystery, the mage. None, however, have exerted upon the imaginations of contemporaries and of posterity this witchery of the half understood more than the painter of Mona Lisa. At first sight, one is tempted to exclaim of Leonardo da Vinci that he seems to be a veritable definition of the incomplete. His contemporaries never tired of bemoaning his wasted talents ; and even so clear sighted a modern as Michelet speaks of him as "the Italian brother of Faust." Both saw only his incompleteness. Illegitimate in birth ; slighted by his native Florence ; favored only, it would seem, by such infamous tyrants as

Ludovico il Moro and Cesare Borgia, or his natural enemy France ; his one masterpiece, the Cena, destined to become a total wreck from time and the swifter vandalism of monks, soldiers, and renovators ; his other masterpiece, the equestrian statue of Francesco Sforza, destined never to grow beyond his model ; his encyclopædic labors in nearly all the sciences destined to rot for years, an undecipherable litter, in the garret of an unintelligent beneficiary, and then in no small part to perish utterly ; and finally to die in exile, leaving behind him little but the shadow of a great name, — surely here is a life all the more pitiable a fragment just because it might have been, nay should have been, so grandly complete. Such has been the threnody over da Vinci up to our own day. Yet there has been always something ambiguous, something *troublant*, about this incompleteness of the enigmatic master. Just as the historical critic has comfortably housed him in the pigeonhole of the incomplete, there comes the same doubt, the same shake of the head, as must follow the attempt to interpret and catalogue that very same Mona Lisa of his with her bewildering smile. Hence it is that we

have more works upon this genius spoiled in the finishing, this living *torso*, than upon even the perfect Raphael or the sublime Michael Angelo.

Happily, there need be no longer this haphazard speculation, this baseless talk "about it and about." Genius and the productions of genius are not, as M. Séailles is fond of saying, to be estimated by weights and measures; the value of genius is qualitative, not quantitative. And the decipherment and publication of da Vinci's manuscripts, strangely written from right to left, like Hebrew, have put us into the possession of facts which entitle us to declare the artist-savant to be not merely no incomplete man, but perhaps the most grandly complete man the world has yet seen. To make clear to the average reader this somewhat disquieting readjustment of historical values is the task M. Séailles takes upon himself in the volume in hand.¹

The function of the artist as explained by da Vinci is essentially demiurgic: to make a new heavens and a new earth and new inhabitants thereof. Realism and Idealism are mere *idola tribus*: art is neither mere imitation nor mere fantasy; true art imitates nature's methods that it may surpass her results. Science, properly understood, is no end in itself, but the means to new creation by intelligent comprehension of the old; it is in all literalness the apple of the tree of wisdom, by eating which men become as gods. There is, therefore, in da Vinci's understanding not only no conflict between art and science, but indeed no art worthy the name without science.

"Comprendre pour créer," — such M. Séailles discovers to have been the maxim of da Vinci's multitudinous activity. Comprehension, science, not accompanied by creation is the most depressing of sterilities; for the mere knower the universe becomes a huge chaos of conflict-

ing atoms without purpose and without charm, for purpose and charm are discoverable in nature only by the creative imagination, never by the mere intellect. Creation, art, not guided by exact knowledge of the natural phenomena on which and through which the artist is compelled to work, is on the other hand crude and unsatisfying to the mature mind. It is with the conception of this childishly empirical art that M. Renan makes the depressing prophecy, "Il y aura un temps où le grand artiste sera une chose vieillie, presque inutile; le savant, au contraire, vaudra toujours de plus en plus." Leonardo knew better than that; and it is better for us, in this age of science for the sake of science, to listen to his wiser words, that since the aim of the artist is "to show what the subject has in his soul," not merely the painted face, but the hands as well, indeed the whole body, must speak. Now, as the human soul is the microcosm, how shall we know it unless we know the universe of which it is a mirror? How express in the rigidity or languor of a painted limb, the pallor or flush of painted flesh, the delicate gradations of emotional light and shadow which play across this infinitely reflective mirror? To those who, like Renan, reply that art is simply inadequate to the task, it is sufficient to point to the Mona Lisa, created not far from five hundred years ago, in the very dawn of the sciences which in the opinion of its creator alone made it possible.

It is in this spirit and with these premises that M. Séailles approaches the life and works of Leonardo da Vinci. Of the life itself he offers little new, unless indeed it be the broadly catholic spirit in which he interprets and justifies the scanty facts. Of the art works, also, of his subject he is reticent, evidently not wishing to put himself into competition with the special art critic. It is when he comes to the scientific methods and discoveries of da Vinci as revealed by his manuscripts that, if I may be allowed

¹ *Léonard de Vinci, l'Artiste et le Savant. Essai de Biographie Psychologique.* Par GABRIEL SÉAILLES. Paris: Perrin et Cie. 1892.

the expression, the French scholar lets himself go. "La mise au jour des manuscrits de Léonard de Vinci recule les origines de la science moderne de plus d'un siècle" (p. 369). "Je vais plus loin : à prendre les choses strictement, Bacon et Descartes sont plus loin d'un savant moderne que Léonard de Vinci et Galilée" (p. 388). Truly Mr. Oscar Wilde seems here justified in his flippancy that "history exists only to be rewritten." But the list of supposed discoverers relegated to the second place by da Vinci is really something serious for the readers of standard textbooks. A century before Galileo, two before Bacon, Leonardo applies the method of experimental induction and mathematical verification and inference as fully and exactly as if he were an alumnus of John Stuart Mill. He compiles, nay originates, the materials for a complete encyclopædia of the sciences when the ancestors of the French *Encyclopédistes* to the tenth generation were still unborn. He anticipates Spencer in the postulate of the Unknowable (p. 213); Leibnitz in the doctrine of a preëstablished harmony between sense and reason (p. 216). He recreates the mathematical sciences by returning to the sound principles of Archimedes neglected throughout the whole Middle Ages. In special discoveries in those sciences, to him belongs the honor hitherto given to Guido Ubaldi and Galileo, Stevin, Commandin and Maurolycus, Gassendi, Amontons, Pascal, Castelli, Lavoisier, Bouguer, and Rumford, — yes, almost to Newton himself. Astronomy he frees from the shackles of a superstitious astrology; geology he may be said to create. In botany, he antedates Sir Thomas Browne's supposed discovery of the arrangement of leaves in "quin-cunxes" by exactly one hundred and fifty years, and Grew and Malpighi in the recognition of a tree's age by the rings on its trunk. In anatomy, he creates embryology, comparative anatomy, and

is the first to make anatomical charts of an exactitude sufficient to excite the admiration of the great English surgeon William Hunter. He strives all his life to effect a practicable flying, and in the course of his studies anticipates by more than two centuries the *De Motu Animalium* of Borelli. In optics he anticipates Cardan, and puts the theory of perspective clearly and fully. In the applied sciences, finally, da Vinci's ingenuity is inexhaustible; but the slightest indication of his endless inventions for the purposes of peace and war would take us beyond the limits here assigned.

Now add to these claims of Leonardo the more ornamental ones of having been reputed to be, besides the greatest painter and thinker and investigator of his day, also no inconsiderable architect, sculptor, engineer, musician, poet, conversationalist, athlete, and you will have ground for thinking him to be whatever else, but at least not *incomplete*. Of such a man hero-worship becomes less a choice than a necessity: not to prostrate ourselves before him is to emulate either the ignorant savage or the vulgar philistine, to whom marvels appear commonplace in proportion as these transcend their faculties. It is hard, therefore, to cavil at M. Séailles' eloquent and enthusiastic eulogy of his grand subject. Nevertheless, it is well to remember that, after all, the specific good sense of da Vinci was the *sense of fact*, and one feels now and then that M. Séailles is a little wanting in this sense of fact: in his fine desire to make his hero impeccable he almost makes him impossible. This vision of da Vinci as another Atlas bearing upon his unaided shoulders the whole fabric of the modern world is grandiose, sublime, yet we cannot but feel fixed upon us, as we regard it, that disquieting skeptical smile which seems so fitting an emblem of the master's own soul.

An *aperçu* is not the same thing as a discovery. M. Séailles confuses the two.

Leonardo writes: "The earth is not in the middle of the circle of the sun nor at the centre of the universe, but it is in the midst of its elements which accompany it and are united with it." "On songe," comments M. Séailles immediately, "on songe à l'hypothèse de la gravitation" (p. 253). Very likely "on songe;" but it would be a vain dream indeed therefore to declare da Vinci, and not Newton, to have formulated, we do not say the *law*, but even the "hypothesis" of gravitation. We should wish first to hear da Vinci elaborate and develop his *aperçu*, to know just what he means by the earth's elements, how they accompany the earth, in what sense they are united with it, and so on. And this criticism applies, I conceive, to not a few of M. Séailles' deductions from da Vinci's *aperçus*.

Undoubtedly, modern historical criticism is sound in its endeavor of de-

velopment by cataclysms in human nature as well as in nature. It is hardly too much to say that every Messiah has his John the Baptist making clear the path of the Lord; great discoveries are like great events in that they do not come unheralded, unprepared. "Natura non fecit saltum." Constantly, therefore, we may expect to find our supposed historical origins thrown further back, our supposed pioneers of thought dispossessed of their primacy, and neglected names restored to a more than pristine brilliancy; only it seems desirable that we should make haste slowly, and above all not be thrown off the line of fact by the facile sensationalism of most hero-worshipping criticism. A little more moderation, a little less obvious desire to take established history by storm, would have made M. Séailles' work, which by the way is delightful reading, a trifle more scientifically valuable than even now it is.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. Miss Stuart's *Legacy*, by Mrs. F. A. Steel. (Macmillan.) Those who had read with a quickly awakened and constantly increasing interest certain anonymous short stories of Indian life, which were not Kipling's, and yet could be compared only with his, felt that they had discovered the author when Mrs. Steel's novel began to appear in the same magazine that had printed the earlier tales. Many so-called Indian stories are simply more or less commonplace English fictions with Eastern supernumeraries and stage-settings, but this book is of another sort. The reader at once feels the very atmosphere of the country, while the native portraits — such widely contrasting types as Shunker Dâs, the Hindu usurer, the brave old soldier, Mahomed Lateef, and the half-savage Pathan, Afzul — are as strongly, vividly, and we feel as truly drawn as are Belle Stuart's lovers, and the man whom she, in her youthful blindness and foolishness, marries, as her step-sister

aptly puts it, by mistake. Mrs. Steel's style is easy, graphic, and at need vigorous and forcible, and her book, though a first novel, shows in neither construction nor manner the usual marks of inexperience. The reader feels confidence not only in the author's exceptional knowledge of her subject, and in her originality and insight, but also in the literary skill without which the other good gifts would be of little avail. — *To Right the Wrong*, by Edna Lyall. (Harpers.) In a former novel Edna Lyall gave a carefully considered, and in some respects vivid study of Algernon Sidney, and in this book John Hampden is the most important figure, if not the nominal hero. The reader at once feels that no pains have been spared to present him reverently in his habit as he lived, though the author has hardly the strength to give full effectiveness to what is evidently a just conception of the man. The parliamentary party has usually fared so hardly at the hands of English novelists

that one is glad that so popular a writer is such an earnest champion of its cause, and so sensible of the great qualities of the noblest of its leaders. It should be added that she writes temperately, and studiously endeavors to weigh fairly the good and ill on each side. But the story, clever and interesting as it is, lacks the last touch which makes the true historical romance. It is a tale told *about* a certain epoch, not the narrative of one who is for the time being *of* it. This sometimes makes the movement seem labored, even though exciting incidents abound, and occasionally gives to seventeenth-century opinions and speech a flavor of the nineteenth. — *The Delectable Duchy, Stories, Studies, and Sketches, by "Q."* (Macmillan.) It is the Duchy of Cornwall that gives the author his delight, and provides him with stories for communicating it to others. Something of the sort that Mr. Barrie at his window has done for Thrums, "*Q.*" running a slenderer thread of connection through his book, does here for his Cornish villagers and fishermen. It is surely to Mr. Couch's honor that the bits of romance, humor, tradition, and tragedy which he relates seem to be, not invented, but merely reported. Indeed, it appears yet again that if a man has the art to make the medium of himself practically transparent, and tells the true stories of elemental people, he can count upon an audience fit and not few. — *The Handsome Humes, by William Black.* (Harpers.) With the easy fluency of the teller of many tales, Mr. Black writes of the loves of a son of a squire of high degree, the youngest, brightest, and best of the nine "*handsome Humes,*" and the beautiful, well-brought-up daughter of a retired prize-fighter. Naturally, the charming mother of the hero, herself one of "*the handsome Hays,*" does her best to separate the pair, but her efforts are brought to naught by the devotion and self-abnegation of the ex-pugilist. The story may not linger long in the reader's memory, but it will pass the time spent in reading it agreeably enough. Though Mrs. Hume comes of a long-descended Border race with an old tower on Teviot-side, the scene of this history is Henley, with an occasional glimpse of Oxford; a pleasant environment, most pleasantly indicated. — Messrs. Charles Scribner's Sons have brought Thomas Nelson Page's books, with the exception of his ju-

veniles, into a group of four trim volumes: In *Ole Virginia*, a new title, we believe, given to *Marse Chan and Other Stories, On New Found River, Elsket and Other Stories*, and his volume of studies *The Old South*. Mr. Page has given in these books a taste of his quality. We hope he may draw a longbow yet and give us a novel which shall gather in a series of pictures the Virginian life which lies just on the horizon of his personal experience. — *The Complaining Millions of Men, by Edward Fuller.* (Harpers.) "*The complaining millions! Oh yes, they had had reason enough to complain, Baretta was saying to himself.*" And so in very truth may the complaining scores of readers say of their fellow-men, if the specimens Mr. Fuller presents are in any large sense typical. A more common and unpleasant lot than the characters of this novel it would be very difficult to find. The principal person is bent upon "*giving himself*" to the people, but so consistently takes every opportunity of being a fool that he brings himself in the end to an insane condition in which he runs amuck with a revolver, and has the good fortune to kill nobody but himself. A familiarity with the less lovely sides of Boston life is evident throughout the story, which loses much more than it gains by the appearance under futilely veiled names of various persons tolerably well known. — *Barabbas, a Dream of the World's Tragedy, by Marie Corelli.* (Lippincott.) A book which hardly calls for serious criticism, but of which it may be said that its audacity is equaled only by its bad taste. One marvels that the juxtaposition of the Gospel narrative, and the sensational additions and elaborations in which it is embedded, did not make even the author conscious of the quality of her work. That she evidently fully believes in the supreme sacredness of her theme renders her self-confidence only the more surprising. — *Novel Notes, by Jerome K. Jerome.* (Holt.) If any one expects in this work a picture of Bookland corresponding to the author's Stageland, he is doomed to disappointment. Whatever was the original intention of the book, it resolves itself into a series of short stories, many of them mere anecdotes, told by four friends who meet for the ostensible purpose of writing a novel together, but find in the end that they have reached only "*the*

city of the things men meant to do." The serious and the humorous are mingled in about equal quantities. In the humor there is, with the modicum of fun, a predominating quality of cheapness; and though the serious tales never achieve greatness, they are, on the whole, the more satisfying after their kind. — Seven Christmas Eves, being the Romance of a Social Evolution, by Clo Graves, B. C. Farjeon, Florence Marryat, G. Manville Fenn, Mrs. Campbell Praed, Justin Huntly McCarthy, and Clement Scott. (Lippincott.) A composite tale, in which seven writers in turn carry on the story of the rise of two East End child-waifs to a position of honor and affluence. The authors' names indicate pretty definitely the literary quality of the work, which for the most part, when it is not indifferent Dickensesque, is after the manner of the popular melodrama. — Nibsy's Christmas, by Jacob A. Riis. (Scribners.) Three short sketches, reflecting scenes of poverty and squalor, with gleams of light from a higher sphere struggling through. Their value is in their sympathy with stricken lives rather than in any artistic power.

Social Science. The *Psychic Factors of Civilization*, by Lester F. Ward. (Ginn.) Mr. Ward laid the foundations of this work in his *Dynamic Sociology*. In it he proceeds to elaborate some of the propositions shadowed forth in that, and to determine, if possible, the precise rôle that mind plays in social phenomena. The result which he reaches is interesting and clearly put. As society has overthrown the rule of brute force by the establishment of government, as it has supplanted autoeracy by aristocracy, and that by democracy, and as democracy is giving way before plutocracy, so Mr. Ward sees a final triumph of sociocracy, a stronger power than any preceding it, by which the whole of society will think and act for the whole. It is not quite clear just how the application of scientific processes to government is to be brought about, but Mr. Ward contemplates the human mind as containing the potency of this authority. — *Sub-Cælum, a Sky-Built Human World*, by A. P. Russell. (Houghton.) When so many writers at the end of the century vie in describing what may be called *Sub-Cellar*, a *Dug-Up Human World*, it is a satisfaction to come upon so reasonable a plea as this for hypæthral existence. Mr. Russell, whose

books have shown him a close reader of human life in literature, here discloses himself as a student of human life in society. There is a mellowness, a wholesome belief in the possibilities of ideals and conformity to those ideals, which argues that Mr. Russell is not a young man. If he were a dismal, pessimistic writer, we should reasonably infer that he was still under age. For a thoroughgoing disbeliever commend us to the young man. Our poets in the minor key are all young.

History and Biography. *Life and Art of Edwin Booth*, by William Winter. (Macmillan.) The *Life*, which occupies somewhat more than half the volume, suffers, as most lives of actors do, from a profusion of incidents which are no longer of interest, mere recital of occasions of acting, but it contains also some interesting explanations of that side of Booth's life which was not wholly understood by the public: his attempt, that is, at business management. The section devoted to his art will be read with more attention since it consists of delineations of the great characters he impersonated. In spite of the somewhat fragmentary look of the book, it is probably as good a memorial as we are likely to get, and certainly gives delightful glimpses of Booth's personal relations. — *Jenny Lind the Artist, 1820-1851*, by H. S. Holland and W. S. Rockstro. (Scribners.) This is a condensation, with loss chiefly of the more technical portion, of the two-volume memoir by the same writers. A like affectionate strain pervades the book, and the reader never forgets that he is confronting a woman of exceptional emotions rather than a great artist. The book, nevertheless, gives a great many interesting glimpses of the musical world as well as of Jenny Lind's domestic circle, and may be regarded as a pretty faithful picture of her life, even if certain lights are greatly heightened. The American reader will be disappointed at the absence of details regarding her career in this country. — *Seventy Years of Irish Life*, being *Anecdotes and Reminiscences*, by W. R. Le Fanu. (Macmillan.) After the strenuous "earnestness" and the cynicism, real or sham, which are considered appropriate notes even in the lighter literature of the end of the century, it is refreshing to meet this gay, good-humored, and amusing volume. It is rather remarkable

that Mr. Le Fanu should have written his "first and only book" in his seventy-eighth year; but he has long enjoyed in private life a well-won reputation as an admirable teller of Irish stories, and he proves himself as good a *raconteur* here, whether of anecdotes or autobiographic reminiscences. The narrative is always easy in style; it touches many aspects of Irish life, showing everywhere keen observation and abundant humor, and it is steadily and agreeably readable from beginning to end. Happily, the book deals as little as may be with politics, though the son of a clergyman of the former Church of Ireland, in detailing the family experiences — some of them unpleasant enough — during the tithe war, cannot quite avoid the subject, and his last chapter rapidly but clearly sums up the public events and agitations in Ireland during his lifetime, closing with some eminently sane remarks on the present situation. — *Women of Versailles, The Last Years of Louis XV.*, by Imbert de Saint-Amand. Translated by Elizabeth Gilbert Martin. (Scribners.) This volume, — in some respects one of the best of the Saint-Amand series, — though its subject is the close of the reign of Louis XV., is really the record of the first act in the tragedy of Marie Antoinette's life. The writer gives, with the usual admixture of moralizing, a brief and effective sketch of society in the court and city at this epoch, and traces the career of Madame Du Barry, thus showing very definitely what was the world into which the child archduchess was taken from the simple, natural, kindly life of the household of Maria Theresa, — as sad and ominous an exchange as marriage ever brought to a woman. Of course the author depends mainly on the invaluable letters of the Austrian ambassador, Mercy-Argenteau, to the Empress for his picture of the life of the Dauphiness, — letters which are a veritable journal of the daily existence of the frank, warm-hearted, impulsive young girl, already surrounded by enemies. — *William Blake, his Life, Character, and Genius*, by Alfred T. Story. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan, New York.) The materials for a life and study of Blake were made even scantier than need be by the burning of the manuscripts and other possessions bequeathed by Mrs. Blake to her husband's friend, Tatham, whose fellow-Irvingites per-

sued him that, because Blake's works were inspired, the devil must have been their inspiration. There is perhaps, then, a certain appropriateness in the fact that this comprehensive book on the strangest of men is small in bulk. It is not ideal in arrangement or distinguished in style, and it lacks that Open Sesame of usefulness in modern books, an index; yet it would have to be poorly done indeed to make its subject uninteresting, and that the book surely is not. — *Some Further Recollections of a Happy Life*. Selected from the Journals of Marianne North. (Macmillan.) Readers of the two volumes which originally gave a record of Miss North's varied journeys and her enthusiasm for botany will not be sorry to see a third, which fills out the tale by entering upon more distinctly European experiences. The same bright, good-natured enjoyment of whatever turned up, which must have made Miss North an unfailingly enjoyable companion, characterizes this volume, which is edited by Miss North's sister, Mrs. John Addington Symonds. — *A Sketch of the History of the Apostolic Church*, by Oliver J. Thatcher. (Houghton.) There is no suggestion of the question of an apostolic succession in this book, for it is concerned merely with the beginnings of Christianity. A large portion of the work is devoted to St. Paul, whose career is followed with sympathy and illuminating knowledge. It is good to find the "scientific spirit" applied to labors such as Mr. Thatcher's without the extinction of all other spirit. — *The Athenian Constitution*, by George Willis Botsford, is Number IV. of Cornell Studies in Classical Philology. (Ginn.) The treatise may have been suggested by the recent discovery of Aristotle's Constitution of Athens, but it is a full and explicit study of the development of that constitution, and, incidentally, of the external conditions which finally wrought the downfall of the city. It bears the mark of close examination. — Messrs. Putnam's Sons have added to their Library of American Biography Irving's *Life and Voyages of Columbus*, as condensed by the author from his larger work. The book, which is produced from entirely new plates, is printed in large, clear type, and has a generous supply of well-selected illustrations which really illustrate, most of them being reproduced or redrawn from old prints.

Science. The Germ-Plasm, a Theory of Heredity, by August Weismann. Translated by W. Newton Parker and Harriet Rönnefeldt. (Scribners.) An important volume in the Contemporary Science Series. The author's preface is an ingenuous and effective bit of mental autobiography, and the caution of this great naturalist may be commended to those men of science who get their penny trumpets out and rush to the street corner the moment their little theory looks like an egg. The free use of italics in the book, to mark the emphatic sentences, will enable a superficial reader to catch at the course of argument and the specific conclusions; but superficial readers will hardly tackle the book, we think. Superficial reader, have *you* any notion what an *id* is? — Photography, Indoors and Out, by Alexander Black. (Houghton.) Mr. Black describes his book as one for amateurs; and he plainly respects that class, for he assumes an intelligent interest not only in the practical use of the camera, but in the history of the development of photography, and in the physical laws of optics which underlie the art. The book is a straightforward, agreeable history and handbook, the most practical and the most comprehensive one of its class that we have yet seen; free from confusing terminology, yet precise and explicit.

Poetry. If the question of annexation comes to be considered in the realm of verse, and if the matter of production goes on as it has been going of late, Canada will be in a fair way of annexing the States. An American magazine rarely appears nowadays without a stave from the Canadian singing-birds; and their songs so often have in them some quality, rugged or mystical, of the north that it is no wonder they are welcome. Now the books of Canadian verse are coming to us, one after another, with great frequency. Of recent volumes, Charles G. D. Roberts's *Songs of the Common Day* (Longmans) is one of the best. His themes, with the exception of that of *Ave! an Ode for the Centenary of Shelley's Birth*, are drawn mainly from simple aspects of life and nature about him, and in the sober manner of his Muse one feels a true interpretation of the dignity, not to say austerity of Canadian scenes. Even to Shelley analogies are effectively drawn from nature as it appears in Canada.

The many sonnets in the book present a body of work well above the average of its sort in merit. — Passion is hardly to be expected as a product of Canada, and no more than in Mr. Roberts's volume is it to be found in Duncan Campbell Scott's *The Magic House and Other Poems*. (J. Durie & Son, Ottawa.) These verses show considerably less of maturity and force, but many of them are agreeable in their simplicity of spirit and form. One would think of Wordsworth as Mr. Scott's favorite and model. And by the way, there is another and less serious suggestion of the Lake School in the young Canadians' fashion of feeling themselves bound together, and of dedicating and singing to one another. It is very pretty. Another word of Mr. Scott's book: its form, for which Edinburgh may be thanked, is charming. But is it a desirable innovation to print the verses which give a book its title in the middle of the volume? — Still another Canadian singer is William P. McKenzie, whose *Songs of the Human* (Hart & Co., Toronto) found in the "home talent" of its publishers far less skill in the manufacture of books. There is a good measure of vigor and feeling, largely religious, in what Mr. McKenzie has written. In mastery in the art of vers-making there is still something left to be desired. — Contemporary Scottish Verse, edited, with an Introduction, by Sir George Douglas, Bart. (Walter Scott, Limited, London.) By way of contrast, this new volume of the Canterbury Poets Series contains Alexander Anderson's delightful nursery lines, *Cuddle Doon*, and passages from James Thomson's *City of Dreadful Night*. But contrast is the world's fashion at present, and except for the dialect and rhythms of Burns scattered through this book it might indeed be a collection of the best contemporary verse of any English-speaking people. Men are thinking the same things in Australia and America, and saying them, too, in much the same way, as in Scotland. It raises the average of any anthology, however, to have among its sources such men as Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson. — *Italian Lyrists of Today*, Translations from Contemporary Italian Poetry, with Biographical Notices, by G. A. Greene. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Macmillan, New York.) A poor idea of the individual qualities of poets is to be gained

from scanty selections even in their original language. When they are all put into another language, and all by one man, it is best not to let one's expectations run high. To the biographical comments upon the thirty-four Italians treated in the book it owes its value, for it would be hard to say just where else a searcher after the truth about all these singers, especially the large number of younger ones, could find it in English. — Mr. Thomas B. Mosher, of Portland, to whom we have been indebted for more than one carefully edited and well-printed piece of literature, brings out in a Bibelot Series two elongated books: *Songs of Adieu*, a *Little Book of Finalé* and *Farewell*, and *Old World Lyrics*, a *Little Book of Translations*. We cannot say that we greatly admire the *format* of these little books and the affectation of damaged old type on the title-page, but the selections — mainly from contemporaneous writers, at least so far as the English versions and the English songs go — are excellent, and give a very good notion of what may be called the latest mode rather than the latest fashion in verse. — *Orchard Songs*, by Norman Gale. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Putnams, New York.) One cannot quite get away from the feeling that Mr. Gale tries to sing himself into Arcadia, rather than that his songs issue from a pastoral land already existing even as a region made distinctly clear to the imagination. His *Chloes* and *Strephons*, in spite of his Defence, "written on being charged with undue frankness," do not appear as quite the guileless children of nature Mr. Gale would have men think them. Nevertheless, as a writer of verse of the fancy, and as a true lover of nature in her unforbidding moods, he is capable of many a pretty turn of phrase and thought, and in this volume well maintains the good name his Country Muse won him. — *Tanagra*, an *Idyl of Greece*, by Gottfried Kinkel. Translated by Frances Hellman. Illustrated with Photogravures from Designs by Edwin H. Blashfield. (Putnams.) Mrs. Hellman introduces this pretty book with a brief memorial sketch of the patriot Kinkel, whose escape from prison, it will be remembered, was effected through the resolution and adroitness of Carl Schurz. The sketch will make the poem even more interesting. It is a graceful piece, which has for its

purpose the imaginary explanation of how "the tree of art a fresh young shoot displayed" when the *Tanagra* figurines were devised. Mr. Blashfield's designs show simplicity and purity of line, though the photogravures themselves are not wholly satisfactory. — *Ballads and Barrack-Room Ballads*, by Rudyard Kipling. (Macmillan.) The greater part of this book is familiar, and as a "new edition, with additional poems," has only to fill a little more completely the place it has made for itself. By the addition of such things as *The Ballad of the Bolivar* one's belief that Mr. Kipling's rhymes are never so much at home as with Tommy Atkins is shaken; for it would be hard to sing more truly than in the Bolivar verses the song of the common sailor. — *Nursery Lyrics*, by Mrs. Richard Strachey. (Bliss, Sands & Foster, London.) A little book, lightly illustrated, of genuine mother songs, simple, birdlike sometimes in their free, unconstrained ripple of melody, often delightfully humorous, and absolutely free from cheap sentiment. It is refreshing to find such hearty, spontaneous expression of domestic poetry, and the light touch is often laid upon a really poetic theme. Especially clever are the *Variations on Some Nursery Themes*; *My Pretty Maid*, for instance, being a charming little pastoral. There is a hint now and then of *Lear* and of *Lilliput Levee*, and the whole book is so joyous, breezy, and full of good nature that it will be dog-eared in appreciative families. — *Pictures from Nature and Life*, Poems by Kate Raworth Holmes. Illustrated by Helen E. Stevenson. (McClurg.) A quarto volume of script text, with decorative and other designs. Ten poems marked by simple sentiment are accompanied by sepia-printed pictures of flower, landscape, and figure. The faces seem sometimes to be photographic reproductions. — *The Loves of Paul Fenly*, by Anna M. Fitch. (Putnams.) Would it not be fairer to author, publisher, and public if some general means could be devised for letting the public know when the author, and when the publisher, assumes the responsibility and expense of bringing forth a book?

Dictionaries and Books of Reference. Murray's *A New English Dictionary on Historical Principles*. Part VIII. Sect. 1. Crouchmas-Czech completes the letter C and Volume II. (Macmillan.) The arti-

ele Crown is one of the fullest and most interesting; indeed, in turning the leaves one is tempted to stop frequently and read the short stories which add much to the value of this remarkable work, as in the account of the limitation of the word "curate," the historical origin of "currant" and of "crown" as the name of a coin, the distinctive use of "culvert," and the analysis of "curmudgeon;" but of course the special virtue of this dictionary is in its chronologically arranged quotations, minutely credited, by which the meaning of a word and its use may be traced with great accuracy. — The first volume, A-L, of *A Standard Dictionary of the English Language* (Funk & Wagnalls Co.) has appeared. Its descriptive title-page adds, Upon Original Plans designed to give in Complete and Accurate Statement, in the Light of the most recent Advances in Knowledge, and in the readiest Form for Popular Use, the Meaning, Orthography, Pronunciation and Etymology of all the Words and the Idiomatic Phrases in the Speech and Literature of the English-Speaking Peoples. The indefinite article just saves the title from conscious arrogance, and permits the book still to be called *The Standard* by the public. It is interesting to compare that portion of the dictionary which covers the same words with the part of *Murray* we have just noticed, inasmuch as neither editor could have availed himself of the other's labors. Of course *Murray's* plan calls for much greater fullness, so that his hundred and four pages against the eighteen of *A Standard* permit much more explicit treatment. The first word in *Murray*, "Crouchmas," is defined, "The festival of the Invention of the Cross, observed on May 3," and a paragraph gives quotations with dates from 1389 to 1891. In *A Standard* we read, "Rogation Sunday; also Rogation week." But Rogation Sunday is not a fixed feast. The last entry in each under C is "Czech." Here *A Standard's* definition strikes us as more exact, though ill expressed: "A person belonging to that branch of the Slavic peoples now residing mainly in Bohemia, but also in Moravia and part of Hungary." *Murray* says, "The native name of the Bohemian people; Bohemian." Under "Crown" *Murray* has thirty-four specific meanings, *A Standard* twenty-four. On the other hand,

A Standard, using cuts, is able to make more intelligible the various forms of royal crowns, and an architectural use. The illustrations in *A Standard* are often very effective, as the full-page grouping in color of gems and precious stones, and another page giving types of horses. There is also a double-page colored group of decorations of honor. It would be idle, in the brief space at our service, to undertake to characterize the work in detail, but it is unquestionably an addition to the library of American dictionaries. The student can dispense with no one of them; the ordinary reader will be governed by his special needs and the contents of his purse. — *The Old Testament and its Contents*, by James Robertson. (Randolph.) A neat little handbook, by a competent writer who has made an analytical synopsis with running comment of the books of the Old Testament. The general temper is conservative, but by no means unprogressive, and the book ought to be of real service to those who wish to do what so seldom is done, go straight to the text itself with as little interpretation from commentators as may be. This kind of comment is most helpful, and leaves the reader most self-reliant. — *Congressional Manual of Parliamentary Practice*, deduced from the Rules and Rulings of the Congress of the United States, by J. Howard Gore. (Bardeen.) A diminutive manual, which does not err by giving the reader alternative judgments. All is positive and direct, and as the arrangement is alphabetical the book ought to be easy to consult.

Religion. *The Pilgrim in Old England*, by Amory H. Bradford. (Fords, Howard & Hulbert.) A sub-title shows this book to be a review of the history, present condition, and outlook of the Independent (Congregational) churches in England. The little company of Plymouth Pilgrims left behind them many who shared their religious beliefs and aspirations, and who continued in the old country the hard struggle for independency. A sympathetic study of their history, and an account of the present condition of the churches which grew out of their work, could not fail to be interesting. Dr. Bradford is a leader among American Congregationalists, and he not only writes in a spirit of brotherly love and admiration, but also adds value to his book by comparing the English and the

American churches in such a way as to bring out clearly the chief points of similarity and of difference. — The Dayspring from on High, Selections arranged by Emma Forbes Cary. (Houghton.) A day-book upon a well-accepted plan of a bit of Scripture, a poem, a passage in prose, none of them long, and the choice made with reference to preserving the character of the day or season when marked or special. The note of the book is that of a generous communicant of the Roman Church; the merit lies in the refinement, the thoughtfulness, the sense of delight in what is noble, high bred, and spiritually strong. It is not often that one finds a book of this class of so fine a temper. — The Child's Day-Book, with Helps toward the Joy of Living and the Beautiful Heaven above, Arranged and Compiled by Margaret Sidney. (D. Lothrop Co.) A quarto, with thirty-one selections in prose and verse, decorative designs, three or four colored prints, and blanks at the end for memoranda on thirty-one days.

Literature. The Birth Life and Acts of King Arthur of his Noble Knights of the Round Table their Marvellous Enquests and Adventures the Achieving of the San Greal and in the End Le Morte Darthur with the Dolourous Death and Departing out of this World of them all. So, without the impertinence of punctuation, runs the title of a new edition of Sir Thomas Malory's famous book, of which the first volume, in medium quarto, has reached us. The title-page adds, The Text as written by Sir Thomas Malory and imprinted by William Caxton at Westminster the year MCCCCLXXXV and now Spelled in Modern Style. With an Introduction by Professor Rhys and Embellished with Many Original Designs by Aubrey Beardsley. MDCCCXCIII. The publisher, in his zeal to put the book forward, and not himself, retires into a sort of cupboard, and drops the letters of his name about in a casual, negligent manner. They spell "Dent," and the reader of the day knows that Mr. J. M. Dent, of London, has an enthusiasm for the production of beautiful books, especially books which revive both old authors and the drooping spirits of people afflicted with the distemper of contemporaneity. The generous proportions of the page, the beauty of the type, the readableness of the English, the effectiveness of the initial letters and other decorations,

and the intellectual acrobaticism of the artist, who now throws himself into the fifteenth century, now lands on his feet in Japan, and now associates with the inhabitants of No Man's Land, all serve to render this edition of King Arthur a notable one. It is, by its furnishing, a real piece of ancient tapestry made over into a modern portière, and to what a beautiful room it admits one! The lightness of the book to the hand, by the bye, is a marvel. — Tales from Shakespeare, including those by Charles and Mary Lamb, with a continuation by Harrison S. Morris. In four volumes. (Lippincott.) A neat little edition, in which the twenty plays of the Lambs are supplemented by sixteen from the hand of Mr. Morris. This writer, in a very modest preface, recognizes the criticism likely to be passed upon him, and takes the very proper ground that as the Lambs performed their task from a desire to familiarize children with Shakespeare, so he fills out the measure for the same purpose. His work was not, after all, so difficult as might appear, for the work of the Lambs, though not perfunctory, by no means has the spirit of their best writing, and enjoys a somewhat factitious reputation. Mr. Morris is careful and workmanlike, though we think he produces an effect of anachronism by his free use of Mr. Page and Mr. Ford. — The third volume of Pepys's Diary, edited by H. B. Wheatley (George Bell & Sons, London; Macmillan, New York), covers the year 1663, and is most amusing for the passages between Pepys and his wife. The jealousy with which he is tormented, the self-humiliation he expresses, and his uneasiness over his own dallies with temptation offer a singular commentary on the morals and manners of the times. It seems as though the scandal of the court bewitched everybody, high and low. There are two photogravures, one of Sir Peter Lely's portrait of Pepys, the other a youthful one of Sir Samuel Morland. — The practice of making magazine volumes run from May to October, and November to April, may possibly offer some advantages commercially, though we doubt it, but it is inconvenient otherwise. The Christian world makes its resolutions and begins all over again on January 1; it has taken a long while to get rid of March 25, and even The Century Magazine will fail to introduce a new calendar beginning November 1. One must

find fault with something, but after this is said it is easy to praise New Series, Volume XXIV., which begins and ends reprehensibly with a ragged edge of 1893 on either side. The World's Fair, naturally, is reflected in it; there is ever so much poetry, one serial novel and one shorter serial tale, with more of Mr. La Farge's letters from Japan, and the interesting series of reproductions of paintings by American artists. — St. Nicholas divides its year into two parts, and has two corresponding volumes. (The Century Co.) A survey of these nearly one thousand pages leaves one with a strong impression of the very great variety of interests appealed to, and the range of subjects and writers drawn upon. Pictorially one is glad to find frequently a less complex and subtle treatment than in the companion magazine for mature readers, and sorry to see how large a part the photograph plays. The hopelessly unselective capability of the camera makes it specially unfit for use in producing pictures for the young. — A. C. McClurg & Co. publish neat editions of Carlyle's Sartor Resartus and Thackeray's The English Humorists of the Eighteenth Century. Both books are innocent of apparatus of any sort, save that Sartor has an index. — Queechy, by Elizabeth Wetherell. Illustrated by Frederick Dielman. (Lippincott.) Forty years and more since this book was published! A war has been fought since, and yet Fleda's tears are not yet dried. In spite of the defects of these old-fashioned stories, this and The Wide, Wide World, they are vastly more wholesome than much that passes for better fiction to-day, and they have certainly an inborn refinement. — Our Village, by Mary Russell Mitford. (Webster.) A neat little edition of a book which, itself derivative, has been the cause of many books, some more famous. Cranford, for example, is the more beautiful daughter of a beautiful mother.

Travel. To Gipsyland, written by Elizabeth Robins Pennell, and illustrated by Joseph Pennell. (The Century Co.) It is a far cry from Philadelphia to Hungary; but it is true Philadelphia that the author draws as the scene of the first firing of her imagination by the Romany folk; and it is true Hungary to which, with her sketching husband, she goes to see the gipsy at home. The book is written and the pictures are drawn with a genuine spirit of sympathy

with their subjects, as even a *gorgio* must feel. — Riders of Many Lands, by Theodore Ayrault Dodge. (Harpers.) Especially from the Far East and from our own West Colonel Dodge has drawn the materials for his papers on horses and horsemen, yet there is hardly a portion of the world that is left quite untouched. Indeed, the extensiveness of the author's knowledge of his subject is remarkable. The literary quality of the book, however, is not so enduring as to commend it permanently to readers not already curious in matters relating to the saddle. The pictures, mainly by Mr. Remington and from photographs, are capital. — In Harper's Black and White Series is published Travels in America a Hundred Years Ago, being Notes and Reminiscences by Thomas Twining, an Englishman, who lived in India, and afterward traveled in this country, where he saw Washington, Volney, and other public men, as well as society in Baltimore and Philadelphia. The book is moderately interesting, for Mr. Twining was a moderately interesting man.

Decoration and Typography. The Birth and Development of Ornament, by F. Edward Hulme (Swan Sonnenschein & Co., London; Macmillan, New York), is at once a valuable aid to the student of ornament and applied art, and a readable book for the amateur. It begins with a chapter on what ornament, in distinction from pictorial art, really is, carefully stating the principles, necessity, and utility of decoration, as well as the position of symbolism in ornament. Decoration and ornament are taken up historically, and followed with care and elaboration unusual in a volume comparatively so small. Stained glass, bookbinding, enameling, tattooing, metal work, illumination, and kindred subjects are touched upon. Many references to larger works are introduced, rendering the volume most useful as a textbook. — Printers' Marks, a Chapter in the History of Typography, by W. Roberts, editor of The Bookworm. (George Bell & Sons, London.) The chief value of this book is in its liberal exemplification of printers' marks, over two hundred examples being given. It is a pity that the editor did not avail himself of the effective papers on the subject which appeared in The Bookbuyer three years or so ago. He would have enriched one side of his subject by so doing.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

An Experi-
ence in Lev-
itation.

IN my somewhat isolated childhood, I enjoyed, in common with the four or five others necessary to the experiment, a secret and thrilling familiarity with those "very curious experiences of levitation" to which a Contributor of the Club invites investigation; and I still believe in those experiences, though in maintaining that belief I subject myself to the derision of superior minds by whom I am now adjudged old enough to know better. I do not pretend to account for the performance in which I have successfully assisted, and of which I have myself been the subject; I only know that, under certain conditions of respiration, it is possible to cause a person of no light weight, prone upon a table, to rise several feet in air, supported only by the tips of the forefingers of the — operators, shall I say?

I was made acquainted with the "tradition" by a cousin who had come to visit us on the old plantation. She was a girl of twelve, — a little older than myself, — with nerves of steel and a will of iron, whom to hear was to obey: therefore, when she whispered that she could teach us a mystery, we consented forthwith to be instructed. But she did not give to this mystery the learned term "levitation;" she called it "*hoisting by the spirit*," and she initiated us under circumstances that possibly aided the success of the experiment.

There were six of us, between the ages of eleven and thirteen, left to our own devices, one rainy autumn day. Our elders had gone to dine at a neighboring plantation, some miles away, and Mom Binah had us in charge. She was old and rheumatic, and loved ease and quiet; so she locked the outer doors to protect us against exposure to the weather, and sat down to doze by the nursery fire, while we stole away to the garret at the bidding of our irresistible cousin.

The garret, reached by a steep stair in a closet at the end of the second-story hall, occupied the entire space under the roof, and was dimly lighted by a small window in each gable. Like the generality of garrets, this one was a receptacle for dilapidated furniture, old trunks, and all such odds and ends. After some search we dis-

covered a table, which by a little tinkering was made to stand firmly upon its legs. This we placed in that part of the garret farthest from the entrance, and one of our number, a jolly, fat boy of thirteen, consented to stretch himself upon it straight out on his back, with his arms lightly crossed at the waist. (It will be observed that this is the easiest possible position to assume.) Then four of us took our places, two on each side, and followed directions. We were told to close the thumb and all the fingers of each hand except the forefinger; then, drawing a deep breath, to raise our hands simultaneously high above our heads; as we slowly "released" our breath, we were to bring our hands down so that the forefingers touched the table. This was to be done three times, with great solemnity and in perfect silence, save for the profound inspirations, in which the "patient" also took part; at the third descent of the clenched hands, the extended forefingers were thrust under the ankles or the shoulders — according as we stood — of the boy on the table, whereupon, by no conscious effort on our part beyond that required to retain the deep breath, the boy was lifted *as high as our heads*. I will not affirm that he was lifted as high as we had raised our hands during the initiatory process, but he was raised on the support of eight slender forefingers much higher than we four together could have lifted him in our arms, for he was a heavy boy. He did not fall when he "had gone as high as the spirit willed," to use our cousin's occult formula, but seemed to descend gently, and without any tax upon our strength.

Now this was done many times, until the experiment had been tried upon each one of us. We had been required to maintain the utmost solemnity, and indeed we were too earnestly interested for levity, until one of our number — I think it was that dreadful boy — burst a button, whereupon laughter took possession of us, just as we had "hoisted" the patient, who fell, in spite of our eight supporting fingers, and the table came to the floor with a crash that instantly hushed our ill-timed mirth. In the midst of the ominous silence that followed, and

through the dull drip, drip, of the rain outside, we heard a step, slow, measured, inevitable; I shiver even now as I recall that rhythmic sound of doom. It was dark in the garret, and we huddled together against the chimney, awaiting we knew not what horror of the invisible, with eyes staring at the garret entrance, where presently towered Mom Binah in judicial wrath.

"Mom Binah! Mom Binah!" we cried in shrill chorus, hoping to propitiate her by a frank confession, and eager to excite an interest in our strange experiment. "Mom Binah, sure as you live, we can lift people on the tips of our fingers as high as our heads. It is hoisting by the spirit. We could lift you. If you don't believe it, just let us try" —

"In cose I b'lieves hit," said Mom Binah, with stately displeasure. "Hit is plumb beginst natcher, — dat hukkum I'm boun' ter b'lieve hit. But you don't projie' on me. You all is tamperin' wid Satan unbeknownst," — we ourselves had thought as much when we heard those steps on the stairs, — "an' you all hustle outen yere," commanded Mom Binah; "hustle out, I tell you, an' say yo' prahs, every one on you, an' don't let me hear no mo' h'istin' by the sperrit."

That last injunction we strictly obeyed; but the dread thought of tampering with Satan could not withhold us from practicing in secret, and I know whereof I speak when I say the lifting can be done.

Animal Letusimulants. — The feigning of death by certain animals, for the purpose of deceiving their enemies, and thus securing immunity, is one of the greatest of the many evidences of their intelligent ratiocination. Letusimulation (from *letum*, death, and *simulare*, to feign) is not confined to any particular family, order, or species of animals, but exists in many, from the very lowest to the highest. It is found even in the vegetable kingdom, the well-known sensitive plant being an interesting example. The action of this plant is, however, purely reflex, as can be proved by observation and experiment, and is not, therefore, a process of intelligence. The habit of feigning death has introduced a figure of speech into the English language, and has done much to magnify and perpetuate the fame of the only marsupial found outside the limits of Australasia. "Playing 'possum"

is now a synonym for certain kinds of deception. Man himself has known this to be an efficacious stratagem on many occasions. I have only to recall the numerous instances related by hunters who have feigned death, and have then been abandoned by the animals attacking them. I have seen this habit in some of the lowest animals known to science. Some time ago, while examining the inhabitants of a drop of pond water under a high-power lens, I noticed several rhizopods busily feeding on the minute buds of an alga. These rhizopods suddenly drew in their hairlike filaria and sank to the bottom, to all appearances dead. I soon discovered the cause in the presence of a water-louse, an animal which feeds on these animalcules. It likewise sank to the bottom, and after looking at the rhizopods swam away, evidently regarding them as dead and unfit for food. The rhizopods remained quiet for several seconds, and then swam to the alga and resumed feeding. This was not an accidental occurrence, for twice since I have been fortunate enough to witness the same wonderful performance. There were other minute animals swimming in the drop of water, but the rhizopods fed on unconcernedly until the shark of this microscopic sea appeared. They then recognized their danger at once, and used the only means in their power to escape. Through the agency of what sense did these little creatures discover the approach of their enemy? Is it possible that they and other like microscopic animals have eyes and ears so exceedingly small that lenses of the very highest power cannot make them visible? Or are they possessors of senses utterly unknown to and incapable of being appreciated by man? Science can neither affirm nor deny either of these suppositions. The fact alone remains that, through some sense, they discovered the presence of the enemy, and feigned death in order to escape.

There is a small fresh-water annelid which practices letusimulation when approached by the giant water-beetle. This annelid, when swimming, is a slender, graceful little creature, about one eighth of an inch long and as thick as a human hair; but when a water-beetle draws near, it stops swimming, relaxes its body, and hangs in the water like a bit of cotton thread. It has a twofold object in this:

in the first place, it hopes that its enemy will think it a piece of wood fibre, bleached alga, or other non-edible substance; in the second place, if the beetle be not deceived, it will nevertheless consider it dead and unfit for food. This example of letusimulation I have repeatedly seen, and any one may observe it with a glass jar, clear water, a water-beetle, and several of these annelids. The annelid is able to distinguish the beetle when it is several inches distant, and the change from an animated worm to a lifeless thread is startling in its exceeding rapidity.

Many of the coleoptera are letusimulants. The common tumble-bug, which may be seen any day in August rolling its ball of manure, in which are its eggs, to some suitable place of interment, is a remarkable letusimulant. Touch it, and at once it falls over, apparently dead. Its limbs become stiff and rigid, and even its antennæ are relaxed and motionless. You may pick it up and examine it closely. It will not give the slightest sign of life. Place it on the ground and retire a little from it, and in a few moments you will see it erect one of its antennæ, and then the other. Its ears are in the antennæ, and it is listening for dangerous sounds. Move your foot or stamp upon the ground, and back they go, and the beetle again becomes moribund. This you may do once or twice, but the little animal, soon finding that the sounds you make are not dangerous, scrambles to its feet and resumes the rolling of its precious ball.

Some animals feign death only after exhausting all other means of defense. The bombardier beetle, or stink-bug, has on the lateral margins of its abdomen certain bladder-like glands which secrete an acrid, foul-smelling fluid. It has the power of ejecting this fluid at will. When approached by an enemy, the bombardier presents one side to the foe, crouching down on the opposite side, thus elevating its battery, and waits until its molester is within range. It then fires its broadside at the enemy. If the foe is not vanquished, as it generally is, but still continues the attack, the bombardier topples over, draws in its legs, and pretends to be dead. Many a man has acted in like manner. He has fought as long as he could; then, seeing the odds against him, he has feigned death, hoping that his opponent would abandon him and cease his

onslaughts. I have seen ants execute the same stratagem when overcome either by numbers or by stronger ants. They curl up their legs, draw down their antennæ, and drop to the ground. They will allow themselves to be pulled about by their foes without the slightest resistance, showing no signs of life whatever. The enemy soon leaves them, whereupon the cunning little creatures take to their feet and hurry away.

The most noted and best known letusimulant among mammals is the opossum. I have seen this animal look as if dead for hours at a time. It can be thrown down any way, and its body and limbs will remain in the position assigned to them by gravity. It presents a perfect picture of death. The hare will act in the same way on occasion. The cat has been seen to feign death for the purpose of enticing its prey within grasping distance of its paws. In the mountains of east Tennessee (Chilhowee) I once saw a hound that would "play dead" when attacked by a more powerful dog than itself. It would fall upon its back, close its eyes, open its mouth, and loll out its tongue. Its antagonist would appear nonplused at such strange conduct, and would soon leave it alone. Its master declared that it had not been taught the trick by man, but that the habit was inherited or learned from its mother, which practiced the same deception when hard pushed.

Most animals are slain for food by other animals. There is a continual struggle for existence. Most of the carnivora and insectivora prefer freshly killed food to carrion. They will not touch tainted meat when they can procure fresh. It is a mistake to suppose that carnivora prefer such food. The exigencies of their lives and their struggle for existence often compel them to eat it. Dogs will occasionally take it, but sparingly, and apparently as a relish, just as we eat certain odoriferous cheeses. But carnivora and insectivora would rather do their own butchery; hence, when they come upon their prey apparently dead, they will leave it alone and go in search of other quarry, unless they are very hungry. Tainted flesh is a dangerous substance to go into most stomachs. Certain ptomaines render it sometimes very poisonous. Long years of experience have taught this fact to animals, and therefore most of them let dead or seemingly dead creatures severely alone.

Running a
Quotation to
Earth.

— There are some compensations for a defective memory, and in the verification of an elusive quotation there is a zest which must be unknown to those who can turn immediately to volume and page when a fragment of verse comes into their mind. The pleasure may be worth describing, and the mild psychological interest which possibly attaches to the mental process may help the description out with those who would otherwise have short patience with the deplorable ignorance implied.

Part of a line of poetry often appears in my mind in connection with a certain allied train of thought. It may be, probably is, without proper beginning or ending, and commonly has enough words transposed to untune its measure and disfigure its beauty. But there it is, even in its fragmentary and perverted condition expressing the thought far better than any words of my own, and giving rise to a strong wish to find it in its correct and complete form and in its full context. If there were nothing more than this, the hunt for it among the poets would be a search in absolute darkness, with only chance for a guide, and with ultimate success a highly improbable outcome. The fragment, however, does not stand alone. There is hanging to it an alluring vista of associations guiding back with fascinating suggestiveness, but tantalizing vagueness, to the abode from which the random thought had seized it. Either the metre, however imperfect, sets in vibration with its music all the snatches of similar measure lying in the recesses of the memory; or it is the phrasing, which bears the mark of kinship with other children of the same mind, or, in more remote resemblance, with its cousins of the same epoch; or it may be the current of the thought, which sets in the familiar and limited trend of some one of the minor poets. Or perhaps the suggestion is some purely mechanical one, some dim vision of the line as it stands in its place on a half-familiar page of a well-known volume, some glimpse of its neighbors with whom in entirely unessential association it brushes elbows in a collection of the poets; or it wears a semblance given it by a casual judgment passed on it in book or conversation. But all these suggestions and associations are so blended as to lose their individuality, and

make only a vanishing composite, which loses its features altogether if we look too fixedly, and is only an uncertain clue to the abiding-place of the line which has called it up. Of course Bartlett would generally settle the matter at once; but to have recourse to him would be as tame as to shoot a deer while the guide holds his tail. In a search of this kind one can put up with assistance from those who start in as incomplete knowledge as one's self; but it is better to read through whole volumes of poetry than to resort to the mechanical means of looking up the solution in a book of quotations.

"Benefits forgot" seemed unmistakably Shakespearean, both from the character of the phrase and the other indefinable associations which, however I looked at them, led back only to the great dramatist. The sonnets came first to mind, but the

"Tir'd with all these, for restful death I cry,"

failed to show "benefits forgot" among the particular ills of the world from which he would just then be gone; and though the wavering divining-rod of the associations seemed still to point to the sonnets, a prolonged search among them — as those who are now marveling at my ignorance could have told me at the outset — was of no avail. Next came the plays; and here, too, the most reliable guide seemed to be the suggested context, though the scent grew cold and the chase lagged. Measure for Measure, with its

"If I do lose thee, I do lose a thing
That none but fools would keep,"

was discouraging. Hamlet, with the "unweeded garden" and the "whips and scorns of time," seemed promising, but led to nothing. As You Like It, with its "churlish chiding of the winter's wind," brought me so near that I wonder I escaped it; but something led me astray again, and I read through nearly the whole of Timon of Athens. Failing here, I again had recourse to the sonnets, this time with the thought that I had seen the phrase in the Golden Treasury, and that it therefore could not be among the plays. This clue, however, had more ends to it than it occurred to my density to follow out; and I was finally indebted for the verification of the quotation to the accidental discovery

made by one of the family, to whom I had submitted the problem. Then at last I understood the association of faithless friendship which all the time had hovered about the original phrase, leaving me, nevertheless, unable to determine whether it was implied in the forgotten benefits, or had been thought worthy of separate mention in the context. I read the song through carefully, and tried to fix the whole in my mind, but possibly only succeeded in attaching to the phrase one more train of associations, which, the next time I want to find the quotation, may lead me on a wild-geese chase to the "Frog who would a-Wooing go, Heigh-ho!" or on some other equally fruitless expedition. It is not unlikely, either, that a different train still may take me another time on a hunt through Mr. Rudyard Kipling's ballads.

The same lucky young woman who found this quotation also read to me, one evening, part of a certain melancholy ode, some days after I had told her of a line running through my head about "clouds that give their motion to the stars." Led on by "waters on a starry night," I had hunted through Wordsworth, and under the influence of "stooping through a fleecy cloud" I had read a good part of Milton, but naturally without the success I desired. And I was dependent on another young woman — who, as it chanced, had but the day before read the poem — for the source of a line which spoke of well-meant groping "among the heart-strings of a friend." The line came into my mind one morning when I was thinking of the tragedy wrought in a life near me by a cruel silence, maintained from motives of pure kindness, and in the conviction of an apparently wise resolve. There was a suggestion of popularity about the line which sent me to Tennyson. I had looked through *In Memoriam*, because of some associations of idea or metre, and given up the search in Locksley Hall, when I came to the "chord of self."

Those readers of the Club whose memory is better than mine will recognize the quotation without any further suggestions from me; and those who get the same satisfaction out of their imperfect memory which I have undertaken to describe may be interested enough to care to follow up the quotation according to their own lights.

Critic and Academician. — Of the four elections made in 1893 to the French Academy, the latest gave the youngest member but one to that venerable body. This is M. Ferdinand Brunetière, who began his literary career in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, of which he has at last been made director in chief; who, with none but a bachelor's degree, has become a leading professor of the *Ecole Normale*, and *conférencier* in vogue at the Sorbonne; and who, with all his youth, has given to publication a score or more of serious and noteworthy volumes in what Jules Lemaître, that smiling fellow-critic, has named "a series of paradoxes on French literature." It is only twenty years ago that Brunetière and Paul Bourget were teaching together in the same private boarding-school in Paris. Both have gone a long distance in a short space of time. Perhaps the new Academician will soon be called to receive the companion of his early struggles *in nostro docto corpore*. Both, too, in a way, are the disciples of the late philosopher Taine: as such they are clearly marked off from other writers of their age, like Jules Lemaître and Anatole France, who glory in the inconclusive heritage of Ernest Renan.

M. Brunetière was born at Toulon in 1849. The youngest Academician of all is that romancing child of the Huguenots, Pierre Loti (naval lieutenant Julien Viaud), who was born in 1850. It was in 1891 that a stampede of the elder Immortals, led by Taine before the spectre of his unruly disciple Zola's candidature, brought Loti into the chair of Octave Feuillet and Racine. The Vicomte de Vogüé, who holds the chair of Fénelon, was elected in 1888 at the still earlier age of forty. In 1884 François Coppée succeeded to the poet's place of Laprade and Alfred de Musset, at the age of forty-two. But these elections to the Academy are as exceptional on the side of youth as was, at the other extreme, the choice in 1884 of Ferdinand de Lesseps at the age of seventy-nine, and of the historian Duruy at seventy-three. Of the other elections of 1893, M. Thureau-Dangin, the clerical historian of the Monarchy of July who takes the chair of Bossuet, was fifty-six; the Vicomte de Bornier (scarcely immortal as the poet of Luther's Marriage and Mahomet) was sixty-eight; and M. Challemlacour, who was a red revolutionist and introducer of Schopenhauer's philosophy to

France before he became the present decorous president of the French Senate, and Renan's successor in the Academy, was near the average at sixty-six.

"*Cani sunt sensus hominis*;" and if the sense of M. Brunetière has not yet made his locks gray, they at least eke out his significant figure as he stands on the lecturer's platform. Brown and flat-lying, with the thin fringe of beard below, they frame in irregularly a worn face of strong, restless, well-nigh morbid vitality, from which keen and defiant eyes look out through glasses. The decent black redingote of the French professor terminates in spindle shanks that stand braced sturdily as if against a storm. It is the figure of a man who has thought in solitude, and expects little but combat from the world when he brings it his message. Years ago, when this man began commanding the world's attention, Jules Lemaitre, whose own philosophy is cheery and not troubled with deep things that disquiet, said of him, "It is not enough for M. Brunetière to be right; he is right with temper, and he is not sorry to be disagreeable in thinking rightly." Within the past year, M. Lemaitre has been again to hear the lecturer in his crowded course at the Sorbonne, where he speaks learnedly of Bossuet and that serious, dogmatic seventeenth century, which he knows as no other, to brilliant ladies in search of new ideas, and to thoughtful men anxious for old truth. The impression of the sympathetic fellow-critic has only deepened with time: "M. Brunetière makes me think, in spite of myself, of a theologian who is damned."

The new Academician takes the place of John Lemoine, that English Frenchman who so long led thinking Anglomania in France through his classical *Journal des Débats*. The chair had before been occupied by Sainte-Beuve, the father of all recent French criticism. But a greater than Sainte-Beuve is here, one whose omnivorous intellectual appetite has led him to graze in English and German pastures nearly as much as at home; one, too, who has studied all modern science for the due criticism of letters, just as Sainte-Beuve studied literature in the light of natural history. And the communicativeness of M. Brunetière is almost in a line with his receptivity. It would be difficult to sum up briefly the full amount of work which this critic, who

is at the same time philosopher, historian, moralist, and, above all, dialectician, has given to the world. It is but slowly that his books have impressed the public imagination, made up as they are of review articles and lectures, which seldom have the air of consecutive and closely bound chapters. Yet there is a triple sequence in all that he has written.

The first is historical, beginning with the seventeenth century, which Matthew Arnold would have agreed with him in ranking as the only modern age of a prose that is classic in the universal sense; that is, as the prose of the great Greeks and Latins is classic. M. Brunetière's own style has caught an archaic fragrance from the formal syntax and serious periods of the writers of Louis XIV.'s time. It was objected to his becoming director of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* that he would recognize no literary spirit later than that golden age of French letters. The objection did not reckon with the other and greater qualities of this philosophic intelligence.

The second sequence is tradition. Sainte-Beuve investigated the individual author and his surroundings, — as it were, the habitat of the particular literary animal he was studying. Taine took a wider view of environment and race. To Brunetière, literature and criticism itself are, like life, the result of tradition; and of any given author he first asks, At what historical moment does he appear? I suspect that he includes in the question some real reference to the momentum of tradition with which every writer, consciously or not, comes into his literary existence. "At each moment of its duration, humanity is made up of more dead men than living ones," said Auguste Comte; and I imagine M. Brunetière would say the literary consciousness is like humanity.

The last sequence is, naturally, that of evolution. This, by a gradual assimilation of the Darwinism in the air, has resulted in the *évolution des genres*. In his lectures of the last few years at the *Ecole Normale*, and, last of all, at the Sorbonne and at the *matinées* of the *Odéon Theatre*, M. Brunetière has explained the history of French literature by philosophizing on the development of its types, — on the evolution of criticism since the Renaissance, on the evolution of the French drama and

of lyric poetry in the nineteenth century. This smacks, perhaps, too much of the *vir systematicus*; but it has a well-based dogmatic seeming about it that is reassuring in these skeptical days.

François Coppée, who takes care to say that he is not often in agreement with M. Brunetière, has nothing but compliments for his study of the impersonal poetry and beauty-worship of Théophile Gautier, — and this at no great time after the Baudelaire incident, which, in French fashion, had all but terminated in a duel for the terrible critic. He had lectured the young men — in his usual way, as one having authority — on their somewhat affected veneration for the poet of the *Fleurs du Mal*, a corrupter of sound speech and sane ideas and morals. Youth loves not to be lectured; hence songs and sonnets and scurrility. But M. Coppée's assurance that the philosophy of Brunetière extends happily to these latter days is not needed by those who have observed his conduct of the great literary *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is he who drew from the *fin-de-siècle* offices of the *Echo de Paris* such young story-writers as Paul Margueritte and Marcel Schwob; and he opened the famous review to that latest chronicler of high life, Paul Hervieu, who has a right to entitle his book *Peints par Eux-mêmes*. Even *la jeune critique* seems willing to forgive. One of its representatives has written, "I believe that M. Brunetière is growing young daily; his last articles are more modern than his first."

An entire essay might be devoted to describing accurately the work of Ferdinand Brunetière in the field of morals. It has been written in a searching volume on the Moral Ideas of the Present Time, by one of the ablest of the younger French writers, Professor Edouard Rod, of the University of Geneva. He has given the critic his proper place in the semicircle of recent thought described by the swinging of the pendulum from the negative Renan to the positive Tolstóy. M. Brunetière is a *positif*, in full reaction by his constant turning back to the tradition of morals as of letters. His favorite seventeenth century, with Pascal, to whom he has given a book, was an age of earnest casuistry dividing the

soul from the spirit. It is he, also, who, with strange versatility, has shown in the pessimism of Schopenhauer a moral philosophy that ends as consistently in Christian beatitude as in Buddhist Nirvâna. His hatred of the Ego and of personal literature, his rehabilitation of "objective" criticism, his impatience of the mere observer of life, — the "idle dreamer of an empty day," — are as much a part of his morals as of his literature. Without belief himself, as he has just rather gratuitously taken it on himself to explain while speaking of Bossuet, he looks with frank sympathy on belief, because it is real and a fact in the evolution of man. And he holds with belief that "one single affirmation solves all pessimism, — that life is not its own end and aim." "From the dialectic marvel of his pages," adds Professor Rod, "we come forth with a crazy desire to throw ourselves on the Summa of St. Thomas, and to consecrate to theology the remnant of a penitent life."

It was long ago evident that a seat was reserved for Brunetière under the great dome of the Collège Mazarin, unless the French Academy were to belie all its history and traditions. There is but one outward distinction that remains for him to win in the world of letters. So far, he has only a *chaire libre* at the Sorbonne, which has been the head and centre of the University of Paris and of France for six hundred years. The venerable institution of learning could not receive among its regular professors one who was not a doctor nor even an *agrégé* in the studies of the university. Perhaps the Academician will be able to climb over the wall of curricula and degrees. At least, he is the intellectual father of the doctors of young France. It is hard to estimate at its real value the influence he has exerted over a nation and a literature, in spite of all reluctance and the opposition of minds forced by his very insistence to heed him. In his first book he gave fair warning to the world (and his words are as true now that he is the author of many volumes): "My studies are but the expression, differing according to subjects and to men, of a few fundamental ideas that are always the same."

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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XI.

"I'LL go and see Utile Dulci," said Dr. Lavendar to himself, with a sigh.

It was Friday afternoon, and Joseph was to be at home the next day; but in spite of that Dr. Lavendar had received a letter from him. This in itself, apart from the possible contents of the letter, was a startling fact; for in all these years of "being away from home" in the middle of the week Dr. Lavendar had received scarcely six letters from his younger brother, save of course the note written each Monday night to announce Mr. Joseph's safe arrival at Mercer. But here was a letter written on Thursday, though Joseph himself was to appear on Saturday.

Dr. Lavendar had been working at his lathe, for it was five o'clock, and this was his free hour. As he worked he thought very much about his book, and he perceived, suddenly, a chance for a new subdivision, — The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine. The very title was rich with suggestions! He saw at a glance the possibilities of psychical investigations; delusions and illusions, and their uses; and of course a dozen instances and minor histories. He sighed with happiness, and made a little mental calculation, as he had done many times before, as to the probable amount of money the book would earn for Joey.

The window was open beside him, for it was hot, and the hum of the bees out-

side mingled with the buzz of his diamond-wheel; his thin, veined fingers were grimy with oil, and his face was full of that satisfaction in accomplishment which has no relation to the value of the thing accomplished. One sees it on the face of a child who surveys with ecstasy his mud pie, or in the eye of a woman measuring the day's toil on a piece of embroidery for which the world has no need. It must be a comfortable frame of mind, this satisfaction with achievement without relation to value; perhaps still higher beings than we, who observe the mud pies and embroidery, may envy us our anxious and happy preoccupation in our little reforms, or philanthropies, or arts, — who knows?

Dr. Lavendar, his stiff white hair standing up very straight, his spectacles pushed up on his forehead, his head sunk between his shoulders, was saying to himself that he had never got so fine a polish on a carnelian. He sat on the edge of his chair, his knees together to make a lap for a dropping tool or stone, his gaitered feet wide apart to afford room for Danny to lie between them. His sermon was written; he had made three parochial calls, — one of them upon Mrs. Pendleton; he had seen a little blind horse — bought because it was blind and ill treated — installed in his stable; and he had put an unequaled polish upon the carnelian. No wonder his face beamed with satisfaction.

And then arrived Mr. Joseph's letter. It startled him so that he must have

stepped upon Danny, for the little grizzled dog yelped sharply, and Dr. Lavendar, frowning with anxiety lest Joey should be writing to say that he was ill and could not come home on Saturday, paused, the unopened letter in his hand, to feel the little gray legs remorsefully and pull the ragged ears as an assurance that his awkwardness was unintentional.

Then he read the letter.

The experience of the human race should have decided by this time whether it is best to communicate unpleasant news by word of mouth or in writing; but Mr. Joseph Lavendar, like all the rest of us, had had twenty minds about it. He had something to say which his brother would not like to hear. Should he tell it or should he write it? One or the other must be done, for Mr. Lavendar was meditating an important step, and he was incapable of such disloyalty as acting, and then telling! The week before, he had decided to talk it out over their pipes in the arbor; but it had rained, and they had smoked indoors. Now, it is a fact that if one sets one's mind on doing a thing in one way, it is quite difficult to do it in any other way. So Mr. Lavendar, owing to the rain, had carried his secret back with him to Mercer. But the consciousness of secrecy was misery; he felt he must confess, and he dared not put confession off until his next visit, lest it might rain again. So he wrote his letter; carried it about in his pocket for one uncertain, hesitating day; mailed it on a sudden impulse, and had regretted it ever since, because perhaps he ought to have spoken its news?

He followed the letter in his thoughts on its journey in the battered leather mail-bag down to Old Chester. He knew the moment when Nancy would bring it into the study, her friendly Welsh face keen with curiosity to know what Mr. Joseph was writing about, and "him to be home to-morrow." His heart burned and ached as he fancied his brother reading it; he knew the old clergyman's

pipe would go out, that he would turn his back upon the lathe, — perhaps even upon an unfinished sermon. Oh, when we receive, as we all do now and then, a letter that strikes us to the heart, at least let us feel that the writer, too, calculating to the moment its arrival, may be turning hot and cold, as do we while we read it.

"I am sure, my dear James," Mr. Lavendar had written, "I am sure you will be glad to know that I have placed my affections upon a lady for whom I have the highest respect. Indeed, I am confident that you will feel as warmly as I do towards her when you truly know her, — which, my dear brother, judging from your opinions expressed about the estimable Mrs. Pendleton, you do not at present. It is my intention to beg her to accept my hand; and my deepest desire, apart from the hope that she may accept it, is that I may have your sympathy in my suit."

It was after supper that old Dr. Lavendar, still quite shaken from this distressing letter, said to himself, "I'll go and see *Utile Dulci*."

He sighed deeply as he took his hat and stick, and called Danny, and went plodding up the road to Miss Carr's house. Of course he did not mean to speak to her of his dismay at Joey's plan, but he might perhaps skirt the subject, if only in his thoughts; and she, being a strong, good woman, an "intelligent person," would, quite unconsciously, give him some sort of comfort.

There was no light in Susan Carr's parlor as Dr. Lavendar went groping through the hall, — for, in friendly Old Chester fashion, the front door was open, — and the house seemed quite empty and deserted. He could hear Miss Susan's Ellen moving heavily about in the kitchen, singing in a thin voice and with unmistakable camp-meeting emphasis one of those fierce evangelical hymns which display such a singular and interesting conception of the Deity. Dr. Lavendar

sat down in the twilight of the silent room, and drew a long breath; his head sunk upon his breast, and his eyes fixed absently upon the floor. He was thinking, as most people do at some time or other in their lives, that this matter of falling in love knew no rule of reason, or common sense, or obvious propriety.

"There ought to be a law to prevent foolishness," he said to himself despairingly. It seemed to him that there was a great deal of foolishness in the world; why, even in little Old Chester, just see what folly there had been! Could anything have been more absurd than for William Drayton to marry that ridiculous Fanny Dacie? Could anything be sadder than for a man like Philip Shore to have bound himself to a selfish, sensuous, soulless creature like poor Cecil? And there was Eliza Todd, running into the trap of marriage with a drunkard whom she hoped to reform. "Foolishness! foolishness!" said Dr. Lavendar, nodding, and pressing his lips together, his forehead wrinkling up to his short white hair. "And now to think that Joey should be foolish!" Then he heard Susan Carr's step, and looked up with a vague apprehension of comfort to be found in her mere presence. She struck his hand, man fashion, in a hearty welcome, and said in her clear, strong voice that he had scared her when she saw him sitting there alone in the dark.

"I've just been in to say good-evening to Mrs. Pendleton," she explained. "Why did n't you tell Ellen to run over for me?"

The dogmatic, gentle old man felt his heart suddenly come up in his throat; if he could only tell her all about it! She looked so wise and simple as she sat there in the dusk beside him; her face was full of that clear, fresh color that tells of rain and sunshine; her whole strong, vigorous body seemed to bring the scent of the friendly earth and the breath of growing trees into the still room. And to think that Joey should be foolish, when here

was Susan Carr, whom he might have! For of course she could not — no woman could — resist Joey. His voice actually trembled when he said he had just dropped in for a moment. "No, no; nothing special. So you've been to call on your neighbor?"

Now, Susan Carr had that reverence for her clergyman as the vehicle of grace which all good women feel, — a reverence often so devoid of reason that it may be accompanied, where the clergyman is their junior, with a recollection of having dandled the vehicle of grace upon their knees, or even spanked him in his tender youth. But in spite of Susan Carr's reverence she could not help feeling that sometimes Dr. Lavendar was hard upon her little sleek neighbor. She felt it now in his harmless question; and though she would not for the world have seemed to reprove her pastor, she made haste to say a good word for Mrs. Pendleton: "I don't see her as much as I ought to. I'm so busy I never seem to have the time to make calls; and I hardly know her well enough to just run in. She's — pleasant, I think."

"Ho!" said Dr. Lavendar.

At which Miss Susan cheerfully changed the subject. She asked him about his book; and he told her, listlessly, of the chapter upon *The Relation of Precious Stones to the Science and Practice of Medicine*. He said he had not talked it over with Joey, but he felt sure Joey would think it an admirable, in fact a necessary excursion. "Though it will delay the book a little; but, fortunately, Joey is in no hurry for it, financially."

Then he fell into a moody silence, and Miss Carr talked; she spoke of Lyssie and Mr. Carey, and, a little sadly, of Cecil. "She has never belonged to us as Lyssie does," said Miss Susan; and in a troubled, hesitating way she added something about Philip and his wife: "They don't seem as affectionate as I could wish. I can't help feeling anxious about them?"

"I have n't seen them together since they've been here. But I was always doubtful about that marriage," Dr. Lavendar answered, nodding his head. "Look at 'em, — fire and ice! He's a good fellow, fine fellow; but she never had a chance, poor child. Just think of being brought up by Fanny Dacie!"

"Well, it was n't always easy for poor Fanny," Miss Carr reminded him, good naturedly.

"Oh well, nothing ever was easy for her, was it?" said Dr. Lavendar. "Dear me, how she does enjoy misery! That was a queer marriage, too, — William Drayton and Fanny Dacie. Well, well, marriage is a very strange thing, Miss Susan?"

"I should think it was," Miss Susan agreed, with the modesty of one who has really no right to an opinion. Then, to her dismay, she felt herself blushing. What would Dr. Lavendar think if he knew that Joseph was meditating this "strange thing"? As for Dr. Lavendar, he sighed deeply.

"That Joey should be foolish!" he was saying to himself. "Miss Susan," he said abruptly, "do you think your neighbor has any — ah — wish to marry again?"

"Dear me! why, I never thought of such a thing. Oh no, Dr. Lavendar; I've heard her say that she could not endure second marriages. And just see what deep mourning she wears!"

"Have you really heard her say that?" he asked eagerly. "Well, now, well! I'm pleased to hear it. I'm glad she has so proper a feeling about marriage."

"She has to give up her money if she marries again; at least, so they say. I think that shows how attractive her husband thought her," Miss Susan observed, with mild reproof.

"It shows him to have been a dog in the manger!" Dr. Lavendar cried joyously. "But no, I had not heard that. Well, she'll never marry, — unless she

finds a man with money enough to cover her loss. Joey and I — ah — differ a little in our judgment of your neighbor. I wonder if he knows this about the disposition of the money?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Miss Susan answered constrainedly; even such careless reference to Mr. Joseph made her conscious.

Dr. Lavendar felt suddenly cheered. Of course Mrs. Pendleton would not marry Joey. Give up her money for a poor music teacher? Not she! Dr. Lavendar was almost gay.

"Come, Danny," he said, "we must be going home. Well, Utile Dulci, I'm always the better for a talk with you. The fact is, I had something on my mind when I came up, but I believe it will all come out right."

"Has Job been troubling you again?" Miss Susan asked sympathetically. "Is there anything I can do?"

"No, it was n't Job. I was a little anxious," — the impulse to be confidential is what one pays for relief, and some of us have reflected that the price is high, — "I was a little anxious about some matter in which I feared Joey was going to be disappointed. Nothing of importance — at least — yes, it's very important; but I did n't mean to speak of his affairs, I'm sure. Well, you've done me good, as you always do, and I'm sure everything will come out all right."

Susan Carr's face flamed; she stepped back from his outstretched hand, the quick tears stinging in her eyes. "Oh — Dr. Lavendar," she stammered.

"Why," he said, peering at her in the dusk, and blinking with astonishment, "why — do you — has he spoken to you?"

"He wrote," faltered Miss Susan, "but that was a month ago. I hoped — by this time — he had forgotten it." Her agitation was apparent.

("Why, how she feels it!" Dr. Lavendar thought. "*She* knows what a fool the Pendleton woman is!")

"You are a good friend," he said warmly. "Joseph could n't have done better than write to you, — though he did not mention to me that he had done so. No, he has n't forgotten it; and, my dear Miss Susan, this is the time to prove your friendship for Joey; he never needed it more than he does now. Of course I could n't have spoken to you before he did, but I can't tell you what a relief it is to know that he has done it himself. I depend on you, Susan. I might as well tell you I have been very anxious and distressed about it." He sighed deeply, but added, nodding, "However, what you have said makes me feel better."

Poor Susan Carr nearly wept. "Oh, Dr. Lavendar, *please* don't! I can't bear to have you speak of it. It's no use — and — and I'm so unhappy, so disappointed."

Unhappy? disappointed? Dr. Lavendar stood, with his mouth open, looking at her. Why was Susan Carr so overcome at this prospect of Joey's foolishness? He saw how tightly her hands were clasped on the back of a chair in front of her; he heard her voice break and tremble. Could it be that — Dr. Lavendar was appalled. A terrible possibility flashed into his mind. "My dear Miss Susan — my dear Miss Susan!" he said. He forgot the danger that threatened Joey, in his grief at this other grief which he had never suspected. "I can't tell you what this is to me! I had no idea — I never supposed that you" —

"I can't help it," she said faintly; "I'm very sorry. I'm sure I'd do anything I could — but one can't make — affection."

Dr. Lavendar's jaw actually dropped with dismay; he saw in a flash Susan Carr's mortification when, alone, she should reflect upon this extraordinary loss of self-control; he felt his very ears burn for her; he was glad the room was dark, so that he could not see her face; he wanted to get away; and yet her trembling voice went to his heart. He

took her hand very tenderly in his. "Good-night, my dear friend," he said. "This — this is very dreadful. But I hope it will not be what we fear. I'll do my part, you may be sure of that; there's nothing I want more, — I'll do my part. Good-night, my dear Susan. God bless you." He took his hat, and went stumbling into the hall, where he paused for a moment, and swallowed once or twice, and winked hard; then she heard him come back. "Susan," he said tremulously, "never mind having spoken to me. I feel your confidence just as though you were my sister, Susan."

XII.

"Lyssie — I beg your pardon — Miss Lyssie" — Roger Carey paused to be told that he was forgiven, and perhaps to hear that he might drop the title; but Miss Drayton did not even smile at the slip or the apology. "Do you know that I've got to go away from Old Chester next week? In fact, by rights I ought to have been at work a week ago."

Alicia, with great presence of mind, asked no explanation of this neglect of duty; she only said that she wondered that anybody liked to be in town in such weather.

"Why, I don't like it!" cried Roger. "You would n't think I could like it, Miss Lyssie, if you knew how much I cared for Old Chester."

"Have you really liked Old Chester?" Lyssie said, and blushed; she wished she had said anything but that.

"It is like heaven!" Roger Carey declared, in a low voice.

"Is it?" Alicia asked, with entire seriousness. "I have n't traveled about very much, but it always seemed to me pleasant."

Lovers, so far as they themselves are concerned, have no sense of humor. Roger never noticed Lyssie's literalness.

"Yes," he said, "like heaven!"

It was dusk, and he, instead of Philip, was walking home with Miss Drayton. Eric was jogging along behind them, leaving them for moments to themselves when a rustle in the hedge or the whirl of a wing was too enticing for the responsibility of chaperonage, but coming back again, with a sidewise, deprecating glance which said, "My young friends, this shall never happen again."

Roger was enchanted to be alone with her, but not because he had any special purpose in view. In fact, he had quite made up his mind that a young man with no special income has no right to have any special purpose in regard to a nice girl. Indeed, a lack of income, together with periods of uncertainty as to whether she is, after all, completely and exactly the woman who can satisfy every need of a man's soul, is surely an excuse for being without such purpose when walking home with her.

Yet, as Roger Carey was going away from Old Chester, he was, not unnaturally, glad of this last chance to hear Alicia Drayton talk, and to reverence her serious simplicity and truth. He had not had the forethought—he would have seen fit to name it conceit—to consider that, as he had no special purpose, it might be well to shield her from himself. He was too absorbed in watching her; in answering her little questions, drawing out her little opinions, smothering his laughter at her sweet, unworldly views; too absorbed in feeling that he should like to kneel down and kiss her little feet, and tell her she made him want to be a good man, to give any thought to such responsibilities.

"I'm not in love," he had assured himself several times during the last week. The sort of woman with whom Mr. Carey had long ago decided that he should probably fall in love was far enough removed from this good child. Still, it must be admitted that he had insisted upon his loveless condition far less during the last day or two, and he did not

think of it at all as they walked along now in the dusk, talking of nothing in a voice that meant all things.

He told her that he hoped he should not forget to go and say good-by to Mrs. Pendleton; and she assured him, simply enough, that he could not forget it.

"Why, it would be unkind to forget it!" she reminded him, with a surprised look.

"Well, the fact is, she's not overfond of me, I fancy," Roger defended himself. "I'm one of the relations to whom her money would go if she married again, you know. That was an outrageous will of my cousin's. Ben was a cub."

"I should n't have thought he would have wanted to *buy* her faithfulness," Lyssie announced, with a little toss of her head.

"No, would you? Love like that is not love. Love does n't need any chains." Here he sighed deeply, for joy of the moonlight, and the scent of the new hay in a field on their right, and the glorious word sweet upon his lips. "Love is immortal, don't you think so? Second marriages, anyhow, seem to me sacrilege."

This he really felt, being at the moment very young. But Alicia said, nervously, with the suspicion of age in her manner, "Well, not always."

And Roger, much confused, remembered Mr. William Drayton, and turned the subject.

"Let's go out on the river; that little boat down by the bridge belongs to you, Philip said. Won't you?"

"Oh, I'm afraid I ought n't to," faltered Alicia,—"mother might need me; but I'd like to so much! Oh well, just for a few minutes."

So they turned, and walked down the street and out towards the bridge, where, under a leaning birch, Alicia's rowboat was tied to a small float, which rocked and swayed as Roger jumped down on it. He hauled in on the painter slippery with dripping water grasses; some

yellowing birch leaves had drifted under a thwart, and he brushed them out, and said, ruefully, that they seemed a little damp, but —

"Oh, dampness does n't matter," said Alicia (the idea of thinking about dampness!), and she laughed, and took the hand that Roger, kneeling to hold the skiff against the float, reached up to her. But there was a look in his upturned face that made her heart give a sudden beat. "Oh, really, I'm afraid I ought n't to go," she said, breathless. "It's late, and" —

"Get in, please," said Mr. Carey; and she got in, meekly, for there was that in his voice that took the matter out of her hands. She felt that she must talk, rapidly, without a single pause, of — anything! Eric would do: was n't he the dearest old fellow? Sometimes she thought he had some spaniel blood in him, he was so fond of the water. He often went in after sticks. Did Mr. Carey think he would swim after them now?

"I hope you don't think I'm a stick," Roger retorted, his breath catching in a nervous laugh at his own feeble joke.

Eric, however, sat down upon the float, and made no effort to follow. He thumped his tail a little, as though to say, "I trust you; but I shall stay right here and watch you, my children;" and as the boat pushed rustling through the lily pads and out into the middle of the stream, he looked at them benignly, until his big black nose dropped between his paws, and it was an effort to lift one eyelid for an occasional glance into the twilight.

The river, full of shadowy quiet, was so deep that there was not even the silken slipping sound of a ripple. Roger Carey had suddenly fallen very silent. How sweet she was, in her white dress, sitting there in the little old boat, her eyes looking so shyly into his, her voice speaking what was always his own best thought! "Dear little soul!" he said

under his breath; he wanted to take her in his arms and kiss her. He did not stop to inquire whether he was in love with her; the moment and the moonlight were too much for such cynical speculations; he felt his heart beating fast as he looked at her; the tears stood in his eyes. "Dear little soul! how sweet she is, how *good* she is!" Roger Carey was experiencing religion.

"How black the trees look, don't they?" said Alicia.

"Yes."

The skiff rocked and swayed, and the water gurgled softly at the prow; the branches of a sycamore on the left and a beech on the right nearly met in mid-stream; the green dusk began to wink with fireflies, and from far above, through the domes of the treetops, the faint moonlight filtered down, and broke here and there upon the water in a slipping film of icy shine, that sparkled and was lost, and sparkled again.

"It's growing pretty dark?" Lyssie observed.

"Yes, rather."

Another silence, melodious with the rhythmic dip of the oars and the low brush and rustle of lily pads. "I never supposed I could be so much in love," Roger thought, profoundly moved. The water ran black and silent between the straight staves of the arrowheads and past the sides of the boat; he could see her finger tips dragging lightly upon it; once she leaned over and caught a lily, and there was a soft tug of restraint upon the skiff's smooth progress, until the long stem yielded and she pulled it in, and then seemed absorbed in studying its fragrant, tremulous heart.

"The lilies are lovely, are n't they?" she said. Her voice had a nervous thrill in it.

"Yes; oh, very."

"I think perhaps we'd better go back now?"

"Yes!" he assented, with sudden alacrity. "I — I can't seem to talk,

somehow; you seem so far off, down at that end. Let's go ashore."

"Oh, I don't mind staying out a little longer," Alicia said quickly. She held tightly to the sides of the boat, as though she would detain it, and postpone that beautiful moment whose gracious steps she heard coming nearer and nearer.

But Roger cut deep into the flowing blackness of the slow current, and the skiff swung in a rocking circle and pointed down stream. "It'll take me ten minutes to get back to that float!" he said savagely, and sighed and bent to his oars. His thought, if he had spoken it, would have been, "Why did I get into this confounded thing? Why did n't I speak on the road?" The boat shot with steady pulls down the river.

"I don't like to talk at arm's length," Roger announced.

Lyssie seemed to have nothing to say.

"If we were in the house it would be better. I could—I could—we could talk, I mean."

Lyssie, apparently, had no opinions. He looked over at her, and his lips trembled.

"Just see the fireflies!" Alicia said faintly; and Roger Carey, struggling to hold both oars in one hand, flung out the other towards her.

"Oh, Lyssie, Lyssie, I love you! I—did you know I loved you? Do you love me a little? Lyssie!"

Oh, that wonderful shining moment of silence while a girl gets her breath after hearing those words; when the tears rush to her eyes, and her soft throat trembles, and her heart swells suddenly with the passion and the pain of joy! "*I love you! Did you know I loved you? Do you love me a little?*" She says the words over and over, and thinks she has answered them; but she is silent.

"I'm not good enough to tie your little shoes; of course I know that. (Oh, this boat!) I can't talk about it, somehow, here. But if I can ever get back to that float I can—I can say, you know,

that you are as far above me as a star in heaven."

"I?" said little Lyssie under her breath. "Oh!"

The skiff came pushing through lily leaves, and bumped softly against the crumbling wooden pier; the low voice of the river sang between them.

"Lyssie?"

He let the oars catch and swing backwards, and rose with an impetuous step. The boat rocked and dipped. Lyssie caught desperately at the sides.

"Oh, don't—yes!" she said, the happy tears breaking in her voice.

Roger sat down. "Did you say Yes?"

Alicia nodded; she could not speak.

Without a word, Roger pulled the boat in against the pier; he got out very carefully, and with a silent but not ungentle movement of his heel instructed the affectionate and joyous Eric to keep out of the way; then he knelt down to tie the skiff, and felt sharp between his fingers the cold smoothness of the river grasses tangled along the rope; he saw the white feather of water under the boat's prow as the current struck it; he heard the wash of the float swaying under his weight; he heard the soft break in the breath of the girl who loved him. How alert, how conscious, how wonderful, the supreme moment!

"Lyssie! say it—just once more?" He had no difficulty in talking now; he could hardly wait to hear again that enchanting word before he burst into the telling of his love. And how she listened! Her listening was almost as beautiful as any words she spoke. But she did not speak many.

"Yes;" "yes;" "yes." She loved—she knew—she felt—Oh, sympathy of assent!

Roger said he was poor; Alicia loved poverty. He said he had no "prospects" outside of his profession; she thought "prospects" ruinous to real achievement. He confessed that his practice was small; Lyssie felt that if it were large it would

be a sign that he was too eager to make money.

"There's so much more than that in living," the young girl said, looking at him with believing eyes. "I know how you feel about mere money-making; I heard you talk to Philip and Cecil about responsibility, and—and I liked what you said."

"I did n't know you ever listened when I talked. You always looked so remote — so — so above all the rest of us. Oh, Lyssie, when did you first begin to care the least bit?"

"I think — I think it was the day you looked at the pigeons; no, it was the day before that. Oh, I don't mean that I" — she looked the word she could not speak — "but I liked to hear you talk."

Perhaps it is only when a man looks back upon it that he realizes the charm of a little coquetry on such occasions; at the moment, Roger felt only the noble simplicity of her confession, the benediction of her tender, overflowing eyes.

"Why, that was the day I came!" he said rapturously.

"When did you first know that you cared?" she said, divinely shy and bold at once.

"I? Why — well — Oh, I think it must have been the minute I saw you; only, of course I did n't recognize it myself, you know, until later."

They walked slowly along the road. It was dark, and they were leaving Old Chester behind them; but Lyssie was not aware of either fact, did not remember her mother and her duty for nearly an hour, and then it was with a start of dismay and remorse.

So they came back to actual life, and Roger Carey realized that he had fallen in love, and was an engaged man. He was very much astonished, but he found it very delightful.

They turned towards Old Chester, and Roger began to be silent. Lyssie's stillness fell into his like chords of music melting into some larger harmony. She would have been content never to

speak again, she thought. It seemed as though all were said, forever. But Roger had something to say, though he did not say it until they stood at Alicia's door. Then, very low, very anxiously, "Lyssie, do you know? I'm going to kiss you before you go in."

"Oh!" said Lyssie, "are — are you?"

"Yes," Roger answered, very gently. And then he took her hands, and, with delicate precision, he kissed her on her left cheek, just below her ear.

"Oh — oh!" said Alicia. At which he took her instantly in his arms, and kissed her heartily right on her lips. After that, it took nearly twenty minutes of adieus to fortify themselves for absence overnight.

"You will come to-morrow morning?"

"Yes! Yes! May I come as early as half past eight?"

"Oh, I'm afraid that is a little early" —

"Well, eight forty-five?"

"And I will tell mother to-night; and will you tell Cecil?"

At which Mr. Carey said abruptly, "No; you tell her, Lyssie."

Tell Cecil Shore? Speak to such a woman of such an experience? He thought, tenderly, that Lyssie could never understand why, at such a noble moment, a man could be repelled by her sister. He rejoiced in her ignorance; perhaps because at that time he did not need the tolerance or the sympathy which such ignorance of life forever precludes.

Lyssie, after yet one more impassioned "Good-night!" went into the house and closed the door upon her lover. She stood still in the hall, listening to his retreating footsteps, with her hands over her face and the sound of her own pulses in her ears.

Then she went into her mother's room, where, in the lamplight, her eyes vague with happiness and the summer darkness, everything seemed blurred and dazzled;

perhaps that was why she did not see the fretful look on Mrs. Drayton's face. She went, like a child, to her mother's knee, and, slipping down on the floor, hid her face in her bosom. "Oh, mother, mother!" she murmured.

"What is it? Is anything the matter?" cried Mrs. Drayton, with nervous sharpness.

"Oh, mother — *Roger!*"

Mrs. Drayton fell back in her chair. "Oh, Alicia, can you never remember how weak I am? You come bouncing into the room, and at such an hour, too! It's nine o'clock. I've been terrified about you. I thought something had happened. You have no consideration at all; you know how anxiety makes my head ache" — She fretted on, half in tears, and then suddenly seemed to remember Lyssie's whispered word. "Roger? What do you mean by '*Roger*'? Why — do you mean — has he — Why, Lyssie!"

"Oh, mother darling, yes! Just think of it. *Me!*"

The tears sprang to Mrs. Drayton's eyes, — real tears. She put her arms about the kneeling child, and they trembled with unconscious tenderness. "Oh, my dear, my dear!" Mrs. Drayton forgot herself; she kissed and cried over the girl with honest mother love. She asked a hundred sympathetic questions, which Lyssie answered dreamily, with little tender reserves, which would break suddenly because of the bliss of putting such wonderful facts into words.

After the first reality of it, Mrs. Drayton could not help glancing over Lyssie's head into the mirror. It was a pretty picture: the frail mother, with her delicate, pallid face; the girl kneeling at her feet; the flood of soft lamplight shining on the open pages of the Bible on the table.

"My *child!*" murmured Mrs. Drayton, resting her cheek on Lyssie's hair. It was a charming scene.

"Oh, mother," said Alicia, with a

long sigh, "putting aside any personal feeling, — I mean, speaking impartially, as a matter of judgment, — I am certainly a very fortunate girl. He is not at all like anybody else; he is — well, mother, just wait till you know him!"

Mrs. Drayton was not disturbed by Lyssie's halting language; she had plenty of words of her own. She began to speak of the glory of duty, the joy of self-sacrifice, — in a word, of love, — in a way which satisfied even this young lover at her feet. Indeed, so perfect was the situation that it would have been still prolonged but for Lyssie's sudden realization that it was long after Mrs. Drayton's bedtime. With a happy sigh she rose, and made haste to begin her loving task of maid. Mrs. Drayton's hair had to be brushed steadily for a quarter of an hour before it could be put up in curl papers; then a psalm must be read, and the selection for the day in *Gathered Pearls*.

"Oh, mother dear, how selfish in me to have kept you up!" Lyssie said. "It will be nearly eleven before you are in bed!"

"Oh well, a girl can't be engaged every day," said Mrs. Drayton magnanimously. "I'm willing to sacrifice something; we won't read to-night. I can think of my blessed Bible, and repeat a hymn while I lie awake. Of course I shall lie awake after this excitement. But never mind that."

Lyssie winced; but she thought that now, since Roger loved her, she would be, for the rest of time, unselfish and considerate. She would be *good!* She was very tender to her mother, with a tenderness which was half remorse because of her own joy. "I have n't done all I might to make her happy," Lyssie was thinking; "and her life is so empty without papa!"

The emptiness of life may have struck Mrs. Drayton, for she took occasion, when Lyssie kissed her good-night, to say that she had been lonely.

"You were very late in coming home," she said. "It was rather sad to sit here all by myself. But you were happy, so I don't complain."

Alicia opened her lips to speak, but stopped; a strange apprehension gathered in her heart. It was too vague for words, but a little mist crept across her joy. Her mother lonely without her? Well, but how would it be when she was — She did not say the word, but she adored it in her heart. How would Mrs. Drayton feel when —

Lyssie kissed her again silently, and crept softly to her own room.

XIII.

Old Chester grew quite wide-awake over Alicia Drayton's engagement. There had been no such sensation since Miss Jane Temple married beneath her, and found happiness and content in the home of the village apothecary. Of course Lyssie's romance could not compare in interest to Miss Temple's; it did not have in it anything of which Old Chester could disapprove, — and to be truly interesting to the world about us, we must not be too good. Lyssie's engagement only gave opportunity for conversation and speculation. "What will Frances Drayton do when the child gets married?" everybody said to everybody else, although, so far, no one had said it to Mrs. Drayton, who was enjoying very much the importance of being the mother of her daughter. It was almost as good as making a sensation herself; indeed, she entered into the situation with so much histrionic earnestness that she was obliged to take to her bed, and receive Mrs. Dale and all the other ladies, reclining upon her pillows, attended by Alicia. It was thus that Cecil found her listening to Mrs. Pendleton's congratulations, allowing Lyssie to fan her, and saying many noble things about a mother's joy in a child's happiness.

"I enter so into Lyssie's romance," said Mrs. Drayton, "that I live my own over again."

"Except," Cecil returned, after that meditative pause which gave such weight to her slow words, "except that no youthful indiscretion made Mr. Carey a widower, he must indeed remind you of papa. But I almost think, Mrs. Drayton, that in entering into Lys's romance yourself you keep her out of it a little. She can't listen to lover's vows and fan you at the same time."

There was an eager disclaimer from Lyssie, and Mrs. Drayton said tearfully that it was a little bitter to have Cecil, who was exactly like her own child (some one had once asked Susan Carr which was Mr. Drayton's child by his first wife; she did not know whether she had ever mentioned that to Mrs. Pendleton?), — it certainly was a little bitter to have Cecil speak so to her.

As for Mrs. Pendleton, she thought to herself that there was some truth in Mrs. Shore's remarks; but she only said, soothingly, that she had no doubt dear Roger would rather have Miss Alicia dutiful than have her society.

"I am inclined to think," Mrs. Shore observed, "that Mr. Carey would feel that one included the other." And then she went away, saying to herself that she hoped she had done some good.

"He leaves Old Chester in three days," she thought, "and Lys, poor little thing, ought to see more of him." But she was not very hopeful; she knew how probable it was that Lyssie, from a sense of duty, would yield to her mother's demands upon her time; indeed, Mrs. Shore had long since recognized that Alicia's especial form of selfishness was unselfishness.

This immoral unselfishness is characteristic of many excellent women. They practice an abnegation of their comforts, their rights, their necessities, even, which they feel endears them to their Maker, and at the same time gives them real

happiness. Apparently they are unable to perceive that this unselfishness of theirs brutalizes and enslaves to self the man (for men are generally the victims of this unscrupulous virtue), — the man who accepts the sacrifices made for him, indeed often thrust upon him in spite of his gradually weakening protests; and young Alicia, painfully conscientious as she was, never once realized that if it were selfish for her mother to accept a sacrifice, it was a sin for her to make it.

As for Cecil Shore, she did not put it quite that way to herself, but little Lysie's foolishness struck her with a sense of being pathetic. "Little goose," she thought, smiling. But she was very gentle with Alicia, looking at her with a half-wondering amusement.

"You are very happy, kitty, are n't you?" she said that evening, when Lysie, through Cecil's intervention, really had succeeded in coming to dine with her, and the two sisters, before dinner, were alone in the library. "You are very happy?"

Alicia's face, so radiant and young, sobered, suddenly, almost to tears. "Oh, Cecil!" she said, and put her face down on Cecil's shoulder and was silent for a moment. Something came into the eyes of the elder woman, that mist that sometimes dims the eyes of a dog, which cannot weep, but yet can suffer; it is unutterably sad, but it is not a spiritual pain.

"You poor little thing," she said, almost passionately.

Lyssie looked up, wondering. But Cecil only laughed, though the tears stood in her eyes.

"Always to woo, and never to wed,

Is the happiest life that ever was led!"

she cried gayly. "Go on being engaged, pussy; it is really very good fun."

"I never *thought* of anything else!" protested Alicia, even her slender neck crimsoning; and Cecil laughed until she cried at the innocence of the child. But the situation seemed to her a cruel one; Lyssie was so happy!

She did not think very much about Mr. Carey; if she had, she would have discovered in herself an astonishment at his conduct which was almost contempt. Her mind was dwelling upon certain miserable facts which are thrust upon all of us men and women when we soberly observe the marriage relation as we see it about us, especially when we observe it in contrast to this first beautiful dawn of love in the faces of two young lovers; two who believe — as they all do, or else they are not lovers — that they, out of all the world of failures about them, shall make permanent that which is by its nature evanescent and fleeting, the mystery and passion of young love. They need — ah, what deep experiences, before they can know, two such sweet optimists, that it is as foolish to hope that they will keep love forever young and mad and wonderful as it would be to seek to hold back the dim beauty of the dawn, which must change, perhaps into a leaden and dreary day, perhaps into the calm glory of the sunlight; into a noon serene and perfect and secure as the light upon the face of God, — the noon of married love!

Cecil Shore believed only in the dawn. "Poor little thing!" she thought again, pityingly, as she watched Alicia's frank happiness. How cruel it was that it could not last! These two some time would be among that great army of husbands and wives who are not unhappy, not incompatible, who "get along very well with each other," as they would say, — the very husbands and wives who give little smiles and shrugs at the ecstasies of young love as they observe it; the men and women who, simply, have missed the best. Cecil was not thinking of the miserable marriages, — there were such things, no doubt; there were infidelities, cruelties, baseness; but when they happened in her class they were concealed. No, it was only the grotesque disillusionment of it all that struck her

with grim amusement. "Poor little Lys!" she thought.

But no one could have seemed to need pity less than Alicia Drayton. It might better have been bestowed on her lover, who felt conscious and half irritated all the time they were at table. He wished Philip were at home; he was grateful to Molly for talking to him; he wished Lyssie (bless her dear little heart!) would not be quite so — so young; he wished Mrs. Shore, with her slightly cynical smile, were drowned in the depths of the sea. Without the slightest reason, he began to be angry with her; he answered one of her assertions apropos of some discussion about the working classes so curtly that Alicia looked apprehensively at her sister; but Cecil, strangely enough, seemed more hurt than offended. She colored, and said that Mr. Carey had certainly misunderstood; she had not meant quite what he supposed, and she tried by a hasty explanation to bring a certain seriousness into the flippant statement that the submerged tenth was as necessary to the higher civilization, to the culture of the few, as a fertilizer was to a flower garden.

Roger Carey said carelessly, "Do you think your culture and mine quite worth such manure? Think of the misery of the sweating system, for instance! Perhaps you are worth it, Mrs. Shore, but I'm sure I'm not." But when he saw the pain and truth in Alicia Drayton's face, as she said, "When I see ready-made clothing, I always wonder, 'Who suffered for that?'" he felt ashamed of having paraded his irritation in the dress of a fine sentiment; so he became rather more frankly rude to Mrs. Shore to console himself.

Lyssie was quite discouraged, and gave him that little appealing look which we see so often on the faces of those dear souls who long to have us do ourselves justice. It said, "Oh, be nice, Roger; don't be so — not-as-pleasant-as-usual." But Roger continued to

be "not-as-pleasant-as-usual" until he got away from Mrs. Shore; and then — ah well, a girl knows of no adjective to describe her lover in those adorable first moments when she has him to herself, and he is even more pleasant than usual.

Roger was to go away on Tuesday, and he wanted to be with Lyssie every moment that he could. He was still vaguely astonished to find himself in love, but he liked it! And he was distinctly cross when Mrs. Shore mentioned, casually enough, on Monday, that he would not be able to see Lyssie that afternoon.

"Really you must be a little firmer," she said. "She was to have gone to the upper village this morning on some stupid errand for her mother; but Mrs. Drayton wished to be fanned, so she had to put it off until this afternoon; she could just as well have gone this morning. You must teach her some of your firmness, Mr. Carey."

"This afternoon!" said Roger blankly. "Why, I thought I could see her this afternoon."

"Oh well, later you can see her, — when she comes back; about five, I think. Meantime, I'll entertain you by taking you out to drive. No, you can't go with Lyssie," she silenced him, smiling. "She has started by this time. The people dine here, you know, at half past twelve, so she started nearly an hour ago."

Roger resigned himself to a drive with his hostess with an ill grace. "She'll be back by five, surely?" he asked, and intimated to Mrs. Shore that he cared to drive with her only until that hour.

And no one was more surprised than Roger Carey to find himself at half past six, in the midst of a discussion with Mrs. Shore, driving into Old Chester on the way back to his hostess's door.

"Why," he said, "why, what time is it? Are we back again?" He looked at his watch, and turned red, and said something under his breath. How could he

have forgotten? He asked himself the question a dozen times, finding no satisfactory answer. But it was not so very remarkable; human nature is human nature. For one thing, his companion was a beautiful woman; but beside that she could talk. To Roger Carey discussion was like the breath in his nostrils, and when Mrs. Shore took him to task for a statement of his, that, without the great human experience of friendship, a soul was still potential, he grew keen and interested, and intent upon making his point. Cecil had declared that friendship was a beautiful thing, if it were true, and he had burst out in hearty condemnation of the insinuation. But her remark had been genuine enough: she had never experienced friendship; she had known no schoolgirl frenzies of letters and copied poems and exchanged locks of hair, — all that rehearsal of love with which young women so seriously amuse themselves, but which so often cools into sincere and lifelong regard. Roger told her, frankly, that he was sorry for her, and added his conviction of her potentiality. Curious that this topic of friendship is so especially alluring to a man and woman between whom friendship is impossible!

After that their discussion turned upon

the abstractions of truth and duty and conduct, and Roger Carey, in his perfectly straightforward earnestness, fell into that courteous trap of "you and I;" "you and I think," or "feel," or "know better." There is no more subtle flattery from an intelligent man to an intelligent woman than this "you and I;" it is an intellectual caress, and the mind responds to it with an abandon which betrays its ethical effect. Roger was too interested to be aware of anything more than an added brilliancy in his companion's look, an added force in her words. But his interest made him forget that Lyssie would be back from her errand to the upper village at five. Now, realizing it, he was angry at himself, with that painful anger which was only a form of astonishment at his own possibilities. He was plainly sulky with Mrs. Shore, which was most unjust, for Cecil, though she laughed at him a little, was really sorry. "I never thought of Lys," she said; "it's too bad! You were too entertaining, Mr. Carey. She will never" —

An exclamation from Roger made her turn, and she saw, in the meadow on her right, Lyssie and Molly, and, further off, her husband struggling with a drunken man.

Margaret Deland.

GENERAL LEE DURING THE CAMPAIGN OF THE SEVEN DAYS.

ON the evening of the 31st of May, 1862, during the battle of Fair Oaks, or Seven Pines, General Joseph E. Johnston, the commander of the Confederate forces, was wounded so severely that he was borne from the field, and for a long time was incapacitated for service. General Johnston was a man of vigorous intellect, of great experience in the old army, and one who had knowledge of the art of war and skill in its exercise; he was also clear-headed, and, though

of aggressive temperament, knew how to abide events. He had, too, a thorough conception of the part to be performed by the Confederate armies in order to make their cause a successful one. Nevertheless, he labored under the disadvantage of being obnoxious to Jefferson Davis, the President of the Confederate States, who, once an army officer, had vexed several of his generals by his censoriousness. Among these was Johnston, who, moreover, had attributed to Davis

injustice in a matter of grade: the two had clashed. It was this commander who had resisted McClellan's advance up the Peninsula, and who now was seeking to overwhelm that part of the Federal army which lay south of the Chickahominy. The fall of General Johnston caused the command of the troops in action to devolve upon General Gustavus W. Smith, who retained it until the appointment of Robert E. Lee, on the day following, to the position of commander in chief. As soon as General Lee took command he desisted from further effort, and withdrew the Confederate forces to their former position in the neighborhood of Richmond. During this battle, therefore, the Confederates fought under three successive commanders.

General Lee assumed command at a moment when the dark outlook of the military situation in Virginia began to brighten for the Confederates. Of the five Federal columns which had been converging in superior force upon the Confederate capital, three had been put *hors de combat* for the moment by Stonewall Jackson. This general had thrown the plans as well as the troops of the Washington government into confusion, and had succeeded in reducing for a while the effectiveness of McDowell's column from that of coöperation with McClellan's army to that of mere and imperfect reinforcement. The bad blood that had been engendered at the Northern capital gave rise to crimination and recrimination, to exasperating reflections upon the defeated generals, and to bitter taunts at the inaction of McClellan; the whole ignoble brood of politicians, contractors, and speculators filled the corridors of the departments with their clamor, while the silence of consternation fell upon those whose meddling had really wrought this catastrophe. In such a crisis the dislodgment of McClellan would have completed the wreck of Federal hopes and plans. Nothing, therefore, could have been better timed than

was Johnston's attack, and had it been pressed to a successful conclusion the moral effect in favor of the Confederates would have been incalculable.

Once reinstated in their former positions, both armies busied themselves in field fortification, and were soon covered by continuous lines of earthworks. The most vital question of the day within the opposing ranks was, "When will McDowell march to reinforce McClellan?" The necessity of anticipating this event had already brought on the indecisive action of Fair Oaks, and this impending juncture was Lee's daily incentive to action. On the other side, McClellan was kept dancing attendance on McDowell, and his advance upon Richmond was retarded by the necessity of maintaining his army in such a position that the wished-for junction of forces could be effected without the interposition of the enemy. The Federal centre and left wing, therefore, held fast to the south bank, threatening Richmond, while the right wing, consisting of Porter's and Franklin's corps, on the north bank, reached out towards McDowell. The arrival of McCall's division by water from Fredericksburg enabled McClellan to unite Franklin's corps to the main body, leaving Porter alone on the left bank. Thus the accession of McCall's force augmented Porter's corps, but the subtraction of Franklin weakened the right wing. General Lee was not blind to the state of affairs within his enemy's camp, nor was he slow in accepting the hint conveyed by McCall's debarkation: it signified that order was taking the place of confusion at Washington, and that the government there was regaining its capacity to resume offensive action. The blow must be struck soon, and the sooner the better. Time, which had been niggardly to McClellan, had been kind to Lee, for it had not only brought reinforcements to Richmond, but, above all, it had set Jackson, flushed with victory, free to coöperate with his chief from a point

which would direct him upon the rear of McClellan's attenuated wing. It was upon the enemy's right instead of upon his left, as Johnston had done, that Lee would strike; and after imparting his plans to those who were to carry them out, he made ready for the movement, and on the 26th of June began its execution.

During the period that had elapsed since the battle of Fair Oaks two things had become impressed upon Lee: one was that McClellan intended to attack Richmond by regular approaches, and the other was that the four corps constituting the Federal main body were too strong to be dislodged from their position, covered as it was by fieldworks. It was necessary, therefore, to draw them out of their intrenchments, and to accomplish this several things had to be done: to intrench to such an extent that a fraction of the Confederate forces could hold the mass of the Federals in check while Lee with the greater part of his army could operate in the open field; to gather together all the troops that could be drawn from the South and West; and to bring Jackson's victorious column within such a distance as to enable this general to act in coöperation with him. Accordingly, to use his own words, "as soon as the defensive works were sufficiently advanced General Jackson was directed to move rapidly and secretly from the Valley, so as to arrive in the vicinity of Ashland by the 24th of June." Jackson, moreover, rode on ahead of his troops as this order was on the point of completion, and on the 23d met Generals Lee, Longstreet, and the two Hills in personal conference, when, upon his own suggestion, the 26th was fixed as the day upon which operations should begin.

The general scope of this plan of campaign embraced the passage of the Chickahominy by Lee, and his action in concert with Jackson upon the north, or left bank. By sweeping down the river on that side, and threatening the Federal

communications with York River, it was thought that the enemy would be compelled to retreat, or to give battle out of his intrenchments. General Lee does not say where this battle was to take place, nor does he predict McClellan's line of retreat, but from the fact that the communications with York River were the only ones existing at the time and the only ones he mentions, some point on or covering these lines must have been in his mind, and the retreat foreshadowed would be one down the Peninsula and by the roads up which the Federals had advanced. It is reasonable, then, to conclude that Lee anticipated drawing McClellan to the north bank, and that, in the event of this general's defeat, he would retire upon Fort Monroe.

The Federal forces upon which the blow was to fall immediately lay along Beaver Dam Creek, a mile east of Mechanicsville, which is a hamlet on the left bank of the Chickahominy, five miles to the north of Richmond. A little more than a mile and a half from Mechanicsville Bridge, up stream, is Meadow Bridge, and seven miles further up is still another passage. Three and a half miles below Mechanicsville Bridge is New Bridge. All three bridges are ancient and permanent ones, and at that time their approaches from the north were in possession of the Federals, and those from the south were in possession of the Confederates: these approaches led through a wide and otherwise impassable swamp which borders the stream.

It is evident that, during his march down the north bank, Lee would be separated from Richmond and his forces in its front by a river and an impassable swamp, both of which would be on his right flank, and especially that his line of communication would be much greater than that of the Federal right wing with its main body; that, to use military language, he would be acting upon exterior lines. His first object, then, would be to gain a position which would bring him

into shorter and speedier communication with the troops left to defend his intrenched lines: such a position would be one that commanded New Bridge. On the 26th of June, the day fixed upon by Jackson himself, this officer should have reached a point from which coöperation with Lee would have been practicable. Accordingly, at three o'clock on the morning of this day, he was to break camp and to direct his march towards Cold Harbor, a spot in rear of the Federals, five and a half miles by an air line east of Mechanicsville, and one and an eighth mile back of the river. Upon setting out he was to send word of this fact to General Branch, who was occupying the uppermost passage of the Chickahominy, whereupon this general was to cross the stream at once with his brigade, and, clearing away the Federal outposts as he advanced, pursue the road to Mechanicsville. When General A. P. Hill, who would be in readiness upon the Meadow Bridge road, perceived Branch opposite to him, he too was to cross, and, turning to the right, follow in the same path. As soon as A. P. Hill had cleared the northern approaches to the Mechanicsville Bridge, Longstreet and D. H. Hill, who were formed on the southern causeways to the bridge, were to cross; the latter continuing his march to the support of Jackson, but the former keeping in a position that would support A. P. Hill. Thenceforth all four divisions were to march on three separate roads in an echelon, or round-of-ladder formation, of which they would constitute the rounds, and in the following order: Jackson's, the leftmost division, to be in advance; D. H. Hill's coming next, with its head on a line at right angles to Jackson's rear; and A. P. Hill's, the lowest round of the ladder, to advance down the river road. Longstreet was to follow the last-named division as a reserve. It was expected that by the time A. P. Hill was ready to set out from Mechanicsville the effect of Jackson's presence upon the Fed-

erals would be manifested by the evacuation of their works on Beaver Dam Creek, and that, pressed on rear and flank, they would fall back below New Bridge, where they would be arrested by Jackson, and be compelled to give battle on a field of Lee's choosing.

All this was to be in full swing before the sun had fairly warmed the earth; by high noon the Confederates were to be in communication with their comrades on the south bank by way of New Bridge. But it has not escaped the observation of the reader that the first of these many steps was to be taken by the most remote of the actors in this drama, — one who was behind the scenes, and therefore was out of sight. He was to send word across country to the nearest general, who, seven miles distant from his next neighbor, was to impart motion to the successive columns by moving in force down a road which, more than likely, he would find obstructed. Rarely in combinations involving the contemporaneous or immediately successive action of separate or distant bodies do things fall out in accordance with a foreordained plan of action. Such was the case in this instance. The sun rose to the zenith without the sound of a gun from Jackson and without a sign of Branch. It had even been on its decline for three hours when A. P. Hill, out of all patience, asked permission to cross the river, which, strange to say, Lee granted; and soon, upon the north bank and turning to the right, Hill pushed past Mechanicsville, and out upon a slope from which he expected to discern the abandoned works of the Federals. He saw nothing of the kind, but, to his vexation, beheld the lines fully manned, and their occupants ready to receive him in a position the strength of which was apparent at a glance. Nevertheless, he made haste to clear the field of them before Longstreet and D. H. Hill should come up; but when these arrived on the ground they found him so fast in the toils, and the Federals so firm

in their position, that D. H. Hill, after vainly essaying to pass their flank and go to the support of Jackson, was compelled to remain and reinforce the broken and demoralized column already engaged. This division had attempted to advance over a field where it was exposed to a front and flanking fire of infantry and artillery, which, reserved to the latest moment, opened with effect so deadly as to send the broken ranks in confusion back upon Mechanicsville. Hill, strengthened by reinforcements, again advanced, and passed the rest of the day in futile attempt to reach the further bank of the creek. Night at last put an end to the useless slaughter, the Federals remaining unmoved and almost unharmed, but the Confederates being greatly demoralized. The fact is that Jackson, whose successes in the Valley must have turned his head, had given little heed to Longstreet's caution, at the conference of the 23d, to allow himself plenty of time to remove the obstructions which the Federals would be sure to place in his path. The result of his not taking the enemy into his calculations was that he did not get within striking distance, and did not affect this action by the slightest diversion. Lee's plan, in consequence, miscarried; and thus it was that, at the close of the day, the Confederate commander found himself, like McClellan, astride of the Chickahominy, but, unlike his adversary, he was without defenses, and his progress was barred by an exultant foe. The initiatory step of his grand advance had proved a disastrous failure.

The first thing killed by the Federal fire at Beaver Dam Creek was Lee's plan of campaign, if indeed he himself had not put an end to it when he assented to A. P. Hill's proposal to cross the river, Jackson or no Jackson. All hope of proceeding with the echelon formation was out of the question, and if the general movement was to be prosecuted it would have to be done in conformity with Porter's plan instead of Lee's. The situa-

tion was a grave one, and Porter, awake to his advantages, impressed upon McClellan the possibilities embraced in a transfer of the mass of his army to that spot during the night. But McClellan did not accept these suggestions, and when the day broke the tide had turned: Jackson's approach had at last produced the effect desired by Lee, and the Federals were retiring. Porter fell back without molestation to a field beyond Powhite Creek, six miles distant by road, and there the Confederates found the Federal right wing now completely concentrated and quietly awaiting a fresh onset. The approaches to New Bridge were, it is true, in Lee's possession, but the field of battle was of the enemy's choosing. A stubborn and deadly conflict ensued, since styled the battle of Gaines' Mill, and it was not until sunset that 65,000 Confederates succeeded in piercing the line of 27,000 Federals. The losses on both sides were enormous: on that of the Federals every fourth man was gone. Nevertheless, their forces slept on the field until two o'clock in the morning, when they retired without hindrance to the south bank. Lee had not driven them into the river, and now for the first time McClellan's army was compactly brought together. The tables were turned: before Lee set out upon his quest he had been massed on the south bank, and McClellan was astride of the Chickahominy; now McClellan was massed upon the south bank, and Lee was on both sides of the river. It was Turenne's and Montecuculi's famous seesaw, half performed, over again.

But was the position in which Lee found himself one that the leader of an army would occupy of choice, and one which should be the outcome of a plan founded upon sound strategical and tactical principles? He could not boast on taking off his armor: he had neither destroyed nor dispersed the obstinate right wing; he had not drawn the enemy out of his intrenchments; he had not

fought his battles on fields other than those chosen by his adversary; instead of bloodless victories his losses had been exceedingly great, and unwarranted by the advantages gained; he had found the coveted dépôt of supplies empty, and the communications, to strike which he was imperiling his own, had been abandoned for another line, — a catastrophe he should have taken into account when dealing with one who had a choice of bases; and, to crown all, he had concentrated the Federal forces, and they lay at that moment between him and his capital, so that, should they advance, he was for the time being powerless to retard them, or to regain his intrenchments and oppose them.

This situation speaks for itself and for the faultiness of the conception which had given it birth. The consciousness that the Confederate army was open to the decisive blow which in all reason should follow the completion of every false movement had only one thing to moderate its bitterness: the reflection that this operation had been interfered with, but that the adversary had accepted none of the advantages which this interference had unveiled. There was reason, then, for the hope that the same inertness would withhold the finishing blow.

It is easy to see why the battle of Gaines' Mill was fought by the Confederates: they had to fight it, for they could not advance upon the York River communications and leave Porter on their flank. But why did the Federals give battle here? Not because they considered it a decisive point, for in this case they should have reinforced Porter to the last man; nor to gain time for a change of position, for the orders and explanatory details given in execution of the march to the James were not issued until after this action. If the battle of Gaines' Mill was fought neither for the decisive defeat of the enemy nor to gain time, for what purpose was that of Mechanicsville or Beaver Dam Creek

fought? One would naturally answer, to hold Lee on the north bank while McClellan pushed forward on the south bank; or, to hold Lee in position while the army, transferred from the south bank, interposed between him and Jackson. But we have General Porter's word for it that McClellan left Beaver Dam Creek about one o'clock in the morning of the 27th (that is, after the battle), "with the expectation of receiving information on his arrival at his own headquarters, from the tenor of which he would be enabled to decide whether I should hold my present position or withdraw." This evidence is direct to the point that this battle had been fought without a decided purpose; but what information at headquarters could that be which, for inducing decision, was superior to the information that the battlefield itself expressed?

The battles of Beaver Dam Creek and Gaines' Mill were fought with no definite purpose by the Federals, and therefore profited them in nothing; yet the former conveyed a lesson which should have been taken to heart, and this field and its vicinity should have been made the theatre of a decisive action on the morrow. Better still, from the moment that Lee crossed the Chickahominy the Federals should have kept retiring before him until he had completed his false movement, and then, with wholly concentrated and undiminished forces, they should have struck the decisive blow.

The operations on the Chickahominy by Lee, and those from the Chickahominy to the James by McClellan, must be considered as separate movements of opposing commanders. When the battle of Gaines' Mill was over, Lee's movement was at an end, and that of McClellan began.

On the night of the 27th of June, 1862, five courses were open to General McClellan: (1) to resume his advance on Richmond; (2) to leave the south bank

and sustain his communications with York River; (3) to reinforce Porter with the mass of his army and fight a decisive battle at Gaines' Mill; (4) to retreat to Fort Monroe; or (5) to change his base to the James.

The first course was the one expected of the Federal chief by the country, and he should have attempted it at all hazards; the third course was a bold counterstroke which would have been hailed with applause at home, and which promised success: both of these movements were purely aggressive in nature. The second course was a defensive one, with the chance of taking on an offensive character, as it surely would have done in the event of success. This course was open to the objection that it was the very thing his adversary wished him to do. The fourth course was not to be thought of on account of the disheartening effect an open retreat would have upon the North. The fifth course was a compromise; it would relieve the pressure upon Richmond, it is true, but for a while only, when it would be renewed more vigorously than ever. If a retreat to Fort Monroe would indicate abandonment of purpose, a mere change of base would be, on the contrary, significant of persistence in effort; the purpose would be constant, and Richmond would remain threatened. Whether a change of line of communications would involve the withdrawal of the army to the new base might well be doubted. It does not necessarily follow that it would do so, yet in the present case it certainly would require a new position in rear of the existing one; but then this would be sure to do with Lee that which Lee had just failed to do with McClellan,—to draw him out of his intrenchments on to a field of his enemy's choosing. This, we shall see, was actually done, and Glendale or Charles City Cross Roads, above all others, was the field; but, as at Beaver Dam Creek, the advantages offered were not accepted.

On the 28th, Lee dispatched his cavalry to scour the neighborhood in search of Federal troops and to capture the dépôt at White House. Such of the stores as had not been carried off were found smoking. The day was passed in reconstructing New Bridge and in waiting for the next move of the enemy. The general perplexity respecting the Federal movements was not dispelled until the morning of the 29th; then Lee bent every energy to take advantage of the exposure made by McClellan of his right flank. This was not an easy task; for, with the exception of Magruder's and Huger's forces, the whole of the Confederate army was in rear of McClellan, and separated from him by the Chickahominy and its swamps, to pass which the broken bridges would have to be rebuilt, a thing impossible in the presence of the enemy.

Early in the morning of the 29th, Longstreet and A. P. Hill crossed by New Bridge to the south bank, and, passing in rear of Magruder's lines, hurried to Charles City Cross Roads in order to strike McClellan in flank, and Holmes was ordered from the other side of the James to head him off at Malvern Hill: both Holmes and Huger, who was to leave his lines, were to coöperate with Longstreet. D. H. Hill and Jackson were left upon the north bank, with orders to pursue as soon as the withdrawal of the Federal rearguard rendered it possible to reconstruct a bridge. This was not accomplished until sunset, too late to save Magruder from a rude repulse at Savage's Station which he encountered at the hands of Sumner and Franklin. Jackson did not overtake the rearguard until noon of the 30th, after it was in position on the further side of White Oak Swamp, and also of the stream of the same name. He passed the whole day in unavailing efforts to cross the creek and dislodge Franklin, an object which he might have accomplished by way of Brackett's Ford.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill, in pursuance of their part, were on time at Charles City Cross Roads or Glendale, but the columns of Holmes, Huger, and Magruder failed to coöperate with them; for Holmes was speedily put to flight, Huger failed to clear his road in time, and Magruder was kept uselessly swinging like a pendulum between Glendale and Turkey Island. And thus, after a hard-contested battle, Longstreet and A. P. Hill had the mortification of seeing the Federal army pass by them and concentrate in safety upon Malvern Hill, the spot which was to have been occupied by Holmes. On the next day, Lee attempted the futile task of driving the united army of the Federals from the unassailable position of Malvern Hill: the result was costly and fruitless, and McClellan could now bid defiance to him. At no time since taking the field had the Confederates dealt the Federal army a blow which had imperiled its existence, or delayed its march even. The position of this army was exceedingly critical on the 30th of June, when its front, right flank, and rear were assailed; but the operations of its enemy, though menacing, were lacking in performance sufficient to touch its vitality. In fact, on this very day McClellan was in condition to turn the tables.

General Lee was over fifty-five years of age when he was called to the head of a great army, and when he took the field against McClellan. He had passed his life, with the exception of the brief interlude afforded by the Mexican war, in the narrow and narrowing life which the United States army presents in time of peace. The relief which frontier service and fighting Indians offer to this most dull existence had been his in scant measure; for most of his days had glided away in the routine of an engineer's duties, in which intellectual activity was restricted to subjects within the range of military need. It may be owing to this that his first plan of

campaign (or the one adopted by him at the suggestion of General Longstreet) had not the breadth of conception which should characterize the plans of a man in a position so exalted and responsible as that of the commander of a great army. For this scheme did not contemplate the permanent relief of his capital or the destruction of his adversary, and it did not comprise a field wider than that upon which the two armies were encamped. To draw the enemy out of his intrenchments by threatening his communications, and thus compel him to raise the siege of Richmond, was the utmost object of his design.

Nor did the features of the plan of campaign commend themselves to those versed in the art of war. Imperfectly manned earthworks were to constitute the sole protection of the Confederate capital during the absence of the defending army; this army would be cut off from its base by the swamps and jungles of the Chickahominy, through which, in case of disaster, there were no avenues of retreat except the narrow roads of advance, and these were overhung by high banks that were sure to afford vantage ground to the pursuer; this army, too, was to regulate its movements by those of another army which was out of sight and beyond ready communication, and the junction of these two forces was to take place in the presence of the enemy and under his fire. Every moment after he had passed the Chickahominy, Lee would be liable to one of two things: the interposition between him and Jackson of the whole of McClellan's army, or the advance of the Federals on Richmond through the ill-defended lines left in charge of Magruder. Moreover, in the event of the enemy's right wing falling back, or of its being driven from the north bank of the Chickahominy, without the main body coming out of its intrenchments, the farther would Lee's own lines of communication be extended; the greater his success, the

greater the concentration of his foes, until at last these foes would be congregated between Richmond and its defenders. Jefferson Davis pointed out that the success of this movement depended upon holding good the earth-works left behind, and that the plan did not take into account the contingency of their capture. Lee was somewhat nettled at the hint that the engineer was predominating over the tactician, but made no change. This criticism of Davis's was a sound one.

In fact, a glaring defect of Lee's plan of operations was its narrowness; it did not include remote conditions, and, worse than all, it did not provide for contingencies. For instance, it took for granted that McClellan would come out of his intrenchments in order to maintain his existing line of communications; yet McClellan was on a peninsula where the waterways were under his control and afforded him a choice of lines on either side, and it was well known that he preferred the line of the James to any other line. It should have suggested itself, also, that the Federal commander would be glad of an excuse to withdraw his right wing from its perilous position, particularly as, in doing so, he would be removing likewise a bone of contention between him and the politicians at Washington. Yet it does not seem to have occurred to Lee to ask himself, What if McClellan does not come out of his intrenchments? or, What if McClellan does come out, but takes position upon a field not of my choosing?

This reflection is further justified by Lee's conduct on the 28th of June, the day succeeding the battle of Gaines' Mill. McClellan had not reinforced Porter until towards the close of this action, and then had not done so sufficiently to enable his lieutenant to assume the offensive; moreover, during the night succeeding the battle Porter had joined McClellan on the south bank. The inference is that Lee's plan for drawing his adver-

sary to the north bank in order to maintain his communications had failed. The Confederate general was at his wits' end; and the surest evidence of his perplexity is that he sent away his cavalry. Generals do not prepare for completing the execution of their plans by depriving themselves of their eyes and ears, as Cyrus styled the horsemen of an army. Evidently a contingency had arisen for which Lee was unprepared, and not until the night of the 28th-29th was well spent did the truth break upon him, and the unforeseen but now indisputable facts point out his course. Then his procedure became plain: it was to counteract McClellan's movements. But this was not the plan with which he left Richmond; it was the one with which he left the Chickahominy, and it had been prescribed to him by his enemy.

This is not the view taken by the Confederate commanders in their reports, nor by the Southern writers: these all assume that Lee's movements during the seven days were successive steps of a single and coherent plan, and they protest with iteration that Lee forced McClellan to precipitate flight. They protest much, but prove too little, since their "evidences of precipitate flight" are narrowed down to the destruction of supplies at Savage's Station, and the abandonment of the field hospitals there, — matters preliminary to every perilous movement in war, and evidence, as it turned out, not of flight, but of stripping for fight. If McClellan had been sitting for weeks before Lee's lines in safety, what was to prevent his continuing to do so, now that the weakness of his right wing had been converted into strength, his army had been concentrated, another base had been substituted for the one abandoned, and, more than all, that his enemy had placed himself beyond the Chickahominy, where he could be rendered powerless to strike?

Nevertheless, no one can peruse the writings of the Confederates without see-

ing that they hug the thought that they had put the Federals to inglorious flight. So far as this notion was a *raison de guerre*, and had served its turn as such at the proper time and place, it may be allowed to pass without comment. General Lee had the same right to use this artifice in order to stimulate his troops that he had to employ any other stimulus for the same purpose; but if he was weak enough to let it control his action as commander in chief, then he is open to the censure that every one who willfully embraces error is subject to.

General Lee did believe that he had put McClellan to inglorious flight, and did govern his actions accordingly. This assertion has for its foundation not only Lee's order congratulating his troops upon the success of the campaign, but also a positive avouchment of General D. H. Hill, one of his most conspicuous commanders. Hill tells the following story, which throws a strong light on the impulses and spirit of Lee and his generals during the latter part of the movement. He says that on the morning of the day upon which the battle of Malvern Hill was fought he met General Lee at the Willis Church, and, after giving him a description of Malvern Hill as he had received it from one living in the neighborhood, he remarked, "If General McClellan is there in force, we had better let him alone." At this, Longstreet, who was present, laughed, and said, "Don't get scared, now that we have got him whipped." Hill adds that "*it was this belief in the demoralization of the Federal army that made General Lee risk the attack.*"

Such being the case, the loss of 6000 Confederates that very day must be laid at General Lee's door; for what ground had he for this belief? His troops had met the Federals at Mechanicsville, at Gaines' Mill, at Savage's Station, and in the actions of the day before, namely, those of White Oak Swamp, Glendale, and Turkey Island Bridge. Was it at

Mechanicsville that he became aware of the demoralization of the Federals? Longstreet himself answers this as follows: "Next to Malvern Hill, the sacrifice (of 'our somewhat disheartened forces') at Beaver Dam was unequaled in demoralization during the entire summer;" and neither he nor any one else has ever so much as hinted that the victorious Federals were demoralized. It could not have been at Mechanicsville, then, that Lee acquired his belief. Was it at Gaines' Mill? Porter took into this battle less than 21,000 men; he received no reinforcements until four o'clock in the afternoon, and after this no more until just before dark. Altogether, when the day closed, he had had under him 27,000 men, but at no time could he have had in hand 24,000 with whom to resist nearly thrice this number. Yet he held his position covering the bridges until two o'clock of the following morning, and then, unmolested, retired in perfect order across the river. It was not at Gaines' Mill that General Lee could have conceived the notion that his adversary was demoralized. Nor was it at Savage's Station, where the Federals gained a victory. Was it at White Oak Swamp or at Glendale? At the former place, Stonewall Jackson and D. H. Hill were kept at bay by the Federals, though within the sound of Longstreet's guns; and it was not until late in the evening that Franklin, having accomplished his object, retired, betraying no evidence of demoralization that the Confederate writers have considered important enough to notice. At Glendale, which was a hard-fought battle, the Federals foiled Longstreet and A. P. Hill, and did not retire until after nightfall and after attaining their object. It is significant that Longstreet, though claiming great success, attributes no part of it to the demoralization of his foes. Was it at Turkey Island Bridge? General D. H. Hill best answers this question in his amusing description of Holmes's discomfiture, and

of the "fleeing chivalry" and "cowering raw levies." In this brief action the demoralization of the Confederates was complete and radical.

Thus it appears, by the admission of the Confederates themselves, that in two of these six actions the demoralization of their own forces was glaring; they say nothing of Federal demoralization in respect to the remaining four battles, and the "evidences of precipitate flight" offered by them are restricted to the incidents already noticed. The conclusion is irresistible that General Lee had not sufficient ground for acting upon his belief in the demoralization of the Federals. To underrate one's adversary is as great a fault as to overrate him. At Malvern Hill Lee underrated his enemy; at Gaines' Mill he overrated him, for at the moment when he said that "the principal part of the Federal army is now on the north side of the Chickahominy" Porter was opposing him with barely one fourth of this army.

If General Lee, during this campaign, did not fully satisfy the high-wrought expectations of the hour in breadth of conception, adherence to plan, capacity to see things as they are, fertility of resources, and the prudence which forbids a general ever to underrate his enemy, neither did he give promise of the excellence he attained afterwards in handling troops in the immediate presence of the enemy. He did not make his mark as a tactician.

At Mechanicsville, Lee as well as A. P. Hill lost patience, for he assented to Hill's proposition to open the ball before the signal was given. This was tantamount to discarding his plans; he certainly showed them scant respect. Once on the ground, everything was nervously hurried; and though it was speedily demonstrated that he could neither pierce the Federal front nor turn the Federal left, he did not desist from the attempt to do so as long as daylight was left. The story may be summed up thus: to-

tal failure to attain his object; Federal loss 361, Confederate loss (exclusive of two brigades and of the artillery) 1589. General Longstreet estimated the whole Confederate loss "between 3000 and 4000." The 44th Georgia alone lost within twenty-six of the number of casualties suffered by the entire Federal line of battle, and after nightfall men roamed over the battlefield crying out, "Where's the 44th Georgia?" but getting no answer. Where was the 44th Georgia, indeed? Yet with over 45,000 men within sound of his voice, Lee did not renew the only attempt that he had made to pass Porter's right flank, though every consideration urged him to repeat the effort. This great loss was due to impatience and to persistence altogether useless, inasmuch as there was nothing to prevent his forbearing or withdrawing from this futile task, and quietly leaving the approach of Jackson to have its effect. Neither here nor at Malvern Hill did General Lee display judgment in attacking. He should not have attacked at all; and in both of these battles one quality essential to good generalship was painfully lacking, — that of ceasing to persist in error. He did not know how to forbear.

The battle of Malvern Hill affords a striking illustration of General Lee's shortcomings as a tactician; it does not present a single redeeming feature to the failure of the Confederates. The outcome of this battle was a complete defeat for them, and not a creditable one at that. Everything upon their side was chaotic: there was no concert, no unity, no leadership. Their conduct was that of blind and senseless giants striking out they knew not whither, and hitting at random. A mass of men would rush up a deadly slope, yelling as if there were a Jericho before them to fall by mere sound; another, at a distance and acting independently, would be doing the same thing: both would be sent back torn to pieces. Then a great

mass would start forward from another quarter, as if the hour appointed for victory had come, and those who were waving the banners were to be the victors; but the remorseless artillery of the Federals speedily drowned their yells, and they too in hot haste found their way back to the cover whence they had emerged. Then other fractions would take their turns in the same way and with the same results. Their tactics were Chinese tactics, sound and fury, signifying nothing; and the strife was one of reeling, obstinate, dogged masses of ill-disciplined and ill-marshaled infantry against well-posted and well-handled artillery that bided its time, and then coolly administered the *coup de grâce*. No cavalry tormented the Federal flanks and rear; it had been sent off on a wild-goose chase four days before. Little artillery boomed from the Confederate front; it was smashed to atoms while getting into position. Infantry, nothing but infantry, and this unwelded, incoherent, decomposed; but to the last it yelled.

The operations of General Lee in this battle will always be classed with those of the great Frederick at Torgau; the student of tactics will be rewarded for his pains in studying them by the complete knowledge he will possess of what to avoid doing. The positions taken were such as the Northern general would have chosen for the Southern army; the on-slaughts were such as he would have dictated; the plan — but there was no plan; it was a go-as-you-please. Beyond the divisions or an occasional corps there was no leadership. "Armistead . . . has been ordered to charge with a yell. Do the same," is that day's contribution to the literature of Orders of Great Captains; and there was nothing in the incoherent drama, as witnessed by the spectators on the Federal side, to indicate that there was such a being on the field as a commander in chief of the Confederate forces. Longstreet — the

Longstreet of Gaines' Mill and of the Glendale of only twenty-four hours before — might as well have been in the moon, for all that the Federals knew of him; Jackson might as well have stayed behind at White Oak Swamp; D. H. Hill, indeed, strutted his brief time upon the stage, and to some purpose, but finding himself unsustained retired to sulk. Holmes was the most sensible man of all: he recognized the fact that a successful attack on the strong position of Malvern Hill from his quarter and with his force was out of the question, and said so. His judgment was approved by the result: he and his men lived to fight another day.

The battle closed with an attack by Magruder at the head of nine brigades. Of the swarm of men in the Federal reserve artillery, which, in anticipation of this onslaught, had been massed within close supporting distance of their line of battle, few gave themselves much concern about the line which they had been sent to support; if it needed more strength, that was already at hand in the masses of infantry that were approaching from the reserves. The scene was brilliant beyond description, and all that is beautiful and grand in battle was in the picture. The Confederates, deployed into line, pressed nearer and nearer, but, for a wonder, had ceased to yell; the order for the day had been forgotten, and they were silent. As they stood in a rapidly thinning line of battle, the Federal reinforcements, accompanied by Porter himself, arrived at their front, and added volume to the roll of musketry. The smoke which rose from the line soon hid friend and foe from view. At last the firing began to die away; there was a movement on the right, another on the left, — the cavalry and horse artillery were going up. The smoke lifted, and objects could be discerned through the dissipating cloud: the Federal line was advancing, the Confederates who had not gone were going, the gunboats were dropping shells where

the enemy was supposed to be, a siege battery was assisting in the acceleration of the Confederates' flight, and the show was over. "Pretty, but not war," was heard on all sides, and yet General Lee gained great fame on that day.

General Lee mentions the lack of accurate knowledge of the region that was to be fought over, and this observation is echoed by D. H. Hill. All the greater need, therefore, of careful reconnoissance; but in this respect the Confederates are open to censure. Thus, the needless slaughter at Mechanicsville might have been spared, if A. P. Hill had reconnoitred the Federal position properly. At Gaines' Mill, Jackson actually posted D. H. Hill's division so that its left flank was exposed to the enemy; ignorance of the lay of the land caused utmost confusion in his own corps while getting into position, and, toward the close of the day, prevented a serious movement on the Federal right in following up the advantage. At Allen's Farm and at Savage's Station, if Magruder had made careful reconnoissances, he would have learned in the morning that there was an interval of more than a mile between General Smith and the troops on his left; and he had a fair chance of learning, too, that the Federals were lacking in reserves. In the afternoon, he seems to have made his attack in ignorance of the fact that the Federal left was *en l'air* by reason of Heintzelman's premature departure: had he known this, it is not probable that he would have kept his troops which were north of the railroad idle spectators of the fight. On the 30th of June, if Jackson had prosecuted his reconnoissance seriously in the direction of Brackett's Ford, which lay at his right elbow, he could not have failed to perceive the feasibility of crossing there, and by one movement cutting off Franklin at White Oak Bridge and falling upon the right of the Federals then engaged in the battle of Glendale. On the same day,

Holmes, who had come all the way from the south bank of the James, stumbled into the presence of Porter's corps and the concentrated fire of thirty pieces of artillery, to his utter discomfiture, — a result that could have been avoided by his taking the trouble to look where he was going. Last of all, if General Lee's reconnoissance of Malvern Hill had been worthy of the occasion, it is not to be believed that he would have rushed forward to the disaster that stared him in the face.

The campaign of the seven days had its surprises in store for the critics, especially in that which related to the qualities of the commanders in chief. Who would have supposed that in the quiet, church-going, self-contained, and orderly man with gray hairs lay a love of fighting with which that only of a Phil Kearny or of an A. P. Hill can be compared, and an audacity in the glare of which that of Stonewall Jackson pales? Yet in deserting his fortifications and courting the chances of the open field General Lee exhibited this high quality of audacity in greater measure than any general has done during the latter half of the present century. Was he warranted in taking the field when he did? Unquestionably: the spur was in his side, and fate kept whispering *l'audace, l'audace, toujours l'audace*. No man of Lee's mould was ever deaf to that prompting. Fortune in war loves a daring suitor, and he who throws down the gauntlet may always count upon his adversary to help him, unless that adversary be an Alexander, a Cæsar, a Frederick, or a Napoleon. Men may fill volumes with criticism of this or that plan of campaign, and may set forth by the dozen faults which should have ruined the generals that committed them; nevertheless, he who has studied the campaigns of great men has never failed to be struck with this fact, that in the execution of plans founded upon calm, close, judicial study

of the situation it is the chief displaying the greatest audacity who wins. The audacity that is the offspring of judgment is the quality that seasons generalship; this it is which gains the ends of states and makes men heroes. Frederick at Leuthen, Napoleon at Arcola, Washington at Trenton, — no wonder that the Southern people will not hearken to the defects betrayed by Lee in this campaign, when he exhibited from first to last the one trait which atones for all shortcomings.

General Lee deserves great credit for promptitude and vigor. When the perplexity of the 28th of June came to an end, he became aggressive on the instant. He was all action, and echoed Macbeth to the letter: "From this moment the very firstlings of my heart shall be the firstlings of my hand." The conditions under which he acted rendered success almost impossible: after recrossing the Chickahominy, the tables were

liable to be turned at every step, and in fact the moment when Lee supposed himself to be on the point of a great victory would have been the moment for a Napoleon to annihilate him. Was he aware how critical his affairs then stood, and that, while his adversary had wagered the success of a single campaign only, he had staked his very existence? If so, he did not betray the faintest sign of faltering. It is said that when he found his prey had slipped through his grasp, he did not utter a word of reproach against those who had merited reproach. Thus this campaign closed with success, but, audacity apart, not with success won.

Lord Bacon says, "In meditation all dangers should be seen; in execution none, unless very formidable." Lee took the latter half of this apothegm to heart, and McClellan the former: between the two, the art of war is beholden to this campaign in nothing.

Eben Greenough Scott.

WAR'S USE OF THE ENGINES OF PEACE.

THE question of our national defense, always a difficult one, is now complicated by financial stringency, which imposes upon Congress a rigorous economy, while the construction and arming of forts and war ships necessarily demand an enormous expenditure.

Yet the nation must be prepared for defense as soon as possible, for no one can say when we may have to take up a gage of battle. Is it, therefore, possible to devise a secondary system of defense, which can strengthen without supplanting our primary system, and can be rapidly developed at a very moderate cost, and yet be of sufficient power to afford defense to our most exposed points until enough of time and treasure may be expended to bring to completion our

permanent defensive system, of which the powerful work at Sandy Hook is so magnificent an example?

As a partial answer to this question, the following suggestions are submitted, as containing matter not unworthy of consideration, with the claim that the facts and principles relied on are well known, and are manifested in the daily routine of civil and social life.

The problem of closing waterways by artillery fire alone, since the application of steam and armor to ships of war, has proved a very difficult one, as has been frequently demonstrated, notably by us during our civil war, when the passage of the Mississippi River was forced by the Union's wooden ships at its lower forts, at Port Hudson and Vicksburg; and while

the defenders there had neither the formidable guns, explosives, or projectiles, nor the appliances for securing accuracy of fire, of to-day, yet neither were they opposed by ships as strongly armored or armed, or as swift, as are those ships which now might assail or attempt to run by our new forts. A further evidence of the inability of forts to protect waterways by artillery alone has been recently furnished by the facility with which Mello's ships passed in and out of port at Rio de Janeiro in defiance of the three formidable forts at its entrance.

But suppose hostile ships of war should run past a fort, or suppose the fire of the hostile navy should destroy, or even cripple, the fort and its guns, so that the enemy's fleet passed the fort: is it not well, instead of a calamitous surrender to the enemy, to construct some system, if it be possible, whereby a secondary defense may be brought into operation when artillery fire shall have proved insufficient?

If it were given to Edison or Sir William Thomson, or to other experts, to devise some plan which, without crippling or interfering with the present military systems, but rather coöperating with them, would rely principally upon agencies other than those in common military use, and apply them to the defense of a line say a hundred miles long, or of the area of a circle sixty miles in diameter, the centre of such circle being New York, or any other point selected for defense, it is reasonable to suppose such a plan would indicate the possibility of realizing unexpected and wonderful results. There may be doubts as to what particular plan they would recommend, but there are certain considerations, possibilities, and facts which stand out so prominently that they would be necessarily woven into it.

Of course torpedoes of every kind would be used; and, beside these, a primary consideration would be to use agencies the forces of which could be generated at points so remote from the

enemy as to be beyond his power of attack, while at the same time these forces could, with absolute security, be rapidly transferred into positions sufficiently near the enemy to develop their destructive powers, thereby essentially differing from forts or ships, which, in order to attack or defend, must necessarily be brought within the range of the enemy's power of attack.

Electric currents of enormous energy, capable, under the condition of actual contact, of destroying life in any number of men exposed to it, and possibly ships of war also, can be generated at points thirty miles or more distant from the localities where they are expected to be used, and be transferred there with inconsiderable decrease of power. Inflammable oils can be conveyed through pipes by gravitation, or pumps working, if necessary, twenty miles from point of discharge, and after discharge can be instantaneously ignited whenever desired, and, when discharged upon or under water, will float and burn upon its surface.

Thus, electricity and inflammable oils meet the primary consideration of possessing centres of supply and activity remote from the enemy, and of developing powers capable of almost instantaneous transmission to points where they could operate effectively against an enemy, with a continuous renewal and supply of power; and therefore currents of electricity and inflammable oils, separately or jointly, are well adapted for use in defensive war.

It must be borne in mind that an enemy, when he attacks, must advance upon the defender's position following certain determinate lines, and encountering such obstacles as the defender may have created on the terrene and waters in his possession.

Owing to our ocean-guarded frontier, only a small interest is felt by us in considering how attacks made upon land may be repelled; and therefore only a few suggestions will be made showing

how electricity and inflammable oils can be used for defense upon land.

It is self-evident that no rampart could be scaled, no fortress stormed, no lines or intrenched positions carried, by troops suddenly brought into actual contact with continuous alternating electric currents of 1400 volt power or more; or by troops required to cross a ditch, or area of ground, sheeted with or spouting inflammable oil, capable of being ignited at the moment of actual combat.

It may be said that the electric wires could be rendered harmless by bodies of troops protected by non-conducting armor, or provided with non-conducting cutting appliances; but when it is considered that the wires would be under the guns of the defenders, that every contrivance that could be suggested would be used to multiply and even renew wires, to raise them unexpectedly, to project them into position repeatedly during the attack, it may be assumed that the electric current could, by some one of many devices, overmaster the counter-defense, and successfully develop its own power. In addition it must be considered that the electric current could and ought to be used in union with other agencies, and especially with inflammable oils brought in continuously flowing streams or spouting jets to selected points of anticipated attack, and ignited at any opportune moment.

It may be further objected that the apparatus for electric defenses and inflammable oil would be too complicated and troublesome for practical use; but it cannot be denied that the electric current and the oil can be readily and safely brought to desired points, and that the agencies to employ either are as simple as those required for rockets and torpedoes, for the gun-carriages of heavy artillery, for loading, manœuvring, and firing heavy guns, and especially more simple than the complicated machinery designed for fighting heavy guns in movable or even fixed turrets in ships of war.

If, then, it be sought to work out a plan whereby a line one hundred miles long could be defended with few men and great effectiveness, it may be assumed, as is the fact in the United States and Europe, that lines of commercial railways, with rare exceptions, constitute strategic lines; and that if a continuous belt of land, say six miles wide, of which belt the said railways form the centre, could be successfully held, all the conditions of war would be absolutely dominated and controlled by those who hold and possess such continuous belt of land.

If continuous belts of land, six or even four miles wide, could be securely held by fortifying railways with mobile armament, the military effect would be the same as if a deep and navigable river, four or six miles wide, covered with the defender's ships of war, were encountered by an enemy destitute of ships.

It is to be noted that this system does not contemplate the fortifying of only a single line of railway, but of all those over which the advance of an enemy must cross; and hence when, as in most of the civilized countries, lines of railways approximate each other on nearly parallel or inclined lines, and especially when they cross, all should be armed with batteries, whereby the defensive power of each would be greatly intensified, as the enemy must assault a network of fortified lines, and expose himself to front, flank, and rear fire.

So numerous are railway lines that in civilized countries no battles can be fought away from them.

In the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, all the battles were fought so near to railways that their result would have been controlled if such railways had been fortified and held by properly constructed batteries.

In England, no invading army could even camp without crossing several lines of railways, which, if equipped with mobile batteries, would hold an invading army in a state of siege before it could

deploy itself. Most of the great battles of our civil war were fought along or near railway lines, and it was at the battle of Savage Station, near Richmond, that, for the first time in actual war, General Lee used an ironclad railroad battery moving on and fired from a commercial railway; but a single battery can effect no more than a single link in a chain.

Armored and unarmored batteries, probably costing not more than a section of horse artillery, can be placed upon the railways and be moved thereon with great celerity, can be armed with guns far heavier than any that can be readily transported over roads by animal power, and can be made absolutely inexpugnable by means of machine guns and many other known and effective instrumentalities, and by proper support. Many facts confirm these assertions, and amongst them the experience of actual war, the firing of even the heaviest guns from rails at most of the official tests, and the frequent transportation by railways of the heaviest guns, notably of the 124-ton Krupp gun and its 25-ton carriage from the Chesapeake Bay to Chicago.

The system of the use of mobile batteries on railways has been explained and advocated by the writer of this article in a work entitled *Mobilizable Fortifications*, published several years ago.

The guns of these batteries would have dispersed positions and converging fire, right and left, upon all points of the belts of land within their effective range, which ought not to be less than four miles; and, owing to the celerity of their motion, could be concentrated from points twenty or more miles distant before the columns of attack could march two miles within the zone of defensive fire.

The ordinary objection that railway cuts and surrounding hills would mask the batteries, and allow them to be approached and captured, or the rails to be torn up, is completely answered when it is considered that it is not one or two

railway batteries that would be assailed, but continuous lines of batteries, having reasonable support, and beyond the ability of attack to outflank; so that when the front fire of a battery would be masked, the fire of batteries to the right and left would be encountered.

What number of railway batteries would be required to defend a hundred-mile section of railway, and how such batteries should be armed and how supported, are matters of military judgment and detail; but it is certain that, owing to their rapid mobility, a less number of guns and men would be needed than by the present system, while horses, field artillery, carriages, and caissons could be dispensed with, and probably not fifty batteries would be required, if suitably armed and endowed with motion.

Of course it would be simple folly to provide only a few railway batteries, for then they would not have mutual support, and could be flanked and the rails torn up; but if well equipped and in proper numbers, the links of the chain of defense would be complete, and an enemy would be compelled to make a front attack upon a line without flanks and growing stronger during the attack, owing to the mobility of the batteries, and to march three miles under artillery and machine-gun fire searching both of his flanks and his front, and increasing in intensity as he advanced, without support from his own artillery, as it is evident that none could be dragged into position by animals under the converging fire of the superior guns of the railway batteries.

The effectiveness of the defense of the batteries upon a line like this would be much improved by the use of electricity and of inflammable oils, particularly in localities presenting especial weakness or importance; but for want of space no details will be gone into, as the methods of use are very apparent.

Electric plants of sufficient power to destroy life might, in exceptional cases,

be carried on rails, or even on land, while ordinarily the commercial plants of cities and villages within a radius of thirty miles could be utilized.

But when the use of these novel agencies is considered in relation to defense against naval attack, the application of electricity for that purpose presents doubts and difficulties that do not apply to the use of inflammable oils.

There is no doubt that there can be developed by suitable generators an electric current of sufficient power to destroy a ship of war, but the method of transmitting it so as to create actual contact, the mode of its operation and its effects, are matters of theory upon which no other data are available except those based upon deductions from the use of currents of inferior power.

There are many easy and practicable means of establishing actual contact with ships even when quite distant, and electricians can define the rate of power required to be destructive, and the devices to render it effective after contact be established; but it is manifest that a ship of war brought into actual contact with an electric current of 4000 volt power, or even less, would be in deadly peril, and the commercial electric plants of New York, Boston, and other cities might, at a minimum of cost, be utilized for experiment and service.

But the suggestion of the use of inflammable oils for defense against naval attack is one the practicability of which can be safely asserted, as the essential elements of it have passed beyond theory, and are in actual daily operation.

Let us consider, for example, a plan for the defense of the Mississippi River. The Eads jetties have for a considerable distance narrowed the width of the channel at its mouth to about four hundred feet, and inflammable oil, pumped or discharged from remote points, could easily be made available, even at the moment of attack, to sheet with oil the surface of the narrow channel, ready to

be ignited when desirable, and to be carried forward by the current against any approaching hostile ship. From New Orleans to its mouth the river varies in width one thousand yards, more or less. At selected points remote from attack, when a hostile fleet would seek to ascend the river, from either bank could be discharged inflammable oil in ample quantity, ready, at the touch of an electric button, to burst into flames and be carried by the current against the enemy.

It would be impossible to ascend the river under these circumstances. What width of channel could be protected by fire defense cannot be stated with accuracy, as no exact data are available; but the capability of pumps is great and the oil supply ample, so that many points beside the Mississippi River could be barred by flames against ships. Most rivers could be, and also those ports where narrow and winding channels are the only means of entrance. Numerous ports and rivers, at home and abroad, could be indicated. The approaches to Constantinople and the Suez Canal might, amongst others, be barred by flames. It is probable that, at the trifling cost of a connection with the oil pipe lines, many of the channels leading into New York could be so barred, especially those entering by East River. There is now a width of only one thousand feet at low water from deep water below the Narrows to deep water beyond the Bars. The winding channels at Galveston and in Detroit River possibly could be thus defended, and many others beside.

A system of this kind would be more effective if carefully studied, prepared, and even experimented on in advance; but it could be rapidly improvised, and even rubber pipes might be used in an emergency, and each fort, in the absence of pipe lines or other facilities, might be made a centre of oil distribution when necessary.

If a ship or fleet attempted to force a passage, and the conditions were such

that a discharge of oil through pipes would not be effective, wooden hulks could be filled with oil, ready to become fire ships, scattering burning oil in every direction. They could be placed or towed in position by steam, cables, or other power, steered from land or otherwise, and fired and exploded when desired.

The possibilities of this system are very many and apparent. There are other devices and agencies that might be described, if space permitted.

These suggestions are made with no claim of originality, unless there be something of novelty in the proposal to combine them, after study and experiment, into a complete system.

When the vast extent of our coast lines, fronting upon the oceans, the Gulf, and the Great Lakes, is considered, the task of defending by permanent works only points of the first importance is almost too heavy to be borne, while even this cannot be accomplished in half a century; and therefore we should stimulate our studies to find something to be immediately available, and which, if shown by experiment to be effective and reliable, may afford security, and besides work enormous economy in money and time.

Our Great Lake cities are absolutely at the mercy of any one of the eighty gunboats, drawing less than ten or twelve feet of water, that England can introduce into the Lakes through the Canadian canals, and our government ought to find some speedy and effective method of protecting this defenseless wealth and population.

If by spending many millions we are able to protect New York and Brooklyn, what is to be done for the protection of the numerous cities, villages, and factories along Long Island Sound and the Massachusetts coast? How many forts, how many guns, will be required to protect even one half of them, and how much time and how many millions of

taxes will be consumed before the thinnest shreds of defense can be created; and what of the rest of our coast, Lake, and Gulf lines?

Therefore, if it be possible to put heavy artillery upon rails, and move and fire it, as it is claimed that facts and experience have proved, would it not be well that the government should make some efforts to utilize this system for the defense of Long Island Sound, the Massachusetts coast, and other like localities? Ten heavy guns in permanent position would dominate only their limited fields of fire; but the same ten guns, if endowed with the rapid mobility which steam or other motors may give on rails, might defend almost every part of the mainland from New York to Point Judith, and perhaps beyond. Summoned by electricity when their presence might be required, and transported on rails, they could with great rapidity be moved twenty or thirty miles into prepared or open positions before the hostile ships could drop anchor, or even be near enough to fire a gun, and, in addition, could follow them to any menaced point.

The possibilities of commanding railways and a belt of land upon each side, by means of railway batteries of easy construction and little cost, should engage the attention of a practical and economical government like ours, with a small military establishment, exposed, as all governments are, to foreign and civil wars and broils; and the time may come when interests of immeasurable value may depend upon the government, with its small army, holding and protecting its great arterial food-bearing and coal-supplying railroads, which, if broken or seriously interrupted, would disorganize great centres of population, and paralyze military and commercial operations.

If it be practicable to do this, what folly not to do it! And how can the practicability be ascertained if the government fail to investigate and experiment? And there are the commercial railways, elec-

tric plants, and pipe lines ready, at a trifling cost of money, to furnish proof whether the achievements of peaceful industry can or cannot be successfully employed for its protection against the assaults of destructive war.

If by these means the superiority of

defensive war over attack could be clearly established, there would follow a reduction of armaments, conscriptions, and war taxes. The certainty of defeat would restrain aggressive wars, and the energies of governments would be directed to improvement, and not to destruction.

Joseph L. Brent.

THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE.

It was the time of great purposes and small hopes; it was the time of grand deeds and dark dreams; it was the time of glory and madness, of love and despair; it was the time of the greatest motives and the noblest achievement, the truest praying and the bitterest suffering, that our land and our day have known.

The story which I have to tell, in so far as it is a story at all, is a tale of the war, and therefore not in the fashion. It is in such important particulars true that it may ask a respectful hearing, since, in the matter of which I have to speak, it will be found that the fact rather than the way of putting the fact is the source of interest.

It was the summer of the year 1862, in the New England university town which let us call Bonn upon these pages. The year and the term were at their bloom; the elms were in rich leaf, and stood stately, like unconscious pagan divinities, august, in groups and ranks upon the college greens. The paths were weeded and clean. The grass was long and luxuriant; for this was before it was thought necessary to shave one's lawn to fighting-cut. The June air melted delicately against the cheek. The proper cultivated flowers grew in the proper places, as such things do in well-directed towns. The white Persian lilac was in blossom in the sedate gardens of the faculty. The well-trimmed honeysuckle clambered over the well-painted porch.

The June lilies, in rows, stood decorously dying on the edges of the graveled paths. No one ever did anything indecorously in Bonn, — except, of course, the boys.

One of the boys had been dangerously near an indecorum in one of those highly cultivated gardens on the June day of which we speak. It had been a merry day, full of sun and winds and spices, full of the essences of growth and blossom and of reaching on to that larger life which precedes a glowing death; and the sturdy boy felt it, as he ought to, restlessly; not as the serene elms did, and the white lilac. The elms always seemed to him to belong to the faculty.

As he sat in the shade of the particular elm that overhung the southeast corner of Professor Thornell's garden, on the rustic seat (of iron, painted, not at all rusty) against the high stone wall, the arms of the tree swooped over him vigilantly, and gave him an uneasy sense as of one who would be requested to stay after that recitation if he forgot himself. Nature herself always seemed, in Bonn, to be appointed by the trustees.

His companion on the painted rustic seat did not say "swooped." She said "swept," — the branches swept. She was the only daughter of Professor Thornell.

The young man, it was easy to see at a glance, was of the sort known in college circles as the popular fellow. This may mean almost anything; it sometimes

means the best of things, as perhaps in this instance. He had a happy, hearty face. His eye was as direct as a noon sunbeam, and at times as bright; at others, it withdrew, like the eyes of a much older man, into a subdued cloud, blue, or gray, or violet, or one knew not what. He had bright brown hair, curly, and beneath the boyish mustache the cut of a firm, rather full, but remarkably delicate mouth was agreeably visible. He had the complexion and hands of carefully reared but athletic boys. He did not look as if he had ever done a stroke of work in his life outside of a campus or a schoolroom. One smiled on glancing from his cheek, ruddy and fair as a girl's, to his palms, gnarled with the knocks of baseball, and his iron wrists. He had a round, Greek head, well set upon his shoulders. Seen for the first time in a crowd, an experienced teacher would have said of him, "There goes a promise, — a well-born, well-balanced promise."

The girl beside him was a trifle older than he, by the shade of a year, perhaps. At their age each camel's-hair stroke of the brush of time tells. This little circumstance added dignity to her carriage and appearance. She hardly needed it. To some of the students she would have been more charming with a touch less of stateliness, but Harold Grand liked her the better for it. Deep in his young heart he was proud of the fact that the fellows used to say that you could not get near her with a ten-foot pole. This ancient and obvious figure of speech was the final college tribute to the distance, the modesty, and the sweet haughtiness of womanhood. Young Grand rated it accordingly.

In the pleasant, delicate fashion with which our best young people conduct such comradeships they had been friends for a long time, as university time goes, since junior year; and he was about to graduate. They talked friendship, as young folks do. Of love they had never spoken.

We speak of language as if it depended

upon the lips to utter. What does the heart say, and what the turn of the head, the touch of the hand, the fall of the foot, or the mood of the eyes? He sat looking at her that day steadfastly, with the bright, fearless, masculine gaze before which her own drooped. She leaned against the painted seat, and stirred uneasily. "Will you have the rest of the song?" she said. She reached around without turning her head, and lifted her guitar from the grass to her lap. Miriam did not play the piano, like the other girls. To please her father she had accomplished herself in the use of this old-fashioned instrument, her mother's guitar. She played for Harold now and then because he liked it. Little dashes of light from the elm branches overhead flecked her sensitive face. She was not a beautiful girl, but she had the prophecy of a noble face.

She wore the "spring-and-fall dress" of a well-regulated professor's daughter, who must always appear as pretty as possible on the least possible sum of money. The dress was gray, trimmed with dark blue. Her eyes played between the two colors. She wore a drapery sleeve, in the fashion of the day, with a wide, full white undersleeve finished with a narrow linen cuff; a linen collar bound her throat: both were fastened by plain gold studs. Her hands, like her playing, were different from the other girls', for she wore no rings.

Young Grand was quite familiar with the details of this severe little costume, for it was not new this spring. It seemed to him a kind of celestial uniform created for her, but he had never said so. She mourned sometimes that she could not "dress" when Harold called. She would have liked to put on a new gown every time he came to see her, and so be a new girl on each occasion; but she had never said that, either. She did not feel so when the other boys called. Now, when Tom Seyd came it was quite different.

"Yes, play to me, please," said Harold Grand.

She struck a few notes, and stopped.

"I can't!" she pleaded.

"Why not?"

"It's because — it's the way — it's the way you look at me."

He did not look at her any the less for this. She began to tremble, and her cheek blazed. Then he took a swift, manly pity upon her, and folded his arms and turned his head, staring at the stone wall and the elm-tree. He had never touched her in his life; beyond the conventional grasp of meeting and parting, his had never met her hand. He would as soon have dared to touch the Ludo-visi Juno. But now his moment of weakness overtook him, as it overtakes most of us at some unexpected time. His fingers strolled to the edge of her gray dress; his arms ached to take her, so he folded them, like the young gentleman that he was, and nodded at the faculty elms as who should say, "No, sir! You don't keep me after this recitation!" And Miriam began to sing.

Thus ran the scene of their simple courtship; so plain and pure and young, one might say so primitive, that it seems almost too slender to reset, in these days when our very boys and girls coquet with the audacity and the complexity of men and women of the world. And that was all.

Call the memory on wings through the upper air, move the sympathy gently, and summon the imagination softly, and, possibly, then one may understand what one has forgotten or what one never understood. We keep ourselves supplied with superior, slighting phrases for the loves of boys and girls. It would become us to preserve our respect for, and our comprehension of, experiences which may be the tenderest and the truest of life.

And Miriam, under the elm-tree in her father's garden, to her mother's guitar, began to sing: —

"Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey;
Over rocks that are steepest,
Love will find out the way.'"

She had a sweet, not a strong voice; and she sang as the young and the happy do. Harold Grand unfolded his arms. He became curiously aware of the pressure of his mother's ring upon his finger. His eyes dropped from the elm to the white lilac; then they strayed to the drooping yellow lilies. The end of the long blue ribbon at her throat blew in the warm air against his wrist. He restrained it softly with his hand.

"Go on," he whispered; for the girl had stopped.

"Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves,'"

sang Miriam, —

"Over the mountains,
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way.'"

Her voice fell and ceased; her ringless hands strayed over the strings of the old-fashioned instrument; she looked as if she had come out of a picture of the date of her mother's youth. He watched her profile, with the braid of brown hair low in the neck, and the silver arrow piercing the coil above. The air began to cool a little in the hot garden. The bees whispered sleepily to the honey-suckle, disdaining the lilies, which had left their prime behind them. The afternoon sank.

"Yet I like them," said Miriam abruptly. "I love those yellow lilies as long as they live, and when they die I love their ghosts. You never could think how they look by moonlight! I come out sometimes and walk up and down that path, quite late, to see them."

"You are changing the subject," suggested the young man, but not with the self-possession that the little sally might have implied.

"I have forgotten what the subject

was," said Miriam mischievously ; for she had recovered herself the first of the two, as women do.

"Oh — it is one as old as — older than we are — older than earth is, for aught I know," the boy said, passing his hand over his eyes. "And I was going to say — to try to say" —

Then the color burned the girl's fine, reserved face from brow to throat. Then she caught her breath, and thrust out her hand as if she would have interrupted him. But she was spared her pretty maiden trouble.

Professor Thornell, accompanied by Professor Seyd (of the Scientific Chair), came down the garden walk. The two learned men walked ponderously between the rows of yellow lilies. They discussed the unfortunate friction at the last faculty meeting, and the probable course of pedagogical harmony at the meeting of that night. They were absorbed in these great themes. They looked vaguely at the young people on the painted iron settee. Professor Thornell smiled affectionately at his daughter and passed on, and forgot her at once.

It no more occurred to him that she and young Grand needed matronizing than that he should offer a chaperon to the busts of Apollo and Minerva in the college library. But when he had paced to the garden fence and back again, he stopped confusedly to say : —

"My dear, I forgot — we are so driven with Commencement business — I forgot entirely that I had a message from your mother. She said I was to tell you — How unfortunate ! It was some minor domestic errand. Professor Seyd, what *was* it that Mrs. Thornell desired to have done ?" pleaded the Professor of English Letters helplessly.

"She desired a salad prepared for supper," prompted the Professor of Science accurately. "She desired, if you found Miss Miriam, that she should prepare a *potato* salad, with the addition of beets."

Miriam rose at once. She gathered

her guitar to her lap, and put on her straw hat. The two heavily instructed gentlemen continued their walk up and down the garden paths ; they discussed faculty matters, supperless and inaccessible, till eight o'clock that night.

The two young people passed on up to the house between the rows of dying lilies. They passed in silence, and separated at the front door. The winged moment had fled. The sacred embarrassment of youth and love fell between them. For his life he could not then have finished his sentence. Nor could she, for hers, have helped him.

Now, the scientific professor, having an unscientific and emotional wife, had gone home, as her nerves exacted, to report himself to her ; thus he came late to the faculty meeting at the President's house. Professor Thornell was annoyed.

"We need all hands to-night," he remarked, with the natural acerbity of a colleague.

Professor Seyd turned upon him a stiffened face ; it showed an unprecedented lack of color ; he was usually a red, comfortable man.

"Have you seen the bulletins ?" he demanded shortly. "I am just from the telegraph office. We have been defeated again. Our losses are said to be" — He began slowly to repeat, with his own frightful, statistical accuracy, the rumors — for there were only rumors yet to turn to — of the evening : *Killed* — *Wounded* — *Missing* — a fearful table.

The faculty sprang from their chairs and gathered round him, while with pallid lips he recounted the horrors of one of the worst days of the Peninsular campaign. The gray-haired President uttered a fierce, unscholarly exclamation, and automatically reached for his hat and cane. He acknowledged afterwards that it came into his head to go down town and enlist. For once in the history of Bonn University, Commencement was obliterated from the consciousness of her

professors. The quarrel in the faculty was forgotten. The Professor of English Letters and the Professor of Science shook hands with the Mathematical Chair, their chronic foe.

"The boys are beside themselves. They are unmanageable," said Professor Seyd, with evident agitation. "The whole University is in the streets. It is rumored that President Lincoln will issue a call for more troops. Five sixths of the senior class will enlist, if he does, and — God bless them! — I would if I were they!"

He had a boy of his own in the senior class. It never had occurred to him that *Tom* could go.

"Hush!" said Professor Thornell, with a break in his voice. "Hear them, now. Listen!"

Far down the street and wide over the college green the boys were singing; not wildly, but with a restrained pathos and solemnity, strange to their young lips: —

"And then, whate'er befalls me,
I'll go where duty calls me."

The tramping of their steps fell on the smooth, hard streets like the marching of an army corps. It approached the President's house with measured tread.

"The college militia is out," observed Professor Thornell. "They have done some good drilling, our boys."

The faculty answered with proud eyes. These elderly men flung open the doors and windows, and rushed out like boys to meet the other boys as they poured upon the lawn, calling for speeches. In the centre of the crowd stood the college company, drawn up rank and file. The lights blazed upon their grave young faces. They saluted their instructors solemnly. Their Captain advanced from the line. He stood apart, with his curly head bared, while he conferred with the President. Nobody had such a manner as young Grand. He had heroic beauty that night. His eyes were elate and remote. He seemed to see no person present.

But Tom Seyd, back in the ranks, looked straight at his old father.

In the house of the Professor of English Literature, half a mile down the surging street, a girl opened the window of her room, and put aside the white dimity curtain, to lean over the sill and listen. The drumbeats tapped the hot night air, and grew above the ceasing and the silenced college songs.

"It is the boys out drilling," thought Miriam. "They are having a good time. I wish I could see . . . He looks so handsome in that uniform! And father will make them a speech."

Commencement at Bonn was but a broken drama, that agitated year. The ceremonials began, after their usual fashion at that time and in that college, upon one of the closing days of June. But on the 1st of July came the yet well-remembered call of the President of the United States for three hundred thousand more recruits.

He who lived the war through in a university town knows what patriotism meant, in those large days, to our educated men. Where was found the purer motive, the braver, nobler act? What class of heroes in our smitten land offered to their country life more high and precious, or death so calm, intelligent, and grand?

The scientific professor, with his habitual accuracy, had foretold the turn of affairs in the college quite precisely. In fact, five sixths of the senior class, in one wild burst of sacred rage, offered themselves for enlistment; and a large number were accepted. The boys exchanged their diplomas for their muskets. The professors held an impromptu faculty meeting on the platform of the exhibition hall, where, for the first time in the history of the old University, Commencement etiquette was hurled to the winds. The short-breathed trustees clambered up by the winding stairs into

the anteroom, and these venerable men, with streaming eyes, signed the sheepskins, which they dispatched after the young heroes who had flung scholastic honor and peace and safety down at the scorching feet of that great July. And so the senior class of Bonn was nobly and irregularly graduated, and marched away.

In those fiery days, personal tragedy was but the little tongue of flame in the great conflagration. Men swept to their doom with ecstasy, and the firm-set lip trembled only when it gave the last kiss at home. Women, old in trouble, took upon their souls one anguish more, and uttered no complaint. Girls — sometimes I think that the girls had the hardest of it. Nobody thought so then, or perhaps believes it now. Who has ever measured the depths of the possibility of suffering in a girl's heart? She is so unused to life, so young and trustful of joy! She expects to be happy; she has endured so little, she has hoped so much; she tastes of tenderness and anticipates delight; she prays to God, she adores her lover, and believes in her fair fate. Why do the gray-haired women weep? What is this prattle about trouble that she overhears? By love she is incredulous of sorrow. By youth she overcomes the world.

Miriam, in her father's house, sat dumb. In an hour, in a moment, it seemed, her catastrophe had come upon her. At the call for three hundred thousand more to fight the war out, he had given himself, without doubt or delay. The Captain of the college militia had dashed into service without a commission, and came to her in his private's uniform to say good-by.

In the whirlwind of those few wild days, leisure was the inaccessible thing, and privacy impossible. He came: it was a matter of moments. He was allowed a day in which to visit his home in New York; for he had a mother and

a sister. *They* had rights. Miriam had none. Who thought to leave the boy and girl alone together? It did not occur to the unimaginative mother of an unengaged daughter to force the situation, or to create a difficult tête-à-tête in a house full of company long ago bidden for the spoiled Commencement, and staying over out of sheer excitement, to discuss the national emergency. It did not occur to the Professor of English Literature, who bustled in to bid his favorite student Godspeed, and to tell him that the University was proud of him. Babbling guests overflowed the parlors and library, the piazza, and the hall itself.

It was raining, and the garden was uninhabitable. The two young people, in the pitiable publicity which, forced at the crisis of fate, has separated thousands of approaching lives, said farewell. They looked miserably into each other's eyes. Miriam heard an old clergyman in the back parlor doorway talking about Arianism. A professor's wife in the hall was cackling to another about the lint that she had picked for the soldiers. Dully the girl was conscious that her father — dear old stupid father! — stood behind her. He was telling Harold for the third time that Bonn was proud of her noble boys. Before everybody she and Harold clasped hands. Before all those people she saw him move across the threshold of her father's door, and step out into the summer storm and leave her. She stirred into the vestibule, and stood beside him. In the garden the elm-trees were tossing about; a wet gust blew against her thin dress, — she wore a white organdie muslin with a little vari-colored pattern; she shivered in the wind. From the stone wall drops were dripping on the iron seat. The yellow lilies lay over in the gravel, beaten by the storm.

"I shall write to you," he said, "I shall write." He wrung her cold hand. She gave one look at his bowed face; its expression awed her. She saw him put on his military cap. He turned and

lifted it when he had reached the sidewalk. All the people stood about, but he looked only at her.

Miriam made her way back through the Commencement company. She felt her way upstairs by the banisters, for she seemed to be going blind. She held the muscles of her face stiff. Everybody could see her. She was only an unbetrotthed girl, — she had no right to cry.

She got up to her room, thrust open her blinds, and leaned against the dimity curtain. But she could not see him. She thought she heard the tread of his ringing feet as they turned the corner.

She tottered to her white bed, and flung herself face down. And the people babbled in the parlors. But the old clergyman talked no more of Arianism. Word had just been sent him by telegraph from New Hampshire that his only son had enlisted for the war. By and by a maid knocked at Miriam's door; for young Mr. Seyd had come; he would go to camp in the morning.

"Oh, I can't — I *can't*!" moaned Miriam. "Maggie . . . manage somehow!" She held her arms up to the other girl, her mother's servant, the only other young thing in the house.

"An' that you sha'n't!" cried Maggie. She went up to Miriam, and out of her warm Irish heart, and on the passion of the solemn time that washed out all little human laws and lines, she kissed her young mistress, for the first and only time in her life, and went away without a question or a word.

Confused phrases ran through Miriam's burning brain: "Father and mother hast thou put far from me — in this hour." Only the Irish maid understood.

From Washington he wrote to her. It was a short note, dashed off in pencil upon the journey, on a leaf torn from his diary. Already the solemn strangeness of his sacrifice had moved between them. In a day the college boy had become a man. He had other things to think of besides herself. He wrote of

the national emergency; he spoke passionately of the Flag and its perils; he said that he hoped to go soon into action. He should write her a letter before then.

"This is all I can manage now. I write on my cap, in the cars. The boys are chattering about me. They are all in excellent courage. Some of them are talking about my being made Lieutenant. It was too bad all those old coves were round when I came to say good-by. I wanted to see you alone.

"I shall write again, when I can collect my thoughts as I wish to. I shall certainly write before I go on the field. I have a good deal to say to you, and I want to hear from you before we go under fire."

And this was all. From the young soldier no other message came to her. The poor girl tied her thick winter veil across her hunted eyes, and shadowed the post office, anticipating all the mails before her father got them. She knew that the regiment had been ordered to the front, — everybody knew that. She knew no more than everybody knew. There was no letter.

Days writhed by, as such days do; weeks, — how many she could not have told. She lived like a creature under vivisection, who understands what the men of science are saying around the torture-table. Her mother had begun to notice how she looked, and the Irish girl watched her furtively.

The professor's wife came slowly upstairs one burning midsummer day, and pushed open the unlatched door of her daughter's room. The blinds were closed, and Miriam sat in the green darkness by the window, in the great old-fashioned chair, cushioned in white, that she had gone to sleep in when she was so little that her feet could not touch the floor. Her face was turned toward the lines of fiery light that blazed between the slats of the blinds; her head lay back against the chair.

Mrs. Thornell stopped in the middle of the room. Her countenance was agitated.

"My dear," she said, with embarrassment, "Professor Seyd has news from Tom. There has been — I think they called it a skirmish — it was not a great battle — but Tom was wounded; not dangerously, I think. They have gone on to bring him home."

Miriam opened her eyes; she did not turn her head, nor did she find it necessary to speak.

"And — there were others hurt — and — Harold Grand."

"You need not try, mother," said Miriam distinctly. "Maggie told me. She brought me the paper."

"He died nobly!" faltered the mother. "And . . . it was instantaneous, my dear. He did not suffer — like some."

"Thank you, mother," said Miriam. She turned her head away from the hot window, and shut her eyes. Her head lay heavily against the high white chair. Helpless and distanced, her mother stood uncertain. Then she stole away and went downstairs.

Miriam crawled across the room, and locked her door. After a little she went back and unlocked it. She had no right, she remembered, even to turn the key upon her unnamed, unauthorized, unmaidenly anguish. She stood alone in her room, and lifted her arms up once to the invisible sky. In her face was one of the challenges that God himself must find it hard to answer.

"How do women bear their lives?" she said.

God who sends them only knows. She bore hers as other women do who are smitten as she was. Perhaps, on the whole, she bore it better than many. But she was very young.

The letter did not come. At first she looked for it a little, with the defiant hopefulness of youth. It was a long

time before she gave up haunting the post office. She went in the morning sometimes, but in the evening always. Her hand shook so that the clerk noticed it, when she took her father's seven o'clock mail. In time the reaction struck, and a sick horror of the whole thing came upon her. Then she went no more. "I shall write to you," he had said. But he had not written.

They brought him to his mother's home in New York; and although it was vacation, a delegation from the college went on to his military funeral. His mother and sister, in their black dresses, tied the flowers about his sword, and the scattered students wore crape upon their arms for thirty days.

Miriam wore her gray dress with the blue trimming, and the muslin with the bright spot. She would have gone on her knees for the shelter of a black veil in which to hide her face from the eyes of people. But Miriam had no right to the sacred insignia of mourning, in those days thought as necessary to the decency of grief as tears. She pinned on her bright ribbons, and trimmed her hat with flowers; she went to merrymakings with the young people, as she must. She laughed when she had to. She did not cry: that was the worst thing about it. She had never cried since Maggie brought her the paper with the list.

After a while she stopped wearing those two dresses, the gray, and the organdie that she had on the last time she saw him. She folded them and put them away, for she could not bear to look at them. Only girls will understand this.

On the guitar, now, she did not play. She could not hide that; it must stand in the parlor, in its usual corner. But she put away the sheet of music on which were penciled the notes of the old English song that she had sung to him:

"Over the mountains,
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way."

But he had not found out the way.

So she took up her part in the long tragedy of life, and supported it, as her nature was. Her pride was as fierce as her love; the twain seized her like fighting Titans, and tare her. She stood her ground between them, as strong youth does; and one day she opened her sad blue eyes and noticed that she was young no more.

It took the most ardent lover she had ever had to call her attention to this unobtrusive fact; which was the last thing that he had intended to do. It was a June day, in the year 1877, when Tom Seyd spoke to her, — fifteen years after he and Harold had enlisted. Tom had loved her all his life; he had never loved any girl but Miriam. She was a woman now, thirty-five years old, and he a man.

Since young Seyd had become his father's assistant professor he had been an absorbed, ambitious man; but he had forced the leisure to see her so often that she had become in a measure dependent upon his evident tenderness, as he meant she should. Indeed, she would have missed it. She cherished beautiful, preposterous ideals of friendship, as lonely women do; dreaming of noble devotion which asked for nothing in return. She blessed Tom Seyd in her desolate heart that he had never "made love" to her, and never would.

So when he told her, that day, without prelude or apology, that he had always loved her, she experienced a suffocating, moral shock.

"It won't do," said Seyd firmly. "It won't go, all this about friendship. I do not feel the need of a friend. It is a wife I want. I love you."

"But not in *that* way!" protested Miriam.

"I love you in just that way," said the young man, as quietly as if he had been analyzing a crystal before the sophomore class. "I do not love you in any other, and I never have."

"Then you have deceived me!" cried

Miriam, growing as pale as a pear blossom.

"I undeceive you, then," said Seyd. "I love you, and I believe that I could make you happy, if you would let me try."

He stated his case with something of his father's scientific manner; dryly, so far as the words went. But his voice shook, and his hand. And into his gray eyes, that she had always thought so commonplace and "worthy," she could not look; for they beat and blinded hers. She felt in them that which the most lovable of women does not often see, — the loyalty of an unselfish, unswerving, lifelong love.

She knew good women who would have given their lives — it was in her heart to say, would have sold their souls — for love like this.

And for what should she fling it from her? For the memory of a memory, the shadow of a wraith, the echo of the voice of an unseen spirit flitting through a dark and ghostly realm; for oath of allegiance to a claim that had never existed; for love of a boy who had not loved her enough to find a way to tell her so before he died.

"I have waited fifteen years," said Tom Seyd patiently. "I have not intruded on you, have I? I have not been stupid about it, I think. I understood how it was. But I have loved you all the same and all the while."

Her white cheek burned. A sacred shame, even after all these years, covered her with womanly confusion. She remembered how she used to be called the proudest girl in the college town. Did he taunt her with her pitiable love? "Let me go!" she gasped.

"No, no," he pleaded. "Sit down here beside me — for a minute. Listen to me — here."

Then she lifted her eyes, and behold, he had led her to the painted iron seat against the garden wall. The elm-tree rose above it, venerable and calm. The

white lilac was in blossom; the bees of Bonn sang to the honeysuckle; in rows the yellow lilies were beginning to die.

But Miriam stood rigid and tall. She looked through him and on, beyond him; as if he had been the ghost, and that dead boy the living man.

"If I ever listen to you," she breathed, "it will not be *here*."

And with this she fled and left him. But his heart leaped with hope and madness; and he went down to his father's laboratory to try a difficult experiment, in the delirium that a man knows but once in life.

Miriam went up the garden walk and into the house. She felt her way by the branches of trees and shrubs; for she had, for the second time in her life, that feeling of one about to be stricken blind. The house was still, that night, and empty. The professor was at faculty meeting, and the professor's wife at a Commencement tea. It was one of the rare occasions when a grown daughter in her father's home may command the freedom and solitude which become so precious as we grow old.

Maggie brought the tea-urn, but said nothing. Maggie had grown old and sober. There was a grocer's boy who never came back from Antietam. But Maggie wore his ring, and shared her quarter's wages with his mother. Miriam looked with a fierce envy, sometimes, at the Irish girl.

It came on to be a moonlit night, sultry and sweet. Miriam went to her own room, but could not stay there. She caught up her straw hat and wandered out. House, garden, home, seemed too small to hold her. She struck into the street, and began to walk. Automatically her feet turned toward the post office, as they used to do fifteen years before, when the seven o'clock mail came in. The boys were singing on the campus. All the college town was bright and alive.

"I am the only ghost in it," thought Miriam.

Her father's mail had been taken, and she came wearily back. Into the dark parlor the moonlight fell through the long muslin curtains. The guitar stood in the corner. For the first time for fifteen years she took it in her trembling hands. There was no one to listen. She played and sang:—

"Over the mountains
And under the graves,
Love will find out the way."

With the wail of the worse than dead her voice faltered through the empty house. She laid her cheek against the old guitar and patted it.

"Oh, good-by, dear!" she said.

The college boys on the campus began to sing those cruel army songs, fifteen years old. What right had *they*, these fortunate, light-hearted sons of pampered peace, to torture people who lived the war through?

"Farewell, farewell, my own true love!"

Impossible! Impossible to think about Tom Seyd till the boys had finished singing! And it was imperative to think about Tom Seyd. Miriam put down the guitar, and ran upstairs with her fingers in her ears. If she should listen to this live man, dead ones must be kept still. She cried out as if the boys of Bonn could hear her, or would regard her if they did, "Oh, boys, stop that singing! . . . It murders us, — women grown so old that you have forgotten we're alive!"

When the knock came at her door, she did not hear it at the first; for she was moving through those spaces where sound is not, nor time, nor human interruption. She was lying on her bed, with her face buried in the pillows. The moonlight built a bridge straight through the middle of the dark room. She got up and crossed it, to come to Maggie, who stood upon the threshold.

"Oh, Miss Miriam!" said Maggie, with broken breath. "For the love of God, come here! Come out to me lamp

and see . . . for I darsen't go into the dark to give it yez!"

In the hall, a hand-lamp was set upon the little table. Maggie tottered beside it; the cheek of the Irish girl was whiter than the paper in her shaking hand.

For she held a letter, stained and marred and time-discolored, bearing the forgotten red postage stamp of the denomination of the war; a letter as old as . . . O God! as old as anguish! For when Miriam dashed it up against the light, the house rang with such a cry as it would have broken his heart, in heaven, to hear.

"It is his ghost," sobbed Maggie. "His ghost has taken his pen in hand to comfort yez!"

But when has it been recorded in the heavens above, or on the earth beneath, that a ghost could write as he had written? Living was the hand and living was the love that penned those worn and faded pages.

With a clang she locked, and double-locked, and triple-locked the door, to read this message from beyond the grave. She had the right now. . . . She could keep the whole world off. She and her sacred joy and her holy grief were sanctified at last. He loved her. He had loved her then and always. In a few manly, ardent words, written upon the march, he had poured his heart out, and placed it in her keeping. He had meant to write differently, he said. He had waited to find a better time. But war made no way for love. Would she listen to this poor love-letter? Spoiled, he said, as so much else was spoiled, — the lives of men and the happiness of women, — by the accidents of war.

"I shall give it to one of the boys who is on the sick list and has a furlough," he wrote, "and he will get it mailed for me, — in Washington, I hope, or even in New York. I think it will go more quickly so, and surer. Our mails are irregular, you know, and un-

certain. Write to me, if there is time. We may be called into action any hour. I hope I sha'n't disgrace myself, for your sake. I think I shall behave better if I can get your answer, — either way you put it. I have never dared believe you really love me. But if you do, or if you can, — enough, I mean, to be my wife some day, — I don't think I *could* die if I knew that. I should come back all right. 'Love would find out the way,' you used to sing — it seems fifty years ago! I shall write my mother about you, if you give me the right, at once. She and my sister would want to see you. I send you that old ring of mother's you used to see me wear. It is the best I can do, on the march. Wear it for me, dear, if you do love me, till I see your face again. For I am

Your own, and only yours,

Till death and after it,

HAROLD GRAND."

She read. She clasped the gray and tattered paper to her bosom and buried it there. She fell upon her knees, and lifted her streaming face to heaven. And then, for the first time in all those years, she broke into terrible sobs.

So much of this story of a letter as is true I tell; and for more I cannot vouch. What was the fate of the message for fifteen years withheld from the stricken girl? Perhaps the soldier on the furlough died. Perhaps, at the time, his pockets were not searched. Was he some friendless fellow, for whose affairs nobody cared? Did the letter slip between the lining and the army blue? Did the uniform pass from hand to hand? Perhaps it was cut up some day for a veteran's son, and so the worn envelope slipped out, and some one said to one of the children, "There is an old army letter, sealed and stamped, and never sent. Run and mail it, my dear. We must not open it or keep it. It may be some poor girl has waited for it all these years."

Whether in this way or in that way God's mysterious finger traced the lines by which the dead boy's declaration of love did force its way to her, who shall say? I know no more than you, no more than she; for I tell it only as it was told to me.

Only this I can append. When young Professor Seyd came to the house again, that evening, the Irish girl stood in the front door and barred the way.

"It's no use, Perfesser Tom," said Maggie, "an' that I takes upon meself to say. There's a dead man got ahead of yez. Me and you are nothin', Mr. Tom,—nothin' to her but just livin' folks."

Then Maggie told him what had happened. And Tom Seyd went back to his father's laboratory without a word. In this he showed the discretion of his temperament, which accepts a fact, be it what it will and lead it where it may, without an idle protest.

On that great glad night, she had forgotten him as utterly as annihilation.

The Irish girl was wise. He was nothing to Miriam but a living man.

The elm-tree in the garden could have taught him that; and the Persian lilac might have told him, "It was not love she gave you." But the yellow lilies kept awake to watch for her.

She came at midnight, when all her father's house was still. She wore the old white muslin dress with the little colored pattern. She held her head like a bride, and trod like the Queen of Joy. Nor God nor man could say her nay, now. Proudly she took upon her soul the oath of allegiance which binds the living to the dead,—that ancient oath, so often taken, so often broken, and sometimes kept. She stopped beneath the elm, and stood beside the iron seat against the garden wall. The hot night had grown cool and calm. The moonlight lay at the flood. There Miriam put his mother's ring upon her marriage finger; and there she lifted from the earth to heaven the solemn face of the happiest woman in the land.

Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

NATURE IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY.

In the epic of Beowulf, our first great English epic, with almost countless references to the winter season, the sweet, antithetical season of summer is not once mentioned. This fact is significant, and stands for a good deal. At first it appears sufficiently astonishing. England is fair now in the season, and it was so at the end of the fourteenth century when Monk Langland began to sing:—

"In a summer season
When soft was the sun,
I was weary of wandering, and went me to
rest
Under a broad bank by a bourne side."

No winter rhyme this, of a truth. It was so, too, a hundred years earlier, in

1300, when a nameless poet warbled of spring in this wise:—

"Between the March and April,
When sprays begin to spring,
The little fowls they have their will
In their own way to sing."

If this be the note of the bards in the year of grace 1400 or 1300, why not in the seventh or eighth century, five hundred years before, which is the presumable date of the Beowulf? It is hardly a satisfactory answer to say that the beauty of nature was there, but not the eyes to see it. Old English literature is rife with passages testifying to appreciation of the sterner mood of nature, a cognizance of her wintry phenomena, her rig-

ors of land and sky and water. It is only on the side of warmth and bloom and fragrance that the poetry is so woe-fully lacking in expression, so insensitive to loveliness and joyance. The explanation lies in large part elsewhere. To give one reason: the first poetry written down in England partakes of the atmosphere of the physical conditions of the country whence come the original settlers, namely, that of the low-lying lands of the Baltic, the North Sea, and the more northerly Atlantic. Beowulf itself, for example, is entirely un-English and Continental in its *locale*, the scene shifting from Denmark to Sweden. And so with the lesser poetical product: it is the climate of the lowlands, of Norwegian fiords and Danish nesses, that is in the English literature of the earliest period of production; hence it is the darker and grimmer phases of nature which are voiced and pictured in the poetry. A striking illustration of this is to be seen in an Old English idiom. It was not the Anglo-Saxon's way to use the word "year" as a denominator of time; he spoke of "thirty of winters" instead of thirty years, evidently an unconscious tribute to the prominence of that cold and nipping season in his calendar.

Another explanation of this fondness of our ancestors for winter landscape brings us within the domain of psychology. The first poetry of the race is pre-Christian, heathen in warp and woof; and in the literature which antedates Christianity — which has Odin and Thor in the heavens and fatalism as its ethical creed, instead of the sunburst of hope and joy which comes with the white Christ and his cheerier promises of happiness and heaven — the poetic spirit is distinctly, indubitably, more joyless, less perceptive of the bright side of things. Nature, which to the modern poet is but the garment of God, was to his Old English forbears a chilling rather than an inspiring spectacle; for back of the myth-gods themselves stood Fate, Necessity, with

laws that no man may dodge, and with an iron will in place of a tender heart. Germanic mythology and literature give a lively sense of all this.

These two causes, then (to mention no more), blend to bring about a fact which, at first blush, strikes the modern student as curious and repellent.

As a result of this dominant note of winter in Old English poetry an effect of gloom and sternness is made on us, especially if we come to the study full of the tropic exuberance and troubadour gayety which run through the literary product of the Romance peoples; or if we are steeped in the bland brightness of classic imagery; or again, if we are conversant with the rich color and sensuous languors of some of the Oriental literatures. It is somewhat gray business, this harping on the one string, this chronicling of only such objective phenomena as are characteristic of the frozen earth and the ice-beaten sea. Yet if sunny charm and color play and soft melody are wanting, there is great graphic power and a sort of wild music in many of the descriptions; we get good etchings, strong black-and-white work, if not the landscapes of Claude and Turner; and there is stimulation for one who has been bred in softer pleasures to turn for the nonce from scented rose gardens and lute tinklings to the sound of storm-swept pines, the smell of briny waters, and the sight of blood-flecked battle-shields shaken in mortal combat. "Pretty" may not be the adjective to apply to such a poetic product, but "fine" and "strong" and "virile" emphatically are.

Examples follow of the way in which the manifold demonstrations of the external world wrought upon our forefathers, as they feasted, hunted, fought, and prayed in Saxon England more than a thousand years ago, and how this found vent in their song. In time, no doubt, we shall have the whole body of Old English poetry in a form which will commend it to popular use and appre-

ciation; as yet, however, much remains to be done, and every worker may contribute his mite. In turning the passages into modern English, the Anglo-Saxon verse-line, with its four stresses, or accents, and its definite alliteration taking the place of the later device of rhyme, is reproduced as nearly as may be. Inevitably, the result is a metre of so much looser, less regular rhythm that an effect of carelessness and comparative formlessness is produced on the reader familiar with more modern verse laws. The rhymeless dithyrambs of Walt Whitman are at times suggested. But although the conception of metrical movement is freer, the laws that govern it are as exact and the artistic limitations as rigorously obeyed as anything that more recent poetry can show. It is a popular error to regard this early verse product as rude and deficient in art.

The long, striking, and beautiful lyric known as *The Wanderer*, a truly representative poem in its sadness and full of the lament of personal bereavement, contains but two brief references to nature. This is an indication of how laconic is the early poet's use of this embellishment or accessory which in modern times threatens to preëempt the whole canvas at the expense of motifs and animated foregrounds. Even the most subjective of Old English poets was not satisfied to paint a picture for the mere picture's sake. *The Wanderer*, a minstrel, is imagined at sea, having lost all his friends, including the lord whose vassal he once was, and is thinking over his past with sick memory. Having dreamed of better times, when his lord clipped him and kissed him, while the bard in turn affectionately laid his hand and head on the kingly knee, he wakes to a realization of his present misery:—

"There awakeneth eft the woeful man,
Seeth before him the fallow waves,
The sea fowls a-bathing, broadening their
feathers,
The rime and snow falling, mingled with hail."

And the poem says that at the sight—this welter of storm-smit waters instead of the warm, feast-glad interior of the great hall—the scald's heart is made the heavier. It is a veritable etching, a sea piece in monochrome, and very typical. It may be said here that perhaps no one phenomenon of nature plays so large a part in Old English literature as the sea, because it played so large a part in the life as well, and again was a monster that spoke the Saxon's sense of the change, the bigness, and the mystery of human days. It were interesting to trace its steady influence in the great singers of the race. Think what inspiration, what imagery, it has furnished Shakespeare, and a long train of successors down to Swinburne and Whitman! The epithet "fallow" as applied to the waves, in the lines just cited, is very fine, and shows the true selective felicity of poetry. In contrast with the gray clouds and the snow-filled air, the water would have taken on just that dusky yellow tinge described by the word. The color scheme of the Anglo-Saxons, it may be remarked, was far more restricted than is ours to-day. Several of our commonest colors appear not at all, and light and shade seem to have made the strongest impression upon them. This fact is a curious commentary on a passage in one of Ruskin's lectures on art, where he remarks that "the way by color is taken by men of cheerful, natural, and entirely sane disposition in body and mind, much resembling, even at its strongest, the temper of well-brought-up children;" while, contrariwise, "the way by light and shade is taken by men of the highest power of thought and most earnest desire for truth; they long for light, and for knowledge of all that light can show. But seeking for light, they perceive also darkness; seeking for substance and truth, they find vanity. They look for form in the earth, for dawn in the sky, and, seeking these, they find formlessness in the earth and night in the sky." It hardly

seems amiss to name as exponents of the two types here adumbrated the man of Romance stock, sun-loving and *insouciant*, and the Teuton, with his mood bred of northern gloom and barrenness.

The second passage in *The Wanderer* occurs near the close of the lyric. The singer gives a gloomy picture of the earth when the evil days come of loss and change, of age and desolation:—

“Storms shake the stony cliffs,
The snow falls and binds the earth,
The winter wails, wan dusk comes,
The night-shade nips, from the north sends
Rough hail, for harm to heroes.”

This is vivid description, and proves a vigorous grasp of vocabulary and a happy power in seizing on typically representative features of a wintry landscape. It is not cataloguing, but the movement of the awakened imagination.

In the mysterious ill-defined lyric which Grein calls *The Wife's Plaint*, and which seems to tell of a woman exiled in a sad, dim wood, far away from her husband, there is a short description which again has shadow and sorrow for its setting, the woman's ill stead being echoed and transcribed in the phase of the external world which is presented. She is telling of her banishment and the place of her abode:—

“They bade me to dwell in the bushy woods,
Under the oak-trees down in the earth caves.
Old are the earth halls; I am all-wretched;
Dim are the dens, the dunes towering,
Dense the inclosures, with brambles engirt,
The dwellings lack joy.”

The reference to *The Wife's Plaint* turns the mind instinctively to the longer and remarkable lyric known as *The Ruin*; only a fragment, but as precious in its way as one of Sappho's, and full of Old English feeling for the dark things of life, fairly reveling in descriptions of physical destruction. The subject is a city in ruined decay and neglect, and the poem deals scarcely at all with nature directly, but rather with the effects of time upon the work of men as

seen in the fallen wall and tower and rain-pierced roof. In the tenth line, however, there is a touch worth noting. The artisan who built all this mighty structure, says the poet, is long dead, and now his work after him is crumbling to naught. But it was not always so.

“Often yon wall
(Deer-gray, red-spotted) saw many a mighty
one
Hiding from storms.”

The descriptive touch *en parenthèse* is as accurate and careful as it is laconic. It implies real and fresh observation, and a wish for truthful representation.

Another lyric which may well be placed in evidence is that called *The Seafarer*; it contains several descriptive passages which make it interesting for our particular study. It pictures a lonely seafarer afloat on the waters, with the usual unpleasant concomitants of bad weather and bleak season:—

“I may of mine own might a sooth-song sing,
Say of my journeys how I through toilful
days
Often endured arduous times,
Had to abide breast care full bitter,
Knew on the ship many a sad berth,
Fierce welter of waves, where oft they beat
upon me
In my narrow night-watch at the boat's bow,
When it hurtled on the cliffs, conquered by
the cold;
Then were my feet by the frost bitten,
In fetters bleak. . . . No man may know it,
Who on the fair, firm land happily liveth,
How I, sore-sorry one, upon the ice-cold sea
Winter long dwelt midst evils of exile,
Lorn of all joys, robbed of my kinsmen,
Behung with icicles. Hail blew in showers;
There heard I naught but the streaming sea,
The ice-cold wave; whilom the swan's song
Had I to pleasure me, cry of the water-hen,
And, for men's laughter, the sea-beast's loud
voice,
The singing of gulls instead of mead-drink.
Storms beat the stony cliffs, while the sea-
swallow,
Icy-feathered, answered; full oft the eagle,
Moist-feathered, shrieked.”

Here we have a full-length portrait of misery, with much vividness and particularity in putting before us the mon-

ody of sea and sky and fate. A little further on, the scald seems to imagine himself on land in the winter, and, with the inconsistency of human nature, he gets up a longing for the very terrors he has expended so much energy in bemoaning: —

“The night-shades thicken, it snows from the north,

Rime binds the land, hail falls on the earth,
Coldest of corn. Wherefore surge now

The thoughts of my heart, that I the high streams,

The play of the salt waves, again might essay.”

Truth to tell, the Anglo-Saxons minded stiff weather on the water far less than we their degenerate descendants. They knew the sea in all her moods; they lived and fought upon her, and their entrustment of the dead body to her at the last, the death-boat pushing out into the open brine to float at will of wind and wave, is a touching proof of the magic and magnetism she exercised upon their mind.

Another passage in the poem must be given. This time it is a brief description of spring, and a pleasing one: —

“The woods take on blossoms, the burgs grow fair,

The plains are a-glitter, the world waxes gay.”

But now comes the typically Old English melancholy, like a death's-head at the feast: —

“But all monisheth the heedful of death,

To fare on a journey, he who meditateth
Over the flood-ways far hence to go.

So broods the cuckoo with mournful words,
So sings the summer's ward, foretelling sorrow,

Bitter in soul.”

It is suggestive, in the face of this treatment of the cuckoo as a harbinger of woe, to compare therewith Wordsworth's exquisite poem to this bird: —

“O blithe new-comer! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.

O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?”

And then the closing stanza: —

“O blessed Bird! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, faery place,
That is fit home for thee.”

Here is spiritualized cheerfulness instead of sorry forecast, bearing out my assertion of the more hopeful interpretation of nature under the reign of Christ.

Mention must be made of the two fine ballads, *The Battle of Brunanburh* and *The Battle of Maldon*. The former, embedded like a glowing ruby in the dull gray prose of the *Saxon Chronicles* for the year 937, contains a couple of bits of nature description, and one of them may be given. The theme of the ballad is the victory won over the Scots and Northmen by King Athelstan and Eadmund the Etheling, his brother; and the chosen extract is characteristically sombre and Old English. It deals with beast-kind, with the three creatures, feathered or four-footed, who are inevitable grim concomitants of the battlefield in the unsavory post-bellum capacity of scavengers. The mention of birds and beasts like these, instead of the innocent and lovesome song-makers who warble and chirp in modern verse, is another indication of the gloomy mood of our heathen forefathers. The victorious king and the Etheling, says the poet, sought their own homes in Wessex, turning their backs on the bloody field with its harvest of dead bodies.

“Left they behind them, to rend the corpses,
The sallow-coated one, the swart raven,
The horny-nibbed and the gray-coated
Eagle white-breasted, carrion to enjoy;
The greedy war hawk, and that gray beast
The wolf in the wood.”

That evil triumvirate, the raven, the hawk, and the wolf, fairly haunt Old English poetry; and this is largely explained by the predominance of the theme of war's havoc, which naturally brings the creatures of prey in its train. They give occasion for some of the finest passages in this drastic vein, and, however

unpleasant to modern æsthetics, it were foolish not to feel how truthful and keenly observant and vigorously sketched are such lines as these just quoted.

The *Battle of Maldon*, although a much longer poem, contains hardly a trace of nature-painting, being sternly epic. *Brunanburh* is a more triumphant song than *Chevy Chase*; *Maldon*, contrariwise, chronicles the dire defeat of the brave alderman *Bryhtnoth*, in *Essex*, in the year 991, by the Vikings. The single example, again of grim suggestion, is a brief two-line stroke. The fight is fierce; the doomed ones begin to fall, and the scavengers with unseemly haste to gather:—

“Then was a cry uplift, the ravens flew about,
The eagles, flesh-eager.”

It remains to speak of the literary monument which in importance as well as in length overtops all else in poetry that Old English days have bequeathed to us; I mean the *Beowulf*. The reader is reminded that the theme of *Beowulf* is the deeds and days of the great hero by that name; who visits the Danish King *Hrothgar*; fights, and eventually kills, the fierce dragon who is depopulating the great hall of the latter; returns to his native land of *Gotland*, in *Sweden*, and rules there prosperously for fifty winters as king, until he dies, heavy with years and honors, in a conflict with another dragon, and is buried with due pomp by the seashore, and mourned as a good lord, — a lofty death-barrow being erected in his honor, with a bright beacon thereon, that the distant ship-farer may be cheered. So far as the treatment of nature is concerned, this poem is grim and gloomy in the main. We hear much of dusk stony cliffs, of weird waterways (the supernatural comes much into play in the poem), of wintry moors and bleak earth-holes, but next to nothing of the shine and the joyance of life, either objective or subjective. What joyance there is, is of battle, or of beer-drinking about the hearth fire at night. So that the

greatest Old English poetical production bears out the reiterated statement that it is the night side of nature which is presented in the earliest literature. The first passage cited brings up a scene in the great hall of King *Hrothgar*, who is entertaining *Beowulf*, just arrived from his sea journey with his attendant troop. Ale and mead have been circulated, and one of *Hrothgar's* Thanes, who is well drunken, twits *Beowulf* with being outdone in a famous swimming match in the ocean by one *Breca*. *Beowulf* indignantly denies this insinuation, and straightway tells the true tale of how he beat *Breca*. Never is the Old English hero backward in coming forward about his own deeds; modesty, as we reckon it, was not one of his prominent traits. *Siegfried* in *Wagner's* operas, another Germanic hero, furnishes a further example. In the course of *Beowulf's* story we get this description of the winter sea. It is left to the hearer to imagine the icy-cold of the water and its effects on the hardy swimmers.

“Then were we twain there on the sea
Space of five nights, till the floods severed us,
The welling waves. Coldest of weathers,
Shadowy night, and the north wind
Battelous shocked on us; wild were the
waters,
And were the mere-fishes stirred up in
mind.”

By mere-fishes here are meant whales, and the powerful statement is therefore made that the upheaval of the sea was such as to disturb even *leviathan*. It will be seen that, on the whole, this swimming match is accompanied by rather more serious incidents and conducted under more stringent conditions than the average wager of its kind. Further on in the poem, after *Beowulf* has successfully met the monster *Grendel*, and driven him, howling with rage at the loss of an arm, back to his native fen, his mother, the she-dragon, comes by night to avenge her son, and seizes one of *Hrothgar's* henchmen, bearing him off to feed on his body. In the

morning the king is made aware of this occurrence, and on meeting Beowulf tells him of it, bewailing his loss. He enters into a detailed description of Grendel and his dam, his habitat, how dread the place is, and calls on Beowulf for help in his grievance and peril. During his monologue comes this picture of the lair of these uncanny pests : —

“ They guard a weird land,
Holes for the wolves and windy crags,
The fearful far ways where the mountain
flood
Under the misty nesses netherward falls,
The flood 'neath the earth. 'Tis not far
henceward
In measure of miles that the mere standeth ;
Thereover hang the clamorous holts,
The woods rooted firm, o'erwatching the
water.”

The deep-mouthed, resonant tone-color of the vernacular gives voice well to the idea of the eerie aloofness and mystery of the place. One thinks, in reading such a description, of the palette of a Rembrandt or the word power of a Dante. Only a few lines further on the picture receives a few additional details : —

“ That is no happy spot,
Thence the waves' mingle upward mounts
ever
Wan to the welkin, when the wind rouseth
Storms full loath ; till the air darkens,
The heaven weeps.”

In its elements of mournful mystery, its touch of magic, and its imaginative grouping of the terrors incident to the stern aspect of sea and land in the north, such writing may be marked as finely representative not only of Old English, but of early Germanic literature, which still retained Aryan features of pre-Christian cultus and folk lore.

The examples given of Beowulf fairly represent the prevailing manner and tone of the epic in treating nature ; and, as will have been seen from the other citations made, it is also typical of the general body of verse, whether epic or lyric, of this first period. I remark here in

passing that there is not in the whole poem a reference to the moon, — that melancholy orb of night, — when, *a priori*, we might well expect a poet so glum-minded to take advantage of it as good material to hand. But the sadness of the Germanic bard has not a touch of sentimentalizing about it ; it is not moonstruck moaning, but the recognition of harsh fate by heroes and warriors.

The transition from the poetry of the heroic period to the monkish writings of such men as Cædmon and Cynewulf is hardly an abrupt one. The earlier vigor, raciness, and *naïveté* are not wholly lost when we come to the later verse-making. Yet certain well-defined characteristics serve to mark off the two products, and the interpretation of nature in each case is an earmark of the change. The most primitive poetry is sung by unknown scalds, working over and retouching the original from generation to generation ; modern criticism finds this to be true of Beowulf as it does of Homer. But in the transitional time we get a definite name attached to the verse product, as the poet-cowherd Cædmon, or Cynewulf, the mysterious scald of Northumbria. The subject matter, too, changes ; Cædmon making metrical paraphrases of the Old Testament, and Cynewulf shaping into narrative poems of epic dignity and scope the mediæval Christian legends. Where before was the Germanic myth unadulterated we meet with themes borrowed from the Latin ; and the older heathen fatalism, with its attendant mood of pessimism and affiliation with the darker things of the external world, makes way for the milder horoscope of the new religion, with a cheerier reflection of nature. The signs at first are somewhat chary, since the earl who invokes Thor cannot be smoothed over into the meek-hearted Christ-lover in a trice, — and indeed the treatment of religious things by these early poets often reminds one of the fabled wolf in sheep's

clothing; yet for this very reason a racy originality is imparted to the handling of themes traditionally dull and prosy, and the verse of religious motives has a literary value.

The names of Cædmon and Cynewulf, the first Christian poets of the English tongue, are to be associated with ecclesiastic culture, and are of moment in the evolution of the native poetry. The true successors of the harpers whose names and titles are lost in the archaic twilight of time, they were English above all else, poets before they were scholars. If their subject matter be largely religious, and if the didactic note be struck again and again, passage after passage can be quoted which rivals the heathen song in its epic lilt and predilection for the martial and heroic. The verse of such singers may not be overlooked by the critic in his perpetual still-hunt for æsthetic pleasure.

Cædmon has been called the Saxon Milton. The appellation is not inapt, the Puritan poet's possible obligation to his predecessor and the similarity of their treatment making the nexus all the more real; but in regard to his origin and idiosyncrasy Cædmon is rather the prototype of a modern people-poet, like Burns: the one summoned from the ox-stall, the other from the plough, to tell of the things of the spirit; both humble in birth and occupation, and with distinct folk traits and sympathies. The Whitby poet sings in strong, sweet speech of the Israelitish quest of the Promised Land, or of such stirring happenings as those which centre around Judith as protagonist. And throughout his Bible-inspired epics it is curious to see the moody earnestness of the Saxon merged in the solemn, mystic-dreamy, or jubilant joy of the neophyte; this blend of character and influence coloring the touches of nature as it does other phases of the work. His verses are paraphrase in the broadest, freest sense. Whenso the singer wills, he expands, interpolates, introduces so

much of local color that the composition comes to have independent and creative worth.

In Cædmon's Genesis, where God comforts Abram by telling him that his seed shall be like the stars in heaven for number, the bard amplifies the statement in this manner:—

“Behold the heavens! reckon their hosts,
The stars in Ether, which now in stately
wise
Their lovesome beauty scatter afar,
Over the broad sea brightly ashine.”

Here a distinct, new note is struck: the heavenly lights are considered as emanations from God, the Source of light. When we hear in Beowulf of “God's beautiful beacon,” Christian interpolation is at once suggested. We saw something of the typical treatment of animals in the epic: contrast therewith this tender description of the dove sent forth to find a resting-place and bring tidings of terra firma to the sea-weary folk. The Testament account is again laconic; the amplification such as to imply artistic appreciation of opportunity:—

“Widely she flew,
Until a gladsome rest and a fair place
Haply she found, and set her foot upon
The gentle tree. Blithe-mooded, she
Joyed that, sore-weary, she now might settle
On the branch bosky, on its bright mast.
Preening her feathers, forth she went flying
With a sweet gift, hastened to give
Straight in their hands a twig of olive,
A blade of grass.”

We get here the initiative of the modern treatment. And one notices this in an Old English poet for the reason that both Cædmon and Cynewulf can on occasion paint in the dark pigments of the elder bards. The following, for example, from the Exodus, reminds the student forcibly of the passage already given from the ballad of Brunanburh, and is every whit as savage and heathen; it masses the details of a fight between Moses leading the Israelites and the hosts of Pharaoh:—

"In the further sky shrieked the battle-fowls
Greedy of fight: the yellow raven,
She dewy-feathered, over the slain-in-war,
Wan Walkyrie. Wolves were a-howling
A hateful even-song, weening on food,
Pitiless beasts, full stark in murder,
In the rear heralding a meal of doomed men,
Shrieked these march-warders in the mid
nights."

Turning to the fragmentary Judith, the irrepressible relish for a sanguinary encounter breaks out, and there is very little of the cloistral student felt in the breathless lines which tell how the He brew woman slew Holofernes. One harks back to Brunanburh, to Beowulf, to such other Germanic monuments as the Hildebrand, or some of the Eddic poems, in reading it. Such literature suggests how Shakespeare, child of his age for all his genius, could heap up the murders in his plays, and take so kindly to the belligerent and the bloody. The Elizabethans were three hundred years nearer the Old English than ourselves, and the first epics of our race are battle pieces, the first motif is that of war. But despite the redness of Judith as a whole, it has a peaceful close, the final passage celebrating nature as created joyously by the Maker of men; and it could not have been written until after Augustine in the south and the Irish in the north had spoken of Christ to English folk:—

"Be to the lief Lord

Glory forever, He who shaped wind and lift,
The heavens, the vast earthways, eke the wild
seas

And the sun's joys, because of His mercy."

The accent of the heathen invocation in such a place would be very different. Shelley is hinted and foreshadowed in more than one nature apostrophe of these early Christian poets,—Shelley minus his subjectivity. The same cosmic sweep of the imagination is noticeable.

The singer's picture of the Garden of Eden in all its primal and virgin loveliness shows again an appreciation of new subject matter:—

"The plain of Paradise
Stood good and gracious, filled full with gifts,
With fruits eternal. Lovely it glittered,
That land so mild, with waters flowing,
With bubbling springs. Never had clouds
as yet
Over the roomy ways carried the rains
Wan with the winds; but decked out with
blossoms
The earth stretched away."

In reading this verse, one is often reminded of the solecisms, anachronisms, and amusing artlessnesses of a later literary product which equals the younger in virility, the Elizabethan drama. In the strong, felicitous, and frequent use of the metaphor, also, Shakespeare and his fellows are leal descendants of the Old English, while more modern poetry has developed at the expense of the metaphor that expanded and weakened form of it known as the simile. Stopford Brooke has pointed out that with a poet like Cædmon, a Whitby man who looked forth upon the stormy waters of the Northumbrian coast while weaving his song, it was natural he should tell of the sea with imaginative vigor and felicity, as when he sang of Noah and the flood. Mostly, as earlier, it is the serious and sombre aspects which are depicted; but it is worth noting that when we come to Cynewulf such new compounds as "sea-bright" and "sea-calm" are made to portray the more amiable side of this moody monster.

Cædmon's subjects are essentially epic and grandiosely religious; in the case of Cynewulf we enter into the atmosphere of Middle-Age legend and worship, the cycle of hagiography, with an occasional excursus in the more primitive field, as in the Riddles. But by no means do the Old English qualities go by the board. If such themes as those of the Andreas and the Juliana suggest the studious cloister, the speech of the bard smacks of the soil, and there is enough of the epic and the folk-touch to prevent them from becoming scholastic and unattractive. Ten Brinck's remark

that "the introduction of Christianity was doubtless one of the causes that destroyed the productive power of epic poetry," while true in the abstract, must not be applied with strictness to Cædmon and Cynewulf; they were near enough the heroic day still to breathe its air. In the latter's Christ, a loosely constructed work of a choral-epic nature, which celebrates the Nativity, Ascension, and Day of Judgment, a single line gives an example of the imaginative touch, and conceives of nature as a vassal contributing her beauty to the glory of heaven. The seraphim who sing about the throne are described, and the poet sings:—

"Forever and ever, adorned with the sky,
They worship the Wielder;"

the Wielder being God, who wields power over all. The italicized clause embodies a conception which has a largeness reminding one of the work of a Michael Angelo. One thinks instinctively of Milton's scene:—

"Where the bright seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel trumpets blow,
And the cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires."

This brief passage from the Christ is nobly epic and large moving:—

"Our food He gives us and joy of goods,
Weal o'er the wide ways and weather soft
Under the skyey roof. The sun and moon,
Best-born of stars, shine they for all of us,
Candles of heaven for heroes on earth."

There is a sound of pantheism in this, and again comes the naïve stroke in the epithet "heroes" where "sinners" would be the conventional later word. It took centuries of masses and missals to make the Old Englishman admire the saint type more than the martial leader. Cynewulf's Andreas (now by the latest theory awarded to a follower rather than to himself) is a narrative poem which describes the delivery of Matthew from a Mermedonian prison by Andrew, who dwells in Achaia, and who therefore has to make a sea journey in faring on his quest of rescue. It is full of sea pictures,

and the color is that of the northeast coast of England, the singer's presumable home. In the passage following, the saint has been borne by angels to land, and left asleep on a highway near the Mermedonian city:—

"Then flew the angels, forth again faring,
Glad on the up-way their Home to seek,
Leaving the holy one there on the highroad,
Sleeping right peacefully under the heaven's
 heed,
Nigh to his foemen, all the night through.
Till that the Prince suffered day's candle
Sheerly to shine: the shades slunk away
Wan 'neath the welkin; then came the
 weather's torch,
The brilliant heaven-light o'er the homes
 beaming."

Here the thought is of light driving out darkness; it would have been more in the way of the heathen poet to give us the day swallowed up in the huge black maw of night. In the second line translated is an example of the constant perplexity of one who essays to turn Old English into more modern speech. I have retained the word "up-way" (like the German *Aufgang*) as it stands in the original, for it is certainly an admirably descriptive substantive for the airy path followed by the angelic messengers in flying back to heaven. One runs the danger of making either a bizarre effect or an obscure reading in such a case, the result being a frequent abandonment of the fine, strong, fresh Old English diction.

But not always did Cynewulf elect religious subjects; the series of remarkable Riddles, which rank among his best productions, are secular in subject, heathen in spirit, and full of the flavor of folk lore, myth, and northern melancholy. Yet there is a divergence from the oldest epic type: the writer of these puzzle-poems has, after all, felt the amelioration of the new religion, and its influence may be traced in the lyrico-subjective position of the bard toward nature. Commingling with the feeling for the savagery of beast-kind is a certain spiritual good

fellowship which foretokens Coleridge, Byron, and Wordsworth. Beside the dark, battle-ravenous raven we see the bright, high-bred falcon associated with the aristocratic chase and the stately king hall. In Riddle Eight the swan is thus done in rapid crayon, for the reader's guessing : —

"Silent my feather-robe when earth I tread,
Fly o'er the villages, venture the sea;
Whilom, this coat of mine and the lift lofty
Heave me on high over the heroes' bight,
And the wide welkin's strength beareth me
up
Over the folk; my winged adornments
Go whirling and humming, keen is their
song
When, freed of fetters, straightway I am
A spirit that fareth o'er flood and field."

Riddle Fifty-Eight limns a somewhat mysterious brown bird, the identification of which may perhaps be left most safely to Mr. Burroughs. Luckily, uncertainty as to name does not interfere with enjoyment of the brief, beautiful description : —

"The lift upbeareth the little wights
Over the high hills: very black be they,
Swart, sallow-coated. Strong in their song,
Flockwise they fare, loud in their crying
Flit through the woody nesses, or, whiles, the
stately halls
Of mortal men. Their own names they
sound."

The hint in the final line suggests whip-poor-will, Bob White, and other songsters, but the analogy is not carried out. In Old English verse nothing of the lyric or idyllic sort is more imaginative than the subjoined sketch of the nightingale, in the ninth Riddle; it has the interpretative quality removing it far from mere detail work : —

"Many a tongue I speak by mine own mouth,
In descants sing, pour out my lofty notes,
Chanting so loud, hold fast my melody,
Stay not my word, old even-singer,
But bring to earls bliss in their towers,
When for the dwellers there passioned I
sing;
Hushed in the houses sit they and hark.
How am I hight now, who with such scenic
tunes

Zealously strive, calling to hero-men
Many a welcome with my sweet voice?"

We must make some requisition upon a long and remarkable passage from Cynewulf's allegorical poem, *The Phoenix*, a piece based upon the Latin, but much increased in volume and thoroughly Old English. *The Phoenix* is also an interesting example of the allegoric use of nature (here exemplified in the strange bird which names the composition) in the service of religious laudation. The bard uses a free hand in limning the praises of Paradise; and on the whole, the finest work of Cynewulf, and perhaps of Christian poetry, in the broad style, is embodied in the glowing and vibrant words and cadences. Notice the Old English conception of the Home of the Blessed as an island. The sense of this mid-earth as water-girdled which is common to the several Germanic literatures is blended in this case with that thought of England's ocean-fretted isle which made the greatest poet of the language see it imaginatively as a "precious stone set in the silver sea."

"Yon plain was shining, blessed with all
sweets,
With fairest fragrance the earth may yield;
The isle stands alone, its Artist was noble,
Proud, rich in might, who stablished the
mould.
Oft to the Blessed Ones is bliss of songs
Borne, and the doors of heaven opened are.
That is a winsome wold, green are the woods,
Roomy 'neath skies. Neither the rain nor
snow,
Nor breath of frost, nor blast of fire,
Not the hail's drumming nor the rime's
coming,
Neither the sun's heat nor bitter cold,
Neither the weather warm nor wintry storm
May harm the wights; but the wold lasteth
Happy and hale; 't is a right noble land
Woxen with blooms. Nor fells nor moun-
tains
Steeply arise there; nor do the stony cliffs
Beetle on high, as here midst mortals.
Still is that victor-wold, the sun-groves
glitter,
The blissfulholt. Growths do not wane,
The blades so bright; but the trees ever

Stand greenly forth, as God has bidden,
The woods alike in winter and summer
Are hung with fruitings; never may wither
A leaf in the lift."

The faults of such descriptive writing are monotony, the repetition of stock phrases, the working over of the same thought. Nevertheless, it has a noble manner, and a charm of diction that makes for true poetry.

I hope the survey has now been wide enough to make the reader willing to believe that the treatment of nature in Old English poetry, in this its first manifestation, is something distinct, original, and of high poetic value. It affords a welcome insight into the mind and the imagination of our Saxon predecessors, and both by what it says and leaves unsaid yields interesting testimony with regard to their attitude toward the external world of terror, power, and beauty. That attitude was vastly different from our own, more limited in perception, less enlightened, gloomier in mood, registering a state of half-development. But it had fine and characteristic points about it: the Old English imaginative vigor and grip, though largely sardonic; the creative impulse, though vibrant to coarser passions and childish on the subjective side; a poetic sense of the shifting gloom and glory of human life as voiced in nature or flashed forth in the bravery and loyalty of human kind; a pathetic appreciation of the dreams and

glories of religion; and a power over the mother tongue very impressive, making it to give forth grave chords of harmony to grief, to echo the wild joy of the elements, to shrill like clarions in the onset of weapons, or to soften in the mystic melodies of worship. It is manly poetry, and one cannot read it and fail to get a bracing of the mental sinews, and a larger sense of the essential qualities of his race in their ideal aspects and deeper workings. Although we may declare without hesitation that English literature is still to-day Germanic in its backbone and vitals, nevertheless it has been subjected to so much of outside and disparate influence that, compared with the literary product of the Old English time, it is a composite thing. Hence, in getting in touch with *Beowulf* or with some of the other early lyrics and ballads, we are going back to the originals, and are given a glimpse at the substructure whereupon is built the noble edifice of our many-towered and multi-ornamented literature. The Old English lyric (such a poem as *The Scald's Lament*, or *The Seafarer*) is the corner stone; Tennyson and Browning, Carlyle and Ruskin, Hawthorne and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, are the lofty terraces and gracious spires which pierce to heaven and catch the eye with rapture from afar, seeming unearthly in their aerial splendor, their proportioned and thoughtful majesty.

Richard Burton.

THE SECRET OF THE WILD ROSE PATH.

"Shall I call thee Bird,
Or but a wandering Voice?"

WORDSWORTH'S lines are addressed to the cuckoo of the Old World, a bird of unenviable reputation, notorious for imposing his most sacred duties upon others; naturally, therefore, one who

would not court observation, and whose ways would be somewhat mysterious. But the American representative of the family is a bird of different manners. Unlike his namesake across the water, our cuckoo never — or so rarely as practically to be never — shirks the labor of

nest-building and raising a family. He has no reason to skulk, and though always a shy bird, he is no more so than several others, and in no sense is he a mystery.

There is, however, one American bird for whom Wordsworth's verse might have been written; one whose chief aim seems to be, reversing our grandmothers' rule for little people, to be heard, and not seen. To be seen is, with this peculiar fellow, a misfortune, an accident, which he avoids with great care, while his voice rings out loud and clear above all others in the shrubbery. I refer to the yellow-breasted chat (*Icteria virens*), whose summer home is the warmer temperate regions of our country, from the Atlantic to the Pacific coast, and whose unbirdlike utterances prepare one to believe the stories told of his eccentric actions; this, for example, by Dr. Abbott:

" Aloft in the sunny air he springs;
To his timid mate he calls;
With dangling legs and fluttering wings
On the tangled smilax falls;
He mutters, he shrieks —
A hopeless cry;
You think that he seeks
In peace to die,
But pity him not; 't is the ghostly chat,
An imp if there is one, be sure of that."

I first knew the chat — if one may be said to know a creature so shy — in a pleasant corner of Colorado, a small, deserted park at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain. I became familiar with his various calls and cries (one can hardly call them songs); I secured one or two fleeting glimpses of his graceful form; I sought and discovered the nest, which thereupon my Lady Chat promptly abandoned, though I had not laid a finger upon it; and last of all, I had the sorrow and shame of knowing that my curiosity had driven the pair from the neighborhood. This was the Western form of *Icteria*, differing from the Eastern only in a greater length of tail, which several of our Rocky Mountain birds affect, for

the purpose, apparently, of puzzling the ornithologist.

Two years after my unsuccessful attempt to cultivate friendly relations with the "ghostly chat," the middle of May found me on the shore of the Great Salt Lake, where I settled myself at the foot of the Wasatch Mountains, at that point bare, gray, and unattractive, showing miles of loose boulders and great patches of sagebush. In the monotonous stretches of this shrub, each plant of which looks exactly like every other, dwelt many shy birds, as well hidden as bobolinks in the meadow grass, or meadow larks in the alfalfa.

But on this mountain side no friendly cover existed from which I could spy out bird secrets. Whatever my position and wherever I placed myself, I was as conspicuous as a tower in the middle of a plain; again, no shadow of protection was there from the too ardent sun of Utah, which drew the vitality from my frame as it did the color from my gown; worse than these, the everywhere present rocks were the chosen haunts of the one enemy of a peaceful bird lover, the rattlesnake, and I hesitated to pursue the bird because I invariably forgot to watch and listen for the reptile. Bird study under these conditions was impossible, but the place presented a phase of nature unfamiliar to me, and for a time so fascinating that every morning my steps turned of themselves "up the stony pathway to the hills."

The companion of my walks, a fellow bird student, was more than fascinated; she was enraptured. The odorous bush had associations for her; she reveled in it; she inhaled its fragrance as a delicious perfume; she filled her pockets with it; she lay for hours at a time on the ground, where she could bask in the sunshine, and see nothing but the gray leaves around her and the blue sky above.

I can hardly tell what was the fascination for me. It was certainly not the

view of the mountains, though mountains are beyond words in my affections. The truth is, the Rocky Mountains, many of them, need a certain distance to make them either picturesque or dignified. The range then daily before our eyes, the Wasatch, was, to dwellers at its feet, bleak, monotonous, and hopelessly prosaic. The lowest foothills, being near, hid the taller peaks, as a penny before the eye will hide a whole landscape.

Let me not, however, be unjust to the mountains I love. There is a range which satisfies my soul, and will rest in my memory forever, a beautiful picture, or rather a whole gallery of pictures. I can shut my eyes and see it at this moment, as I have seen it a thousand times. In the early morning, when the level sun shines on its face, it is like one continuous mountain reaching across the whole western horizon; it has a broken and beautiful sky line; Pike's Peak looms up toward the middle, and lovely Cheyenne ends it in graceful slope on the south; lights and shadows play over it; its colors change with the changing sky or atmosphere, — sometimes blue as the heavens, sometimes misty as a dream; it is wonderfully beautiful then. But wait till the sun gets higher; look again at noon, or a little later. Behold the whole range has sprung into life, separated into individuals: gorges are cut where none had appeared; chasms come to light; cañons and all sorts of divisions are seen; foothills move forward to their proper places, and taller peaks turn at angles to each other; shapes and colors that one never suspected come out in the picture: the transformation is marvelous. But the sun moves on, the magical moment passes, each mountain slips back into line, and behold, you see again the morning's picture.

Indulge me one moment, while I try to show you the last picture impressed upon my memory, as the train bore me, unwilling, away. It was cloudy, a storm

was coming up, and the whole range was in deep shadow, when suddenly through some rift in the clouds a burst of sunshine fell upon the "beloved mountain" Cheyenne, and upon it alone. In a moment it was a smiling picture,

"glad

With light as with a garment it was clad;" all its inequalities, its divisions, its irregularities emphasized, its greens turned greener, its reds made more glowing, — an unequaled gem for a parting gift.

To come back to Utah. One morning, on our way up to the heights, as we were passing a clump of oak brush, a bird cry rang out. The voice was loud and clear, and the notes were of a peculiar character: first a "chack" two or three times repeated, then subdued barks like those of a distressed puppy, followed by hoarse "mews" and other sounds suggesting almost any creature rather than one in feathers. But with delight I recognized the chat; my enthusiasm instantly revived. I unfolded my camp chair, placed myself against a stone wall on the opposite side of the road, and became silent and motionless as the wall itself.

My comrade, on the contrary, as was her custom, proceeded with equal promptness to follow the bird up, to hunt him out. She slipped between the barbed wires which, quite unnecessarily, one would suppose, defended the bleak pasture from outside encroachment, and passed out of sight down an obscure path that led into the brush where the bird was hidden. Though our ways differ, or rather, perhaps, *because* our ways differ, we are able to study in company. Certainly this circumstance proved available in circumventing the wily chat, and that happened which had happened before: in fleeing from one who made herself obvious to him, he presented himself, an unsuspecting victim, to another who sat like a statue against the wall. To avoid his pursuer, the bird slipped through the thick foliage of the low

oaks, and took his place on the outside, in full view of me, but looking through the branches at the movements within so intently that he never turned his eyes toward me. This gave me an opportunity to study his manners that is rare indeed, for a chat off his guard is something inconceivable.

He shouted out his whole *répertoire* (or so it seemed) with great vehemence, now "peeping" like a bird in the nest, then "chacking" like a blackbird, mew-ing as neatly as pussy herself, and varying these calls by the rattling of castanets and other indescribable sounds. His perch was halfway down the bush; his trim olive-drab back and shining golden breast were in their spring glory, and he stood nearly upright as he sang, every moment stretching up to look for the invader behind the leaves. The instant she appeared outside, he vanished within, and I folded my chair and passed on. His disturber had not caught a glimpse of him.

My next interview with a chat took place a day or two later. Between the cottage which was our temporary home and the next one was a narrow garden bordered by thick hedges, raspberry bushes down each side, and a mass of flowering shrubs next the street. From my seat within the house, a little back from the open window, I was startled by the voice of a chat close at hand. Looking cautiously out, I saw him in the garden, foraging about under cover of the bushes, near the ground, and there for some time I watched him. He had not the slightest repose of manner; the most ill-bred tramp in the English sparrow family was in that respect his superior, and the most nervous and excitable of wrens could not outdo him in posturing, jerking himself up, flirting his tail, and hopping from twig to twig. When musically inclined, he perched on the inner side of the bushes against the front fence, a foot or two above the ground, and within three feet of any one

who might pass, but perfectly hidden from them.

The performance of the chat was exceedingly droll: first a whistle, clear as an oriole note, followed by chacks that would deceive a redwing himself, and then, oddest of all, the laugh of a feeble old man, a weak sort of "yah! yah! yah!" If I had not seen him in the act, I could not have believed the sound came from a bird's throat. He concluded with a low, almost whispered "chur-r-r," a sort of private chuckle over his unique exhibition. After a few minutes' singing he returned to his foraging on the ground, or over the lowest twigs of the bushes, all the time bubbling over with low joyous notes, his graceful head thrown up, and his beautiful golden throat swelling with the happy song. The listener and looker behind the screen was charmed to absolute quiet, and the bird so utterly unsuspecting of observers that he was perfectly natural and at his ease, hopping quickly from place to place, and apparently snatching his repast between notes.

The chat's secret of invisibility was thus plainly revealed. It is not in his protective coloring, for though his back is modest of hue, his breast is conspicuously showy; nor is it in his size, for he is almost as large as an oriole; it is in his manners. The bird I was watching never approached the top of a shrub, but invariably perched a foot or more below it, and his movements, though quick, were silence itself. No rustle of leaves proclaimed his presence; indeed, he seemed to avoid leaves, using the outside twigs near the main stalk or trunk, where they are usually quite bare, and no flit of wing or tail gave warning of his change of position. There was a seemingly natural wariness and cautiousness in every movement and attitude that I never saw equaled in feathers.

Then, too, the clever fellow was so constantly on his guard and so alert that the least stir attracted his attention.

Though inside the house, as I said, not near the window, and further veiled by screens, I had to remain as nearly motionless as possible, and use my glass with utmost caution. The smallest movement sent him into the bushes like a shot, — or rather, like a shadow, for the passage was always noiseless. Suspicion once aroused, the bird simply disappeared. One could not say of him, as of others, that he flew, for whether he used his wings, or melted away, or sank into the earth, it would be hard to tell. All I can be positive about is, that whereas one moment he was there, the next he was gone.

After this exhibition of the character of the chat, his constant watchfulness, his distrust, his love of mystery, it may appear strange that I should try again to study him at home, to find his nest and see his family. But there is something so bewitching in his individuality that, though I may be always baffled, I shall never be discouraged. Somewhat later, when it was evident that his spouse had arrived and domestic life had begun, and I became accustomed to hearing a chat in a certain place every day as I passed, I resolved to make one more effort to win his confidence, or, if not that, at least his tolerance.

The chat medley for which I was always listening came invariably from one spot on my pathway up the mountain. It was the lower end of a large horse pasture, and near the entrance stood a small brick house, in which no doubt dwelt the owner, or care-taker, of the animals. The wide gate, in a common fashion of that country, opened in the middle, and was fastened by a link of iron which dropped over the two centre posts. The rattle of the iron as I touched it, on the morning I resolved to go in, brought to the door a woman. She was rather young, with hair cut close to her head, and wore a dark cotton gown, which was short and scant of skirt, and covered with a "checked apron." She was evi-

dently at work, and was probably the mistress, since few in that "working bee" village kept maids.

I made my request to go into the pasture to look at the birds.

"Why, certainly," she said, with a courtesy that I have found everywhere in Utah, though with a slow surprise growing in her face. "Come right in."

I closed and fastened the gate, and started on past her. Three feet beyond the doorsteps I was brought to a standstill: the ground as far as I could see was water-soaked; it was like a saturated sponge. Utah is dominated by Irrigation; she is a slave to her water supply. One going there from the land of rains has much to learn of the possibilities and the inconveniences of water. I was always stumbling upon it in new combinations and unaccustomed places, and I never could get used to its vagaries. Books written in the interest of the Territory indulge in rhapsodies over the fact that every man is his own rain-maker; and I admit that the arrangement has its advantages — to the cultivator. But judging from the standpoint of an outsider, I should say that man is not an improvement upon the original providence which distributes the staff of life to plants elsewhere, spreading the vital fluid over the whole land so evenly that every grass blade gets its due share; and as all parts are wet at once, so all are dry at the same time, and the surplus, if there be any, runs in well-appointed ways, with delight to both eye and ear. All this is changed when the office of Jupiter Pluvius devolves upon man; different indeed are his methods. A man turns a stream loose in a field or pasture, and it wanders whither it will over the ground. The grass hides it, and the walker, bird student or botanist, steps splash into it without the slightest warning. This is always unpleasant, and is sometimes disastrous, as when one attempts to cross the edge of a field of some close-growing crop, and instantly

sinks to the top of the shoes in the soft mud.

On the morning spoken of, I stopped before the barrier, considering how I should pass it, when the woman showed me a narrow passage between the house and the stone wall, through which I could reach the higher ground at the back. I took this path, and in a moment was in the grove of young oaks which made her out-of-doors kitchen and yard. A fire was burning merrily in the stove, which stood under a tree; frying-pans and baking-tins, dippers and dish-cloths, hung on the outer wall of her little house, and the whole had a camping-out air that was captivating, and possible only in a rainless land. I longed to linger and study this open-air housekeeping; if that woman had only been a bird!

But I passed on through the oak-grove back yard, following a path the horses had made, till I reached an open place where I could overlook the lower land, filled with clumps of willows with their feet in the water, and rosebushes

"O'erburdened with their weight of flowers,
And drooping 'neath their own sweet scent."

A bird was singing as I took my seat, a grosbeak, — perhaps the one who had entertained me in the field below, while I had waited hour after hour for his calm-eyed mate to point out her nest. He sang there from the top of a tall tree, and she busied herself in the low bushes, but up to that time they had kept their secret well. He was a beautiful bird in black and orange-brown and gold, — the black-headed grosbeak; and his song, besides being very pleasing, was interesting because it seemed hard to get out. It was as if he had conceived a brilliant and beautiful strain, and found himself unable to execute it. But if he felt the incompleteness of his performance as I did, he did not let it put an end to his endeavor. I sat there listening, and he came nearer, even to a low tree over my head; and as I had a glimpse or two of his mate in a tangle

of willow and roses far out in the wet land, I concluded he was singing to her, and not to me. Now that he was so near I heard more than I had before, — certain low, sweet notes, plainly not intended for the public ear. This undertone song ended always in "sweet! sweet! sweet!" usually followed by a trill, and was far more effective than his state performances. Sometimes, after the "sweet" repeated half a dozen times, each note lower than the preceding one, he ended with a sort of purr of contentment.

I became so absorbed in listening that I had almost forgotten the object of my search, but I was suddenly recalled by a loud voice at one side, and the lively genius of the place was on hand in his usual rôle. Indeed, he rather surpassed himself in mocking and taunting cries that morning, either because he wished, as my host, to entertain me, or, what was more probable, to reproach me for disturbing the serenity of his life. Whatever might have been his motive, he delighted me, as always, by the spirit and vigor with which he poured out his chacks and whistles and rattles and calls. Then I tried to locate him by following up the sound, picking my way through the bushes and among the straggling arms of the irrigating stream. After some experiments, I discovered that he was most concerned when I came near an impenetrable tangle that skirted the lower end of the lot. I say "near:" it was near "as the crow flies," but for one without wings it may have been half a mile; for between me and that spot was a great gulf fixed, the rallying point of the most erratic of wandering streamlets, and so given over to its vagaries that no bird-gazer, however enthusiastic, and indifferent to wet feet and dragged garments, dared attempt to pass. There I was forced to pause, while the bird flung out his notes as if in defiance, wilder, louder, and more vehement than ever.

In that thicket, I said to myself, as I

took my way home, behind that tangle, if I can manage to reach it, I shall find the home of the chat. The situation was discouraging, but I was not to be discouraged; to reach that stronghold I was resolved, if I had to dam up the irrigator, build a bridge, or fill up the quagmire.

No such heroic treatment of the difficulty was demanded; my problem was very simply solved. As I entered the gate the next morning, my eyes fell upon an obscure footpath leading away from the house and the watery way beyond it down through overhanging wild roses, and under the great tangle in which the chat had hidden. It looked mysterious, not to say forbidding, and from the low drooping of the foliage above it was plainly a horse path, not a human way. But it was undoubtedly the key to the secrets of the tangle, and I turned into it without hesitation. Stooping under the branches hanging low with their fragrant burden, and stopping every moment to loosen the hold of some hindering thorn, I followed in the footsteps of my four-footed pioneers, till I reached the lower end of the marsh that had kept me from entering on the upper side. On its edge I placed my chair and seated myself.

It was an ideal retreat; within call if help were needed, yet a solitude it was plain no human being, in that land where (according to the Prophet) every man, woman, and child is a working bee, ever invaded;

“a leafy nook

Where wind never entered, nor branch ever shook,”

known only to my equine friends and to me. I exulted in it! No discoverer of a new land, no stumbler upon a gold mine, was ever more exhilarated over his find than I over my solitary wild rose path.

The tangle was composed of a varied growth. There seemed to have been originally a straggling row of low trees,

chokecherry, peach, and willow, which had been surrounded, overwhelmed, and almost buried by a rich growth of shoots from their own roots, bound and cemented together by the luxuriant wild rose of the West, which grows profusely everywhere it can get a foothold, stealing up around and between the branches, till it overtops and fairly smothers in blossoms a fair-sized oak or other tree. Besides these were great ferns, or brakes, three or four feet high, which filled up the edges of the thicket, making it absolutely impervious to the eye as well as to the foot of any straggler. Except in the obscure passages the horses kept open, no person could penetrate my jungle.

I had hardly placed myself, and I had not noted half of these details, when it became evident that my presence disturbed somebody. A chat cried out excitedly, “chack! chack! whe-e-w!” whereupon there followed an angry squawk, so loud and so near that it startled me. I turned quickly, and saw madam herself, all ruffled as if from the nest. She was plainly as much startled as I was, but she scorned to flee. She perked up her tail till she looked like an exaggerated wren; she humped her shoulders; she turned this way and that, showing in every movement her anger at my intrusion; above all, she repeated at short intervals that squawk, like an enraged hen. Hearing a rustle of wings on the other side, I turned my eyes an instant, and when I looked again she had gone! She would not run while I looked at her, but she had the true chat instinct of keeping out of sight.

She did not desert her grove, however. The canopy over my head, the roof to my retreat, was of green leaves, translucent, almost transparent. The sun was the sun of Utah; it cast strong shadows, and not a bird could move without my seeing it. I could see that she remained on guard, hopping and flying silently from one point of view to another, no

doubt keeping close watch of me all the time.

Meanwhile the chat himself had not for a moment ceased calling. For some time his voice would sound quite near; then it would draw off, growing more and more distant, as if he were tired of watching one who did absolutely nothing. But he never got far away before madam recalled him, sometimes by the squawk alone, sometimes preceding it by a single clear whistle, exactly in his own tone. At once, as if this were a signal, — which doubtless it was, — his cries redoubled in energy, and seemed to come nearer again.

Above the restless demonstrations of the chats I could hear the clear, sweet song of the Western meadow lark in the next field. Well indeed might his song be serene; the minstrel of the meadow knew perfectly well that his nest and nestlings were as safely hidden in the middle of the growing lucern as if in another planet; while the chat, on the contrary, was plainly conscious of the ease with which his homestead might be discovered. A ruthless destroyer, a nest-robbing boy, would have had the whole thing in his pocket days ago. Even I, if I had not preferred to have the owners show it to me; if I had not made excuses to myself, of the marsh, of bushes too low to go under; if I had not hated to take it by force, to frighten the little folk I wished to make friends with, — even I might have seen the nest long before that morning. Thus I meditated as, after waiting an hour or two, I started home.

Outside the gate I met my fellow-student, and we went on together. Our way lay beside an old orchard that we had often noticed in our walks. The trees were not far apart, and so overgrown that they formed a deep shade, like a heavy forest, which was most attractive when everything outside was baking in the June sun. It was nearly noon when we reached the gate, and looking into a place

“so curtained with trunks and boughs
That in hours when the ringdove cooes to his
spouse
The sun to its heart scarce a way could win,”

we could not resist its inviting coolness; we went in.

As soon as we were quiet, we noticed that there were more robins than we had heretofore seen in one neighborhood in that part of the world; for our familiar bird is by no means plentiful in the Rocky Mountain countries, where grassy lawns are rare, and his chosen food is not forthcoming. The old apple-trees seemed to be a favorite nesting-place, and before we had been there five minutes we saw that there were at least two nests within fifty feet of us, and a grosbeak singing his love song so near that we had hopes of finding his home, also, in this secluded nook.

The alighting of a bird low down on the trunk of a tree, perhaps twenty feet away, called the attention of my friend to a neighbor we had not counted upon, a large snake, with, as we noted with horror, the color and markings of the dreaded rattler. He had, as it seemed, started to climb one of the leaning trunks, and when he had reached a point where the trunk divided into two parts, his head about two feet up, and the lower part of his body still on the ground, had stopped, and now rested thus, motionless as the tree itself. It may be that it was the sudden presence of his hereditary enemy that held him apparently spellbound, or it is possible that this position served his own purposes better than any other. Our first impulse was to leave his lordship in undisputed possession of his shady retreat; but the second thought, which held us, was to see what sort of reception the robins would give him. There was a nest full of young on a neighboring tree, and it was the mother who had come down to interview the foe. Would she call her mate? Would the neighbors come to the rescue? Should we see a fight, such

as we had read of? We decided to wait for the result.

Strange to say, however, this little mother did not call for help. Not one of the loud, disturbed cries with which robins greet an innocent bird student or a passing sparrow hawk was heard from her; though her kinsfolk sprinkled the orchard, she uttered not a sound. For a moment she seemed dazed; she stood motionless, staring at the invader as if uncertain whether he were alive. Then she appeared to be interested; she came a little nearer, still gazing into the face of her enemy, whose erect head and glittering eyes were turned toward her. We could not see that he made the slightest movement, while she hopped nearer and nearer; sometimes on one division of the trunk, and sometimes on the other, but always, with every hop, coming a little nearer. She did not act frightened nor at all anxious; she simply seemed interested, and inclined to close investigation. Was she fascinated? Were the old stories of snake power over birds true? Our interest was most intense; we did not take our eyes from her; nothing could have dragged us away then.

Suddenly the bird flew to the ground, and, so quickly that we did not see the movement, the head of the snake was turned over toward her, proving that it was the bird, and not us, he was watching. Still she kept drawing nearer, till she was not more than a foot from him, when our sympathy with the unfortunate creature, who apparently was unable to tear herself away, overcame our scientific curiosity. "Poor thing, she'll be killed! Let us drive her away!" we cried. We picked up small stones which we threw toward her; we "shooed" at her with demonstrations that would have quickly driven away a robin in possession of its senses. Not a step farther off did she move; she hopped one side to avoid our missiles, but instantly fluttered back to her doom. Meanwhile her mate appeared upon the

scene, hovering anxiously about in the trees overhead, but not coming near the snake.

By this time we had lost all interest in the question whether a snake can charm a bird to its destruction; we thought only of saving the little life in such danger. We looked around for help; my friend ran across the street to a house, hurriedly secured the help of a man with a heavy stick, and in two minutes the snake lay dead on the ground.

The bird, at once relieved, flew hastily to her nest, showing no signs of mental aberration, or any other effect of the strain she had been under. The snake was what the man called a "bull snake," and so closely resembled the rattler in color and markings that, although its exterminator had killed many of the more famous reptiles, he could not tell, until it was stretched out in death, which of the two it was. This tragedy spoiled the old orchard for me, and never again did I enter its gates.

Down the wild rose path I took my way the next morning. Silently and quickly I gained my seat of yesterday, hoping to surprise the chat family. No doubt my hope was vain; noiseless, indeed, and deft of movement must be the human being who could come upon this alert bird unawares. He greeted me with a new note, a single clear call, like "ho!" Then he proceeded to study me, coming cautiously nearer and nearer, as I could see out of the corner of my eye, while pretending to be closely occupied with my notebook. His loud notes had ceased, but it is not in chat nature to be utterly silent; many low sounds dropped from his beak as he approached. Sometimes it was a squawk, a gentle imitation of that which rang through the air from the mouth of his spouse; again it was a hoarse sort of mewing, followed by various indescribable sounds in the same undertone; and then he would suddenly take himself in hand, and be perfectly silent for half a minute.

After a little, madam took up the matter, uttering her angry squawk, and breaking upon my silence almost like a pistol shot. At once I forgot her mate, and though he retired to a little distance and resumed his brilliant musical performance, I did not turn my head at his beguilements. She was the business partner of the firm whose movements I wished to follow. She must, sooner or later, go to her nest, while he might deceive me for days. Indeed, I strongly suspected him of that very thing, and whenever he became bolder in approaching, or louder and more vociferous of tongue, I was convinced that it was to cover her operations. I redoubled my vigilance in watching for her, keeping my eyes open for any slight stirring of a twig, tremble of a leaf, or quick shadow near the ground that should point her out as she skulked to her nest. I had already observed that whenever she uttered her squawks he instantly burst into energetic shouts and calls. I believed it a concerted action, with the intent of drawing my attention from her movements.

On this day, the disturbed little mother herself interviewed me. First she came silently under the green canopy, in plain sight, stood a moment before me, jerking up her beautiful long tail and letting it drop slowly back, and posing her mobile body in different positions; then suddenly flying close past me, she alighted on one side, and stared at me for half a dozen seconds. Then, evidently, she resolved to take me in hand. She assumed the rôle of deceiver, with all the wariness of her family; her object being, as I suppose, carefully to point out where her nest was *not*. She circled about me, taking no pains to avoid my gaze. Now she squawked on the right; then she acted "the anxious mother" on the left; this time it was from the clump of rosebushes in front that she rose hurriedly, as if that was her home; again it was from over my

head, in the chokecherry-tree, that she bustled off, as if she had been "caught in the act." It was a brilliant, a wonderful performance, a thousand times more effective than trailing or any of the similar devices by which an uneasy bird mother draws attention from her brood. It was so well done that at each separate manœuvre I could hardly be convinced by my own eyes that the particular spot indicated did not conceal the little homestead I was seeking. Several times I rose triumphant, feeling sure that "now indeed I *do* know where it is," and proceeded at once to the bush she had pointed out with so much simulated reluctance, parted the branches, and looked in, only to find myself deceived again. Her acting was marvelous. With just the properly anxious, uneasy manner, she would steal behind a clump of leaves into some retired spot admirably adapted for a chat's nest, and after a moment sneak out at the other side, and fly away near the ground, exactly as all bird students have seen bird mothers do a thousand times.

After this performance a silence fell upon the tangle and the solitary nook in which I sat,—and I meditated. It was the last day of my stay. Should I set up a search for that nest which I was sure was within reach? I could go over the whole in half an hour, examine every shrub and low tree and inch of ground in it, and doubtless I should find it. No; I do not care for a nest thus forced. The distress of parents, the panic of nestlings, give me no pleasure. I know how a chat's nest looks. I have seen one with its pinky-pearl eggs; why should I care to see another? I know how young birds look; I have seen dozens of them this very summer. Far better that I never lay eyes upon the nest than to do it at such cost.

As I reached this conclusion, into the midst of my silence came the steady tramp of a horse. I knew the wild rose path was a favorite retreat from the sun,

and it was then very hot. The path was narrow; if a horse came in upon me, he could not turn around and retreat, nor was there room for him to pass me. Realizing all this in an instant, I snatched up my belongings, and hurried to get out before he should get in.

When I emerged, the chat set up his loudest and most triumphant shouts. "Again we have fooled you," he seemed to say; "again we have thrown your poor human acuteness off the scent! We shall manage to bring up our babies in safety, in spite of you!"

So indeed they might, even if I had

seen them; but this, alas, I could not make him understand. So he treated me—his best friend—exactly as he treated the nest robber and the bird shooter.

I shall never know whether that nest contained eggs or young birds, or whether perchance there was no nest at all, and I had been deceived from the first by the most artful and beguiling of birds. And through all this I had never once squarely seen the chat I had been following.

"Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
A voice, a mystery."

Olive Thorne Miller.

THE SHEPHERD-GIRL.

WITHIN the twilight, on the hill,
A shepherd-girl I met;
And she was weeping as she went,
Nor may I well forget
The darksome eyes she lifted up,
That bitter tears had wet.

"My sheep are all astray, astray;
And since the sun arose,
I have been searching all the land
Beyond the meadow-close;
And all my sheep are gone from me,
And none are left to lose.

"We wandered, all the summer days,
Where any cowslip led;
The little brook came with us, too,
But now the leaves are dead;
The winds blow chill from yonder hill,
And it is dark," she said.

"Oh, all the summer days I piped
An answer to the lark.
My lambs were growing white as stars,
And fair for all to mark;
And they have left me, one by one,"
She said, "and it is dark."

"Nay, come, thou lonely shepherd-girl,
 And find thy sheep with me!
 The yellow moon will rise full soon,
 And lend her light for thee.
 But thou art weary, wandering;
 Thine eyes are strange to see."

"Lad, I have called them long and long;
 Only an echo hears.
 The grass blows gray beneath the wind, —
 As gray as far-off years;
 And even if the moonlight shone,
 I could not see, for tears."

Josephine Preston Peabody.

JERRY: A PERSONALITY.

DOUBTLESS a better horse never was made than the strawberry roan Jerry! At least that is my own belief concerning the intelligent, affectionate animal, whose head is the head of a sage, and whose heart is, in Calabrian phrase, like a mountain. When I assert, in presence of men and of angels, that Jerry is the best and most beautiful of all the horses in the world, the men are apt to reply, with civil detraction, "Well, that might be a matter of opinion," or, "He appears to be a good, sound, honest horse." But I am sure that the angels, if they could be interpellated on the subject of Jerry, would recognize fully the noble qualities of his spirit, of which I catch delightful glimpses.

To come to plain facts: Jerry is a dark strawberry roan, with four long black stockings, in which he stands something over fifteen hands high. He is strongly built; not a showy animal, but well formed, with a deep chest and a fine head. His face is very attractive; the brow is wide, and the eyes are extraordinarily large and lovely, with lids that have a charming curve toward the outer corner, such as is admired in portraits of the Empress Eugénie. The

ears of Jerry are expressive, voluble, in their lively movements. He weighs about twelve hundred pounds; the last hundred, they flatter me, is due to the sugar which, almost daily, he eats from my hand. When he first came to the stable he was thin from overwork, as one of a pair, in which partnership he did more than his half of the pulling. The roan's nature, at once tender and energetic, had won me immediately, and my devotion crystallized into lumps of sugar. The hostlers assured me that the sugar was doing good to Jerry. "Look," they would say, "how his barrel is filling out!" And I, untechnical but sympathizing, would stroke his silken sides, and murmur lovingly, "Bless his dear sugar barrel!"

In course of a year of petting Jerry became plump enough. He had gained one hundred pounds — and eaten as much sugar! He was a living proof of the old-fashioned housekeepers' formula for preserving: "A pound of sugar to a pound of strawberry" — roan.

Jerry is not really my horse, which renders it, perhaps, more permissible for me to boast concerning him. He is owned by the master of an excellent livery stable; his duty is to draw a coupé

for any one who may hire it. But what does it matter that Jerry's legs are at the command of the general public so long as his affections are mine? Jerry performs his hours of hack work; so do I. And then, like the good neighbors that we are, we have a refreshing interview, not uncheered by apples and sugar. We talk of so many things, exchanging whinnies and articulate words. A jeremiad no longer seems to me the synonym for dismal lamentation; instead, I associate it with the nobly joyous neigh which Jerry, at the sound of my step or voice, launches into the air.

Jerry is the *doyen* of the stable. He is credited with great judiciousness, and has various privileges. He likes to roam about, visiting the other horses, touching them gently with his nose as if to ask after their welfare. He is also pleased to put that nose into the grain-bin for an extra mouthful. One day, when he was at the supplies, an hostler said to him, conversationally, as to another man, "Jerry, will you let me come there a moment? I want to get some grain for Dick." Jerry quickly stepped aside, and waited until the measure was filled for Dick, then returned to thrust his nose again into the feed.

There is nothing mean about Jerry, not even when it is a question of food, which is for an animal the test of selfishness that money is for mankind. And Jerry is gifted with an appetite that would have contented the old hostler in Lavengro. More than once Jerry has selected a small mouthful of hay, such as he hoped might suit a lady, and has offered it to me. I have thanked him, of course, but begged him to let me have the satisfaction of seeing him eat it instead, which he has obligingly and cheerfully done. One day Jerry was enjoying some slices of apple and lumps of sugar which I held before him in a basket. Across the stable yard stood a pair of iron-grays, high-spirited pets; they gave each other a glance of intelligence, and

then came prancing toward us. As they approached, Jerry raised his nose from the basket, and, withdrawing a step, invited Kitty and Dick to eat in his place. Then he caressed Kitty with his nose. But the lively mare soon overturned the basket. Somebody came and backed away the grays, while I picked up the remainder of the fruit and sugar, which, it is pleasant to remember, went to Jerry, after all. So it is that virtue is occasionally its own reward!

Another act of Jerry exhibited in a different way his thoughtfulness and abnegation. Just at that time the stall to the left of his was occupied by a horse not really vicious, but inclined to nip and to let off his heels. One day, when, as usual, I went to visit Jerry, he insisted on standing over to the near side, and would absolutely have me enter on the off side. This being contrary to equine good manners, I patted and reproved and coaxed Jerry, until — evidently against his own judgment — he yielded. The next day his actions were the same. I, however, had begun to believe that he had some good and sufficient reason, and in obedience to his wish I entered on the off side. The day after that, the nipping and eager horse was away, and Jerry willingly and at once admitted me on the near side. In short, while that horse was tenant of the neighboring stall Jerry saw to it that I was not in reach of the stranger's teeth, putting himself between me and any possible harm. Sir Walter Raleigh in his famous cloak act did not show himself so chivalrous as did Jerry, a noble by grace of nature!

Later, there was in the contiguous stall a horse, pathetically humble and gentle, named Peter. He had been sent out of the city for the winter; and, as often happens, the trust had been abused, so that poor Peter came home with the bones almost outside the skin, and the shoulders so stiff and rheumatic that it was feared lest he were ruined. The

hostler, an expert Australian horseman, gave Peter the best care. Jerry and I did a little ornamental charity in the way of lumps of sugar, and the invalid soon began to extend his nose for a share of the treat. Peter recovered health and spirits. He showed affection for those who had befriended him: to the humans by whinnies and caresses; to Jerry in cleverly aiding and abetting a little scheme of the astute roan. Several times, the men, on entering the stable, found Jerry at large, visiting his colleagues, helping himself to hay from the common stock, and making free with things in general. They were surprised to see that he was without the halter, which, as they led him into his box, they found knotted to its ring, while the empty headstall lay on the floor. It appeared like a case of witchcraft! But the Australian posted himself where he could watch Jerry, and at last saw the roan thrust his head over the partition which separated him from Peter. The recognizant Peter comprehended, and in a few moments succeeded in unbuckling with his teeth the strap of Jerry's headstall. Then the roan shook his head and freed it, the headstall fell to the floor, and Jerry backed out for a raid on the hay. Nowadays he is not tied; instead, a rope passes behind him and is hooked into a staple. But Jerry will probably find out this combination, also.

If only it were possible for us to learn the language of horses! Their speech is duplex: a vocal utterance, which they use to communicate with one another at a distance, or with those crude intelligences of mankind, and a mute transference of thought, which passes from the muzzle of one horse to that of another near to him.

One day Jerry had been temporarily removed from his box, in favor of an ailing horse who needed the extra space and comfort. I was at a loss where to look for my pet, and questioned, "Where are you, Jerry?"

From a remote corner sounded Jerry's rich, full baritone, *vivace con affetto*.

I answered him, and again he whinnied. It was a game of "magical music." Guided by his repeated calls, I went to a stall in a dusky corner, and then remained a little uncertain. "Is it truly you, Jerry?" He replied with a soft trilling note that was an invitation, a word of tenderness, an affidavit of his identity. I doubted no more, and, stretching forth a hand, felt my way along his smooth flanks up to the face that soon was rubbing against mine.

Since then the horses have been removed to another building, more spacious and better lighted. There is a large sliding door, which my force is insufficient to open. The first time that I visited Jerry in the new quarters the door was closed, and I was obliged to knock for admittance. The men did not hear. Then I called, "Jerry, are you there?" Instantly his clear and resonant neigh replied from the depths of the stable. Again and again Jerry called, beating his hoofs, until an hostler came to see what was wanted, and noticed my rappings at the door. When it was opened Jerry continued to neigh, but diminished the tone as I came nearer; so that finally, when I entered his stall, his whinny was not louder than the coo of a wood pigeon.

Jerry responds cordially to caresses. He covers my hands with kisses, sometimes holding the fingers lightly between his teeth, while his tongue plays over the wrist. Once he had the caprice to set a solemn — and moist — kiss precisely upon my right ear. Another day I told him, "If you will put your neck around my neck, I will put mine against yours." The phrase was a little complicated, and Jerry gazed under his feed-box, where he always looks for inspiration. The idea emerged for him. Promptly his great neck fell on my left shoulder, then curled around to the right. He glanced at me with inquiry. "Yes, good Jerry!" Then he tightened his clasp until he had gathered my head into the curve of his throat.

If, in my presence, he is being har-

nessed, he fixes his eyes on me, and often is oblivious of any order unless repeated by me. He is always treated with the utmost gentleness by the whole personnel of the stable; as indeed is necessary, for, large and powerful as he is, Jerry is peculiarly sensitive both of skin and of mouth. The lightest touch upon the rein can guide him. Once, as he was being put to the coupé, he thought best to trot off. As I was near, I volunteered to stop the runaway, but was afraid of hurting his mouth by catching the bridle at one side. So I ran in front of him, — he was not trotting at a speed to break any record, — and threw my arms around his neck. "Whoa, Jerry!" And he, with nose nestled against my shoulder, ambled amiably back to the expectant shafts.

Jerry's character is various, decided, and individual. He is one of those rare personalities who make virtue picturesque and amusing; his goodness is healthful, quite unconscious of itself. When he works, he pulls for all he is worth. When he rests, he lies down in the stall; and he could give lessons to the disciples of Delsarte in the art of complete relaxation and repose of every muscle, and in committing the whole weight to the floor. He requires more grain and hay than any other horse in the stable. His neigh is peculiarly deep-chested and sonorous. His vigor and patience are untiring.

These serious excellences of the good Jerry are enlivened by a sense of humor and by a marked dramatic talent. He is charming in his play; what an injustice to the graceful sportiveness of the equines is the common definition of "horse-play"! The sole occasion when Jerry went beyond the limit of the most perfect taste in his humorous doings was once when, in order to recall me from talking with his proprietor, he caught the tip of my finger between his teeth and bit it slightly. It is certain that he had carefully calculated the degree of pressure, not willing to hurt me. But it

proved a little too strong for a delicate finger, and I was in duty bound to teach Jerry that he must not do so again. So I tapped his nose with the pinched finger, at the same time scolding him. In a moment the tears began to gather in his great kind eyes. It was the first time — and the last — that Jerry was ever blamed by me. All was forgiven, and discipline ended in caresses. Another day, Jerry's tender heart was so grieved at the sad tones in which some disaster was discussed in his presence that his eyes grew moist, and the conversation was instantly changed to felicitation upon the fine condition of Jerry! He likes to be talked to, and has especial pleasure to hear his own name mentioned. He comprehends what is said, often to a surprising degree. Once I told him, in the stall, "Jerry, the rope behind you is unhooked; why don't you go and take a drink of water?" He immediately quitted his box, went to the water-trough, and had a noble drink.

He is a favorite with all those who have to do with him. His owner testifies that Jerry has never needed the least correction; although now and then it becomes necessary to tell him, in friendly argument, that there are errands which do not take him to my door. He is fond of the men who take care of him, and interrupts with many kisses the process of grooming or of harnessing him. He likes to lift the cap from a man's head; then, after giving it a little shake, he replaces it.

Jerry is an admirable comedian. Once, well meaning but misguided, I offered him some carrots. It was fine to see his scorn of the vegetable. He sniffed contemptuously, shook his head, tossed the carrots from the basket, and trampled upon them in a war dance. But it was told me that after I had left the stable Jerry picked up the carrots and ate them with good relish. It had been simply that he expected choicer gifts at my hands.

He owns a blanket and hood, gold-

color, and by me embroidered with his respected name. He is proud of it; and who knows what satisfaction he feels when, as he passes along the street, the populace, admiring, reads aloud, JERRY! His self-esteem demands good clothes; so much so that one day, as I came into the stable yard, Jerry told me, by means of whinnying, beating his hoofs, and shaking vigorously in his teeth the rather ancient blanket which had been hastily thrown over him, that he wanted his own cover, and not any common rag whatever! So his Australian friend kindly brought the embroidered robe, — observing, however, that Jerry had not protested until my arrival. Arrayed in his good blanket, Jerry looked around with pride, and caressed with his nose the hands that had attired him.

Another comedy, of which Jerry was stage manager, was a five-o'clock tea, admirably enacted. He had eaten all the apples and sugar from my dish-shaped basket. Then he had a luminous idea: he would now be host instead of guest at the banquet. He took the edge of the basket in his teeth, and, with a polite bow, proffered it to the Australian. It was accepted with thanks. Then Jerry took it again, and, with another bow, presented the Barmecide feast to me. I had not assisted at social functions for nothing, and received his civilities with many compliments. The tea party lasted for several minutes. Jerry was quite impartial in his attentions, and the affair was most enjoyable to everybody concerned.

It is very tantalizing when Jerry turns upon me his beautiful eyes and whinnies half a dozen phrases with a charming variety of intonations. He is telling me something which I am greatly interested to hear; but the density of human non-intelligence is like a fog between Jerry's mind and mine.

One morning he walked beside me, a courteous escort, talking of the fine weather and of the news of the day. "What

you say, Jerry," I answered him, "is not only true, but also finely expressed. What a pity that I'm too stupid to understand it!"

Another day, as I entered the yard, Jerry stood there harnessed. He immediately began the recital of some pleasant occurrence; whinnying, moving his ears, and tossing his head with evident delight. One of the men came from the stable, and asked me, "Has Jerry told you the news?"

"He has; but I have not quite understood."

"He had his photograph taken this morning. A man with a camera came into the yard; and I said, Jerry is such a good horse he ought to have his picture taken. So we put on his best blanket, and he stood for his likeness. He was very pleased about it."

On another occasion, Jerry, by means of his silent language, helped me out of a little dilemma of equine society. He had been eating fruit and sugar from my hands; and in the basket there remained only a few bits of sugar, when one of our friends, a black horse, trotted up for a share of the treat. I knew by experience that the black liked apples, but not sugar; so that there was nothing for him. "I'm so sorry, Wally," I told him, "but Jerry has eaten all the fruit, and you do not care for sugar. The next time you shall have a fine apple, if you will go away now."

The black did not comprehend; he kept gently pushing his nose against my shoulder. It was grievous to disappoint the good animal. With a sudden impulse I said to the roan, "You, Jerry, know both languages. Please tell Wally that I am very sorry that the apples are all eaten; but if he will go away now, in patience, to-morrow I will bring him a large red apple for himself."

Jerry looked at me, as if to take the message; then approached his nose to that of Wally. It appeared to me that the current of intelligence was almost

visible, — something as the warm air is seen to pass in transparent ripples along the outside of a heated iron pipe. The message repeated, Wally glanced pleasantly at me as if to accept the terms of my offer, and then trotted away. Needless to say that the next day he had the promised apple, and of the largest and reddest.

Another time Jerry took me in the coupé, on some errands. Whenever, in shopping or on paying visits, I leave the carriage, a regular fee of two lumps of sugar is due to Jerry. But that time he had met a friend, a horse whom I did not know, and they began at once to talk together intently, without a sound. When I offered the sugar, Jerry declined it. Supposing that his good manners might not permit him to eat alone, I invited the other horse to partake. He touched my fingers with a delicate salutation, as a friend of Jerry's, but refused the sugar. Then Jerry gave me a reproving look which said plainly, "When gentlemen are talking on business and politics, they do not wish to be interrupted by little women with lumps of sugar!" And I entered a shop quite repressed.

Jerry is a person of fastidious taste. For instance, when a box of bonbons is presented to me, it is a pleasure to give some of them to him. The first day, when they are fresh from the confectioner's, Jerry adores the bonbons; the second day he likes them well enough; but after that he lets me know that they are become stale, flat, and unprofitable to his palate, while I, without criterion, still consider the candies very good.

Not to make the praise of Jerry an endless serial, to the exclusion of all other matter from the pages of *The Atlantic Monthly*, only one more story shall here be related about my dear horse. On a fine summer day it was proposed that there should be a picnic in honor of Jerry. The squire, immemorially a colleague of mine when fun is the order of

the day, accompanied me in the coupé. The driver was that appreciative person who caused the roan to be photographed. Jerry should have an afternoon in the fields, — such a free scamper over the grass as he had not enjoyed since he left the Western prairies of his colthood. We took him to a meadow where were pastured some high-bred animals: a horse, and a mare and two fillies, one a yearling, and the other only a few months old. The field was ample, divided into two pastures by a deep railway cut, well fenced, and spanned by an arched bridge, also with sufficient railing, over which the horses could pass at will. The grass had been mowed, and was velvety and inviting. When Jerry was unharnessed, he at first looked around, not realizing that he was master to do as he pleased. He began to nibble the grass; then it suddenly occurred to him that he was at liberty. With a joyous whinny, he flung himself on the turf, and rolled over and over in an abandon of comfort. The horizon seemed full of Jerry's enraptured heels. Then he arose, and stood tranquil and dignified.

Meanwhile the equine aristocrats had noticed the new-comer. "Is he eligible to our society? What are the credentials of this Mr. Jerry Roan? Let us see."

In a formal procession they approached him: first the horse, then the mare followed by her daughters. The horse rubbed his nose over Jerry; not rudely, but with the serious investigation which Jerry, as a horse of the world, would comprehend to be indispensable before he could be presented to the acquaintance of madam and the fillies. Jerry accepted the situation with the calm of an individual who knows himself worthy. The mare also sniffed daintily around Jerry's head, and the little ones tried to imitate the ways of their mamma. Then the four aristocrats withdrew for a family council; their heads close together, their bodies radiating toward

the four points of the compass. Jerry remained motionless, in an attitude of serene self-respect.

Soon, the others, in regular order of procession, returned to him. The horse rubbed his face against that of Jerry, and they embraced mutually with their necks; the mare saluted him as befitted "the lady of the herd," and then she pushed forward her fillies to receive a kiss from the new friend of the family. Mr. Jerry Roan was voted *persona grata*. Although he had not his pedigree with him at the moment, his innate nobility had accredited itself. The five horses, abreast, set out for a gallop across the meadow, and Jerry led the van! He seemed another horse from the steady, businesslike animal of his workadays.

That was a delicious afternoon for Jerry, and for us who enjoyed the sight of his pleasure. He did a thousand charming things. He brought the yearling up to me and requested sugar for two. He challenged the horse to a race, and easily won. Whenever an engine came puffing through the railway cut, Jerry — one of whose virtues it is to stand undisturbed amid a confusion of trains at a station — dramatized himself as a wild steed of the plains, uttered a scream better than that of a locomotive, and led the herd flying off in a delicious panic of feigned terror. When supper was served to the other horses, Jerry was kindly invited to join them at the grain.

When the happy afternoon was ended, and it was time for Jerry to be harnessed again, he was in the upper field with the other horses; and our driver went to bring him to the lower pasture, where the squire and I, near the coupé, awaited him. As Jerry crossed the bridge, he understood that his picnic was finished. He paused for an instant on the centre of the arch. He was magnificent: a dark silhouette against the pale golden sky, prancing, with head flung up and mane streaming on the air. He gave

one great epic shout, of recognition of the pleasure that had been his, of farewell to the other horses; his superb cry echoed far over the quiet space of the fields.

It was not easy for Jerry to resign himself to be put to the carriage. The driver had much to do to harness him; the squire held him with a strong hand by the bridle, while I aided materially by caressing Jerry's face and giving him a lump of sugar whenever he plunged. Then it was that I learned the literal meaning of "a fiery-nostriled steed." In each of Jerry's nostrils, quivering and distended, there was like a live coal, reddening as every heartbeat sent the generous blood through his veins.

In that afternoon we had witnessed the splendid possibilities of Jerry. He had displayed his latent speed and beauty of motion. He had made his own apotheosis. Having thus gloriously asserted himself, he settled down again to his business of drawing the coupé back to the city. But for days afterward, whenever I entered his stall, Jerry would fling up his head and prance in a reminiscent manner. "We had a fine picnic, had n't we, Jerry?" And then he would kiss my hands as if to thank me for having planned the excursion for his pleasure.

Whoever has cared to read this record of Jerry's traits, and has done me the honor to recognize my intent to show how distinct a personality is this dear horse, will like to know that Jerry and I shall never lose sight of each other. Jerry is now about twelve years old, — the very fullness of vigor for a horse who, like him, has always been well treated, — and he will be happy with his present owner and employment for some years to come. Then, when the coupé is a little too heavy for him and he begins to grow old, he is to be altogether mine. "I know a bank" where is hoarded a railroad bond, earned by the writing of fiction (this sketch of Jerry, however, is no fiction, but the truth about him): that bond, then, will purchase him and

go toward his maintenance. For Jerry and I shall keep near each other as long as we live; and his latter days shall be as happy as those of his colthood, if affection and money can make them so.

If he should survive me, he will have an annuity, suitably secured for his benefit; gained by the pen that seems never ready to cease from praising him, good Jerry the roan.

Elisabeth Cavazza.

EARLY LATIN POETRY.

ROMAN poetry begins in 514 (about 240 B. C.) with Livius Andronicus, who translated the *Odyssey* into Saturnian verse, — a work about which we know nothing that is interesting except that Horace probably had the same feeling towards it as most schoolboys now have towards Horace; for it was the book which he had to study under the *ferula* of the proverbially severe Orbilius.

In the very early poets of Rome, what most strikes us is a strange unevenness of execution. They do not seem to have caught any apprehension of that subtle quality which should distinguish even the humblest poetry from the very most ambitious prose. In our own literature instances of this insensitiveness to the essential difference between poetry and prose are very rare, and they hardly ever coexist with occasional elevation. In early Latin poetry lapses into mere prose are common, and yet we often meet real poetry side by side with them. Brilliant gifts of expression and true elevation of sentiment are found coexisting with abject humbleness of style, or even insensibility to the very existence of such a thing as style.

Macaulay quotes from Blackmore a so-called poem which is certainly marked by a "plentiful lack" of inspiration: —

"Fancy six hundred gentlemen at least,
And each one mounted on his capering beast;
Into the Danube they were pushed by shoals."

But this attempt at description, bald as it is, almost soars in comparison with some specimens of early Latin poetry

which have come down to us; for instance, this passage from the epic of Nævius on the Punic war: —

"The Romans cross to Malta, harry the place
With fire and sword, settle the enemies'
business;"

or: —

"Marcus Valerius consul leads a brigade
On a campaign;"

or, as Ennius writes: —

"Years seven hundred, more or less, have
passed
Since Rome with auguries august arose,"

a passage which, though it rises a little in the expression "auguries august," certainly creeps in the cautious accuracy of "more or less," and reminds us of a Dublin story, how a solicitor, in challenging to a duel another member of his own profession, invited him to meet him in the Phoenix Park "in the Fifteen Acres, be the same more or less."

Again, Ennius, after a really fine verse invoking the Muses, goes on to explain that *Muses* is a Greek word corresponding to the Latin *Casmenæ*. This is what strikes us in early Latin poetry, — real distinction and utter poverty of style side by side and hand in hand. Place beside the bald and uncouth verses quoted just now from Nævius those fine Saturnians of his: —

"They fain would perish there upon the spot,
And not come back to meet their comrades'
scorn;"

("Seseque ei perire malvolunt ibidem
Quam cum stupro rebitere ad suos popu-
lares;")

and beside the Ennian passage put that grand utterance which has been compared to the voice of an oracle, and which kindled the enthusiasm of the inspired Virgil:—

“Broad-based upon her men and principles
Standeth the state of Rome;”

(“*Moribus antiquis stat res Romana virisque;*”)

and we shall then see clearly this strange quality which distinguishes the early Latin poets from those of Greece, and other nations too,—that they were content to creep, though they knew what it was to fly, and that they seem hardly to be aware when they are on the ground, and when in the clouds.

Quintilian relates an anecdote which shows in what honor the epic of Ennius was held. One Sextus Annalis brought some charge against a client of Cicero's, and in the course of the trial proudly demanded, “Have you anything to say about Sextus Annalis?” That is, “Have you any charge to bring against *my* character?” But the words *num quid potes de sexto Annali* are susceptible of a quite different meaning. Cicero pretended to understand him to mean, “Can you repeat anything out of the sixth book of the Annals?” “To be sure I can,” at once replied the consular wag (*scurra consularis* was a favorite sobriquet for Cicero), and he thundered forth the sonorous line,

“*Quis potis ingentes oras evolvere belli?*”

to the enthusiastic delight of his audience and the whole court. Opinion about Ennius underwent a steady change in successive ages. Lucretius calls him “immortal,” *æternus*; in Propertius, he begins to be “rough,” *hirsutus*; Ovid characterizes him as

“Ingenious, mighty, but in art unskilled;”

Martial complains that people are so tasteless that they will read Ennius though they have Virgil; in the time of Silius Italicus, Ennius is so completely

portion and parcel of the past that Silius introduces him as a character into his poem.

But Ennius, interesting though he is as the founder of the Roman epic and of satire, must no longer engage our attention except in so far as he affected the early Latin drama, which is the chief subject of this paper. As the real founder of Roman poetry, Quintilian finely says of him, in a well-known passage,¹ that we should reverence him as some sacred grove of venerable antiquity whose grand old trees have more majesty than beauty.

A generation ago, historians of Latin literature usually discussed the question, Why had Rome no tragedy? Such critics could find no Roman tragedy because they looked for it only in the declamations of Seneca, which probably were never put on the stage. They did not go so far back even as the Medea of Ovid and the Thyestes of Varius, which Quintilian put on a par with the Attic drama, or the tragedies of Pollio, which Virgil and Horace thought worthy of the Sophoclean buskin. Still less did they think of turning their eyes to the stage of Ennius, Pacuvius, and Attius. It is only recently, comparatively speaking, that the efforts of Continental scholarship have presented to us the fragments in which these dramatists have come down to us in such a shape as to render any literary appreciation possible. There are certain evidences that tragedy was held in estimation in the Rome of the Ciceronian epoch. These evidences are broadly the testimony of Cicero and of Horace. Latin tragedy took the Greek models in inverse order, and adopted Euripides first. The Ennian version is literal, and, like Roman comedy, postulates in the audience a knowledge of Greek. Sometimes, where we have an opportunity of comparing the Latin translation with the Greek original, we

¹ “Ennium sicut sacros vetustate lucos adoremus, in quibus grandia et antiqua robora iam

non tantum habent speciem quantum religionem.” (Inst. Orat., X. i. 88.)

find the Latin awkward and clumsy. A fine passage in the *Iphigenia* in *Aulis* runs:—

"Oh, what a blessing hath the peasant's lot,
The happy privilege of uncheck'd tears!"

It is hard to give in English the Ennian version of it without exaggerating its homeliness, but it may perhaps be rendered:—

"In this the peasant holdeth o'er the king,
The one may weep, the other may not well."

("Plebes in hoc regi antistat loco: licet
Lacrimare plebi, regi honeste non licet.")

The Greek and Latin passages agree in being both perfectly plain and simple; but the Ennian is almost vulgar, and its simplicity is that of *Rejected Addresses*:

"Jack's in a pet, and this it is:
He thinks mine came to more than his;"

while the simplicity of the Greek is that which so deeply affects us in a great line in Webster's *Duchess of Malfi*:—

"Cover her face: my eyes dazzle: she died young."

Perhaps we might venture to say that the vulgarity in the Latin lies in the word *honeste*; to weep is not consistent with a king's position in society.

It is interesting to detect in these very ancient and somewhat rude efforts of a nation just emerging from absolute illiteracy something parallel to our own literature; something to remind us that there are touches of nature which make generations kin, however widely sundered in space and time.

"That in the captain's but a cholerick word,
Which in the soldier is flat blasphemy,"

is a very true reflection of Shakespeare's; and a similar thought must have presented itself to the mind of Ennius when he wrote:—

"To ope his lips is crime in a plain burgher."
The whole spirit of the fine poem,

"How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will!"

resides in the Ennian verse,

"Most free is he whose heart is strong and clean."

The fierce question of Shylock,

"Hates any man the thing he would not kill?"
is anticipated in

"Fear begets hate, hate the desire to kill;"

and "A friend in need is a friend indeed" finds a literal counterpart in

"Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur."

It is strange to meet as early as in Ennius a maxim which modern novelists would do well to lay to heart:—

"A little moralizing's good, — a little:
I like a taste, but not a bath of it."

Pacuvius was the rival and nephew of Ennius. Like Euripides, he was a painter as well as a poet, and "Pictor," the surname of the Fabii, shows that art was then held in high esteem. He learned the bitterness of being eclipsed by a younger rival, Attius, and retired to Tarentum (the ideal retreat of Horace), there to spend the closing years of a long and distinguished life. Aulus Gellius tells us that there he was visited by Attius, who read to him his *Atreus*. The old poet found in it elevation and brilliancy, but detected a certain harshness and unripeness. "So much the better," said Attius. "The mind is like a fruit, harsh while it is growing, but mellow when it attains maturity. If it is soft too soon, it is spoiled before it ripens thoroughly. I like to have something to grow out of." This is a very just remark. The young man whose essay shows nothing turgid, no ungraceful ornament or flashy rhetoric, will never do much as a writer. Dr. Johnson's advice to his young friend to cut out all the fine passages illustrates his ticklish temper rather than his sound judgment. On the whole, as Andrew Lang has somewhere said, one would prefer to see a very young writer rather a dandy in his manner. The affectations are annoying, but he will probably grow out of them, if he happens not to be a prig. It is well that he should feel it necessary to dress his thoughts before he brings them into company.

Ribbeck calls Pacuvius the freedman of Euripides, because, though mainly dependent on Euripides, he modifies the art of the Greek poet with far greater boldness than Ennius or Attius.

The less agreeable features in Pacuvius are his audacity in coining monstrous compounds, like *repandirostrum* and *incurvicervicum*, and his poverty of invention. The latter failing is revealed by the fact that we find in his fragments traces of three different and separate storms. No doubt he excelled in this kind of description, and so he recurs to it whenever he wants an effect. We have abundant proofs of his popularity. Plautus parodies him more than once; Lucretius borrows his expression "*hoc circum supraque*," "the spacious firmament on high;" and it was during the performance of a play of his that the actor who was playing the part of the sleeping Ilione went to sleep in reality, while twelve hundred spectators joined in the appeal of Catienus on the stage, — the appeal to Ilione to awake. The way in which Horace relates the anecdote shows that the plays of Pacuvius must have been very popular and very familiar to the audiences of the time. A fine passage in the Medus (son of Medea by Ægeus) proves that Pacuvius is not merely a poet who can produce ingenious philosophical reflections and vigorous descriptions. The portrait of the unhappy dethroned Æetes, a kind of ancient Lear,

"With sunken eyes, and wasted frame, and furrows

Worn by the tears adown his pallid cheeks,"

is the work of one who can raise pity and terror, and worthily describe human passion and suffering. His last triumph was at the funeral of the murdered Cæsar, in the year of the city 710. Among other songs sung in honor of the dead was one from the *Armorum Judicium*. There was a sad appropriateness to the occasion in the cry of Ajax, —

"To think I saved them but to murder me!"

Velleius gives Attius the palm among the tragic poets. He took Æschylus for his model, not Sophocles or Euripides, as did his predecessors, but seems largely to have adopted the practice called *contaminatio*, and to have fused together different dramas, and even different authors. Thus we find in his *Armorum Judicium*, which he borrowed from Æschylus, the well-known verse taken by him from the Ajax of Sophocles, and afterwards adapted from him by Virgil: —

"Be thine thy father's might, but not his fate."

("Virtute sis par, dispar fortunis patris.")

He also uses Homer, and even Apollonius Rhodius, whose very spirited description of the astonishment of the Colchian shepherds at the first sight of a ship seems to be reproduced in a passage cited by Cicero.

Like Ennius and Pacuvius, Attius was of humble birth, the son or grandson of a freedman. But the obscurity of his birth was to him no "invidious bar;" to quote a verse of his own: —

"Homo locum ornat, non hominem locus."

("A man may dignify his rank; no rank
Can dignify a man.")

We have already heard his confident answer to the aged Pacuvius, and we are told by Valerius Maximus that when Cæsar entered the Collegium Poetarum, a kind of ancient analogue of the French Academy, Attius did not rise. He acknowledged the superior rank of Cæsar, but added, "Here the question is, not who has most ancestors, but who has most works to point to."

Ennius excelled in sententious gravity, pathos, and naturalness; Pacuvius, in elaboration of style which earned him the name *doctus*, and which sometimes, as in his ponderous compounds, degenerated into pedantry and affectation. The strength of Attius lay in his spirit and elevation of style, for which Horace called him *altus*, and Ovid *animosus*. His "*Oderint dum metuant*" ("Let them hate me, so they fear me too") is a

thunder-word, and has ever been a favorite quotation with tyrants, from Tiberius to Bismarck.

The elevation of Attius is very marked. The *Atreus* which he read to Pacuvius begins with a stately passage much admired by Cicero, Quintilian, and Seneca :

"En impero Argis sceptrā mihi liquit Pelops
Sua ponto ab Helles atque ab Ionis mari
Urgetur Isthmus,"

("I 'm Lord of Argos, heir of Pelops' crown,
Far as the Hellespont and Ionian main
Beat on the Isthmus,")

a passage which strikes us by the weight of names great in myth-land and hero-land, and produces a vague impression of majesty, like Milton's

"Jousted in Aspromont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco or Trebizond,
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric's shore,
When Charlemagne with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia."

We are told by Plutarch that when the great tragic actor Æsopus uttered these words he entered so keenly into the spirit of the passage that he struck dead at his feet a slave who approached too near to the majesty of Argos.

Again, do not the following lines strongly recall the wise and sober but lofty dignity of Tennyson's King Arthur? —

"Foul shame I hold it that the blood of queens
Should foully mix itself and make the breed
Of royal stock a question."

And we meet now and then a sentiment quite in the vein of the *Idylls* : —

"For him is pity, to whose low estate
A noble mind lends lustre."

In some places the boldness of the Attian diction touches the borders of bombast, as when he says : —

"Simul et circum magna sonantibus
Exepta saxis suavisona Echo
Crepitu clangente cachinnat ;"

("From the reverberating cliffs around
Starts Echo musical with clangorous peal
Of startled laughter ;")

or when Thyestes is described as

"Tomb of his brood devour'd."

The sound common sense which underlies this excitability of spirit has already been illustrated by the interview of Attius with Pacuvius. A further instance of it is given us by Quintilian. So great an admiration, he tells us, was felt for the forensic powers shown in the Attian tragedies that the poet's friends asked him why he did not become an advocate. "Because," he replied, "in my plays the speakers say what I please, and so the other characters can perfectly demolish their arguments ; but in the courts, on the contrary, I find that my adversaries invariably say the very things I would rather they had left unsaid."

But in Attius, as in all the Latin tragic poets, we have to deplore a certain want of control. The easy, delicate grace of Greek tragedy was unattainable by the Latin dramatists, and they tried to supply its place by a vigor and amplitude which are excessive and out of place. You will remember the opening verses of Euripides' *Phœnissæ*, which may be rendered :

"O sun, that through the fires of the firmament
Cleavest thy way, and in thy golden car
Launchest the flames from thy swift coursers'
feet,
Ill starr'd the ray thou sheddest once on
Thebes !"

How does this appear in Attius ?

"O sun, that in thy glistening chariot borne,
With coursers swiftly galloping, dost unfold
A sheet of gleaming flame and burning heat,
Why with such baleful auguries and omens
Adverse giv'st thou to Thebes thy radiant
light ?"

The grace is lost ; the attributes of the sun, which are merely glanced at (but in most stately phrase) in the Greek, are detailed and catalogued in the Latin. This is the main characteristic of early Latin tragedy. It is too much "in King Cambyzes' vein." It substitutes strength for sweetness, heat for light. Our own literature supplies an analogous phenomenon and in a still more exaggerated degree. "He is altogether set to do evil" in the Psalms is grand in its

simplicity; it becomes in the New Version by Nathaniel Brady and Nahum Tate (who, I regret to say, was a scholar of Trinity College, Dublin),

"His cruel, base, ungenerous spite
No execrable means declines;"

and "Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing?" swells (yet shrinks) into

"With restless and ungovern'd rage
Why do the heathen storm,
And in such vain attempts engage
As they can ne'er perform?"

Like Latin tragedy, the version of Tate and Brady tried to make repetition and exaggeration compensate for the absence of grace and taste.

The first glimpse we obtain of a national comedy in Italy is in those charming sketches which Horace and Virgil give us of rustic merrymakings at harvests and vintage festivals, in which not only rude dances found a place, but a kind of rough banter in Saturnian verse was exchanged between peasants with masks of bark rudely improvised for the occasion. But this "Fescennine licence," even when developed into the "medley" which Livy describes at the beginning of the seventh book of his history, still wanted an essential quality of a play, namely, unity of plot, until it began to draw on the resources of the Greek drama. Thus, in the words of Livy, a mere masque or revel gradually had become a work of art, and a regular class of actors, *histriones*, arose. From improvised chants without dialogue or plot to a regular comedy such as those of Plautus and Terence is a very long step. Hampered as it was by police regulations, and laboring under the ban of public opinion, the

histrionic impulse of Italy would never have made this step by itself. It was forced to take its comedy straight from Athens, and to infuse into it a spirit distinctly antagonistic to the national mind of Rome. Perhaps it is in this quality in Roman comedy that we are to find a justification for the puzzling observation of Quintilian that "comedy is the weak point of Latin literature." Probably, however, it is safer to attribute Quintilian's criticism to some revulsion of taste against comedy strictly so called which seems to have occurred under the Empire.¹ It is hard, of course, for us to institute a comparison between Latin comedy and tragedy, because while we have between twenty and thirty Latin comedies, and not one complete Greek exemplar with which to compare them, in tragedy, on the other hand, we have an abundant supply of the Greek models, but not one single perfect, or even nearly perfect, Latin copy.

The most remarkable feature in Latin comedy is the fact that the scene was invariably laid out of Rome, — usually at Athens, — and the dramatis personæ were of Greece, not Rome; so were the costumes and the coinage. In all the plays of Plautus and Terence we do not find mention of a single Roman coin; when Romans are mentioned, they are called *barbari*, and Italy is *barbaria*. Whether this was a police regulation which insisted that the scene should be laid abroad, lest Romans or Roman institutions should seem to be satirized, or whether it resulted from the incapacity of the Roman playwrights to rise from mere translation to adaptation, it is certain, at all events, that the Roman poets

¹ We recall how strangely Horace depreciates both the metrical skill and the humor of Plautus, and perhaps we can infer a preference on the part of Horace for the mime, which superseded the comic muse, when we remember that the mime had for its butt the oddities of provincial life, and that these moved the mirth of Horace and his friends on the journey to Brundisium, when they laughed at the decora-

tion of the ex-clerk who was prætor of Fundi, and who was so proud of his purple robe, his broad stripes, and his pan of coals. Indeed, other writers under the Empire show their appreciation of this rather low form of humor. Persius and Juvenal laugh at the provincial magistrates, who are so proud of the office which gives them the right to break half-pints if they are not of the statutable capacity.

themselves accepted the situation and boasted of it. In the prologue to the *Menæchmi* Plautus declares:—

“We lay the scene of all the play at Athens,
To make the drama seem more Greek to
you.”

But still they aimed at presenting Roman society as it unfolded itself to their eyes. Plautus says that he would not have dreamed of making a son rival to his father in a disgraceful intrigue, were it not that such a case had come under his own personal observation; and Cicero maintains “the aim of the drama to be to hold up a mirror to our own manners, and to give us the express image of our daily life.” This attempt at the same time to give the piece a foreign character, and yet to bring the scenes home to the Roman audience, introduced certain confusions which impart a very odd semblance to Latin comedy. Roman gods and ritual, Roman legal and military terms, find their way into the Greek world; *ædiles* and *tresviri* jostle *agoranomoi* and *demarchi*; a speaker in a play in which the scene is laid in *Ætolia*, *Ephesus*, or *Epidamnus* will remark that he has just come from the *Velabrum* or the *Capitolium*. We remember how, in *Hamlet*, the gravedigger sends his fellow-workman from Denmark to an English village to fetch him a stoup of liquor, and how Shakespeare introduces English names and characters into Athens in the *Midsummer Night’s Dream*. But these lapses of memory, exceptional in Shakespeare, are the rule in Latin comedy, which addressed an audience by no means familiar with the foreign world which was its scene, though we must presume them to have had considerable familiarity with the Greek tongue; else surely Plautus would not have made puns unintelligible without a knowledge of Greek, or introduced three new words coined from the Greek into one verse in the *Miles Gloriosus*. Horace not only denies to Plautus humor and metrical

skill, but he charges him with a desire to make money as quickly as possible, an indifference to the requirements of true art, and a consequent tendency to hurry with undue haste to the *dénouement* of his plays, a fault which he says he has in common with the Sicilian *Epicharmus*. It is true that the play is often wound up very suddenly. Indeed, in the *Casina*, the epilogue naïvely informs us that the *dénouement* will take place inside. But, on the other hand, the *Curculio* is excellently constructed, and so are the *Epidicus*, which Plautus tells us he loved better than his own life, and the *Pseudolus* and *Truculentus*, which Cicero informs us were the work and the favorites of his old age. It is curious that these are plays which turn on an attempt to cheat or overreach (*frustratio*), not on the more familiar theme of love or amateness (*amatio*.) These two motifs, or a fusion of them, as when a man is deprived of his mistress by some clever stratagem, are by far the commonest in Plautus. Two plays, the *Trinummus* and the *Captivi*, have neither of these motifs, but depict, one the noble fidelity of friend to friend, the other of slave to master. The *Rudens* turns on a shipwreck and the right of asylum. The *Captivi* and *Bacchides* are perhaps the best constructed of the plays, and Plautus regrets that he cannot find more models for a play like the former, where the moral tendency is so excellent. The *Miles* is spoiled by the introduction of the speech of *Palæstrio*, explaining the plot in the manner of a prologue, after the action has begun. So in the *Cistellaria* the play opens with an admirable dialogue between the girls *Silenium* and *Gymnasium* and an old procuress, and it is only in the third scene that the goddess *Auxilium* speaks the prologue. Another great blot on the construction of the *Miles* is the very long though very clever diatribe of *Periplectomenus* on the blessings of celibacy and the hollowness of society, which for

one hundred and seventy verses completely stops the action of the piece. We must, however, remember that these defects in construction would not be at all so noticeable in plays which really rather resembled our *opéra bouffe* than a modern comedy, — plays in which by far the most of the scenes were sung to the accompaniment of an instrument of music, and in which there was no division into acts and scenes save where the exigencies of the plot required that an actor should leave the stage at the end of one scene, and appear again at the beginning of the next, on which occasions a flute player entertained the audience while the stage was empty.

In some respects the *Amphitruo* is the most original of the plays of Plautus. Whether it is to be classed as a *fabula Rhintonica* or as a *ἡλαροτραγωδία* (both have been suggested), it seems to demand some classification which will distinguish it from the other plays. "A Roman tone pervades it," as Professor Palmer remarks. "In reading the account given by Sosia of the campaign against the Teleboæ, we feel as if Plautus had versified a page of some old Latin annalist. The ultimatum of *Amphitruo*, with its demand for restitution and threat in case of refusal, the pitched battle and crushing defeat of the enemy, the slaying of the commander in chief by *Amphitruo*'s own hand, — all these are in real Livian style." Alcmena is a high type of a Roman wife, and a *risqué* subject is treated with a delicacy which contrasts most favorably with the work of such modern imitators as Molière and Dryden.

It would be, of course, quite impossible, in the space at our disposal, to analyze, or even characterize, all the Latin comedies which have come down to us. We may, however, inquire in a general manner how, on the whole, they deal with the different factors of society which were presented to them; how they deal, that is, with political, civil, and domestic life.

Political life is, owing to the circumstances which surrounded the composition and production of ancient comedy, but lightly touched. We find references to the unfairness of the *ædiles* in awarding the literary prizes, and to the summary proceedings of the *triumviri*, or police of Rome. But these are chiefly in prologues, and we cannot be sure that all the prologues of Plautus are not quite post-Plautine; some of them demonstrably are. They are subservient to the explanation of the plot, like those of Euripides, but generally are disfigured by cumbrous bantering of the audience. The prologues of Terence, on the other hand, which are undoubtedly genuine, undertake the defense of the poet's own literary views, and rebut the strictures of adverse critics, thus resembling rather the *parabasis* of Greek comedy than the prologues of Euripides. But much more indicative of the political views of Plautus than his gibes at *ædiles* and *triumviri* is the bitter and sustained attack on the vices of the governing classes; for we are constantly hearing that the aged reprobate, who is as ridiculous as he is vicious, is a pillar of the state, a column of the senate, a protector of the poor. It is strange that such assaults on a class should have been permitted in a city where personal allusion of any kind was punishable by law.

To pass, then, to the civil and domestic spheres, we have very little description of professional or mercantile life as such. The Mercator might as well be anything else as a merchant; we hear only of his amatory intrigues. We have, however, in the *Rudens* a description of the hardships of a fisherman's life which reminds us of an idyl of Theocritus, and in the *Menæchmi* we have a physician. Here and elsewhere we find that physicians, then as now, were prone to use terms derived from the Greek. In the *Curculio*, even the slave Palinurus has enough knowledge of medicine to tell Cappadox, who complains of an acute

pain in his liver, that he is suffering from a *morbus hepaticus*. The letters of Cicero show us that in his time physicians wrote their prescriptions in Greek, as they now do in Latin, and that it was customary to speak of ailments and their cures by their Greek names. There is in the *Penulus* a strange occupation, that of the professional perjurer. The most common callings are those of the banker and money-lender, the parasite and the pimp, around whom cluster the professional beauties, who are by no means as good as they are beautiful. Ladies, on the other hand, *ingenue*, whether matrons or maids, are always virtuous, though often very disagreeable, as *Artemona* in the *Asinaria*. The picture of the girls who are in the train of the pander is very strange. *Philematium* in the *Mostellaria*, though belonging to this class, is almost charming, with her girlish love for dress and her sincere affection for *Philolaches*. *Philocomasium* in the *Miles* has enough grace to prefer *Pleusicles* to the wealthy captain, and to be faithful under strong temptation. *Melænis* in the *Cistellaria*, *Philenium* in the *Asinaria*, and *Lemni-selene* in the *Persa* are all capable of a disinterested love. But other Plautine girls are redeemed only by their cleverness, and the candor (if that is a redeeming point) with which they avow their depravity. Plautus himself, both in the *Miles* and in the *Cistellaria*, dwells on the heartlessness of such women, and he moralizes on the wretched end to which a life of wicked indulgence leads in a passage which probably suggested to *Lucretius* his terribly powerful treatment of the same theme. Even in the case of abandoned girls whom we might almost regard as attractive Plautus never lets us forget what they are. The atmosphere is not adverse to morality, as is that of the French novel. Such women are not intended to attract one, like the *Dame aux Camellias* or *Ninon de l'Enclos*. There are slaves of all kinds, but, with the exception of *Tyndarus* in the *Captivi* and

Stasimus in the *Trinummus*, they are the vilest of the vile, and seek a revenge in the abasement of their masters for the ill treatment and oppression which are their lot.

Plautus is as ready as Cicero to apply to Rome the Frenchman's aphorism about Paris: "On ne vie qu'à Paris, et l'on végète ailleurs." He speaks in a tone of contempt of the Italian towns, and especially makes the *Prænestines* his butt for their habit of docking the first syllable of a word, and thus turning *ciconia*, "a stork," into *conia*. "Do you think you are in the country?" asks one slave of another in the *Mostellaria*, when the latter is making an unseemly uproar in the street.

The late Professor Sellar remarks that Plautus could not describe a gentleman. "Nothing can be meaner than the conduct of the second *Menæchmus*, who is intended to interest us, in his relations with *Erotion*; and this failure is equally conspicuous in another of his favorite characters, *Periplectomenus*" in the *Miles*, whose indecorous geniality is, to us, somewhat repulsive.

In this respect, as in the *gusto* with which he dwells on the pleasures of good living, Plautus reminds us of *Dickens* more than of any other humorist. We cannot but think of the very thick strokes and glaring colors of *Dickens's* character-painting, of his *Quilps* and *Pecksniffs*, when we find *Euclid* the miser, in the *Aulularia*, carefully preserving the parings of his nails, and regretting his tears on account of the waste of water which they entail.

All these types which we have been examining are considerably different in *Terence*. The braggart captain is only vain, not a fool, and is more like the *Falstaff* of *Henry IV.* than of the *Merry Wives of Windsor*. The parasite is simply a flatterer. The slave is not an oppressed creature, at war with society, but a well-treated domestic, who puts his shrewdness at his master's service, and

often shows devotion and honesty. There is no longer a sharp distinction between *meretrix* and *ingenua*, except in the unfortunate condition of the former. She is as refined in her manners as her more reputable sister, and generally an unexpected disclosure at the end reveals that she was really a lady, and was changed at birth. The husbands of Terence are far better husbands, and the wives — for instance, Sostrata in the *Hecyra* — are more amiable, than those of Plautus. His young men are lovers rather than libertines, and his old men show them a better example. Terence, it may be said, painted men as they ought to be, Plautus as they are.

It is strange that Sedigitus places Terence only sixth in his list of comic poets, which he heads with Cæcilius, Plautus, and Nævius. Cicero refers to Terence as the true model of Latinity, and allows that in this matter the authority of Cæcilius is small. The ancients made Cæcilius first in the choice of plot, Plautus in dialogue, Terence in delineation of character. But so high was the estimate of the elegance of the Terentian style that a theory resembling that of an ingenious American, Mr. Donnelly, concerning Shakespeare and Bacon was actually broached in the ancient world about Terence, who was said to have been chosen by Lælius, and even Scipio himself, as the vehicle through which their clever comments on society should be presented to the world. The refinement of Terence is certainly very marked. Nævius, for instance, makes a son frankly and brutally pray for the death of his parents: —

"I wish the gods would take my parents both."

How different is the tone of Ctesipho in the *Adelphi*! —

"Would that my sire would so fatigue himself —

So as to do his health, of course, no harm —
As for the next three days to keep his bed."

Even the modern world has something to learn from the cultured African. Mo-

lière, in his *École des Maris*, restores the Nævian brutality of the passage to which I have referred, and Jonas Chuzzlewit complains that his father, in living so long, is flying in the face of the Scriptures. The very refinement of Terence has, in the minds of some critics, been prejudicial to his fame. An ingenious German, M. Meyer, thinks that Terence was spoiled by the patronage of Scipio and Lælius. His life was too easy and luxurious. The pampered freedman lost his powers of observation, and described a society such as existed only in his own enervated imagination. The *atrium* is transported into Arcadia, and one might suppose it was the reign of Numa or Evander. It is, however, very doubtful whether an observer of society does not see better from above than from below, and it is a barren kind of criticism which, instead of asking what were the powers of the dramatist as revealed in his work, pursues rather the inquiry what his circumstances ought to have made them.

We are told that the *ædiles* had the right of refusing or accepting plays. There seems always to have been some one to whom they referred the matter, and who did the part of the lord chamberlain in England. Tarpa was the referee in Cicero's time, as we learn from a letter of Cicero to Marius. Larcus of Lanuvium seems to have discharged the same function in the time of Terence, and to have regarded his young rival with jealousy, and accused him of plagiarism. The answer of the Latin dramatist is characteristic. He declares he has not used the works of his Latin predecessors. He does not even know them. He claims for himself the merit of complete originality, because he has taken his plays solely (and wholly) from the Greek.

A well-known story records what a generous critic of his *Andria* Terence found in Cæcilius, who certainly had not much in common with Terence, and rather ex-

aggregated than modified the coarseness of Plautus. Cæcilius makes a son say that it gives piquancy to an intrigue if one's father is a bear and a miser; it is no fun if he is generous and kind; and he makes a husband say of his wife, —

"She ne'er was really charming till she died."

Other coarse and disgusting fragments express brutally that indifference to his wife which the Plautine husband thought it humorous to dwell on. But we can forgive Cæcilius much when we meet our old familiar gallery claptrap sentiment that

"Many a good heart beats under a threadbare coat."

Afranius, the chief of the writers of the so-called *togatae*, is the poet most frequently quoted next after Plautus and Terence. Unlike Terence, he confesses that he draws on the Latin as well as the Greek drama, and of Terence he declares that he has no second, and that every word of his is genuine wit. Cicero ascribes to him that thorough knowledge of human life which was so completely the appanage of Menander that a well-known verse declared it was hard to say whether the poet copied life, or life the poet. This is, perhaps, the meaning of

the Horatian remark that the *toga* of Afranius fitted Menander. It is in his refined and tender view of the relation of father and son that Afranius most resembles Terence. A father in the *Adelphi* welcomes the faintest sign of grace in his son, and exclaims, —

"He blushes! All will be well."

So, in Afranius, when a son cries, "Miserable wretch that I am!" the father comforts himself with the reflection that if his son expresses regret his shortcomings are more than half atoned for; and he, like Terence, condemns those fathers who seek "to inspire their sons with fear rather than respect."

After Afranius, Latin comedy merged into the *tabernaria*, then the mime, then the revived Atellan play, which ultimately itself gave way to the mime again under the Empire. The remark of the judicious Quintilian, already quoted, makes it hard to feel sure that fortune, which has given us only fragments of tragedy, has done the best for us in sparing so many comedies; but of one source of congratulation, at least, we may feel pretty certain, — the portion of comedy which has survived is surely the fittest.

R. Y. Tyrrell.

SUPPLICATION.

FORSAKE me not, O Light of many days!

Low sinks the westering sun;

An amethystine haze

Flushes with purple all the upland ways;

The shadows lengthen in the twilight glow,

And well I know

That day is almost done!

Thou whom I worshiped when my life was new,

Say not that we must part!

I have been leal and true,

Loving thee better as the swift years flew,

With such pure homage that nor time nor change
 Could e'er estrange
From thee my constant heart.

When I was but a child I heard thy voice,
 And followed thee afar
 In humble, happy choice,
Content in this far following to rejoice;
Didst thou but whisper, heaven and earth grew bright
 With holy light,
Clearer than sun or star.

I dared not kiss thy garment's hem, nor lay
 One pale flower at thy feet:
 It was enough to stray
In a child's dream of thee by night, by day;
In tremulous ecstasy to feel thee near,
 And half in fear,
Half joy, thy coming greet.

For thou wert one with nature. All things fair
 Spoke to my soul of thee:
 The far blue fields of air,
Sunrise, and starbeam, and the moonlight rare,
Splendor of summer, winter's frost and snow,
 Autumn's rich glow,
Bird, river, flower, and tree.

Thou wert in love's first whisper, and the slow
 Thrill of its dying kiss;
 In the strong ebb and flow
Of the resistless tides of joy and woe;
In life's supremest hour thou hadst a share,
 Its stress of prayer,
Its rapturous trance of bliss!

Leave me not now when the long shadows fall
 Athwart the sunset bars;
 Hold thou my soul in thrall
Till it shall answer to a mightier call;
Remain thou with me till the holy night
 Puts out the light —
And kindles all the stars!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

THE REFERENDUM IN SWITZERLAND AND IN AMERICA.

So much has been written of late years about the Swiss Referendum, or popular voting upon laws, that anything more would appear superfluous, were it not for a serious movement to adopt the institution in this country, — a movement that has taken positive shape in a number of political platforms. While, therefore, the mechanism of the Referendum has been repeatedly described, a few words on its practical results in Switzerland, and its possible application in America, may not be out of place.

The Swiss Referendum has two distinct forms. One of them is called the facultative, or optional, and this is where a law must be submitted to popular vote if a certain number of voters demand it in writing; the other is the compulsory, and requires, as the name implies, that all laws shall be so submitted, without the need of any demand. Each of these forms is in use in several cantons, but the Swiss statesmen themselves consider the compulsory form preferable, because it avoids the agitation involved in the effort to collect the necessary signatures. It is, however, the more expensive form, for the Swiss have the wise habit of printing and distributing the measures to be voted on, in order that the people may understand them. The cost of this is by no means trifling, as may be judged from the fact that the expense of printing alone, in the case of the recent national bankrupt law, amounted to 47,696 francs (about \$9500), and the total cost to the Confederation of the vote was about 130,000 francs (\$26,000). Nor do these appear to be unusual figures.

A brief survey of the use of the Referendum in the Confederation and in the cantons will serve as a basis for the study of its more important effects.

¹ During the same period there were also eight constitutional amendments submitted to

The compulsory Referendum exists for all amendments to the federal constitution; that is, these must always be submitted to popular vote for ratification. The facultative Referendum, on the other hand, applies to all laws and all other votes of a general nature passed by the Federal Assembly, if thirty thousand voters or eight cantons demand it, unless the Assembly declares the matter urgent, — a power which that body is said to have used arbitrarily at times. As a matter of practice, the cantons never demand the Referendum, but the right is freely used by the people, as is shown by the fact that from the time of its introduction in 1874 to March, 1893, the requisite number of voters demanded a Referendum upon nineteen out of the one hundred and sixty-nine laws to which it could have been applied; that is, on the average, in the case of one law out of eight. Of these nineteen laws, the people ratified six and rejected thirteen, or more than one twelfth of all the statutes passed by the Assembly.¹

These figures are surely enough to show that the Swiss exercise their rights with great sturdiness and independence. Nor do they obey the dictation of party: and this is a point that merits particular attention, for it is essential to the successful working of the system. If, indeed, in a land where the parties are as stable as they are in Switzerland, the people voted as their political leaders directed, the laws passed by a majority of the legislature would almost invariably be ratified at the polls. Not only is this very far from being true, but in many cases the parties as such do not make any campaign or canvass the country on the Referendum, and the popular vote is not cast on party lines, but on the merits of the measure, as in the case of the laws of 1874 and 1875, of which six were accepted, and two rejected.

—a state of things which is even more marked when the submission of the laws to the people is compulsory. Moreover, as I shall try to prove later, the fact that political parties are less developed in Switzerland than in any other democratic country is due in great measure to this very institution of the Referendum. The relation of a deputy to his constituents is, in fact, very peculiar, and very characteristic of Swiss political ideas. The rejection by them of a measure he has supported is not regarded as an indication of a loss of confidence in him; and throughout Switzerland, in cantonal as well as in federal matters, the people have an almost invariable habit of reflecting representatives whose measures they have refused to sanction. A striking example of this was given ten years ago. During the whole term of the Federal Assembly of that time the Referendum had been demanded with unusual frequency, and every law submitted to popular vote had been rejected. No such general condemnation of the policy of the legislature had been known before, or has been since. It was supposed that the people were disgusted with the autocratic radicalism of their representatives, and it was naturally expected that the next elections would result in a crushing defeat for the party in power; but instead of this the Radical majority of the National Council was returned in nearly as large numbers as before. Such an extraordinary case has puzzled the Swiss themselves, who are not able to give an entirely satisfactory explanation of it.

So much for the Referendum in federal matters. Let us now turn to the cantons. These all require a popular vote for changes in their constitutions, but in regard to ordinary laws the practice varies. One canton alone has no Referendum of any kind for such laws. All the others have adopted it to a greater or less extent, about half having preferred the compulsory, and about half the facultative form.

The proportion of laws rejected differs a good deal in the several cantons; and an examination of the figures in a few of the largest ones will throw some light on the working of the institution. The Referendum was introduced into Berne in its compulsory form in 1869, and from that time to 1888 the people voted on sixty-eight measures (including a few federal laws, and some proposals to amend the cantonal constitution). Of these measures, fifty were accepted and eighteen rejected, so that less than three quarters passed the ordeal of a popular vote; and yet Berne has by no means the reputation of being a canton where the number of laws rejected is peculiarly large. The proportion is about the same in Zurich, the most democratic of the larger Swiss cantons, and one whose constitution expresses the Swiss democratic ideal, and in a singularly direct way, when it says that "the people exercise the legislative power with the assistance of the cantonal council." In Aargau the result is even less favorable. Here, from 1870 to 1889, twenty-five measures out of fifty-six, or nearly one half, were voted down. The proportion of laws rejected by the people, where the compulsory Referendum exists, varies, in fact, in the different cantons, from a little less than a quarter to a little less than a half. The facultative Referendum, on the other hand, which is found in cantons where democracy is less thoroughly developed, has been seldom used.

There is one feature of the Referendum at the same time marked and disappointing, and that is the small size of the vote. A palpable illustration of this is furnished by the half-canton of Rural Basle, where the law requires, for the ratification of any measure by the people, not only that a majority of the votes cast shall be affirmative, but also that a majority of all the persons qualified shall take part. Now, in the twenty years from 1864 to 1884 the people voted on one hundred and two laws, of

which forty-eight were accepted and twenty-eight rejected, while twenty-six failed to be ratified owing to the absence of a majority of the citizens. This result is not due to any peculiar indifference on the part of the inhabitants of Rural Basle. It would be the same in any other canton, if the laws were similar. In Berne, for example, a majority of the citizens have taken part in only nine out of sixty-eight Referenda, and up to 1888 one law alone had received a number of affirmative votes equal to the majority of all the qualified voters in the canton. The vote is, moreover, decidedly fuller at elections than at Referenda. Even in the case of national laws, which excite a greater interest, on the average scarcely more than one half the voters in the Confederation go to the polls. Popular voting in Switzerland furnishes, indeed, another illustration of the truth that under no form of government can the people as a whole really rule; for it shows that, with the most democratic system ever yet devised, the laws are made only by that portion of the community which takes a genuine interest in public affairs.

These statistics are dry, but they give us a very definite idea of the actual working of the Referendum, and prepare the way for a more general consideration of its effects. Several very marked tendencies are observable in the treatment by the people of the various measures submitted to them. The first of these is a tendency to reject radical laws, especially those that are in any way extreme; for in both federal and cantonal matters the people have shown themselves more conservative than their representatives. Such a result was predicted from the beginning by a few shrewd statesmen, and urged as an objection to the introduction of the system. But no party would now be

in favor of giving it up: not the Radicals, because they believe the Referendum to be a necessary feature of true democracy; and least of all the Conservatives, because they like to see a drag on hasty legislation. To some extent, however, the parties have changed their opinions; for while the Radicals cannot propose to do away with the federal Referendum, they are by no means anxious for its extension; and whenever the reactionary party have suggested a compulsory Referendum for all federal laws, they have objected, on the ground that in the hands of the Clericals it would be an instrument for impeding progress. Nor are such fears groundless; for it is clear that in Switzerland a measure cannot pass unless it is so thoroughly ripe that there is a good deal of agreement of opinion about it; and it is equally clear that the people are less willing than their representatives to try experiments in legislation. Labor laws, for instance, and other measures designed to improve the condition of the working classes, although commonly supposed to be very popular with the masses of the community, have not always prospered at the Referendum. Examples of this may be taken from the industrial canton of Zurich, where the people rejected a cantonal law reducing the hours of work in factories, and protecting women and children employed in them; where they voted against the federal factory law, and later refused to sanction a cantonal law providing for the compulsory insurance of workmen, and regulating their relations with their employers. But perhaps an illustration which will give to Americans most forcibly an idea of the conservative influence of the Referendum is to be found in the rejection by the people in Zurich of a law to give daughters an equal inheritance with sons in the estates of their parents.¹

¹ Several of the cantons have, indeed, adopted laws for the progressive taxation of incomes; but this is not quite so radical as it ap-

pears to be, on account of the prevalence of tax-dodging in Switzerland. In one or two of the most democratic cantons the people have,

The people show, further, a dislike of spending money which sometimes crops up in a way that is almost ludicrous, as, for example, when they rejected a bill to provide a secretary of legation at Washington. It is, indeed, a striking fact that the only two federal measures defeated at the Referendum for several years have been bills which entailed expense. It may be remarked in connection with this that two of the cantons, Berne and Aargau, at one time carried the theory of the Referendum so far as to submit to popular vote the budget, or general appropriation bill. The experiment was absurd, and had the natural result. The budget was several times rejected, and all government thereby made well-nigh impossible, until at last it was found absolutely necessary to withdraw the appropriations from popular control. The people might well be expected to object to such a loss of power, but in Berne, at least, they were induced to ratify the repeal by adding to it other provisions designed to make the measure more palatable. Some of the Swiss writers feel that such a tendency towards economy is a cause for reproach, an attempt to minimize it; but an American would naturally think it far preferable to that inclination to squander the public moneys which seems to be a besetting sin with democracies. The fact is, social conditions are comparatively equal in Switzerland, owing to the absence of great cities with an enormous proletariat class, which does not feel the weight of the public burdens, nor realize that an increase of taxation affects its own comfort and prosperity.

How far the Referendum diminishes the sense of responsibility of the deputies it is not easy to say. This is a matter of opinion which cannot be measured by statistics, and hence the answer must depend a great deal on the predisposition of the person who makes in fact, rejected laws that would have revealed the real amount of taxable property.

it. We should naturally expect a representative to feel less responsibility where his action is not final, and his decision is reviewed by his constituents; and this would appear to be the case to some extent in Switzerland, at least where the Referendum is compulsory. An eminent lawyer in Berne once told the writer that the members of the cantonal legislature would vote for a measure they did not approve, relying on the people to reject it; and that he had known men to vote for a law in the Great Council, and against it at the polls. But this gentleman belonged to a party which was in a hopeless minority, and was, in fact, decidedly out of sympathy with current politics. The truth seems to be that the sense of responsibility is diminished somewhat, but not enough to impair perceptibly the efficiency and conscientiousness of the representatives. It is generally believed that a good many members of the legislature of Massachusetts voted for the prohibitory amendment to the constitution, some years ago, when they did not approve of it, because they wanted to get the question out of the way, and knew that the people would not ratify it. But it would be absurd to found a general charge of levity against the representatives of the Commonwealth on such a ground.

Perhaps the most important effect of the Referendum is its influence on the development of parties. In purely representative democracies, election is the sole political act of the people, who retain no direct control over their representatives. Now, an election under these conditions is in reality only a choice between two or more rival candidates or rival parties, to one of which the destinies of the country must be committed; and hence the parties and their opinions are extremely important. But in Switzerland, where the people vote upon each measure separately, there is no such necessity of choosing between the programmes of opposing parties and of ac-

cepting one of them in its entirety. The Referendum, therefore, deprives political programmes of much of their significance by allowing the people to elect a representative, and then reject any of his measures that they do not like. As a rule, indeed, each law submitted to popular vote is considered on its own merits, with comparatively little regard to the party with which it originated, or any other matters that may come before the people at the same time. The Referendum tends, in short, to split up political issues, and thus to prevent the people from passing judgment at one stroke on the whole policy of the party in power. Its effect is, therefore, precisely the opposite of that of a general election in this country, where, although some one issue may be particularly prominent, the decision of the people is not confined to that issue, but comprehends the broader question which of the two great parties had better, on the whole, be entrusted with power. For this reason a general election helps to consolidate and strengthen the parties. But the Referendum entails a decision only on the special measure under consideration; and hence the people of Switzerland are never called upon, either at an election or a Referendum, to judge the conduct of a party as a whole. It is no doubt largely on this account that Swiss political parties have no very definite programmes and little organization. Now, we have seen that the Swiss are in the habit of constantly reelecting the same deputies, although they may reject a large part of their measures, and what is true of the individual is also true of the party. Both enjoy great permanence of tenure; and a study of Swiss history shows that since the general introduction of the Referendum there has been a very marked increase in the stability of political parties.

Again, the Referendum tends to draw

¹ Before the amendment of 1891, the provision of the constitution was so interpreted as

attention to measures, and away from men; and it is the personal admiration or dislike of public men that forms a great deal of the fibre of party allegiance. So marked is this result in Switzerland that a President of the Confederation once said, that if one were to question ten Swiss, all of them would know whether their country was well governed or not, but nine of them would not be able to tell the name of the President, and the tenth, who might think he knew, would be mistaken. After allowing largely for exaggeration in the remark, one feels impelled to wonder how party leaders can be expected to thrive in such a land.

The Referendum is not the only institution to which democracy has given rise in Switzerland. Far more extraordinary, though much less valuable, is the Initiative. The Referendum merely gives the people power to veto laws passed by their representatives, and has therefore a purely negative effect; but the Swiss have a strong feeling that democracy is not complete unless the people have also a right to propose laws directly, and the Initiative is intended to supply this deficiency. It is a device by which a certain number of citizens can demand a popular vote upon a measure in which they are interested, in spite of the refusal of the legislature to adopt their views. The federal constitution contains a recent provision of this kind, whereby any fifty thousand qualified voters may propose a specific amendment to the constitution, and require the matter to be submitted to the people.¹

The new procedure has already been used once, but the result has not been such as to encourage much hope of its usefulness as a means of progress. The required number of citizens demanded last year an amendment forbidding the slaughter of animals by bleeding. This was not done for the sake of preventing to permit only a demand for a revision of the constitution as a whole.

cruelty, although some of the voters were no doubt influenced by that consideration. The movement was really aimed at the Jews, who are forbidden by their religion to eat meat killed in the ordinary way; the true motive being made evident by the fact that at the final vote the heaviest affirmative majorities were given in those districts where the Jews had made considerable settlements. The Federal Assembly urged the rejection of the measure, and ordinances passed with the same object in a couple of the cantons had already been set aside by the Federal Council as inconsistent with the principles of religious liberty guaranteed by the national constitution; but in spite of the advice of their representatives the majority both of the people and of the cantons voted in favor of the amendment, thus placing Switzerland among the countries that oppress the Jews; and this by a species of petty persecution unworthy of an enlightened community.

The Initiative is not likely to be put in operation with success often enough to produce any marked influence on the politics of the Confederation, for it has not been found effective, even for ordinary laws, in the cantons where it has long existed. In order to understand how small is its practical value we can turn to the great democratic canton of Zurich, where five thousand voters can propose a law, and require it to be submitted to the people. From 1869, when the Initiative was first established, through 1885, a period for which very careful statistics have been compiled, there were eighteen measures proposed in this way. Four of them were approved by a majority of the Council, and of these, two were ratified by the people, and two rejected; in one other case the Council proposed a substitute, which was adopted; while of the remaining thirteen proposals, which were disapproved by the Council, only three were enacted by the people. Of these three, one established cantonal houses of correction for

tramps, a measure considered of doubtful expediency. Another reestablished the death penalty, which had previously been given up; but the people shortly afterwards rejected the statute which provided for carrying it into effect, and the matter was dropped. The third abolished compulsory vaccination. The net direct result of the Initiative in Zurich during sixteen or seventeen years was, therefore, the enactment of only three laws which the regular legislature was unwilling to pass; and of these, one was of doubtful value, about another the people seem to have changed their minds, and the third was distinctly pernicious. In the other cantons the Initiative has been very rarely used.

Even the advocates of the Initiative in Switzerland admit that as yet it has not developed much efficiency, but they hope that with the perfecting of democracy it will become more useful. The experience of the past, however, does not warrant us in believing that it will play any great part among the institutions of the future. It must always be worked against the opposition of the existing legislature, and, what is more important, it gives no room for compromise and mutual concession between different opinions, which is the very essence of legislation. Hence the chance of enacting any measure in this way must always be extremely small. The conception is a bold one, and the idea of direct popular legislation is attractive; but in practice the machinery is at best too imperfect to be of any real value to mankind, if indeed it is not liable to be a source of harm in the hands of extremists and fanatics.

After studying any successful institution in a foreign land, one is always moved to ask how it would work in one's own country; whether it could be grafted into the native system and made to thrive equally well there. Could we adopt the Referendum in America? Would it produce the same fruits here as in its na-

tive soil? Is it consistent with our form of government? I think not. It is to be noticed that we have long had a Referendum for constitutional questions; but our whole political system rests on the distinction between constitutional and other laws. The former are the solemn principles laid down by the people in its ultimate sovereignty; the latter are regulations made by its representatives within the limits of their authority, and the courts can hold unauthorized and void any act which exceeds those limits. The courts can do this because they are maintaining against the legislature the fundamental principles which the people themselves have determined to support, and they can do it only so long as the people feel that the constitution is something more sacred and enduring than ordinary laws, something that derives its force from a higher authority. Now, if all laws received their sanction from a direct popular vote, this distinction would disappear. There would cease to be any reason for considering one law more sacred than another, and hence our courts would soon lose their power to pass upon the constitutionality of statutes. The courts have in general no such power in Switzerland, where indeed the distinction between constitutional and other laws is not so clearly marked as in America. With the destruction of this keystone of our government the checks and balances of our system would crumble, and the spirit of our institutions would be radically changed. The Referendum as applied to ordinary statutes is, therefore, inconsistent with our polity, and could not be engrafted upon it without altering its very nature.

Moreover, the Referendum is contrary to our ideas, our habits, and our traditions, and hence could not be expected to work successfully. We are accustomed to depute all ordinary legislation to our representatives, and to charge them with the duty and responsibility of making the laws. Our people are not in the habit of weighing the merits of particular stat-

utes, or of debating the necessity for the various appropriations. Their experience has been confined to passing judgment upon men and upon general lines of policy. But the reverse of all this is true in Switzerland, where the historical traditions are strongly the other way. It is not, indeed, too much to say that the Swiss had a strictly representative form of government only for a very short period, and were never fully satisfied with it.

There is also a practical objection to the introduction of the Referendum here, arising from the elaborate nature of our laws. The relations of the executive and legislative in Switzerland are very different from what they are in this country, for a great deal of what we should consider legislation falls into the province of the Swiss executive. The laws are passed in a comparatively simple and general form, and the executive has authority to complete their details and provide for their application by means of decrees or ordinances. Partly for this reason, and partly on account of the small size of the country, the number of laws passed in a year is far less than with us. Thus, in the canton of Zurich, where all laws and all large appropriations require a popular vote, the number of questions submitted to the people in a year, including federal matters, averages less than ten, while in the canton of Berne it has averaged only about four. If now we turn to the statutes of Massachusetts, we shall find that the legislature of that State passed last year five hundred and ninety-five separate acts and resolves. It is impossible to say how many of the appropriations included in this list would have required a popular vote, if the Commonwealth had had a Referendum similar to that of Zurich; but any estimate, however moderate, of the number of acts and resolves to be submitted to the people will demonstrate the impracticability of the scheme. Let us call it four hundred. Is it not evident that while a people may vote intelligently on

five or ten laws in a year, it is absurd to suppose that they could vote intelligently on four hundred? How could they be expected to consider independently each one of four hundred different measures? Is it not clear what they would do? They would not attempt to consider each law separately, nor even to understand it at all, but they would vote on them all as their party leaders directed; and hence we should have a mere parody of the Swiss Referendum, — a system which would produce a result exactly the opposite of what we have observed to be the case in Switzerland; for our state legislation would be far more a matter of party lines and party politics than it is to-day.

A general Referendum in the compulsory form is, therefore, entirely out of the question in America; and even in the milder or facultative form it would be likely to do us more harm than good, for it would probably be used only in the case of laws that had aroused a good deal of party feeling, and had been carried as party measures. In such cases, the necessary signatures to the demand for a popular vote could easily be collected by means of the party machinery, without which the task would be extremely difficult. In all probability, therefore, the Referendum would be used almost exclusively as a method of harassing the party in power by delaying legislation, and would become a mere party weapon instead of a cause of the mitigation of party strife. It is, indeed, important to remember that while the Referendum in Switzerland has undoubtedly contributed to the absence of party government, its successful working depends no less certainly on the low development of party spirit; and as in the United States we cannot hope to abolish parties, or even to diminish their activity to any great extent, the conditions are not present under which the Referendum can be expected to succeed.

Moreover, there is not the same need of a Referendum here that there is in

Switzerland. The institution is essentially a limitation on democracy, and is really a means of vetoing the acts of the legislature. Now, the Swiss have no executive veto, no judicial process for setting aside unconstitutional laws, and in the cantons only a single chamber. Hence they are exposed to much more danger of hasty legislation than we are, and have greater need of a veto in the hands of the people. It is the mission of Switzerland to try experiments in popular government for the benefit of the rest of the world, but it does not follow that everything she has found successful can be profitably adopted by other nations, or will bear the same fruit in another soil.

More accurately stated, however, the question in America is not whether we shall adopt the Referendum, but whether we shall adopt it in the Swiss form; for the institution already exists here, and, having developed spontaneously, has probably assumed the form best suited to the nature of our government. Its principal application is in constitutional questions; but the tendency, especially in the newer States of the West, is in the direction of making the constitutions more and more elaborate and inclusive, so that they cover a great deal of the ground formerly within the province of the legislature. The result is that the range of subjects controlled by direct popular vote has been very much enlarged. This tendency has perhaps been carried too far; for, as Mr. Oberholzer remarks in his valuable book on the Referendum in America, "if a constitution is to enter into the details of government, and trespass on those fields of action before reserved to the legislature, it cannot have the character of permanence which it had when it was only an outline to direct the legislature. It must change as laws change, and laws must change as the needs of the people change." But while the increasing scope of the constitutions may render them less

immutable, it does not tend to obliterate the distinction between constitutional and other laws. The extension of the Referendum by this means involves, therefore, no danger to the fundamental principles of our system.

The sanction of a popular vote has, it is true, been required in many of the States for other things than constitutional amendments; but if we leave out local affairs, we shall find that the matters so treated are closely akin to constitutional questions, and are of such a nature that, except for some obvious motive of necessity or convenience, they would be regulated by the constitution itself. The power of the legislature to contract debts, for example, is often limited, with a proviso that any excess above the limit must be approved by the people. The object of this provision is evident. A necessity for exceeding the debt limit may easily arise, and yet it would clearly be absurd to insist on a formal amendment to the constitution on each occasion. It is far more appropriate to require for an exception to the constitutional rule a simple authority from the people who sanctioned the constitution. A similar procedure is established in some States for the alienation of public property, for the levy of certain taxes, and even for the expenditure of money for a specified purpose above a fixed amount. All these cases clearly depend upon the same principle, that of providing a convenient way of making the necessary exceptions to a general rule laid down in the constitution. Another provision to be found in all the new States, and in some of the older ones, declares that the capital shall be selected by a vote of the people, and shall not be changed without their consent. Now, as the seat of government is, naturally and properly, fixed by the constitution itself, such a

provision merely establishes an informal method of completing or amending that instrument. The same thing is even more evidently true of provisions authorizing the legislature to submit to the people the question of woman suffrage or of proportional representation.

These examples substantially include all the cases where a constitution allows a measure to be submitted to the people of the State, with one notable exception.¹ About 1848, when the excitement over wild banking schemes was raging in the West, several States adopted a provision requiring a popular vote upon every act creating banks. This provision differs materially from all the others we have considered, and comes far nearer to the Swiss Referendum. It is hardly within the domain of constitutional law; and instead of involving only a simple question about which the mass of the people can easily form an opinion, it presents to them a complex piece of legislation, whose details cannot be understood without a great deal of study. Curiously enough, the provision has scarcely been copied at all, but has been almost entirely confined to the States which suffered from the banking mania at that time, — a fact which seems to prove that it is not in harmony with our institutions.

There remains to be considered the application in America of the popular vote to local questions. This depends upon quite a different principle. The Referendum means an appeal from the legislature to the whole body of constituents who elected the representatives; but in the practice of leaving local affairs to be decided by the voters of the city, town, or county there is no appeal of this kind. The people of the State, in such a case, are not asked to ratify the act of the legislature; nor

¹ Legislatures have occasionally submitted statutes to popular vote without express authority in the constitution, but the weight of opinion is against the constitutionality of such

a proceeding (Oberholzer, pages 130, 131). At the time this goes to press the Supreme Court of Massachusetts is preparing an opinion for the legislature upon the question.

can they veto it, for, although the vast majority may be strongly opposed to a local option bill, for example, they cannot prevent its becoming a law. The statute acquires a complete validity from the enactment by the legislature, and the only question on which a popular vote is taken is that of the local application of its provisions. With this the people of the State as a whole have nothing to do, for it is decided in each particular town solely by the voters of that town. Local popular voting is, therefore, only a method of local self-government, whereby additional powers are given to the city, town, or county, and their exercise is entrusted to the whole body of inhabitants. It is really an extension of the principle of the town meeting, and not a use of the Referendum at all.

To sum up what has been said, we find that the Referendum in America is applied only to constitutional questions, and to a small number of other matters which are carefully specified. We find also that, except in the anomalous case of the bank acts in a few States, these matters are akin to constitutional subjects, and are of such a nature that the

question submitted to the people is extremely simple. It will, moreover, be observed that the submission to popular vote is always compulsory. Now, these results have an important practical bearing; for if a further extension of the Referendum in America is desirable, it is at least probable that the wisest policy will be to follow the lines on which the institution has spontaneously developed. By such a course alone can dangerous experiments be avoided, and the harmony of our system be insured.

Even if space permitted it would hardly seem necessary to discuss the adoption of the Initiative at any great length. With regard to the Referendum, the question is whether an institution that has proved of great value at home can be profitably introduced here; but the Initiative has not been a success even in Switzerland, and there is no reason to suppose it would work any better elsewhere. Surely we do not suffer so much from sterility in legislation as to make us anxious to add another process for manufacturing laws, without proof that the laws it produces are wise, just, and statesmanlike.

A. Lawrence Lowell.

THE WINDIGO.

THE cry of those rapids in Ste. Marie's River called the Sault could be heard at all hours through the settlement on the rising shore and into the forest beyond. Three quarters of a mile of frothing billows, like some colossal instrument, never ceased playing music down an inclined channel until the trance of winter locked it up. At August dusk, when all that shaggy world was sinking to darkness, the gushing monotone became very distinct.

Louizon Cadotte and his father's young seignior, Jacques de Repentigny,

stepped from a birch canoe on the bank near the fort, two Chippewa Indians following with their game. Hunting furnished no small addition to the food supply of the settlement, for the English conquest had brought about scarcity at this as well as other Western posts. Peace was declared in Europe; but soldiers on the frontier, waiting orders to march out at any time, were not abundantly supplied with stores, and they let season after season go by, reluctant to put in harvests which might be reaped by their successors.

Jacques was barely nineteen, and Louizon was considerably older. But the Repentignys had gone back to France after the fall of Quebec; and five years of European life had matured the young seignior as decades of border experience would never mature his half-breed tenant. Yet Louizon was a fine dark-skinned fellow, well made for one of short stature. He trod close by his tall superior with visible fondness; enjoying this spectacle of a man the like of whom he had not seen on the frontier.

Jacques looked back, as he walked, at the long zigzag shadows on the river. Forest fire in the distance showed a leaning column, black at base, pearl-colored in the primrose air, like smoke from some gigantic altar. He had seen islands in the lake under which the sky seemed to slip, throwing them above the horizon in mirage, and trees standing like detached bushes on a world rim of water. The Ste. Marie River was a beautiful light green in color, and sunset and twilight played upon it all the miracles of change.

"I wish my father had never left this country," said young Repentigny, feeling that spell cast by the wilderness. "Here is his place. He should have withdrawn to the Sault, and accommodated himself to the English, instead of returning to France. The service in other parts of the world does not suit him. Plenty of good men have held to Canada and their honor also."

"Yes, yes," assented Louizon. "The English cannot be got rid of. For my part, I shall be glad when this post changes hands. I am sick of our officers."

He scowled with open resentment. The seignior house faced the parade ground, and they could see against its large low mass, lounging on the gallery, one each side of a window, the white uniforms of two French soldiers. The window sashes, screened by small curtains across the middle, were swung into

the room; and Louizon's wife leaned on her elbows across the sill, the rosy atmosphere of his own fire projecting to view every ring of her bewitching hair, and even her long eyelashes as she turned her gaze from side to side.

It was so dark, and the object of their regard was so bright, that these buzzing bees of Frenchmen did not see her husband until he ran up the steps facing them. Both of them greeted him heartily. He felt it a peculiar indignity that his wife's dangles forever passed their good will on to him; and he left them in the common hall, with his father and the young seignior, and the two or three Indians who congregated there every evening to ask for presents or to smoke.

Louizon's wife met him in the middle of the broad low apartment where he had been so proud to introduce her as a bride, and turned her cheek to be kissed. She was not fond of having her lips touched. Her hazel-colored hair was perfumed. She was so supple and exquisite, so dimpled and aggravating, that the Chippewa in him longed to take her by the scalp-lock of her light head; but the Frenchman bestowed the salute. Louizon had married the prettiest woman in the settlement. Life overflowed in her, so that her presence spread animation. Both men and women paid homage to her. Her very mother-in-law was her slave. And this was the stranger spectacle because Madame Cadotte the senior, though born a Chippewa, did not easily make herself subservient to anybody.

The time had been when Louizon was proud of any notice this siren conferred on him. But so exacting and tyrannical is the nature of man that when he got her he wanted to keep her entirely to himself. From his Chippewa mother, who, though treated with deference, had never dared to disobey his father, he inherited a fond and jealous nature; and his beautiful wife chafed it. Young Repentigny saw that she was like a Parisian. But Louizon felt that she was a spirit too fine and

tantalizing for him to grasp, and she had him in her power.

He hung his powderhorn behind the door, and stepped upon a stool to put his gun on its rack above the fireplace. The fire showed his round figure, short but well muscled, and the boyish petulance of his shaven lip. The sun shone hot upon the Sault of an August noon, but morning and night were cool, and a blaze was usually kept in the chimney.

"You found plenty of game?" said his wife; and it was one of this woman's wickedest charms that she could be so interested in her companion of the moment.

"Yes," he answered, scowling more, and thinking of the brace on the gallery whom he had not shot, but wished to.

She laughed at him.

"Archange Cadotte," said Louizon, turning around on the stool before he descended; and she spread out her skirts, taking two dancing steps to indicate that she heard him. "How long am I to be mortified by your conduct to Monsieur de Repentigny?"

"Oh — Monsieur de Repentigny. It is now that boy from France, at whom I have never looked."

"The man I would have you look at, madame, you scarcely notice."

"Why should I notice him? He pays little attention to me."

"Ah, he is not one of your dangles, madame. He would not look at another man's wife. He has had trouble himself."

"So will you have if you scorch the backs of your legs," observed Archange.

Louizon stood obstinately on the stool and ignored the heat. He was in the act of stepping down, but he checked it as she spoke.

"Monsieur de Repentigny came back to this country to marry a young English lady of Quebec. He thinks of her, not of you."

"I am sure he is welcome," murmured Archange. "But it seems the

young English lady prefers to stay in Quebec."

"She never looked at any other man, madame. She is dead."

"No wonder. I should be dead, too, if I had looked at one stupid man all my life."

Louizon's eye sparkled. "Madame, I will have you know that the seignior of Sault Ste. Marie is entitled to your homage."

"Monsieur, I will have you know that I do not pay homage to any man."

"You, Archange Cadotte? You are in love with a new man every day."

"Not in the least, monsieur. I only desire to have a new man in love with me every day."

Her mischievous mouth was a scarlet button in her face, and Louizon leaped to the floor, and kicked the stool across the room.

"The devil himself is no match at all for you!"

"But I married him before I knew that," returned Archange; and Louizon grinned in his wrath.

"I don't like such women."

"Oh yes, you do. Men always like women whom they cannot chain."

"I have never tried to chain you." Her husband approached, shaking his finger at her. "There is not another woman in the settlement who has her way as you have. And see how you treat me!"

"How do I treat you?" inquired Archange, sitting down and resigning herself to statistics.

"Ste. Marie! St. Joseph!" shouted the Frenchman. "How does she treat me! And every man in the seigniorly dangling at her apron string!"

"You are mistaken. There is the young seignior; and there is the new English commandant, who must be now within the seigniorly, for they expect him at the post to-morrow morning. It is all the same: if I look at a man you are furious, and if I refuse to look at him you are more furious still."

Louizon felt that inward breaking up which proved to him that he could not stand before the tongue of this woman. Groping for expression, he declared, —

“If thou wert sickly or blind, I would be just as good to thee as when thou wert a bride. I am not the kind that changes if a woman loses her fine looks.”

“No doubt you would like to see me with the smallpox,” suggested Archange. “But it is never best to try a man too far.”

“You try me too far, — let me tell you that. But you shall try me no further.”

The Indian appeared distinctly on his softer French features, as one picture may be stamped over another.

“Smoke a pipe, Louizon,” urged the thorn in his flesh. “You are always so much more agreeable when your mouth is stopped.”

But he left the room without looking at her again. Archange remarked to herself that he would be better natured when his mother had given him his supper; and she yawned, smiling at the maladroït creatures whom she made her sport. Her husband was the best young man in the settlement. She was entirely satisfied with him, and grateful to him for taking the orphan niece of a poor post commandant, without prospects since the conquest, and giving her sumptuous quarters and comparative wealth; but she could not forbear amusing herself with his masculine weaknesses.

Archange was by no means a slave in the frontier household. She did not spin, or draw water, or tend the oven. Her mother-in-law, Madame Cadotte, had a hold on perennially destitute Chippewa women who could be made to work for longer or shorter periods in a Frenchman's kitchen or loom-house instead of with savage implements. Archange's bed had ruffled curtains, and her pretty dresses, carefully folded, filled a large chest.

She returned to the high window sill, and watched the purple distances grow-

ing black. She could smell the tobacco the men were smoking in the open hall, and hear their voices. Archange knew what her mother-in-law was giving the young seignior and Louizon for their supper. She could fancy the officers laying down their pipes to draw to the board, also, for the Cadottes kept open house all the year round.

The thump of the Indian drum was added to the deep melody of the rapids. There were always a few lodges of Chippewas about the Sault. When the trapping season and the maple-sugar making were over and his profits drunk up, time was the largest possession of an Indian. He spent it around the door of his French brother, ready to fish or to drink whenever invited. If no one cared to go on the river, he turned to his hereditary amusements. Every night that the rapids were void of torches showing where the canoes of whitefishers darted, the thump of the Indian drum and the yell of Indian dancers could be heard.

Archange's mind was running on the new English garrison who were said to be so near taking possession of the picketed fort, when she saw something red on the parade ground. The figure stood erect and motionless, gathering all the remaining light on its indistinct coloring, and Archange's heart gave a leap at the hint of a military man in a red uniform. She was all alive, like a whitefisher casting the net or a hunter sighting game. It was Archange's nature, without even taking thought, to turn her head on her round neck so that the illuminated curls would show against a background of wall, and wreath her half-bare arms across the sill. To be looked at, to lure and tantalize, was more than pastime. It was a woman's chief privilege. Archange held the secret conviction that the priest himself could be made to give her lighter penances by an angelic expression she could assume. It is convenient to have large brown eyes and the trick of casting them sidewise in sweet distress.

But the Chippewa widow came in earlier than usual that evening, being anxious to go back to the lodges to watch the dancing. Archange pushed the sashes shut, ready for other diversion, and Michel Personneau never failed to furnish her that. The little boy was at the widow's heels. Michel was an orphan.

"If Archange had children," Madame Cadotte had said to Louizon, "she would not seek other amusement. Take the little Personneau lad that his grandmother can hardly feed. He will give Archange something to do."

So Louizon brought home the little Personneau lad. Archange looked at him, and considered that here was another person to wait on her. As to keeping him clean and making clothes for him, they might as well have expected her to train the sledge dogs. She made him serve her, but for mothering he had to go to Madame Cadotte. Yet Archange far outweighed Madame Cadotte with him. The labors put upon him by the autocrat of the house were sweeter than moccasins full of maple sugar from the hand of the Chippewa housekeeper. At first Archange would not let him come into her room. She dictated to him through door or window. But when he grew fat with good food and was decently clad under Madame Cadotte's hand, the great promotion of entering that sacred apartment was allowed him. Michel came in whenever he could. It was his nightly habit to follow the Chippewa widow there after supper, and watch her brush Archange's hair.

Michel stood at the end of the hearth with a roll of pagessanung or plum-leather in his fist. His cheeks had a hard garnered redness like polished apples. The Chippewa widow set her husband carefully against the wall. The husband was a bundle about two feet long, containing her best clothes tied up in her dead warrior's sashes and rolled in a piece of cloth. His arm-bands and his necklace of bear's-claws appeared at the top as a

grotesque head. This bundle the widow was obliged to carry with her everywhere. To be seen without it was a disgrace, until that time when her husband's nearest relations should take it away from her and give her new clothes, thus signifying that she had mourned long enough to satisfy them. As the husband's relations were unable to cover themselves, the prospect of her release seemed distant. For her food she was glad to depend on her labor in the Cadotte household. There was no hunter to supply her lodge now.

The widow let down Archange's hair and began to brush it. The long mass was too much for its owner to handle. It spread around her like a garment, as she sat on her chair, and its ends touched the floor. Michel thought there was nothing more wonderful in the world than this glory of hair, its rings and ripples shining in the firelight. The widow's jaws worked in unobtrusive rumination on a piece of pleasantly bitter fungus, the Indian substitute for quinine, which the Chippewas called waubudone. As she consoled herself much with this medicine, and her many-syllabled name was hard to pronounce, Archange called her Waubudone, an offense against her dignity which the widow might not have endured from anybody else, though she bore it without a word from this soft-haired mag-nate.

As she carefully carded the mass of hair lock by lock, thinking it an unnecessary nightly labor, the restless head under her hands was turned towards the portable husband. Archange had not much imagination, but to her the thing was uncanny. She repeated what she said every night:—

"Do stand him in the hall and let him smell the smoke, Waubudone."

"No," refused the widow.

"But I don't want him in my bedroom. You are not obliged to keep that thing in your sight all the time."

"Yes," said the widow.

A dialect of mingled French and Chippewa was what they spoke, and Michel knew enough of both tongues to follow the talk.

"Are they never going to take him from you? If they don't take him from you soon, I shall go to the lodges and speak to his people about it myself."

The Chippewa widow usually passed over this threat in silence; but, threading a lock with the comb, she now said, "Best not go to the lodges awhile."

"Why?" inquired Archange. "Have the English already arrived? Is the tribe dissatisfied?"

"Don't know that."

"Then why should I not go to the lodges?"

"Windigo at the Sault now."

Archange wheeled to look at her face. The widow was unmoved. She was little older than Archange, but her features showed a stoical harshness in the fire-light. Michel, who often went to the lodges, widened his mouth and forgot to fill it with plum-leather. There was no sweet which Michel loved as he did this confection of wild plums and maple sugar boiled down and spread on sheets of birch bark. Madame Cadotte made the best pagessanung at the Sault.

"Look at the boy," laughed Archange. "He will not want to go to the lodges any more after dark."

The widow remarked, noting Michel's fat legs and arms, —

"Windigo like to eat him."

"I would kill a windigo," declared Michel, in full revolt.

"Not so easy to kill a windigo. Bad spirits help windigos. If man kill windigo and not tear him to pieces, he come to life again."

Archange herself shuddered at such a tenacious creature. She was less superstitious than the Chippewa woman, but the Northwest had its human terrors as dark as the shadow of witchcraft.

Though a Chippewa was bound to dip his hand in the war kettle and taste the

flesh of enemies after victory, there was nothing he considered more horrible than a confirmed cannibal. He believed that a person who had eaten human flesh to satisfy hunger was never afterwards contented with any other kind, and, being deranged and possessed by the spirit of a beast, he had to be killed for the safety of the community. The cannibal usually became what he was by stress of starvation: in the winter when hunting failed and he was far from help, or on a journey when provisions gave out, and his only choice was to eat a companion or die. But this did not excuse him. As soon as he was detected the name of "windigo" was given him, and if he did not betake himself again to solitude he was shot or knocked on the head at the first convenient opportunity. Archange remembered one such wretched creature who had haunted the settlement awhile, and then disappeared. His canoe was known, and when it hovered even distantly on the river every child ran to its mother. The priest was less successful with this kind of outcast than with any other barbarian on the frontier.

"Have you seen him, Waubudone?" inquired Archange. "I wonder if it is the same man who used to frighten us?"

"This windigo a woman. Porcupine in her. She lie down and roll up and hide her head when you drive her off."

"Did you drive her off?"

"No. She only come past my lodge in the night."

"Did you see her?"

"No, I smell her."

Archange had heard of the atmosphere which windigos far gone in cannibalism carried around them. She desired to know nothing more about the poor creature, or the class to which the poor creature belonged, if such isolated beings may be classed. The Chippewa widow talked without being questioned, however, preparing to reduce Archange's mass of hair to the compass of a nightcap.

"My grandmother told me there was

a man dreamed he had to eat seven persons. He sat by the fire and shivered. If his squaw wanted meat, he quarreled with her. 'Squaw, take care. Thou wilt drive me so far that I shall turn windigo.'"

People who did not give Archange the keen interest of fascinating them were a great weariness to her. Humble or wretched human life filled her with disgust. She could dance all night at the weekly dances, laughing in her sleeve at girls from whom she took the best partners. But she never helped nurse a sick child, and it made her sleepy to hear of windigos and misery. Michel wanted to squat by the chimney and listen until Louizon came in; but she drove him out early. Louizon was kind to the orphan, who had been in some respects a failure, and occasionally let him sleep on blankets or skins by the hearth instead of groping to the dark attic. And if Michel ever wanted to escape the attic, it was to-night, when a windigo was abroad. But Louizon did not come.

It must have been midnight when Archange sat up in bed, startled out of sleep by her mother-in-law, who held a candle between the curtains. Madame Cadotte's features were of a mild Chippewa type, yet the restless aboriginal eye made Archange uncomfortable with its anxiety.

"Louizon is still away," said his mother.

"Perhaps he went whitefishing after he had his supper." The young wife yawned and rubbed her eyes, beginning to notice that her husband might be doing something unusual.

"He did not come to his supper."

"Yes, mamma. He came in with Monsieur de Repentigny."

"I did not see him. The seignior ate alone."

Archange stared, fully awake. "Where does the seignior say he is?"

"The seignior does not know. They parted at the door."

"Oh, he has gone to the lodges to watch the dancing."

"I have been there. No one has seen him since he set out to hunt this morning."

"Where are Louizon's canoemen?"

"Jean Boucher and his son are at the dancing. They say he came into this house."

Archange could not adjust her mind to anxiety without the suspicion that her mother-in-law might be acting as the instrument of Louizon's resentment. The huge feather bed was a tangible comfort interposed betwixt herself and calamity.

"He was sulky to-night," she declared. "He has gone up to sleep in Michel's attic to frighten me."

"I have been there. I have searched the house."

"But are you sure it was Michel in the bed?"

"There was no one. Michel is here."

Archange snatched the curtain aside, and leaned out to see the orphan sprawled on a bearskin in front of the collapsing logs. He had pushed the sashes inward from the gallery and hoisted himself over the high sill after the bed drapery was closed for the night, for the window yet stood open. Madame Cadotte sheltered the candle she carried, but the wind blew it out. There was a rich glow from the fireplace upon Michel's stuffed legs and arms, his cheeks, and the full parted lips through which his breath audibly flowed. The other end of the room, lacking the candle, was in shadow. The thump of the Indian drum could still be heard, and distinctly and more distinctly, as if they were approaching the house, the rapids.

Both women heard more. They had not noticed any voice at the window when they were speaking themselves, but some offensive thing scented the wind, and they heard, hoarsely spoken in Chippewa from the gallery, —

"How fat he is!"

Archange, with a gasp, threw herself upon her mother-in-law for safety, and

Madame Cadotte put both arms and the smoking candle around her. A feeble yet dexterous scramble on the sill resulted in something dropping into the room. It moved toward the hearth glow, a gaunt vertebrate body scarcely expanded by ribs, but covered by a red blanket, and a head with deathlike features overhung by strips of hair. This vision of famine leaned forward and indented Michel with one finger, croaking again, —

“How fat he is!”

The boy roused himself, and, for one instant stupid and apologetic, was going to sit up and whine. He saw what bent over him, and, bristling with unimaginable revolutions of arms and legs, he yelled a yell which seemed to sweep the thing back through the window.

Next day no one thought of dancing or fishing or of the coming English. Frenchmen and Indians turned out together to search for Louizon Cadotte. Though he never in his life had set foot to any expedition without first notifying his household, and it was not the custom to hunt alone in the woods, his disappearance would not have roused the settlement in so short a time had there been no windigo hanging about the Sault. It was told that the windigo, who entered his house again in the night, must have made way with him.

Jacques Repentigny heard this with some amusement. Of windigos he had no experience, but he had hunted and camped much of the summer with Louizon.

“I do not think he would let himself be knocked on the head by a woman,” said Jacques.

“White chief does n’t know what helps a windigo,” explained a Chippewa; and the canoeman Jean Boucher interpreted him. “Bad spirit makes a windigo strong as a bear. I saw this one. She stole my whitefish and ate them raw.”

“Why did n’t you give her cooked food when you saw her?” demanded Jacques.

“She would not eat that now. She likes offal better.”

“Yes, she was going to eat me,” declared Michel Pensonneau. “After she finished Monsieur Louizon, she got through the window to carry me off.”

Michel enjoyed the windigo. Though he strummed on his lip and mourned aloud whenever Madame Cadotte was by, he felt so comfortably full of food and horror, and so important with his story, that life threatened him with nothing worse than satiety.

While parties went up the river and down the river, and talked about the chutes in the rapids where a victim could be sucked down to death in an instant, or about tracing the windigo’s secret camp, Archange hid herself in the attic. She lay upon Michel’s bed and wept, or walked the plank floor. It was no place for her. At noon the bark roof heated her almost to fever. The dormer windows gave her little air, and there was dust as well as something like an individual sediment of the poverty from which the boy had come. Yet she could endure the loft dungeon better than the face of the Chippewa mother who blamed her, or the bluff excitement of Monsieur Cadotte. She could hear his voice from time to time, as he ran in for spirits or provisions for parties of searchers. And Archange had aversion, like the instinct of a maid, to betraying fondness for her husband. She was furious with him, also, for causing her pain. When she thought of the windigo, of the rapids, of any peril which might be working his limitless absence, she set clenched hands in her loosened hair and trembled with hysterical anguish. But the enormity of his behavior if he were alive made her hiss at the rafters. “Good, monsieur! Next time I will have four officers. I will have the entire garrison sitting along the gallery! Yes, and they shall be English, too. And there is one thing you will never know, besides.” She laughed through her weep-

ing. "You will never know I made eyes at a windigo."

The preenings and posings of a creature whose perfections he once thought were the result of a happy chance had made Louizon roar. She remembered all their life together, and moaned, "I will say this: he was the best husband that any girl ever had. We scarcely had a disagreement. But to be the widow of a man who is eaten up — O Ste. Marie!"

In the clear August weather the wide river seemed to bring its opposite shores nearer. Islands within a stone's throw of the settlement, rocky drops in a boiling current, vividly showed their rich foliage of pines. On one of these islands Father Dablon and Father Marquette had built their first mission chapel; and though they afterwards removed it to the mainland, the old tracery of foundation stones could still be seen. The mountains of Lake Superior showed like a cloud. On the ridge above fort and houses the Chippewa lodges were pleasant in the sunlight, sending ribbons of smoke from their camp fires far above the serrated edge of the woods. Naked Indian children and their playmates of the settlement shouted to one another, as they ran along the river margin, threats of instant seizure by the windigo. The Chippewa widow, holding her husband in her arms, for she was not permitted to hang him on her back, stood and talked with her red-skinned intimates of the lodges. The Frenchwomen collected at the seigniori house. As for the men of the garrison, they were obliged to stay and receive the English then on the way from Detour. But they came out to see the boats off with the concern of brothers, and Archange's uncle, the post commandant, embraced Monsieur Cadotte.

The priest and Jacques Repentigny did not speak to each other about that wretched creature whose hoverings around the Sault were connected with Louizon Cadotte's disappearance. But

the priest went with Louizon's father down the river, and Jacques led the party which took the opposite direction. Though so many years had passed since Father Dablon and Father Marquette built the first bark chapel, their successor found his work very little easier than theirs had been.

A canoe was missing from the little fleet usually tied alongshore, but it was not the one belonging to Louizon. The young seignior took that one, having Jean Boucher and Jean's son to paddle for him. No other man of Sault Ste. Marie could pole up the rapids or paddle down them as this expert Chippewa could. He had been baptized with a French name, and his son after him, but no Chippewa of pure blood and name looked habitually as he did into those whirlpools called the chutes, where the slip of a paddle meant death. Yet nobody feared the rapids. It was common for boys and girls to flit around near shore in birch canoes, balancing themselves and expertly dipping up whitefish.

Jean Boucher thrust out his boat from behind an island, and, turning it as a fish glides, moved over thin sheets of water spraying upon rocks. The fall of the Ste. Marie is gradual, but even at its upper end there is a little hill to climb. Jean set his pole into the stone floor of the river, and lifted the vessel length by length from crest to crest of foam. His paddles lay behind him, and his arms were bare to the elbows, showing their strong red sinews. He had let his hair grow like a Frenchman's, and it hung forward shading his hatless brows. A skin apron was girded in front of him to meet waves which frothed up over the canoe's high prow. Blacksmith of the waters, he beat a path between juts of rock; struggling to hold a point with the pole, calling a quick word to his helper, and laughing as he forged his way. Other voyagers who did not care to tax themselves with this labor made a portage with their canoes along-

shore, and started above the glassy curve where the river bends down to its leap.

Gros Cap rose in the sky, revealing its peak in bolder lines as the searchers pushed up the Ste. Marie, exploring mile after mile of pine and white birch and fantastic rock. The shaggy bank stooped to them, the illimitable glory of the wilderness witnessing a little procession of boats like chips floating by.

It was almost sunset when they came back, the tired paddlers keeping near that shore on which they intended to land. No trace of Louizon Cadotte could be found; and those who had not seen the windigo were ready to declare there was no such thing about the Sault, when, just above the rapids, she appeared from the dense up-slope of forest.

Jacques Repentigny's canoe had kept the lead, but a dozen light-bodied Chippewas sprung on shore and rushed past him into the bushes.

The woman had disappeared in underbrush, but, surrounded by hunters in full chase, she came running out, and fell on her hands, making a hoarse noise in her throat. As she looked up, all the marks in her aged aboriginal face were distinct to Jacques Repentigny. The sutures in her temples were parted. She rolled herself around in a ball, and hid her head in her dirty red blanket. Any wild beast was in harmony with the wilderness, but this sick human being was a blot upon it. Jacques felt the compassion of a god for her. Her pursuers were after her, and the thud of stones they threw made him heartsick, as if the thing were done to the woman he loved.

"Let her alone!" he commanded fiercely.

"Kill her!" shouted the hunters. "Hit the windigo on the head!"

All that world of northern air could not sweeten her, but Jacques picked her up without a thought of her offensiveness and ran to his canoe. The bones resisted him; the claws scratched at him through her blanket. Jean Boucher

lifted a paddle to hit the creature as soon as she was down.

"If you strike her, I will kill you!" warned Jacques, and he sprung into the boat.

The superstitious Chippewas threw themselves madly into their canoes to follow. It would go hard, but they would get the windigo and take the young seignior out of her spell. The Frenchmen, with man's instinct for the chase, were in full cry with them.

Jean Boucher laid down his paddle sulkily, and his son did the same. Jacques took a long pistol from his belt and pointed it at the old Indian.

"If you don't paddle for life, I will shoot you." And his eyes were eyes which Jean respected as he never had respected anything before. The young man was a beautiful fellow. If he wanted to save a windigo, why, the saints let him. The priest might say a good word about it when you came to think, also.

"Where shall I paddle to?" inquired Jean Boucher, drawing in his breath. The canoe leaped ahead, grazing hands stretched out to seize it.

"To the other side of the river."

"Down the rapids?"

"Yes."

"Go down rough or go down smooth?"

"Rough — rough — where they cannot catch you."

The old canoe man snorted. He would like to see any of them catch him. They were straining after him, and half a dozen canoes shot down that glassy slide which leads to the rocks.

It takes three minutes for a skillful paddler to run that dangerous race of three quarters of a mile. Jean Boucher stood at the prow, and the waves boiled as high as his waist. Jacques dreaded only that the windigo might move and destroy the delicate poise of the boat; but she lay very still. The little craft quivered from rock to rock without grazing one, rearing itself over a great breaker or sinking under a crest of foam.

Now a billow towered up, and Jean broke it with his paddle, shouting his joy. Showers fell on the woman coiled in the bottom of the boat. They were going down very rough indeed. Yells from the other canoes grew less distinct. Jacques turned his head, keeping a true balance, and saw that their pursuers were skirting toward the shore. They must make a long detour to catch him after he reached the foot of the fall.

The roar of awful waters met him as he looked ahead. Jean Boucher drove the paddle down and spoke to his son. The canoe leaned sidewise, sucked by the first chute, a caldron in the river bed where all Ste. Marie's current seemed to go down, and whirl, and rise, and froth, and roar.

"Ha!" shouted Jean Boucher. His face glistened with beads of water and the glory of mastering Nature.

Scarcely were they past the first pit when the canoe plunged on the verge of another. This sight was a moment of madness. The great chute, lined with moving water walls and floored with whirling foam, bellowed as if it were submerging the world. Columns of green water sheeted in white rose above it and fell forward on the current. As the canoemen held on with their paddles and shot by through spume and rain, every soul in the boat exulted except the woman who lay flat on its keel. The rapids gave a voyager the illusion that they were running uphill to meet him, that they were breasting and opposing him instead of carrying him forward. There was scarcely a breath between riding the edge of the bottomless pit and shooting out on clear water. The rapids were past, and they paddled for the other shore, a mile away.

On the west side the green water seemed turning to fire, but as the sunset went out shadows sunk on the broad surface. The fresh evening breath of a primitive world blew across it. Down river the channel turned, and Jacques

could see nothing of the English or of the other party. His pursuers had decided to land at the settlement.

It was twilight when Jean Boucher brought the canoe to pine woods which met them at the edge of the water. The young Repentigny had been wondering what he should do with his windigo. There was no settlement on this shore, and had there been one it would offer no hospitality to such as she was. His canoemen would hardly camp with her, and he had no provisions. To keep her from being stoned or torn to pieces he had made an inconsiderate flight. But his perplexity dissolved in a moment before the sight of Louizon Cadotte coming out of the woods towards them, having no hunting equipments and looking foolish.

"Where have you been?" called Jacques.

"Down this shore," responded Louizon.

"Did you take a canoe and come out here last night?"

"Yes, monsieur. I wished to be by myself. The canoe is below. I was coming home."

"It is time you were coming home, when all the men in the settlement are searching for you, and all the women trying to console your mother and your wife."

"My wife — she is not then talking with any one on the gallery?" Louizon's voice betrayed gratified revenge.

"I do not know. But there is a woman in this canoe who might talk on the gallery and complain to the priest against a man who has got her stoned on his account."

Louizon did not understand this, even when he looked at the heap of dirty blanket in the canoe.

"Who is it?" he inquired.

"The Chippewas call her a windigo. They were all chasing her for eating you up. But now we can take her back to the priest, and they will let her alone

when they see you. Where is your canoe?"

"Down here among the bushes," answered Louizon. He went to get it, ashamed to look the young seignior in the face. He was light-headed from hunger and exposure, and what followed seemed to him afterwards a piteous dream.

"Come back!" called the young seignior, and Louizon turned back. The two men's eyes met in a solemn look.

"Jean Boucher says this woman is dead."

Jean Boucher stood on the bank, holding the canoe with one hand, and turning her unresisting face with the other. Jacques and Louizon took off their hats.

They heard the cry of the whip-poor-will. The river had lost all its green and was purple, and purple shadows lay on the distant mountains and opposite ridge. Darkness was mercifully covering this poor demented Indian woman, overcome by the burdens of her life, aged without being venerable, perhaps made hideous by want and sorrow.

When they had looked at her in silence, respecting her because she could no longer be hurt by anything in the world, Louizon whispered aside to his seignior, —

"What shall we do with her?"

"Bury her," the old canoeman answered for him.

One of the party yet thought of taking her back to the priest. But she did not belong to priests and rites. Jean Boucher said they could dig in the forest mould with a paddle, and he and his son would make her a grave. The two Chippewas left the burden to the young men.

Jacques Repentigny and Louizon Cadotte took up the woman who perhaps had never been what they considered woman; who had missed the good, and got for her portion the ignorance and degradation of the world; yet who must be something to the Almighty, for he had sent youth and love to pity and take care of her in her death. They carried her into the woods between them.

Mary Hartwell Catherwood.

SOME CAUSES OF THE ITALIAN CRISIS.

FROM time to time we have been told — and most frequently during the past few months — that Italy is on the verge of ruin. "Ruin" is a superlative term to apply to a nation; certainly to apply to Italy, who has demonstrated again and again in the course of a thousand years that she is endowed with marvelous vitality. A country like Poland could, indeed, sink into ruin; but between the conditions which wrecked Poland and those which now threaten Italy there run differences vast and fundamental. Italy is the Aaron's rod among the peoples: when stripped bare and dry, suddenly she buds again, and puts forth a new generation of efficient, strong, intensely alive

children. Her present crisis is interesting not only on its own account, but also because it illustrates principles to which other nations, and Americans as much as any, should give heed.

During the past fifty years Italy has passed through one stage of development, and has been passing through another. The former, which we may call the heroic period, ended in 1870, when Victor Emmanuel entered Rome and completed the geographical and political unity of the country; the latter stage, which embraces the four-and-twenty years since 1870, we may call the economic period. During the heroic period, which required great sacrifices, the abnegation of local parti-

sanship, the creation of an army of devoted soldiers out of downtrodden citizens, and the guidance of strong but subtle statesmanship, the Italians had proved equal to all demands. On Austrian or Bourbon scaffolds, in Austrian or Bourbon prisons, they had endured with the fortitude of martyrs; and when the time came for action, they had fought and died like heroes on many battlefields. Thanks to the assistance of France in 1859, thanks to Garibaldi's epic expedition in 1860, thanks to a wise alliance with Prussia in 1866, they had redeemed the whole peninsula except Rome; and Rome herself welcomed them on September 20, 1870, when the French garrison was withdrawn.

Then opened a new epoch. Italy now stood before the world as a nation of twenty-five million inhabitants, her frontiers well defined, her needs very evident. Nevertheless, if her national existence was to be more than a name, she must have discipline in self-government, and she must as quickly as possible acquire the tools and methods of the civilization prevailing among those nations into whose company her victories had raised her. Two thirds of her people lagged behind the Western world not only in material inventions, but in education and civic training. Railroads and telegraphs, the wider application of steam to industries, schools, courts, the police, had all to be provided, and provided quickly. Improvements which England and France had added gradually and paid for gradually, Italy had to organize and pay for in a few years. Hence a levying of heavy taxes, and exorbitant borrowing from the future in the public debt. Not only this, but ancient traditions, the memories of feuds between town and town, had to be obliterated; the people had to be made truly one people, so that Venetians, or Neapolitans, or Sicilians should each feel that they were first of all Italians. National uniformity must supplant provincial peculiarity; there

must be one language, one code of laws, one common interest; in a word, the new nation must be *Italianized*.

The ease and rapidity with which the Italians have progressed in all these respects have no parallel in modern times. Though immense the undertaking, they have, in performing it, revealed an adaptability to new conditions, a power of transformation, which are among the most remarkable characteristics of their race, and the strongest proofs that ruin will not now engulf them. Only a race incapable of readjusting itself need despair.

Happy had Italy been if, undistracted by temptation, she had pursued the plain course before her; still happy, had she resisted such temptation. But nations, like individuals, are not made all of one piece: they, too, acknowledge the better reason, but follow the worse; they, too, through pride or vanity or passion, often forfeit the winnings from years of toil. In 1870, Italy's well-wishers would have said to her: "Your task, for at least twenty years, must be to build up your home. You must make character; you must educate; you must economize; you must fuse these provinces into one organism; you must cause laws to be respected. If the thirst for glory beset you, resist it; shun pomp; live soberly, and you will be strong. With strength, aught else that may be necessary will come."

Many things conspired to prevent Italy from following such advice: chief among these we may place national vanity. To appreciate the force of the temptation, we must remember that the Italians had been bereft of civic life, the laughing-stock of Europe for many generations. That experience made them all the more sensitive to any slight, or to any hint, however baseless, that their national existence was as yet only tentative. They felt that, having become a nation, they must imitate their neighbors, cost what it would. To what end all the previous sacrifices and wars, if Italy should not now, being admitted

to the circle of the great powers, exercise her influence in the same way that they exercise theirs? How could Italy convince the world that she was of more importance now than in the old days of servitude, if her army and navy were small, and if her statesmen did not play the game of diplomacy with the statesmen of France and Germany? It might be well enough to bid her concentrate her attention upon internal affairs, but there must be something more interesting and dramatic than these to satisfy a people who had been kindled to a high pitch of enthusiasm by a war of independence, the achievement of which had but stimulated their ambition. Purely economic questions concerning taxes and tariffs, or questions of government and administration, seemed chill and sordid, compared with the patriotic cause which had so recently claimed a life-and-death devotion. Such questions have never, in any country, taken hold of the enthusiasm of the masses, for they are questions which appeal to the reason, and not to the emotions, and nowhere yet have the masses been taught to reason; rather have they, by the treatment of economic matters emotionally, retarded a rational settlement of them. So long as an Austrian lingered in Venice, so long as Bomba's soldiery swaggered in Naples, every Italian who yearned for his country's independence knew what must be done: the task then was concrete, embodied in a blond-bearded oppressor. Very different was the present task, — a dealing with abstractions, which could not, by any magic of the imagination, be embodied in living persons. Whether the grist tax should be three soldi or four, was it advisable to increase the debt in order to construct a railroad, — these were concerns for the economists, not causes to lay down one's life for. No wonder that they seemed peculiarly commonplace to a people who, in the heat of their heroic struggle, had supposed that in united and free Italy the humdrum

details of national life from day to day would present no difficulties. In America we have had a similar experience. Have not thirty years of contest with the products of the Rebellion taught us that while the holiest of wars calls out some of the noblest virtues, it also engenders peculiar and obstinate vices which flourish with the return of peace?

Little could it be expected, therefore, that Italians would content themselves with a national life restricted to the building up of internal strength and to the practice of unheroic economy, — unheroic except to a few wise watchers. In any community there is only here and there a philosopher who so orders his life; a nation of philosophers has never existed. Italy was recognized as a great power by her neighbors, and she willingly persuaded herself that it was her duty to do what they did. In this civilized age, the first requisite of a great power is a large standing army. Not by pre-eminence in literature or arts or industries, not by public integrity and private morals, shall you determine the rank of a European nation to-day, but by the number of its soldiers; by the success, that is, with which it withdraws its sons from loom and plough and workshop, to be, during the best years of their lives, converted into machines for loading and firing rifles. Doubtless they derive good from the training, but for every ounce of good they spend a pound of better. National existence is worth even *that* prodigious sacrifice; what makes the sacrifice supremely tragic is the fact that it is unnecessary. That the foremost nations of Europe should live side by side not otherwise than hostile tribes of scalp-hunting Iroquois once lived will some day seem incredible.

A large standing army being the first condition of ranking among the great powers, Italy set about preparing one. During her struggle for independence, before 1870, her plain duty had been to make as many as possible of her sons

into soldiers to drive out her oppressors ; but, having attained her end, that duty ceased. Thenceforth she could use a great army for only one of two purposes, attack or defense. As to the former, she could legitimately entertain no designs. Her territory, except a few outlying and comparatively unimportant districts in Ticino, Tyrol, and Istria, had reached its natural frontiers. Only hot-heads could propose to stake the solidarity of the newly formed kingdom on the chance of winning any, or all, of those "unredeemed" provinces. Conquest beyond the Alps was out of the question. Victor Emmanuel indulged in no dreams of aggrandizement ; even he realized that Nice and his ancestral Duchy of Savoy lay outside of the logical boundaries of Italy. Since, therefore, no adequate reason existed for employing a great army on the offensive, we must assume that she needed it for defense ; and this implies that she was threatened, or believed herself to be threatened, with attack by her neighbors.

The only neighbors who could assail her by land were France, Switzerland, and Austria. No one pretended that Switzerland could, if so disposed, give her any trouble ; what was the danger from the others ? At first it seems as if Austria, whether from her position or her hereditary policy, justified Italian apprehension. Her troops could with ease cross the stream which separated Istria from Venetia, and afforded no strong line of defense ; and it might further be apprehended that she would seize the first opportunity to recover the rich provinces she had lost in 1866. But the truth is that the Franco-Prussian war had closed one epoch of European international combinations, and had opened a new epoch. That war not only completed the unification of Italy and Germany, but also, in promoting Germany into the first place, it necessitated a readjustment of Austria's aspirations : the empire of the Hapsburgs

would be more than compensated in the Balkan Peninsula for its losses on the Po. Manifest destiny — that imaginary sanctifier of national rapacity — seemed to designate Austria as the receiver of the property of the bankrupt Sultan, or at least of those provinces contiguous to Austria's Danubian possessions. Salonica, as a seaport of great possibilities, beckoned from afar. The substitution of the Balkan States for Venetia, as a field in which Austria might appease her land-hunger, offered, therefore, a fair outlook to Italy on that side ; she had, moreover, a stronger reason for believing herself secure. The events of 1870-71 had forced Austria to see that her interests must henceforth be regulated by those of Germany. For seventy years Austria and Prussia had competed for the hegemony of the Teutonic race ; Prussia had at length, and conclusively, triumphed. The Hapsburg dynasty was German ; the Austrian capital and the minority, but the dominant minority, of the Austrian Empire were German, Whatever difference or conflict there might be in the mutual interests of Austria and Germany, those two empires, as Teutonic powers, must hold the same general attitude toward the alien French race on the west and the alien Slavs on the east. Austria especially, with a large body of Slavic subjects already under her sway, and with hopes of further acquisition in the Balkan Peninsula, could expect to form no profitable alliance with Russia, the proclaimed champion of Pan Slavism. Just so far, therefore, as Austria pursued a Teutonic policy she must coöperate with Germany ; and we do not exaggerate when we say that at no time since 1871 would the politicians at Vienna have been so rash as to embark in any general war unless they had first secured the approval of the statesmen at Berlin.

Accordingly, after 1870, Italy had to fear Austrian aggression only in case Germany should consent to it ; the pos-

sibility of that consent being given was incalculably small. Germany had no territorial or dynastic reason for envying Italy her independence; she had been drawn to Italy by the aid rendered in 1866, and although gratitude among nations counts for little, and is but a slight factor compared with revenge or covetousness in determining international combinations, still, in this case, in the absence of stronger motives to the contrary, it stood for something. Bismarck could not be unmindful of the advantage of having in Italy a compact nation in alliance with which he might, if necessary, check any anti-Teutonic vagaries into which the politicians at Vienna might fall through pique or folly or stubbornness. Far greater than these, however, were two reasons for making him not merely indifferent or neutral, but actively friendly toward Italy. From the day when Paris surrendered, he set before him the isolation of France as the foremost purpose of his diplomacy; and with the unexpectedly rapid recuperation of the French, and with their growing thirst for revenge, he labored the more strenuously to thwart them in negotiating any league that might make their passion formidable. As he had already persuaded Austria that her welfare lay with Germany, he had most to fear an alliance of the Latin races, — the French, Italians, and Spaniards, — to frustrate which he had only to win over the Italians. This was not hard to do, for Italy was ready to believe that the French Republicans, smarting under defeat, and realizing that they could not recover Alsace and Lorraine, might seek to recoup themselves by territorial conquest in the valley of the Po; or that, if the Republic should succumb to a monarchical restoration, the restored Monarchists might interfere in behalf of the reestablishment of the Pope's temporal power at Rome. In any event, the presence of a new nation, and a possible enemy, on her southeastern border could

not be regarded with pleasure by France; whereas that same nation, if secured as an ally, must bring corresponding satisfaction to Germany.

Finally, Bismarck was then engaged in a conflict with the Pope, — a renewal in modern fashion of the mediæval struggle between the Church and the Empire, — and the Pope was the internal enemy whom the Italians feared most. For the Pope, through his spiritual arm, might stir up the Catholics throughout the world against them, in his solicitude to recover his temporal power. This was their dread, founded upon centuries of experience with a hierarchy which subtly used its spiritual weapons to advance its temporal interests. It was a legitimate dread, and yet we may well believe that the Italians have overestimated the danger from this source, when we reflect that, in establishing a nation in which temporal concerns were separated from spiritual, they obeyed the inevitable tendency towards the secularization of government which has been operating with greater and greater momentum during the past hundred years. Nevertheless, this consideration was most potent in strengthening the friendship between Germany and Italy.

Sure, therefore, that Germany held France in check on the one side, and Austria on the other; sure, also, that Bismarck would encourage no international combination which looked to the restoration of the Pope at the expense of Italy, the Italians might have spared themselves the burden of a great military establishment. The German army was their best protection, and would be maintained whether they had one or not. Or, if Germany grew cold, they might turn to France and throw their weight with her, to the menace of the Germans. But such an unspectacular policy would not have satisfied public opinion in Italy. Public opinion demanded that she should cut a figure in the world; and one of the most evident ways by which to cut a

figure in the modern European world is to support a large army. If the last French manœuvres were brilliant, would not the average Italian ask why Italy had no manœuvres? If Germany ordered a new equipment of Krupp guns, would he not ask why she had none? To be in the fashion, to keep pace with one's neighbors, to be applauded by them for the qualities which they affect, — these are traits which shape the destiny of nations as of men. Anybody suddenly thrust into a society which regarded ability to turn somersaults as the first test of manhood would lose no time in taking a course in gymnastics, although he might still hold privately that somersaults do not exhibit one's moral and intellectual excellence.

In stating the case thus, I would not make Italy's foolish conduct seem too irrational. I hope that I have intimated how strong and plausible was the temptation against which she should have nerved herself. Perhaps more than any other European nation she was excusable in desiring to show that her citizens could become soldiers, for she had been taunted time out of mind with her effeminacy, her cowardice. It might be argued, too, that she received a larger dividend in indirect compensation for her capital invested in the army than her neighbors received from theirs. Uniform military service helped to blot out provincial lines and to Italianize all sections; it also furnished rudimentary education to the vast body of illiterate conscripts. These ends might have been reached at far less cost by direct and natural means; but this fact should not lessen the credit due to the Italian military system for furthering them.

Tradition, example, national sensitiveness, all conspired in this way to persuade Italy to saddle an immense army on her back. Like many follies, this wore an aspect of expedience, if not of necessity. The taxpayer, chafing under his burdens, discovered a new meaning in the motto "*Noblesse oblige*," or at least he con-

sented to accept that as an undebatable proposition. But a mistaken public policy does not stand still; like a tumor, it grows by encroaching upon the sound parts, its health being proportioned to the sickness of the body on which it fastens. A military system is such a tumor. In Italy, its existence revealed a condition of national character, a tendency to yield to temptation, which rendered it improbable that strength would suddenly be acquired to check the inevitable encroachments of the army. If you train a people to regard military service as their first duty and test of citizenship, if you bestow the highest honors and rewards upon soldiers, you cannot complain when the army dominates national legislation. In Italy, politicians of all parties have shrunk from opposing military encroachments, for fear that their opposition, however just, would be branded as unpatriotic. The history of pension legislation in the United States will enlighten us as to how such cowardice can overcome men otherwise brave. And with the tyranny of a great army system, besides the men who honestly believe that it must be supported because it is necessary, there is a horde of men who encourage its expansion because they derive selfish profit from it: the contractors for uniforms, arms, and stores, and the ambitious, for whom the army in peace or war is the shortest ladder to promotion. In addition to these, every country has its minority of civilian fire-eaters, restless and blatant fellows, who gauge an administration by the success with which it carries out a "spirited foreign policy." These do not distinguish between swagger and strength, between bullying and courage. They are preternaturally sensitive in detecting an insult to the nation's dignity; they talk familiarly of the national flag as if it were a part of their personal apparel which some wicked enemy were trying to put on; they modestly claim that they alone are patriotic.

That Italy should have had a large

litter of these Jingoos need not surprise us; what was her craving to cut a figure in the world but Jingoism ill concealed? It had led her to imitate her neighbors in organizing a great army; it led her likewise to yield to another temptation. One evidence of being a "great power," according to the political standard of the time, consists in ability to establish colonies, or at least a protectorate, in distant lands; therefore, Italian Jingoos goaded their government on to plant the Italian flag in Africa. France was already mistress of Algiers; Spain held a lien on Morocco; Italy could accordingly do no less than spread her influence over Tunis. For a few years Italy complacently imagined that she was as good as her rivals in the possession of a foreign dependency. Then a sudden recrudescence of Jingoism in France caused the French to occupy Tunis. The Italians were very angry; but when they sounded the situation, they realized that it would be folly to go to war over it. The fact that Bismarck consented to the French seizure, and refused to listen to any plea for restitution, taught the Italians prudence. They also learned thereby the terms on which their friendship with Germany rested. Bismarck connived at French adventures in Africa and elsewhere, because he saw that they would divide the attention of French politicians, and require the withdrawal of French troops from France; he cared not a whit that Italy's pride suffered in the process.

Not warned by this experience, Italy, a few years later, plunged yet more deeply into the uncertain policy of colonization. England and France having fallen out over the control of Egypt, then England, having virtually made the Khedive her vassal, suggested that it would be a very fine thing for Italy to establish a colony far down on the coast of the Red Sea, whence she could command the trade of Abyssinia. Italian Jingoos jumped at the suggestion, and for ten years the red-white-and-green flag has

waved over Massaua. But the good that Italy has derived from this acquisition has yet to appear. Thousands of her picked troops, stationed in that most unhealthy tropical region, have died of dysentery or sunstroke, or have been killed in unequal combat by the warriors of Ras Alula. Millions of money have been wasted in an enterprise almost as foolish as would be the attempt to plant an orange orchard on an iceberg. Yet the Jingo pride which involved Italy in this folly prevents her from abandoning it. I remember saying to an Italian officer, shortly after the massacre of a whole battalion of brave soldiers at Dogali, in 1887, that the time had come for Italy to get out of Africa. "We cannot," he replied; "all Italy would howl at an administration which proposed to back out. England might retreat from a blunder, and the world would not accuse her of cowardice; but we cannot; every one would laugh at us." The essence of Jingoism breathed in my friend's confession.

Equally slow have they been to learn that their partnership in the Triple Alliance has entailed upon them sacrifices out of all proportion to the benefits. To associate on apparently even terms with Germany and Austria was doubtless gratifying to national vanity, and an Italian premier might be pardoned for welcoming an arrangement which seemed to bring him into intimate relations with Prince Bismarck and Count Kálnoky; but who can show that Italy has been more secure from attack since she entered that league than she was before? If our analysis is correct, she ran no risk from Austria, because Austria was pledged to a Teutonic policy which bespoke for her protection from Russia, and the chance to expand south of the Danube; likewise Italy had the strongest guarantee that France would not assail her, for such an assault would have let loose the German war-dogs against France. For the sake, then, of a delusive honor,

— the honor of posing as the partner of the arbiters of Europe, — Italy has, since 1882, seen her army and her debt increase, and her resources proportionately diminish. None of her ministers has had the courage to suggest quitting a ruinous policy; on the contrary, they have sought hither and thither to find means to perpetuate it without actually breaking the country's back. No doubt many of them have honestly believed the Triple Alliance to be indispensable to Italy's welfare; no doubt, also, that others, Jingoists themselves, have encouraged the spread of conditions in which, under a veil of patriotism, roguish politicians can advance most comfortably their selfish schemes. One of the first tricks discovered by wily ministers after government by cabinets was established in Europe was that of diverting attention from maladministration at home by fomenting a quarrel, if not a war, with their neighbors; for internal needs and the incompetence of public servants cannot be discussed in the presence of foreigners. This also is Jingoism. Transparent though the trick is, we have seen it successfully played during the past decade by Ferry in France, by Blaine in the United States, and by Crispi in Italy.

In forming this diagnosis of Italy's maladies, I have fixed the attention on her army system to the exclusion of her other diseased parts, both because that is the most easily verified, and because her other ills proceed largely from that; unless it be more precise to say that the national weakness of character which allowed her to yield to the military temptation predisposed her to succumb to other evils. An examination of any one of these — her high tariff craze, for instance, with the resultant loss of trade with France, or her insincere financial system — would lead to a similar conclusion. We may grant that it was expedient for her to create a large navy to protect her long seacoast and her many opulent ports; but the maintenance

of a great army besides has been justified neither by her needs nor by her resources. The German army since 1870 has been Italy's strongest protector, and it afforded her the best protection gratis. In old days Italy complained of being the prey of eight or nine score thousand of idle, able-bodied priests and friars; was it consistent in her to add twice as many conscripts to the multitude of idlers? Or is the military goose-step a more productive form of labor than are monkish genuflections? Since 1870, an army of one hundred thousand men would more than have sufficed to put down the brigands incited by the Pope and the Bourbons, to maintain order in her most lawless regions, to garrison her frontier outposts and her harbors, and to have fostered a reasonable military spirit. Her excess has revealed not only the weakness of her resources, but — and this is more regrettable — her lack of judgment and her dangerous vanity. Merely as a matter of business, it is foolish to hire special watchmen when your next-door neighbor keeps a dozen.

But Jingoism, or national swagger, infects great nations as well as small. Vanity and false pride are its seeds, vanity and humiliation are its fruits. Happy is the land which, when this mania becomes epidemic, has a statesman with wisdom to perceive the evil, with courage to denounce it, and with strength to turn his countrymen against their wishes to a policy that is sober and just. Italy has had many earnestly patriotic public men during the past generation, but since Cavour died she has had no statesman who could do these things. Yet not on this account shall we despair of a country which, in spite of folly, has achieved much against great odds, and which has shown a wonderful capacity for sloughing off her past. Hardship itself, though it be the penalty of error, may, by restricting her ability to go astray, lead her back to the path of reason.

William R. Thayer.

OPINIONS.

It has been occasionally remarked by people who are not wholly in sympathy with the methods and devices of our time that this is an age of keen intellectual curiosity. We have scant leisure and scant liking for hard study, and we no longer recognize the admirable qualities of a wise and contented ignorance. Accordingly, there has been invented for us in late years a *via media*, a something which is neither light nor darkness, a short cut to that goal which we used to be assured had no royal road for languid feet to follow. The apparent object of the new system is to enable us to live like gentlemen or like gentlewomen on other people's ideas; to spare us the labor and exhaustion incidental to forming opinions of our own by giving us the free use of other people's opinions. There is a charming simplicity in the scheme, involving as it does no effort of thought or mental adjustment, which cannot fail heartily to recommend it to the general public, while the additional merit of cheapness endears it to its thrifty upholders. We are all accustomed to talk vaguely about "questions of burning interest," and "the absorbing problems of the day." Some of us even go so far as to have a tolerably clear notion of what these questions and problems are. It is but natural, then, that we should take a lively pleasure, not in the topics themselves, about which we care very little, but in the persuasions and convictions of our neighbors, about which we have learned to care a great deal. Discussions rage on every side of us, and the easy, offhand, cock-sure verdicts which are so frankly confided to the world have become a recognized source of popular education and enlightenment.

I have sometimes thought that this feverish exchange of opinions received a fatal impetus from that curious epidemic

rife in England a few years ago, and known as the "Lists of a Hundred Books." Never before had such an admirable opportunity been offered to people to put on what are commonly called "frills," and it must be confessed they made the most of it. The Koran, the *Analects* of Confucius, Spinoza, Herodotus, Demosthenes, Xenophon, Lewis's *History of Philosophy*, the *Saga of Burnt Njal*, Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, — such, and such only, were the works unflinchingly urged upon us by men whom we had considered, perhaps, as human as ourselves, whom we might almost have suspected of solacing their lighter moments with an occasional study of Rider Haggard or Gaboriau. If readers could be made by the simple process of deluging the world with good counsel, these arbitrary lists would have marked a new intellectual era. As it was, they merely excited a lively but unfruitful curiosity. "Living movements," Cardinal Newman reminds us, "do not come of committees." I knew, indeed, one impetuous student who rashly purchased the *Grammar of Assent* because she saw it in a list; but there was a limit even to her ardor, for eighteen months afterwards the leaves were still uncut. It is a striking proof of Mr. Arnold's inspired rationality that, while so many of his countrymen were instructing us in this peremptory fashion, he alone, who might have spoken with authority, declined to add his name and list to the rest. It was an amusing game, he said, but he felt no disposition to play it.

Some variations of this once popular pastime have lingered even to our day. Lists of the best American authors, lists of the best foreign authors, lists of the best ten books published within a decade, have appeared occasionally in our journals, while a list of books which promi-

ment people intended or hoped to read "in the near future" filled us with respect for such heroic anticipations. Ten-volume works of the severest character counted as trifles in these prospective studies. At present it is true that the World's Fair has given a less scholastic tone to newspaper discussions. We hear comparatively little about the *Analects* of Confucius, and a great deal about the White City and the Department of Anthropology. Perhaps it is better to tell the public your impressions of the Fair than to confide to it your favorite authors. One revelation is as valuable as the other, but it is possible, with caution, to talk about Chicago in terms that will give general satisfaction. It is not possible to express literary, artistic, or national preferences without exposing one's self to vigorous reproaches from people who hold different views. I was once lured by a New York periodical into a number of harmless confidences, unlike-ly, it seemed to me, to awaken either interest or indignation. The questions asked were of the mildly searching order, like those which delighted the hearts of children, when I was a very little girl, in our "Mental Photograph Albums:" "Who is your favorite character in fiction?" "Who is your favorite character in history?" "What do you consider the finest attribute of man?" Having amiably responded to a portion of these inquiries, I was surprised and flattered, some weeks later, at seeing myself described in a daily paper—on the strength, too, of my own confessions—as irrational, morbid, and cruel; excusable only on the score of melancholy surroundings and a sickly constitution. And the delightful part of it was that I had apparently revealed all this myself. "Do not contend in words about things of no consequence," counsels St. Teresa, who carried with her to the cloister wisdom enough to have kept all of us poor worldlings out of trouble.

The system by which opinions of little

or no value are assiduously collected and generously distributed is far too complete to be baffled by ignorance or indifference. The enterprising editor or journalist who puts the question is very much like Sir Charles Napier; he wants an answer of some kind, however incapable we may be of giving it. A list of the queries propounded to me in the last year or so recalls painfully my own inexperience and simplicity. These are a few which I remember: What was my opinion of college training as a preparation for literary work? What was my opinion of Greek comedy? Was I a pessimist or an optimist, and why? What were my favorite flowers, and did I cultivate them? What books did I think young children ought *not* to read? At what age and under what impulses did I consider children first began to swear? What especial and serious studies would I propose for married women? What did I consider most necessary for the all-around development of the coming young man? It appeared useless to urge in reply to these questions that I had never been to college, never read a line of Greek, never been married, never taken charge of children, and knew nothing whatever about developing young men. I found that my ignorance on all these points was assumed from the beginning, but that this fact only made my opinions more interesting and piquant to people as ignorant as myself. Neither did it ever occur to my correspondents that if I had known anything about Greek comedy or college training, I should have endeavored to turn my knowledge into money by writing articles of my own, and should never have been so lavish as to give my information away.

That these public discussions or symposiums are, however, an occasional comfort to their participants was proven by the alacrity with which a number of writers came forward, some years ago, to explain to the world why English fiction was not a finer and stronger arti-

cle. Innocent and short-sighted readers, wedded to the obvious, had foolishly supposed that modern novels were rather forlorn because the novelists were not able to write better ones. It therefore became the manifest duty of the novelists to notify us clearly that they were able to write very much better ones, but that the public would not permit them to do it. Like Dr. Holmes, they did not venture to be as funny as they could. "Thoughtful readers of mature age," we were told, "are perishing for accuracy." This accuracy they were, one and all, prepared to furnish without stint, but were prohibited lest "the clash of broken commandments" should be displeasing to polite female ears. A great deal of angry sentiment was exchanged on this occasion, and a great many original and valuable suggestions were offered by way of relief. It was an admirable opportunity for any one who had written a story to confide to the world "the theory of his art," to make self-congratulatory remarks upon his own "standpoint," and to deprecate the stupid propriety of the public. When the echoes of these passionate protestations had died into silence, we took comfort in thinking that Hawthorne had not delayed to write *The Scarlet Letter* from a sensitive regard for his neighbors' opinions; and that two great nations, unvexed by "the clash of broken commandments," had received the book as a heritage of infinite beauty and delight. Art needs no apologist, and our great literary artist, using his chosen material after his chosen fashion, heedless alike of new theories and of ancient prejudices, gave to the world a masterpiece of fiction which the world was not too stupid to hold dear.

The pleasure of imparting opinions in print is by no means confined to professionals, to people who are assumed to know something about a subject because they have been more or less occupied with it for years. On the contrary, the

most lively and spirited discussions are those to which the general public lends a willing hand. Almost any topic will serve to arouse the argumentative zeal of the average reader, who rushes to the fray with that joyous alacrity which is so exhilarating to the peaceful looker-on. The disputed pronunciation or spelling of a word, if ventilated with spirit in a literary journal, will call forth dozens of letters, all written in the most serious and urgent manner, and all apparently emanating from people of rigorous views and limitless leisure. If a letter here or there — a *u*, perhaps, or an *l* — can only be elevated to the dignity of a national issue, then the combatants don their coats of mail, unfurl their countries' flags, and wrangle merrily and oft to the sounds of martial music. If, on the other hand, the subject of contention be a somewhat obvious statement, as, for example, that the work of women in art, science, and literature is inferior to the work of men, it is amazing and gratifying to see the number of disputants who promptly prepare to deny the undeniable, and lead a forlorn hope to failure. The impassive reader who first encounters a remark of this order is apt to ask himself if it be worth while to state so explicitly what everybody already knows; and behold! a week has not passed over his head before a dozen angry protestations are hurled into print. These meet with sarcastic rejoinders. The editor of the journal, who is naturally pleased to secure copy on such easy terms, adroitly stirs up slumbering sentiment; and time, temper, and ink are wasted without stint by people who are the only converts of their own eloquence. "Embrace not the blind side of opinions," says Sir Thomas Browne, who, born in a contentious age, with "no genius to dispute," preached mellifluously of the joys of toleration and of the discomforts of inordinate zeal.

Not very long ago, I was asked by a sprightly little paper to please say in its

columns whether I thought new books or old books better worth the reading. It was the kind of question which an ordinary lifetime spent in hard study would barely enable one to answer; but I found, on examining some back numbers of the journal, that it had been answered a great many times already, and apparently without the smallest hesitation. Correspondents had come forward to overturn our ancient idols, with no sense of insecurity or misgiving. One breezy reformer from Nebraska sturdily maintained that Mrs. Hodgson Burnett wrote much better stories than did Jane Austen; while another intrepid person — a Virginian — pronounced The Vicar of Wakefield “dull and namby-pamby,” declaring that “one half the reading world would agree with him if they dared.” Perhaps they would, — who knows? — but it is the privilege of that half of the reading world to be silent on the subject. Simple preference is a good and sufficient motive in determining one’s own choice of books, but it does not warrant a reader in conferring his impressions upon the world. Even the involuntary humor of such disclosures cannot win them forgiveness; for the tendency to permit the individual spirit to run amuck through criticism is resulting in a lower standard of correctness. “The true value of souls,” says Mr. Pater, “is in proportion to what they can admire;” and the popular notion that everything is a matter of opinion, and that one opinion is pretty nearly as good as another, is immeasurably hurtful to that higher law by which we seek to rise steadily to an appreciation of whatever is best in the world. Nor can we acquit our modern critics of fostering this self-assertive ignorance, when they so lightly ignore those indestructible standards by which alone we are able to measure the difference between big and little things. It seems a clever and a daring feat to set up models of our own; but it is in reality much easier than toil-

ing after the old unapproachable models of our forefathers. The originality which dispenses so blithely with the past is powerless to give us a correct estimate of anything that we enjoy in the present.

It is but a short step from the offhand opinions of scientific or literary men to the offhand opinions of the crowd. When the novelists had finished telling us, in the newspapers and magazines, what they thought about one another, and especially what they thought about themselves, it then became the turn of novel-readers to tell us what *they* thought about fiction. This sudden invasion of the Vandals left to the novelists but one resource, but one undisputed privilege. They could permit us to know just how they came to write their books; in what moments of inspiration, under what benign influences, they gave to the world those priceless pages.

“Sing, God of Love, and tell me in what dearth

Thrice-gifted Snevellicci came on earth!”

After which, unless the unsilenced public comes forward to say just how and when and where they read the volumes, they must acknowledge themselves routed from the field.

La vie de parade has reached its utmost license when a Prime Minister of England is asked to tell the world — after the manner of old Father William — how he has kept so hale; when the Prince of Wales is requested to furnish a list of readable books; when an eminent clergyman is bidden to reveal to us why he has never been ill; when the wife of the President of the United States is questioned as to how she cooks her Thanksgiving dinner; when married women in private life draw aside the domestic veil to tell us how they have brought up their daughters, and unmarried women betray to us the secret of their social success. Add to these sources of information the opinions of poets upon education, and of educators upon poetry; of churchmen upon politics, and of politicians upon the church;

of journalists upon art, and of artists upon journalism; and we must in all sincerity acknowledge that this is an enlightened age. "The voice of the great multitude," to quote from a popular agitator, "rings in our startled ears;" and its eloquence is many-sided and discursive. Albertus Magnus, it is said,

once made a head which talked. That was an exceedingly clever thing for him to do. But the head was so delighted with its accomplishment that it talked all the time. Whereupon, tradition holds, St. Thomas Aquinas grew impatient, and broke it into pieces. St. Thomas was a scholar, a philosopher, and a saint.

Agnes Repplier.

BRONSON ALCOTT.

"AN odd thought strikes me," exclaimed Madame de Staël: "we shall receive no letters in the grave!" Nor, it is to be presumed, do they read books in the grave. But if it were otherwise, if there were only some kind of celestial or infernal express by which one could communicate with the departed, it would be a great pleasure to transmit two neatly printed volumes¹ to that quiet corner in what, we trust, is another and better world, where Mr. Alcott tries the patience of Plato, or buttonholes his especial favorite, Jamblichus. It was the ambition of Mr. Alcott's life to be taken seriously, and his two biographers, both of whom were his disciples while he was on earth, have taken him very seriously and at considerable length. There is even a hint (it would be invidious to call it a threat) of a possible more to come, for in the preface it is said, "There is ample material remaining in the possession of the editors of this book for a more detailed history of the Concord School of Philosophy and Mr. Alcott's connection therewith." "But," it is added, and wisely, "these pages present all that now seems to be needed to portray our friend as he lived, — in youth, in middle life, and in serene old age."

The editors do indeed present the raw

material from which a correct view of Mr. Alcott is to be gathered, and their work is done with much literary skill and with a becoming modesty on their own part; but nevertheless it is not easy to discover what manner of man Mr. Alcott was, nor to explain the glaring contradiction between Mr. Alcott as he appeared to the select few and Mr. Alcott as he appeared to the many, more especially as it is the latter appearance which seems to be confirmed by his published works. It is well known how highly Mr. Emerson valued him. Alcott might be described as the one, the single subject upon which Emerson permitted himself to be extravagant. Thus he wrote to Carlyle: "Alcott gives me the same glad astonishment that he should exist which the world does." And on other occasions he said or wrote of Mr. Alcott: "The most extraordinary man and the highest genius of the time. He is a great man, — the god with the herdsmen of Admetus." "His conversation is sublime. He is pure intellect." Professor Harris speaks of Mr. Alcott as his "spiritual father." But neither in the Orphic Sayings, nor in the Tablets, nor elsewhere in what the sage left behind him, can this greatness of intellect be discovered. Moreover, we have a singular and weighty piece of testimony concerning the slight-

¹ *A. Bronson Alcott. His Life and Philosophy.* By F. B. SANBORN and WILLIAM T.

HARRIS. In two volumes. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1893.

ness of the contribution made by Mr. Alcott to the world of ideas. In the year 1858 he was at St. Louis, by invitation of Professor Harris, whom he then and there selected as his future biographer; and with this end in view he dictated to Professor Harris, and afterward signed, the following document, called "an inventory of his spiritual real estate," meaning an inventory of his contributions to thought:—

"(1.) Some thoughts on Swedenborg which Emerson has embodied in his *Representative Men*.

"(2.) Some ideas on the spine, — about its being the type of all nature.

"(3.) The idea of the development of the Natural from the Absolute by means of persons.

"(4.) The thought with reference to temptations in the Orphic Sayings. [No. 12. "Greater is he who is above temptation than he who, being tempted, overcomes," etc.]

"(5.) The Pantheon of the Mind. [Spirit — God. Will — Laws. Love — Persons. Conscience — Right. Imagination — Ideas, etc.]"

Even under Professor Harris's own analysis this inventory shrinks into small space. As to No. 1, Professor Harris does not question Emerson's originality, although, as he says, it may be that Mr. Alcott suggested something to Emerson in regard to that doctrine of correspondence between the physical and the moral world which Swedenborg invented, and which Emerson carried further. It is exemplified in this sentence, for instance: "Justice is the rhyme of things." As to No. 2, Professor Harris says: "With regard to the second head of the inventory, — the ideas about the spine as the type of all nature, — I think Mr. Alcott has not preserved in written form the insights which he had at the time of his illumination. As he intimated to me, that period was one of such long-continued exaltation that his bodily strength gave way under it, and his visions of

truth came to have mingled with them spectres which he perceived to be due to physical exhaustion."

But what nonsense is this! "The insights which he had at the time of his illumination"! Does Professor Harris believe that Mr. Alcott was inspired? The doctrine of the spine, Professor Harris concludes, "was directly connected with his studies of Swedenborg;" "and we have his doctrines of Swedenborg and the archetypal spine only in their results, namely, in the third and fifth items of his inventory, — the idea of the development of the Natural from the Absolute by means of persons, and 'the Pantheon of the Mind,' called elsewhere 'the hierarchy of gifts' (*Tablets*, 7, 79)."

This relegates into mist No. 5. As to items 3 and 4, Professor Harris well says: "The third item in his inventory is the genesis of Nature through the lapse of personal being from holiness. The fourth item, concerning temptation, likewise is a sort of corollary to the doctrine of lapse. Any one who can be tempted is already fallen, for he must possess lusts of the flesh; if unfallen, or if ascended above evil desires (as the Christian doctrine of regeneration teaches), he is above temptation."

And now we are upon solid ground, for here we touch upon two real ideas, — the only ideas which Mr. Alcott ever had. It is barely possible that he thought them out for himself, but it is certain that other men, Plato and Joseph Glanvill in especial, gave them to the world considerably in advance of Mr. Alcott. But at all events Mr. Alcott got hold of them early in life; he clung to them through thick and thin; he fashioned his conduct upon them, and went to his grave believing them as firmly as ever. These ideas were, first, the Platonic notion that knowledge is mainly reminiscence; and secondly, the related idea (of "lapse"), expressed in Wordsworth's *Intimations of Immortality*, that man is a being who

existed in some anterior state of perfection. Hence Mr. Alcott's really original notions about the treatment and instruction of children. He dealt with them as if they were reasonable creatures, lately fallen from a higher state of existence, with the dew of innocence still moistening their brows. And so he made his schoolroom attractive, ornamented it with pictures and busts, punished himself instead of the scholars if they were naughty, and drew out the children's minds by skillful questioning, after the manner of Socrates. In this system everything was new, and very much was valuable; but, unfortunately, that touch of the unpractical and the absurd which followed Mr. Alcott through life, and vitiated his mental operations, always, sooner or later, turned his schooling into a farce, alienated the parents of his pupils, and finally set the poor man adrift again upon a sea of pecuniary troubles.

Margaret Fuller very soon discovered the paucity — we do not say the poverty — of Mr. Alcott's ideas. She is the "wise woman" whom Mr. Emerson quotes in his diary as saying that Mr. Alcott "has few thoughts, too few; she could count them all." "Well," Mr. Emerson adds, "books, conversation, discipline, will give him more." For theology, in the ordinary sense of the word, Mr. Alcott cared little. He was brought up an Episcopalian, but he soon renounced the Episcopal creed, and he seems to have been, as Mr. Sanborn says, one of the first Unitarians, or Theists, in New England. Toward the end of his life, we believe, though Mr. Sanborn nowhere states the fact, he returned to the creed of his fathers. But, whatever his mutations as regards Christianity, Mr. Alcott did have a wonderful, childlike faith in the omnipotence and omnipresence of good, in "a stream of tendency not ourselves, that makes for righteousness." To him it was never doubtful whether a good or a bad spirit rules this world. It would seem, then, that Mr. Alcott's attraction for Emerson

depended upon his absolute, unsuspecting, every-day adherence to a few great ideas as to the history and nature of man and the government of the universe. "Alcott," Emerson wrote in his diary, "has the great merit of being a believer in the soul. I think he has more faith in the ideal than any man I have known." After all, it is not so easy as we sometimes think to believe in the soul, or even in any abstract idea, with the same absoluteness and simplicity with which we believe that the sun is warm or that food is good, and with the same readiness to act upon our belief. Perhaps Emerson's faith was as strong as Alcott's, but it was cold and intellectual, whereas Alcott had a fervor in his belief at which Emerson warmed himself as a half-frozen man might warm himself at a fire.

There seems to have been another reason, also, why Emerson was attracted to Mr. Alcott. Mr. Alcott served him as a kind of intellectual dummy, whom he could interrogate with almost the same certainty that he could interrogate himself, so well had Mr. Alcott absorbed his ideas. Thus Emerson writes in his journal: "In the Alcott fluid men of a certain nature can expand and swim at large, such as elsewhere find themselves confined. Of course Alcott seems to such the only great and wise man. He gives them nothing but themselves. But when they meet critics and practical men, and are asked concerning his wisdom, they have no books to show, no dogmas to impart, no sentences or sayings to repeat, and they find it quite impossible to communicate to these their good opinion. Me he has served now these twelve years in that way. He was the reasonable creature to speak to that I wanted."

There is a little of the Emersonian coldness about this, and it recalls a remark of Mr. Henry James (the senior) to the effect that Mr. Emerson treated his friends like lemons, — he sucked them dry of what information they had, and then put them aside. But Emerson

was very loyal and very generous to Mr. Alcott, giving him not only sympathy and moral support, but also money and material comforts. It is obvious, too, that Emerson's good nature led him to exaggerate Mr. Alcott's capacities as he did those of other men. Of a certain Heraud, for instance, an Englishman, Mr. Sanborn says that "Emerson, and especially Alcott, had a regard for him, and did not call him a 'cockney windbag,' as Carlyle did." But it appears from the evidence that Heraud really was a "cockney windbag;" and therefore Carlyle was right in stating that fact for the benefit of unsophisticated persons like Mr. Alcott. There is no credit in having a regard for those who do not deserve it; on the contrary, such over "good nature" leads to a lowering of ideals, to a permanent confusion between what is first rate and what is second or third rate. It is clear, as we have intimated, that Emerson wronged Mr. Alcott by his exaggeration of the latter's capacity. Indeed, when Mr. Alcott's "orphyic utterances" came to be read over in cold manuscript or in colder print, even Emerson failed to find in them what he thought was there. He explained the discrepancy by saying that the sage could not write so well as he talked; and Mr. Alcott himself, adopting this theory, used to declare, "We are not happy with the pen." But Professor Harris says: "Although Mr. Emerson could not admit that the writings of Alcott were equal to his conversation, I have the impression that the words actually uttered in speech are the same that are found in his writings (*Orphyic Sayings and Tablets*). The impassioned manner, the high disdain, the air of divine sorrow and reproof, the fiery flashing of the eye, the earnestness of the seer,—all these effected what types and ink cannot convey again." And Emerson himself said: "He has more of the godlike than any man I have ever seen, and his presence rebukes and threatens and raises."

Moreover, there is abundant proof that on subjects which he understood Mr. Alcott could write extremely well. What could be better than this passage in his diary for the year 1837, concerning Emerson and his lectures, then first given in Boston? "Emerson's influence will not soon be felt on the age. Its diffusion will be subtle and slow. It will act on the few simple natures which custom and convention have spared us, and these will circulate it in fit time. Many will be pleased by his elegances of manner and grace of diction, and through these will be led to the contemplation of the divine form of beauty that he delights in. Curiosity will be excited to learn the secret of his agency; and ere the superficial and pedantic are aware, he will steal upon them unperceived."

It must be remembered that when this was written Emerson had no following. Mr. Alcott sagaciously predicts both his future fame and the way in which it would be acquired, and the manner in which Mr. Alcott does this is not devoid of literary art.

It appears, then, that Mr. Alcott could write with admirable conciseness and clearness. But when, as usually happened, he got upon "orphyic" subjects, he wrote very ill,—and for the same reason that the Harvard Freshmen, whose translations were held up to universal execration a few months ago, wrote ill. Their English was bad, because, being ignorant of their Greek and Latin, they had no clear, definite ideas to express; and Mr. Alcott experienced a similar difficulty. The truth is that Mr. Alcott spent his life groping in regions where it was impossible for him—where perhaps it would be impossible for any man—to arrive at results. He sought the unknowable, the one, the origin of all things. For such a task he was poorly qualified; his mind was untrained. He had never learned to discriminate; he mistook vague reverie for thought; he had no sense of proportion; his reading

was desultory, and confined to a few subjects. It is almost a wonder that Mr. Alcott, being deeply conscientious, and taking the world and himself so seriously, did not go mad. A sense of humor, it is frequently said, will save a man from madness, and so, very often, will a knowledge of "the best that has ever been said and done," for such knowledge tends to keep the judgment within bounds. But Mr. Alcott had neither sense of humor nor wide knowledge; and, naturally, he fell into absurdities which during the Fruitlands episode, at least, were near akin to madness. The late Mr. Robert Carter wrote — with some exaggeration, Mr. Sanborn says — of that experiment as follows: —

"No animal substance — neither flesh, fish, butter, cheese, eggs, nor milk — was allowed to be used at Fruitlands. They were all denounced as pollution, and as tending to corrupt the body, and through that the soul. Tea and coffee, molasses and rice, were also proscribed, — the last two as foreign luxuries, — and only water was used as a beverage. Mr. Alcott would not allow the land to be manured, which he regarded as a base and corrupting and unjust mode of forcing Nature. He made also a distinction between vegetables which aspired or grew into the air, as wheat, apples and other fruits, and the base products which grew downwards into the earth, such as potatoes, beets, radishes, and the like. These latter he would not allow to be used. The bread of the community he himself made of unbolted flour, and sought to render it palatable by forming the loaves into the shape of animals and other pleasant images."

Was there, then, no element of greatness in the man? Were they right who in his lifetime derided him as a "crank"? Was there no such Alcott as Emerson imagined? To believe that would be to make a worse mistake than is made by putting him upon the false pedestal which Messrs. Sanborn and Harris have

constructed. Mr. Alcott's character was in some important respects so good as to make him great. None but a pure and single-minded man could have loved truth so passionately and pursued it so unceasingly as Mr. Alcott did. He had, in fact, the same passion for truth and high knowledge that some men have for wine, some for women, and some for horses. It puts a stamp on a man to be a pawnbroker all his life; to spend all one's energies in low dissipation imposes another indelible brand; and can it be thought that a man may devote his waking hours to a search after truth, moral and intellectual, without some reflex action upon his own character?

Moreover, nature as well as habit gave Mr. Alcott certain great qualities. He possessed the three cardinal virtues of courage, sincerity, and charity. In his early days, when traveling as a peddler in Virginia, he used to astonish the planters by passing, fearless and unharmed, through the ring of fierce mastiffs which guarded their gates. Colonel Higginson tells a very interesting story, too long to be quoted here, of the courageous part that Mr. Alcott played in the unsuccessful attempt to rescue the fugitive slave Burns. Those who knew Mr. Alcott at Concord testify that he had in the highest degree both moral and physical courage: and this, indeed, is evident from the whole course of his life.

None but a brave and sincere man could have impressed others as Mr. Alcott impressed them; only of such a man could it be said that "his presence rebukes and threatens and raises." Only a brave and sincere man, again, could have stuck to his principles so absolutely as Mr. Alcott did. Whenever, in the course of his checkered life, a question arose between duty, as he conceived it, and self-interest, he did not hesitate about the decision. Thus, for example, he gave the finishing blow to his Boston school by admitting to it a negro scholar, well knowing what would be the result.

Once, when a stranger suddenly appeared at his house begging the loan of five dollars, Mr. Alcott lent him ten, not having the smaller bill in his pocket. He did not even take the man's name, but trusted him utterly,—that being the way, according to his theory, in which one human being ought to treat another human being. It turned out that the stranger was a swindler, a noted "confidence man;" but in his case (to the honor of all thieves be it said) the theory worked. Touched by Mr. Alcott's confiding generosity, he came back six months afterward, returned the money, and offered to pay interest. This was no isolated incident in Mr. Alcott's life. It could be said of him, as of few others, I was hungry, and ye fed me; naked, and ye clothed me; sick and in prison, and ye came unto me.

It is true that Mr. Alcott was rather lax in his notions about money, and his family suffered from his improvidence.¹ Emerson aptly termed him "a haughty beneficiary." He was vain, but in a simple, childlike way; and perhaps we shall have to admit that he was lazy. This completes the catalogue of faults visible in one whose whole life is open to our inspection. There is a memorable sentence of Louisa Alcott's which describes her father as he appeared when she met him at the cars, after a long and fruitless journey in the West: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God." Coming from the lips of an indifferent person, this would have seemed almost blasphemous; but the words were spoken by his daughter, whose heart was wrung because her father was poor and worn and thin, yet who felt a daughter's pride in the fact that fate could not quell his courage nor disturb his serenity.

Many and many a clever, well-fed

man, the finished product of school and university, could riddle Mr. Alcott's psychology; could give him "points," as the vulgar phrase is, on Plato and Plotinus, and even on his favorite Jamblichus; could lay down a philosophy more rational and coherent than that of which Mr. Alcott was master. But how many of these clever, successful men could have endured with cheerful serenity what Mr. Alcott endured; could have retained inviolate their faith in God and man despite personal failure and humiliation?

"That is failure," he nobly declared, in a passage of his diary written after some new defeat,— "that is failure when a man's idea ruins him, when he is dwarfed and killed by it; but when he is ever growing by it, ever true to it, and does not lose it by any partial or immediate failures, that is success, whatever it seems to the world."

Perhaps the crowning humiliation of Mr. Alcott's life occurred when, after his return from the disastrous experiment at Fruitlands, broken in purse and almost broken in spirit, he applied for the humble post of district school teacher in a corner of Concord, and the application was rejected. But even this rebuff, administered by his townspeople and neighbors, did not embitter his spirit. "Blessed be poverty," he wrote, when at this very time Mr. Emerson saved his family and him from starvation,— "blessed be poverty, if it makes me rich in gratitude and thankfulness and a temper that rails at none!"

After all, if the true object of philosophy be to possess the philosophic spirit, then indeed we can assert that Bronson Alcott was a great philosopher. He practiced what he preached. Socrates himself did not bear the stings of life with more serenity or good humor. And

tions," he put the price of single tickets for each conversation so low that it was cheaper to buy them than a course ticket.

¹ But this laxity was genuine, not of the Harold Skimpole type, and usually it operated against Mr. Alcott's interest. Once, in making out a circular for a series of his "conversa-

Mr. Alcott gave sufficient proof that, had destiny required it of him, he would have drunk the fatal hemlock as calmly as Socrates did; not indeed with a jest upon his lips, for Mr. Alcott made no jokes, but with an equal spirit of forgiveness and good will toward those who had persecuted him. It is on this ground that his reputation must rest. He was not, as Mr.

Sanborn seems to think, a second Plato; nor need we fondly linger with Professor Harris upon "the insights which he had at the time of his illumination." Mr. Alcott's true epitaph and epitome will be found in those burning words of his famous daughter: "His dress was neat and poor. He looked cold and thin as an icicle, but serene as God."

RECENT FICTION.

To a looker-on at life Chicago suggests an admirable background for fictitious art. Its individuality is so marked as to fuse the complexities of life into a certain singleness of character, so that the novelist is helped in his effort to secure a unity of effect in persons and scenes. Moreover, this individuality implies so headlong a rush that the novelist, even when dealing with persons presenting no very dramatic opportunities, could scarcely fail to have them swept along to some crisis. All this, supposing the writer himself caught in the stream of activity, however native to him might be a more reflective habit of mind. We are tempted into this bit of speculation by taking up Mr. Fuller's *The Cliff-Dwellers*,¹ after knowing the author through his half-whimsical studies of life as seen through the lorgnette of a traveler. In his previous books Mr. Fuller had shown himself, if we may say so, a character-fancier; he had sauntered through such slight scenes as he constructed with an amused air which covered much insight and not a little shrewd, even profound observation of life. What would he do, we asked ourselves, when he stepped from under the protection of foreign forms, and essayed

to reproduce in miniature a life which was frankly young and American?

The introduction to *The Cliff-Dwellers* raises very high expectations. One feels the touch of an artist in every line. The bright conceit which lies in the title, and finds its humorous amplification in this sketch of one of the lofty buildings in the heart of the business world of Chicago, does not conceal the artistic possibilities which present themselves in this conception of a microcosm; and the ease with which the author thus outlines the scene of his drama gives the reader a confidence in the story to come. This confidence does not depart at once; indeed, it is reinforced from time to time by the felicity with which scenes are managed, and especially by the keen, epigrammatic sentences which disclose how well the author has penetrated to the heart of his subject. Yet, little by little, disappointment creeps in, and the reader at last lays the book down with regret, not at having finished it, but at having been invited to hear a symphony, we will say, and compelled to listen to the tuning of instruments.

There is a curious failure of the author to make good his promises. The frontispiece of the book offers to the eye the person of Cecilia Ingles; and on the last page, as the several characters who survive appear at the opera-house, the

¹ *The Cliff-Dwellers*. A Novel. By HENRY B. FULLER. Illustrated by T. DE THULSTRUP. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1893.

hero and heroine of the story see in one of the boxes a tall, brownish man, a Mr. Ingles, who owns the Clifton, the lofty building which forms the main scene of the story. The heroine asks who a certain lady is who is by him.

"She indicated a radiant, magnificent young creature, splendid, like all her mates, with the new and eager splendor of a long-awaited opportunity. This newcomer had nodded smilingly to many persons on entering, — to her neighbors on either side, to a large dinner party that filled three boxes across the house. She seemed pleased to have so many persons to bow to so publicly; and everybody whom she favored seemed equally glad of an opportunity to return her attention.

"Ogden looked at her, and turned his eyes away.

"'I — I have never seen her before,' he said. 'I don't know who she is,' he appeared to imply.

"But he knew perfectly well who she was. He knew that she was Cecilia Ingles, and his heart was constricted by the sight of her. It is for such a woman that one man builds a Clifton, and that a hundred others are martyred in it."

No one who has not read the book would perceive the subtle stroke with which every line in this little closing scene is drawn, and no one who has read the book but will resent the implication that it contains the secret spring of the whole story. Cecilia Ingles, sketched by the artist before the story opens, and introduced to sight by the author as he closes the story, flits now and then by name across the page. She leaves Ogden's drawing-room just before he enters, in what might be called the middle passage of the book, so far as the hero's career is concerned; and the references to her which sparsely mark the movements of the story are light, unmeaning at the moment, but intended, one perceives when he has read all, to be full of significance. The subtlety scarcely

justifies itself. When one discovers, as we have pointed out, that Mr. Fuller has been poisoning his whole story on this shadow of a balancing pole, one demands that the incidents and characters shall have some real relation to so important a figure, and it requires all his sympathy with the author to make him satisfied with any such "moral" as he may formulate in the words, Woman, ambitious to possess power, place, riches, compels man to turn all his faculties into a splendid machine capable of producing the result she aims at, or drives him into dishonor to secure honor for her.

This, we apprehend, is roughly the argument of *The Cliff-Dwellers*, and is symbolized by Cecilia Ingles, the Fata Morgana of the tale; and we repeat that Mr. Fuller, by thus removing the spring of the story out of the reader's sight, has weakened his own construction. He has been compelled to bring in the furies by the hair of their heads. Ogden, wrought up to a nervous passion, brains the man who has wronged him, and the reader is left by the very calm author entirely ignorant of the consequences of the act. He does not know whether McDowell was or was not killed, and Ogden goes his way unmolested. All the violence is huddled together, but after all it seems scarcely more than an every-day incident in life. The marriages, with the exception of the last, half-expiatory one, are almost humorously without preliminary notice, and at last one is almost driven to the conclusion that the author intended his novel to emulate architecturally the Clifton itself, — an aggregation of stories, with an elevator for the central column. But after he has given up the book as a story he may take very great pleasure in certain passages, especially those which give the story-teller room for the play of his penetrating wit; and as an illustration we commend the conversation which takes place in Walworth's library the last evening of Winthrop Floyd's stay in Chicago, when Fair-

child — an interesting personage lightly sketched in, like most of the characters — hints at the ideal which hovers before the Chicagoan. “Does it seem unreasonable,” this man asks thoughtfully, “that the State which produced the two greatest figures of the greatest epoch in our history, and which has done most within the last ten years to check alien excesses and un-American ideas, should also be the State to give the country the final blend of the American character and its ultimate metropolis?” Perhaps — Mr. Fuller’s subtlety is contagious — the extremely subordinate part played by Mr. Fairchild and his Sentiment in the story typifies the author’s sense of the tremendous overweight of that dominance of the material which is the theme of the novel.

If one cannot get all the contrasts he wants in one book, he should call in the aid of another; and after one has found the atmosphere of the Clifton a little too highly oxygenized, let him regale himself with such whiffs of the Gulf as he will find in Miss King’s *Balcony Stories*.¹ A baker’s dozen of sketches, or tales, follow upon a prelude which seeks to account for the title of the book. “In those long-moon countries” (of the South), the author says, “life is open and accessible, and romances seem to be furnished real and gratis, in order to save, in a languor-breeding climate, the ennui of reading and writing books. Each woman has a different way of picking up and relating her stories, as each one selects different pieces, and has a personal way of playing them on the piano.” By other graceful phrases Miss King manages to put her readers into the proper mood for reading her stories; for the fiction of the balcony ceases to trouble writer or reader after it has once done its work of pitching the note of the book. For the most

part, these sketches are mere hints of stories; sometimes one has but the fringe, and no garment at all, but now and then the story-teller rises to dramatic power as in *Grandmother’s Grandmother*, or passes into pathetic beauty as in *The Little Convent Girl* and *A Crippled Hope*, or discloses a fine irony as in *The Old Lady’s Restoration*; but always the stories conform to one artistic type, and that a very noticeable one, because it has the note of personality without being insistently individual. Miss King, in a word, moves among her people and scenes as one who has drawn from like sources of life, and simply has this apart from her characters, that she is gifted with the power of giving them independent existence. With a careless ease born of familiarity with her material, she seems to take this or that bit of stuff, and, running her needle lightly through it, embroider some half-disclosed design, send some thread of color across a commonplace fact, and turn what would have been a disregarded scrap into a revelation of beauty. Her dexterity possibly betrays her occasionally into indirectness, and now and then into so elaborate a piece of artifice as *A Delicate Affair*; but the reader can forgive these errancies with the thought that they are simply fancies which have strayed somewhat beyond bounds, since Miss King’s fancies are of the straying kind.

We are never so out of conceit with pictures intended to illustrate stories as when the writer is so much of a painter as to convey, without direct intention, strong impressions of the characters presented. Mrs. Catherwood, for example, has made the heroine of her tale *The White Island*² so impressive by the setting which she has given her that the reader who finds her twice offered to his attention as an isolated figure by the draughtsman has a sense of being de-

¹ *Balcony Stories*. By GRACE KING. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

² *The White Island*. By MARY HARTWELL CATHERWOOD. New York: The Century Co. 1893.

frauded. Why thrust this piece of figure-drawing between him and the printed page, when she is stealing out of the woods into his imagination; when he catches glimpses of her, strong, supple, yet exceedingly womanly, as she passes in and out among savages and in tempestuous hours? The book which contains this splendid creature of the woods and human love is a small one, and Mrs. Catherwood has shown her fine sense of proportion by concentrating the action in a few brief stirring scenes, and giving the growth of feeling between the hero and heroine in an intermediate passage, full of simple, outdoor serenity. The contrasts in the book are striking, and every touch shows how well the author has her material in hand. At the outset the reader witnesses a barbaric massacre of the English at Fort Michilimackinac by Indians, and the escape of one, Alexander Henry, through the aid first of an Indian girl, Pani, then of a chief, Wawatam, and his midnight row in the blackness of a tempest to the island of Mackinac. On this island Wawatam has his lodge, where are his grandmother, an old Indian; his adopted son, a one-eyed, half-witted boy; and Marie, a French orphan, whom Wawatam means to marry. The story, for the rest, is carried forward on this island, and Henry, faithful to Wawatam, holds back the passion for the girl which rises in his heart, and finally is betrayed by Wawatam, who has been rendered furiously jealous by Pani, herself jealous of Marie, and still more infuriated by Marie's refusal to marry him. The culmination is reached when Henry is to be roasted alive, and is saved at the last by the intervention of Marie, a French trader, and the neighboring priest.

This summary no doubt suggests to many a conventional melodrama, and so far as the outside machinery of the story is concerned there is to be discovered no special originality; the reader calmly assists at the heaping of brushwood about

the stake in full assurance of the final deliverance. The mould may be broken and cast aside with the trumpery of numberless other plots of stories, but the form which Mrs. Catherwood's genius has filled with beauty is imperishable. As we said, she has shown a fine art in the contrasts which serve to heighten scenes and characters. On the one hand, Henry is the antithesis of Wawatam, Marie of Pani; Marie, again, is brought into relief by the background of the grandmother and George; the scenes of violence and of angry nature find their contrast in the rich beauty of the wooded scenes and the suggestion of sunshine and fragrance, and the subtle charm of nature which breathes through the sener portions is indescribably set off against the superstition and incantation of savagery, — the whole, meanwhile, blended by a large, fusing imagination.

To the noticeable group of Southern writers of fiction it is a pleasure to add a new name. Miss King has written enough to make her *Balcony Stories* a confirmation of her power; Mrs. Chopin's *Bayou Folk*¹ is, we believe, her first collection, though most, if not all of the stories which compose it have appeared in periodicals. It sometimes happens, however, that a distinctive power is not fully recognized until scattered illustrations of it are brought into a collective whole. In this case the reader perceives that Mrs. Chopin has taken for her territory the Louisiana Acadie; that she has chosen to treat of a folk that, despite long residence among no very distant kinsmen, has retained and perpetuated its own native characteristics. The exiles from Acadie who were transplanted to Puritan New England appear to have been merged in the people; those who found a more congenial resting-place amongst co-religionists and a folk of the same Latin race seem to have been more persistent in the preservation of a type.

¹ *Bayou Folk*. By KATE CHOPIN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1894.

At any rate, Mrs. Chopin shows us a most interesting group in her several stories. Her reproduction of their speech is not too elaborate, and the reader who at once shuts up a book in which he discovers broken or otherwise damaged English would do well to open this again; for the writer is discreet enough to give suggestions of the soft, harmonious tongue to which the Bayou folk have reduced English speech, and not to make contributions to philology. What he will find, both in speech and manner, is a sensitiveness to passion, a keen feeling for honor, a domesticity, an indolence which has a rustic grace, and a shiftlessness which laughs at its penalties.

One in search of the pleasure which stories may bring need not suspect from this that he has fallen upon a writer who is afflicted with a purpose to add to our stock of knowledge concerning obscure varieties of the human race. Mrs. Chopin simply deals with what is familiar to her, and happens to be somewhat new in literature. She deals with

it as an artist, and the entire ease with which she uses her material is born not less of an instinct for story-telling than of familiarity with the stuff out of which she weaves her stories. The first story is the longest in the book, but, like the shortest, is an episode, as it were. All of the stories are very simple in structure, but the simplicity is that which belongs to clearness of perception, not to meagreness of imagination. Now and then she strikes a passionate note, and the naturalness and ease with which she does it impress one as characteristic of power awaiting opportunity. Add to this that a pervasive humor warms the several narratives, that the persons who appear bring themselves, and are not introduced by the author, and we have said enough, we think, to intimate that in this writer we have a genuine and delightful addition to the ranks of our story-tellers. It is something that she comes from the South. It is a good deal more that she is not confined to locality. Art makes her free of literature.

A PIONEER IN HISTORICAL LITERATURE.

THE two substantial volumes which record the life and labors of Jared Sparks¹ have much of the character of Sparks's own editorial work. They are scarcely for current reading; they are rather what, in Sparks's day, would have been called "repositories replete with facts," by the aid of which, it is to be hoped, some one will in the future prepare a short biography of the distinguished pioneer in the field of historical research. The student may now, however, draw from these full records, by a judicious process of selection, a pretty clear

notion of the character of Mr. Sparks, and of the indefatigable zeal which he showed in his occupation as historical writer and editor. What the close student or the busy one may complain of is that Dr. Adams, despite his industry in compiling, has failed to do all the work which the reader is likely to demand. For example, Mr. Sparks was the first systematically to procure information respecting the historical papers scattered in private and public collections. He did this by journeys and by correspondence. We wish Dr. Adams had been possessed by a like

¹ *Life and Writings of Jared Sparks*. Comprising Selections from his Journals and Correspondence. With Portraits. Edited by HER-

BERT B. ADAMS. In two volumes. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

spirit to make the reader of to-day acquainted with the fate of these several collections. In one respect we think he has done more than the reader demands. His defense of Mr. Sparks's method of editorial work, in the introduction, and his just indignation at the manner in which those who have criticised Mr. Sparks have helped themselves to his text and notes, are written with too heavy a pencil; and his long discourse, with frequent returns by the way to the same subject, tends to exaggerate the situation, and thereby to weaken a perfectly tenable position. He doth protest too much, and we suspect that many readers, even though in sympathy with the editor, will leave the work with an uneasy sense that perhaps they must hear the counsel for the plaintiff. Aside from these general reflections, we can heartily thank Dr. Adams for making it possible, by means of his liberal extracts from Mr. Sparks's journals and letters, to know well both the man and the conditions under which he worked. Of the wealth of this material we can give no better idea than by using it to make a miniature from the full-length portrait of Mr. Sparks as drawn by Dr. Adams.

Sparks was born May 10, 1789, at Willington, a little town on the banks of the Willimantic River, in Connecticut. His parents were people of scanty means, and when six years old Jared went to live with a childless aunt. The fever for western emigration, "terramania," as the wits named it, was then raging through all New England, and the husband of the aunt, a genuine specimen of that type of man who does all things easily, and none well, caught the fever, and went to live in the frontier hamlet of Camden, Salem County, New York. There he was by turns a farmer, builder, tavern-keeper, grist-miller, and saw-miller, and spent not a little of his time roving over the State in search of a better place for settlement. That life

with such an uncle did much to teach Sparks independence and self-reliance, accustomed him to hardship, and gave him a certain kind of versatility may all be true. But he was a bookish lad from the start, and his parents did well when, in 1805, they called him home and put him regularly to school. At Willington he soon learned all the master could teach, and in 1807 himself became a teacher in the neighboring college of Tolland, where he boarded round in the families of the scholars, and was paid eight dollars a month for his services. His success as a teacher and the wandering tastes acquired from his uncle led him, when the school season ended, to tramp three hundred miles on foot over all eastern New York in search of employment. No school was secured, and he passed the winter of 1808 at Arlington, in Vermont, working as a carpenter. In the spring of 1809 he walked back to Willington, got another school, taught for twelve weeks at ten dollars per month, and when the session closed found that in thirteen months he had earned one hundred and twenty-two dollars, and had spent fifty.

Sparks, now feeling rich enough to give a little time to study, took up algebra and Latin with the minister settled at Willington, paid one dollar a week for the instruction, and discharged part of the debt by helping the parson shingle his barn. Such was the progress made with Latin that in eight weeks he attracted the attention of the Rev. Abiel Abbott, then visiting at Willington. The Rev. Abiel Abbott was a cousin of the Rev. Benjamin Abbott, head of Phillips Academy, Exeter, and undertook to secure a scholarship for Jared. So sure was this new friend of success that a few weeks later, when he set off to visit his cousin, a box containing the clothes of Jared was lashed under the body and between the wheels of the parson's chaise. Young Sparks followed on foot, and covered the one hundred and twenty

miles between Willington and Exeter in four days.

From Phillips, Exeter, he went two years later to Harvard, through which he paid his way by teaching, and left behind him so high a reputation for ability that in 1817, one year after graduating, he was called back as tutor. About the same time his friends in the Anthology Club thrust upon him the editorship of the *North American Review*, then two years old. Dr. Adams has made this the occasion for a very brief sketch of some of the forerunners of the *North American*, which he might easily have made fuller and better. The opening years of this century were the golden age of periodical literature. Everywhere magazines sprang up, and flourished exceedingly. Yet of such as belong to Boston, Dr. Adams makes no mention of the *Cabinet*, nor of the *Columbian Phoenix*, nor of the *Boston Magazine*, nor of the *Polyanthus*, nor of the *Emerald*, nor of a host of others long ago forgotten.

But neither teaching nor magazine editing satisfied Sparks. His life work had not yet been found, and, while casting about for something better, his thought turned to theology. With him the thought was quickly followed by the act, and in 1819 he was installed pastor of the Unitarian Church at Baltimore. After a short trial even this proved not to his liking, and in 1823 he resigned his charge, and once more became editor of the *North American*. And now it was that a seemingly trivial incident started him on his career.

A member of a Cambridge publishing house desiring to publish a full set of the Writings of Washington applied to Sparks for information as to where the papers could be found. Sparks immediately wrote to Bushrod Washington, who civilly refused all aid. This rebuff ended the matter so far as the publisher was concerned. But it served to arouse Sparks. He would make a collection and publish it, if possible, without the

help of Judge Washington, and at once he began a systematic search for such papers as were not at Mount Vernon. In this, the friends he had made on his travels and the place he held as editor of the *Review* assisted him much. Appeals were made to the public men he had known when in Baltimore and Washington, to writers for the *North American*, to secretaries of the thirteen States that founded the republic, to the families of generals and officers of the Continental army,—to any man, in short, who he had the least reason to believe knew aught of Washington's correspondence. The call revealed the existence of such a mass of perishing letters that, early in 1826, Sparks again wrote to Judge Washington, told him what he had done, announced his own desire to edit the papers, sketched a plan of arrangement, and asked for the Mount Vernon letters. Once more the judge refused, and once more Sparks determined to go on. With as little delay as possible, he started off in the summer of 1826 on a tour through the Middle, Southern, and Eastern States, in search of Washington letters, only to be astonished at the quantity of material at hand. On his return, therefore, Sparks for the third time appealed to Bushrod Washington, declared his intention to print what could be secured, and for the third time asked for the Mount Vernon papers, and made the judge a plain business proposition. This was accepted, and in December, 1826, Sparks went to Washington and examined the papers there on file in the departments.

While so engaged, he happened, one day in January, 1827, to enter the room in the Department of State where the papers of the Old Congress were kept, and there beheld the thirty odd volumes of Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution. He was told that in 1818 Congress had authorized the President to publish such parts of it as he thought fit. But as no money had been voted to

pay the cost of arranging, and as the labor of editing was too great to be done by the Secretary of State, the letters had not been printed. Instantly the idea suggested itself to Sparks to undertake the task. Application was accordingly made to Adams and to Clay. Leave was gladly granted, and before Sparks left Washington it was agreed that he should edit the Correspondence from 1774 to 1783. For this labor he was to receive \$400 for each volume when ready for the press; \$2.12 for each of the 1000 copies of each volume supplied to Congress; and all he could make by selling the books in the market.

This new venture arranged for, Sparks went seriously to work on the Washington papers, spent the better part of a year at Mount Vernon, visited Europe, searched the archives of England and France, and in May, 1829, was back again in Boston. But five years slipped by before the letters of Washington began to be published, and during these years he prepared the *Life and Writings of another of "the fathers."*

In the winter of 1830, Sparks, still in search of Washington papers, rode out to Morrisania to ask permission to examine the papers of Gouverneur Morris. Mrs. Morris was loath to have them used for historical purposes, but was willing, even desirous, that he should edit them and write a life of her husband. Nothing was farther from his wishes, for he had then on hand the *Letters of Washington and the Diplomatic Correspondence*. But it was the price of examining the papers. He paid it, and in 1832 published the *Life and Letters of Gouverneur Morris*. The book did not take. The edition was not exhausted, and Sparks, convinced that the publishers had made nothing, gave up all claim to copyright.

On the publication of the Morris papers Sparks seems to have feared that he might soon be idle, and, while looking about for work to do, he hit upon the

idea of the *Library of American Biography*. No such thing then existed. There were Biographical and Historical Dictionaries; there was a *Repository of the Lives and Portraits of Distinguished Americans*, Sanderson's *Lives of the Signers*, and Knapp's *Sketches of Eminent Lawyers, Statesmen, and Men of Letters*; but no series of books covering the lives of great men from the first settlement of the country, so arranged as to form at the same time a history of the country, and with each life written by a thoroughly competent hand. The mere mention of such a series to the public men of 1832 was received with hearty approbation, and in 1834 the first volume was issued. It is interesting to note that each contributor was paid seventy cents a page for his work, and that this was accepted by such men as Edward Everett and William H. Prescott. For his life of Stark, Dr. Adams informs us, Everett received \$81.20, while Prescott, for the life of Charles Brockden Brown, was given \$44.80. The third volume is the *Life and Treason of Benedict Arnold*, by Sparks, and for this he received \$1.50 per page. But in consideration of this high rate the publishers were at liberty to print 3000 copies. With the fifth volume, so great had been the success of the series, a new contract was made, by which writers were to be given one dollar a page, and the editor \$650 for 2500 impressions from his own stereotype plates. A poor bargain it proved to be; for when the fifth volume was published, the writer received \$360, the plates cost \$275.50, which left Sparks as his share \$14.50. On the seventh he lost \$44 outright, and on the tenth \$83. This ended the series, and he now sold copyright and plates to his publisher for \$2400. Some time afterwards, when ownership of the series had passed from the original publishers to the Harpers, Sparks was persuaded to continue the *Library* till it numbered twenty-five volumes.

It would indeed be pleasant to follow the career of Sparks to the end, and to say something of his *Life of Ledyard*; something of the publication of the Washington papers, and of the bitter controversy which, ten years later, was waged over them by "Friar Lubin," Lord Mahon, William B. Reed, and the editor; something of the edition of Franklin's writing; something of Sparks's record as president of Harvard, and of his connection with the discovery of the famous Red-Line Map. But it is enough to say that all of this and more is told fully and completely by Dr. Adams.

Sparks died in 1866. Time enough, therefore, has sped by to enable this generation to form an estimate of the value of his writing, and to pronounce the verdict. And surely that verdict is that his works are enduring and will stand. The assaults made by later editors on his methods and his texts are of no consequence. If Washington in his old age saw fit to rewrite his youth-

ful letters, and send down to posterity as the productions of a young man letters really the productions of an old man, then his regard for truth at the end of his life was by no means so great as on the memorable day when he hewed down his father's cherry-tree. That Sparks has followed these does not matter in the slightest. The language, the spelling, the felicity of expression, are nothing. The facts and the information the letters contain are everything: and these things the work of Sparks has made accessible to us all. Indeed, it is not too much to say that but for his patient, unflagging search for material the history of the Revolution would to-day be unwritten. The service which he rendered is immense, and Dr. Adams is to be thanked for putting on record the details of a life which is another splendid illustration of what can be achieved by the man who does his chosen work with all his heart, and with all his soul, and with all his strength.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

History and Biography. Leonidas Polk, Bishop and General, by William M. Polk. Two volumes. (Longmans.) In writing the life of Lieutenant-General Leonidas Polk of the Confederate army, his son has availed himself with moderate success of an opportunity to make a picturesque and interesting book. He shows a fair yet very filial spirit, but he is a trifle dull. The descendant of Cromwellian and Revolutionary soldiers, Polk naturally entered West Point; but while there he became "converted," and abandoned the army for the church. In his sacred calling he displayed high efficiency, and became Bishop of Louisiana. High bred, energetic, earnest, and conscientious, he was a fine type of the best class of Southerners. When the war broke out, the fighting blood of Polk induced him, in his own phrase, "to buckle the sword over

the gown," and he was at once made a major-general. He served in the Western and Middle States, under Beauregard and Bragg, holding always high and responsible commands. It has not been the common opinion that he made altogether a brilliant success in his new calling, but his son indicates, without directly saying, that he was really a better general than his superiors. In fact, the son has had a somewhat difficult task before him, which he has fulfilled in a peculiar manner; for he has so told his story as to leave upon the reader the broad, general impression that the Confederate army always had the better of every engagement, and yet always retreated afterward. This is accounted for by the suggestion that the commanding general habitually blundered, and too seldom took the sound advice of General Polk. This is

perhaps a severe way of expressing a criticism upon the narrative, for the writer means to be fair, and generally states his views with moderation, and sustains them to some extent with documentary evidence. — *Madame, a Life of Henrietta, Daughter of Charles I., and Duchess of Orléans*, by Julia Cartwright [Mrs. Henry Ady]. (Imported by Scribners.) This is the first adequate English biography of the woman who was undoubtedly the most brilliant and attractive princess of her time, and who in her brief life produced an impression and exerted an influence which are vividly reflected in contemporary letters and memoirs. The distinguishing feature of Mrs. Ady's volume is the publication, in their original form, of ninety-eight letters from Charles II. to the young sister whom he probably loved better and trusted more entirely than any other human being; and seldom does that monarch appear in so agreeable a light as in this correspondence. Henrietta herself wrote with an ease and a grace which have not been lost in the translations here given. She was, in fact, an intermediary between her brother and brother-in-law, both having full confidence in what Charles called her "discretion and good talent." No other of the descendants of Mary Stuart seems to have inherited so large a measure of her potent personal charm, a quality which Madame was to transmit in some degree to her equally short-lived granddaughter, the Duchess of Burgundy. In the most artificial of courts Henrietta remained lovably human, while her genuine and cultivated taste for literature and art gave her a distinction quite apart from that of her badly educated French kindred. This contrast is most striking in the case of her contemptible husband, who never ceased to be an ill-conditioned, spoiled child. In discussing the question of Madame's death, the author sensibly concludes that there is no good reason to think it other than natural. — *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*, by Alice Morse Earle. (Scribners.) Mrs. Earle has followed a well-earned success with another book in the same field of New England domestic antiquities. The range of subjects is wider. As her earlier book related chiefly to the ecclesiastical side of life, this is occupied with the secular side, and child life, courtship and marriage, domestic service, home interiors, travel, books and book-makers, sup-

plies of the larder, clothing, physicians, funerals, burial customs, and other subjects are treated with that rare combination of patient accuracy and humorous delight which makes Mrs. Earle's books exceptional. But why, oh why did she not supply an index? — *The Life and Writings of Gregory of Nyssa*. (The Christian Literature Co., New York.) This is Volume V. of *A Select Library of Nicene and Post-Nicene Fathers of the Christian Church*, under the editorship of the late Dr. Philip Schaff and Principal Wace of King's College, London. The translation and apparatus are by William Moore and Henry Austin Wilson, both Oxford scholars. This is, we believe, the first attempt at anything like a full presentation of St. Gregory's works. The student of Origen will be glad to have a volume which carries forward Origen's speculations, and we would suggest to those who please themselves with contemporaneous books of meditation and devotion to try the effect of a bath in the stream nearer its source. Reading, for example, such a discourse as is here printed *On the Soul and the Resurrection*, current questions would have a new answer in the old answers given in the fourth century. — *The Church in the Roman Empire, before A. D. 170*, by W. M. Ramsay. (Putnam's.) This octavo volume, equipped with maps, illustrations, and index, is based on lectures given at Mansfield College, Oxford. The writer, who is professor of humanity in the University of Aberdeen, has made a scientific examination of the documents to which all must turn, but he is greatly helped both by his familiarity with the geography of Asia Minor, and his sympathy with the Christianity of St. Paul. He treats at length of the apostle in Asia Minor, and he deals with the attitude of the Roman government toward the new way in the first century and a half of its existence. The study strikes one as fresh and at first hand. — *Sir Joshua Reynolds*, by Claude Phillips. (Imported by Scribners.) The author of this volume shows himself an excellent art critic, if a somewhat unsatisfactory biographer. Sir Joshua's contributions to each year's Academy exhibition are carefully recorded, with comments on the more important works, and an occasional welcome note on their subsequent history, — changes of ownership, present condition and abiding-place, — but the writer does not succeed in

giving any vivid sense of his subject's personality. Indeed, the master holds a rather subordinate position in the biographical portion of the work, which might be briefly described as anecdotes of Sir Joshua's sitters and distinguished contemporaries (if the two terms are not synonymous), with some account of the artist. But the wealth of entertaining material at the author's command makes his discursive pages, despite faults of style and construction, always readable, while, as we have intimated, his critical competence gives the book a real value. Its usefulness would, however, be greatly increased by the addition of an index. — *The Story of Parthia*, by George Rawlinson, M. A., F. R. G. S. *The Story of the Nations Series*. (Putnams.) The ordinary intelligent reader, whose knowledge of the story of Parthia, we venture to say, is usually of a very fragmentary and sketchy sort, should be grateful for this clear, concise, and admirably arranged narrative of the rise, progress, and decline of the power which occupied the position of the second nation of the world for nearly four hundred years, but whose history can be found only in the records of its more civilized rivals, with such aid as its coins and the scanty remains of its art afford. The author argues forcibly, but without undue positiveness, for the Turanian origin of the Parthian people, finding the nearest representatives of their primitive condition in the modern world to be the Turkomans, and of the time of their highest prosperity the Osmanli Turks; and he is inclined to regard their "barbarism" as less than that imputed to them by the Greek and Roman writers, though barbarous in some respects they undoubtedly were, even in the days of their greatness. The volume closes with an exceedingly interesting study of Parthian Art, Religion, and Customs, which alone would give the work special value. Like all its predecessors, it is very well illustrated. — *Russia and Turkey in the Nineteenth Century*, by Elizabeth Wormeley Latimer. (McClurg.) A companion volume to the writer's book on France in the Nineteenth Century, both works, we infer, having been in their first form a course of lectures. After brief introductions, some of the more salient events in Russian and Turkish history, from the time of Alexander I. and Mahmoud II. to the present day, are treated in a readable fashion. The volume makes no

pretense to originality, but a good deal of skill is shown in selection and arrangement, memoirs, reminiscences, and magazine articles being freely drawn upon for illustrative material. Newspaper gossip, even, is not altogether ignored, in the case of contemporaries, with less happy results; for, always unprofitable, such "personals" often perversely confute themselves, if read a few months after date. There is a risk in endeavoring to bring the history of the passing day from the lecture and periodical to the greater permanence of book form, where some slight perspective is desirable. For instance, the rather unsatisfactory sketch of that hero of romance in the late nineteenth century, Alexander of Battenberg, which concludes the volume did not reach the reader until the unfinished story there given had been impressively completed by that solemn second return to Bulgaria, which, in view of the unexampled outburst of national feeling accompanying it, might almost be called triumphal. — *Frederic Hill, an Autobiography of Fifty Years in Times of Reform*. Edited, with Additions, by his Daughter, Constance Hill. (Richard Bentley & Son, London.) Mr. Hill was one of a notable family of brothers, Sir Rowland Hill being one, identified in the most practical way with reform the past seventy years. Mr. Hill is still living at the age of ninety, and the whole effect of the narrative is to give one a sense of extraordinary vigor well directed. The absence of mere talk, and the presence of hard work in prison reform, in education, and in the post office, as well as in every community in which he was living, impress the reader, and give him a vivid notion of genuine public service of a high order. The book has, besides, many delightful reminiscences of men and scenes. One of the curious incidents is the Family Fund, to which the brothers contributed as a sort of mutual aid society in case of reverses to any member. There are some capital portraits. — *The Life and Writings of George Gascoigne*, with Three Poems heretofore not reprinted, by Felix E. Schelling. (Ginn.) One of the publications of the University of Pennsylvania. A discriminating and close study of an interesting figure among the earlier Elizabethans. — In the December *Atlantic*, under the title *Some New Light on Napoleon*, there was an extended notice of the first volume, in the original, of the *Memoirs of Chancel-*

lor Pasquier. The same volume, translated by Charles E. Roche and published by Scribners, has since then come to us.

Poetry and the Drama. Poems, by Francis Thompson. (Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London; Copeland & Day, Boston.) Small as the sum of Mr. Thompson's work is, he seems to be preëminently a poet who should be published in selections, for at his best he is capable of beautiful lines, passages, and even whole poems. At other times his preposterous extravagance of conceit and phrase renders his verses successful only after the manner of the humorist who knows not that he is one. Wordsworth, in his different fashion, is the prince of poets for selection, and the sonnet inscribed to him by the author of *Lapsus Calami* is not wholly inapplicable to Mr. Thompson. Its last three lines concern those "other times" when Wordsworth is not beautiful:—

"At other times, — good Lord! I'd rather be
Quite unacquainted with the A. B. C.
Than write such hopeless rubbish as thy worst."

— The Poems of William Watson. (Macmillan.) The book is described as a "new edition, rearranged by the author, with additions." If "with omissions" could have been part of the plan, the dropping of *The Prince's Quest* would have made this edition of Mr. Watson still more valuable than the last. As it is, an interesting portrait at the beginning, and the addition at the end of *Vita Nuova*, which appeared in *The Spectator* last spring when Mr. Watson took up his work again, give the book its freshness. The grouping of the *Elegiac Poems* in the opening pages of the volume is merely giving them the place of honor they deserve. — *Such As They Are*, Poems, by Thomas Wentworth Higginson and Mary Thacher Higginson. (Roberts.) To say that this book is the result of collaboration is to use the word in a broad sense; for by means of a Part I. and a Part II. an inexorable fence is put up between the work of Colonel Higginson and that of his wife. The title on the pretty cover is so modest that we must be modest, too, and select only *An Egyptian Banquet* and *An Outdoor Kindergarten* from Part I., and *Ghost-Flowers* from Part II., for mention as more than commonly attractive. — *Gleams and Echoes*, by A. R. G. With Wood Engravings from Drawings by Eminent Artists. (Lippincott.) A half dozen full-page drawings of

subjects from nature and human life accompanying as many copies of verses, which are faint, yet pursuing. — *Atlina*, Queen of the Floating Isle, by M. B. M. Toland. (Lippincott.) Although this poem has a chilly classicism about it which will scarcely win many readers, it has at any rate given occasion to more than one charming picture, the artists called in to set it off being F. S. Church, Twachtman, Dielman, Jaccaci, Alden Weir, and others. — *The House of Life*, by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Being now for the First Time given in its Full Text. (Copeland & Day, Boston.) The question of ethics involved in bringing forth poems suppressed by the living representatives of a dead poet has been raised in relation to this book. A further question of decency is suggested by the manner in which the paper cover comes off and opens to exposure the plain boards of binding. We would protest, too, against the confusion of printing the part of a line of verse that overruns as if it were going on in prose; that is, without any indentation. But, protests made, there is only praise to be said of the luxurious manner in which the book is printed, and especially of the borders and initial letters. — *On the Road Home*, Poems, by Margaret E. Sangster. (Harpers.) One knows what to expect in Mrs. Sangster's verses, and the expectation is not disappointed. No modern subtleties of doubt and revolt against the scheme of things engage her, but the simpler themes of domestic love, the festivals of the home, and a clear religious faith. Within this grateful province of song Mrs. Sangster's note is sincere and true, and there is every good reason for the welcome it wins. — *Father Junipero Serra*, by Chester Gore Miller. (Press of Skeen, Baker & Co., Chicago.) The author calls his work an historical-pastoral drama on the life of the Franciscan friar who supplies the play with its title. In the epilogue the writer says of the way the world has treated Father Serra, "Though honored some, he's honored not enough;" and into the same terms we are led to compress our opinions of this book. — *Beatrice*, a Tragedy in Four Acts. (N. Wilson & Co., Boston.) Time, the fifth century before Christ; dramatis personæ, a deformed sculptor, his father, the chief of the pirates, two more pirates, various women, ballet girls, and so on. The

worst man in the play makes the remark, near the end, "Your words sound like the jumbled utterances of a lunatic," and it would not be difficult to pick out such jumbled utterances from this queer production. Yet the cheerful air with which the writer concocts his brew may be seen on every page. — Mr. Aldrich has published his drama of *Mercedes* as it was performed at Palmer's Theatre, and the student of literature will find it interesting to note the occasional change, reduction or expansion, which the author has made in adapting a very dramatic passage of literature to use on the stage. The slightness of the variation, for the most part, attests the writer's high dramatic sense. — We have received from the publishers, Poems, Lyrical and Dramatic, by John Henry Brown (J. Durie & Co., Ottawa); *Napoleon*, a Drama, by Richmond Sheffield Dement (Knight, Leonard & Co., Chicago), in which about sixty characters appear; and, by a numerical coincidence, "Five Dozen Fancies" (Earhart & Richardson, Cincinnati), by Charles B. Morrell, M. D.

Philosophy and Religion. The Religion of a Literary Man (*Religio Scriptoris*), by Richard Le Gallienne. (Putnams, New York; Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) "Nowhere more than in religion is it wise to do without as much as we can." This is one of Mr. Le Gallienne's main propositions, and, following out its best meaning, his book concerns itself with separating the essential from the unessential in religion. If this single quotation gives the impression that the book is irreverent and "destructive," it is ill chosen, for reverence and constructive readjustment of beliefs distinguish it in a high degree. It is not by single sentences, against some of which objections might well be brought, but by the spirit of the whole book, that it should be judged. As becomes the utterances of a literary man, what the author has to say is admirably said. Many books of the same kind must be written in the years immediately to come, and it will be well if for each class of men in turn so individual a word may be spoken. — The *Philosophy of Individuality*, or, *The One and the Many*, by Antoinette Brown Blackwell. (Putnams.) A somewhat complicated piece of writing, designed, apparently, to demonstrate the dependence of individualism upon its relationships, the

existence of organism as carrying forward the life of the unit, the development of consciousness till it embraces the widest possible complexity of life. — *The Secret Harmony of the Spheres*, a Philosophy of Human Nature, by Gaywaters. (American Printing and Engraving Co., Boston.) In his preface the author tells just why he uses the phrases *entelethic-sensuous-adequate* and *entelethic-propensional-adequate*, and just what they mean. — *The Wonderful Counselor*, all the recorded sayings of the Lord Jesus, chronologically arranged on a plan for easy memorizing, in single passages, — one for each day in the year, with brief notes connecting words and phrases, by the Rev. Henry B. Mead, M. A. Thus runs the title-page, and it only remains to be said that Randolph is the publisher.

Sport. University Foot-Ball, the Play of Each Position treated by a College Expert, edited by James R. Church. (Scribners.) The whole duty of the foot-ball player is set forth in the series of short papers which make up this volume. It is not permitted every one to play or even to watch the game, and practically all that is to be learned in other ways is given here. One may be old-fashioned enough to wish for a modification of rules that seem to make for brutality, and at the same time may feel the spell of the game, and assent heartily to the spirit of the editor's concluding remarks on foot-ball "generally considered." "To be good in the game," he says, "one must be in perfect physical health, must develop pluck and endurance, patience unending, and absolute self-control. Coming in a young man's life when these are traits and qualities needful of exercise, why should we wish for a better, a manlier, or a more innocent method of their development?"

Fiction. A Gentleman of France, by Stanley J. Weyman. (Longmans.) In *The House of the Wolf* Mr. Weyman showed his admirable quality as an historical novelist, and the favorable impression made by that work will be confirmed by this later tale. The time chosen is the closing year of the reign of the last Valois, a period when it may be believed that a soldier whose fortunes are at the lowest ebb can rise in a few months to a position of honor, wealth, and influence, by a series of chances taken advantage of with in-

domitable courage and never-failing readiness of resource. The time and manner of the story will, of course, suggest comparisons with Dumas ; but while the author cannot rival the master, he proves an excellent second. The narrative is exceedingly well constructed, and till the end is reached it is not certain that the *Sieur de Marsac* will win his way through the dangers encompassing him, and gain his heart's desire. Without affectation of style or obvious effort, the book has the spirit of the time ; and though it is a story of adventure, the adventurers have character and life. Foremost among these is the brave, modest, and loyal Huguenot gentleman who in telling the tale unconsciously depicts himself, while the historical personages introduced, the two King Henries, Rosny, and the rest, are sketched with a touch at once vigorous and true. — *The Wheel of Time, and Other Stories*, by Henry James. (Harpers.) The other stories are but two, and *Collaboration* and *Owen Wingrave* are their titles. On the whole, it is *Collaboration* which makes the keenest impression of the three. This may be merely because it comes so soon after *The Lesson of the Master*, and by a new example of the sacrifices the children of art are capable of making for art's sake quickens an impression already produced. In order to collaborate with a German musician, a young French writer gives up his vehemently Gallic *fiancée* ; and where in the previous story the irony of the sacrifice was made very bitter, it is merely suggested here in the intimation that in the end the German wins the love the Frenchman had abandoned. One might almost be cynical touching the coin in which art pays her children back. — *Twenty Years at Sea, or, Leaves from my Old Log-Books*, by Frederic Stanhope Hill. (Houghton.) When one considers that Mr. Hill recounts an experience in the merchant service, taken up in boyhood, followed by an interval of business, and then by an engagement in some of the exciting events of the war for the Union, in the naval service, it is easy to see what stuff he had out of which to weave his yarns. The best of it is that the story has been told simply, strongly, and with keen spirit. We regret only that, by recourse to a semi-fictitious form, Mr. Hill has robbed the book a little of that appeal which fact makes to the reader's imagina-

tion, and to his entire confidence in the narrator. — *Tom Sylvester, a Novel*, by T. R. Sullivan. (Scribners.) It is hardly so much in incident or character as in the total impression of scenes and phases of life that the value of this book lies. Not that it is ill conceived or executed as a novel ; on the contrary, it is put together with skill, especially of the sort that bespeaks the constructive work of a writer of plays. The passing of a New England boy from quiet village life into the whirl of work and pleasure in Paris, where he suffers hard knocks, and his return to his native land, which he looks upon with changed and wiser eyes, give an opportunity for a careful and interesting study, and the opportunity is taken. — *A Book of Strange Sins*, by Coulson Kernahan. (Ward, Lock & Bowden, Limited, London.) After all, these "strange sins" are merely the novel-reader's old friends, drink, lust, murder, suicide, and so on through the catalogue of crimes. The short stories of which the book is made up are a series of studies in criminal fiction, so to call it without any purpose of questioning the author's innocence. Here and there are touches of vigor and originality, but on the whole one cannot feel that Mr. Kernahan adds materially to one's understanding of the motives and sufferings of the criminal. — *Marked "Personal,"* by Anna Katharine Green [Mrs. Charles Rohlf's]. (Putnams.) A sensational novel, pure and simple, wherein the author shows her usual skill in constructing an ingenious plot, pervaded by a mystery not to be solved till the last pages are reached. In this instance, it is the case of two apparently exemplary gentlemen, who are summoned, one from Washington, the other from Buffalo, to meet in a house in New York, and there simultaneously to commit suicide in the presence of the sender of the messages. They escape for the time, only to be shadowed by *Revenge*, and brought to account at last. Of course the characters exist merely as necessary agents in carrying on the story. — *The Copperhead*, by Harold Frederic. (Scribners.) Mr. Frederic has told a story of war times in the Mohawk Valley before. In this book, as the title indicates, it is the civil war which provides him with his theme. The story's interest lies mainly in the clear picture it draws of the feeling of country people who stayed at

home, — the feeling, when a "copperhead" was involved, which divided houses against themselves, and neighbors against one another even to the shedding of blood. In the form of fiction such phases of the war are best brought out, and Mr. Frederic's story may be taken as a telling contribution to the history of the period. — *Polly Oliver's Problem*, by Kate Douglas Wiggin. (Houghton.) Mrs. Wiggin is at her best in this story, for it enables her to throw herself by imagination into the life of a young girl just opening into womanhood, and to busy herself with a problem which more and more confronts the young girl, namely, how to find genuine expression of herself, and at the same time retain all that makes womanhood essentially different from manhood. Without any consciousness of a mission, the book does contribute toward the solution of the problem. — *Two Soldiers and a Politician*, by Clinton Ross. (Putnams.) This very small book is defined as a study in portraiture, and the three subjects who have sat to the painter are General Wolfe, Talleyrand, and an imaginary British officer in our own Revolution. The miniature stories in which these characters figure are moderately, not supremely successful; and when so little of quantity is given, one feels the more justified in looking for a maximum of quality. — *The Watchmaker's Wife, and Other Stories*, by Frank R. Stockton. (Scribners.) There is always an access to honest pleasure when a fresh volume of Mr. Stockton's stories comes out. He scatters his separate tales so in the magazines that some parts of every volume are sure to be new to his most faithful readers, and a new story by Stockton is always new. Never did one keep the same manner so unchangeably, and yet vary the incidents so widely. It is interesting, by the way, to note how frequently this writer adds to the effectiveness of his stories by making the storyteller one of the characters. It is an affidavit of the credibility of the tale, which the tale sometimes requires. — *Drolls from Shadow Land*, by J. H. Pearce. (Macmillan.) The best of the little tales in this

book are bits of Cornish folk lore, or what may easily pass for it, even if the author's invention is their true source. Most of the other Drolls are allegories of life and death, and, falling short of supreme excellence in their way, are only as satisfactory as the shadow dance that fills the time between acts. — *Truth in Fiction, Twelve Tales with a Moral*, by Paul Carus. (The Open Court Publishing Co., Chicago.) We had almost written *Twelve Morals with a Tale*, so evidently is the tale in each case a somewhat clumsily constructed cart for carrying moral burdens of greater or less value. Truth on the title-page, also, does not mean truth to nature in the stories, but simply the author's conception of this or that phase of truth which he has tried to illustrate by fiction. O Fiction, Fiction, how many crimes are committed in thy name! — *Rachel Stanwood, a Story of the Middle of the Nineteenth Century*, by Lucy Gibbons Morse. (Houghton.) A spirited story, full of that subtle reality which is incommunicable by books or documents, and comes only from a participation in the life itself. The abolition society of New York, with its infusion of Quaker blood, is admirably presented, and the humor as well as the tragedy involved springs naturally from the author's use of her material. — Since our last mention of Magazine Books, *Stories of Italy* have been added to the series of Stories from Scribner, and Short Stories to Harper's Distaff Series.

Education and Textbooks. If any one wants his German declensions simplified and symbolized, so as to make their acquisition rapid and permanent, let him send to the publisher (C. W. Bardeen, Syracuse, N. Y.) for Mr. William A. Wheatley's little treatise on the subject. — To the list of Literature Primers (Macmillan) should be added Chaucer, by Alfred W. Pollard, a sensible little volume, though we could wish the author had troubled himself less about the poet's rank, for that is one of the most unprofitable of exercises. — *History of the Philosophy of Pedagogics*, by Charles Wesley Bennett. (Bardeen.) This title and thirty-seven small pages!

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

The Country
School Over
Again.

THE thanks of all readers are due to the gentle Contributor who, in a recent number of *The Atlantic*, so daintily set forth the charms of the old-fashioned country school. It may not be unwelcome news to her and many others that the educational world is now going through a most wholesome reaction in favor of precisely the principles which underlay that venerable institution. Not that any one in those days thought much about principles in education,—far from it. The old “district school” and “academy” were not built upon theories. They were the simple expression of the will of a sturdy community to give its boys and girls a chance,—as good a chance as the community could afford to pay for. They sought their teachers where these could best be found, in the ranks of vigorous youth who were earning their way through the colleges of New England. They took in all the pupils who cared to come, of all ages and at all stages of progress, and sorted them out as best they could, in a terribly unscientific but thoroughly effective fashion.

They had no curriculum, no notions of “time allotments” and “harmonious development” and “logical sequence” and the rest of it, but only a simple and direct way of getting children to read, write, and cipher at a very early age, and to be ashamed if they did it badly. Then—and here was the great unconscious principle that the country school was demonstrating—wherever any pupil had a point of individuality to work upon, some taste or some talent, there the teacher found his opportunity. The college youth, himself just waking up to the charm of literature or the fascination of scientific experiment, was led instinctively to pass on to his inquiring pupil some spark of the divine fire of original study. The close personality of the relation gave a power to the teaching which no mechanical system could ever attain. It was the method which the experience of the world, from Socrates down, has shown to be the only effective one,—the method of direct impact of one mind on another.

Under this system, which was no system, the mind of the pupil blossomed out into

the most vigorous growth of which it was capable. It never got the ruinous notion that a machine was going to do its work for it; there was no machine. If the teacher had anything in him, it was called out by the fresh, unspoiled enthusiasm of the scholar. There was no such thing as “getting through” the country school. The pupil went there term after term, year after year, simply demanding, as did the pupils of ancient Greece and those of the fair early days of the mediæval universities, whatever new the teacher of the moment had to give. There was no “course,” because there were no limitations of subject or of time. In that procession of active youth coming from the larger life of the college there was sure to be, sooner or later, some representative of every subject of study. The strain on the personality of the teacher was immense,—no reader of *Elsie Venner* can forget that,—and it produced a response. Individual answered to individual, and out of this give-and-take came originality.

Then there was a change. All this was found to be unscientific. The method must be made conscious of itself. M. Jourdain must be made to see that he had been speaking prose all his life, and to realize what a fine thing it was to speak prose. There arose a being whose shadow has since darkened all the land, the “educator.” To be simply a teacher was no longer enough; we must have educators, and that quickly. This hodge-podge of pupils of different ages must be broken up into “grades.” Every pupil belonged in a grade, and there he must go and stay; if at the given time there were no grade into which he precisely fitted, so much the worse for him; away with him into the outer darkness!

The graded school became the idol of the educator. It commended itself to all that race of men who are captivated by organization, and to whom a system is a precious thing. Give us only a system good enough, and enough of it, and the individual may be swallowed up in it without fear of harm. No matter whether teacher or pupil has anything particular in him; the system will do the business. So for a generation we

have had the graded school in all its beautiful symmetry, and what is the result? Our community wakes up suddenly to the conviction that the youth of to-day, the product of the educational mill, is not better than his fathers. He has heard of more things, but he is no better able to take hold of a thing and do it than his grandfathers were. There is no intelligent college professor to-day who would not rather have to do with a rough-finished, sturdy lad, who had tumbled up somehow by his own wit and energy in the irregular give-and-take of a country academy, than with a youth of equal natural parts who has been taught to rely upon the machine to give him what he is to have.

Let any one study the recommendations of conventions and committees for remedying present educational ills, and he will see that they are all in the line of a return to the methods of the country school. Half-yearly promotions, liberty to "skip a class," some freedom in the choice of studies, the widening of the roads leading to college, more time to be given to the individual pupil, a chance for the teacher to take a year off for further study, less unreasoning repetition of work already done, that dull pupils may be pulled along while brighter ones are kept back,—all these things remind us precisely of the conditions of the country academy a generation ago. Another sign is the rapid growth of private schools, where the similarity is often still greater, and whither boys are sent in the hope that they may escape the mechanical process of the city public school. Everywhere we are meeting the demand for a more general recognition of the individual. The institution, it is being seen, will not do the work. After all, it is the teacher who affects the pupil, and we are coming more and more to learn that the teacher, like every other artist, is born, not made,—least of all, made by machinery. Let us give the old country school its full share of credit in bringing about this healthier tone, for it lives still, and long life to it!

Inhuman Documents. — It is genial Robbie Burns who takes time from his merry war with Dame Fortune to lament over "man's inhumanity to man," but little did the handsome poet divine the refinement of cruelty to which that inhumanity was yet to be carried. Why does not some philan-

thropist incorporate a society for the protection of the gifted, an organization for the defense of poets, musicians, explorers, and inventors against patent devices for deliberate and protracted torture?

Was it not enough that they should be pilloried in newspaper cuts; that their most private and sacred affairs should be posted at the cross-roads, their fine frenzies of imagination accepted as a frank unveiling of inner life, and their triumphs of creative genius declared to be veritable autobiography? Nay, verily, but modern journalism invents a new method of inquisition, digs down through the strata of history in search of palæozoic remains, and sets them up to show the hero in every stage of development.

"Insatiate monster! would not one suffice?"

Most of us have these specimens of early art hidden away in safe recesses of cabinets and bureau drawers, cherished in spite of their grotesqueness, and brought out occasionally at family festivals to the diversion of the youngsters.

It used to be a solemn thing to "hev yer pieter took," and solemnity hung like a pall over the finished result. Having survived the first stage of the process, you looked with trembling expectancy at the wet, glistening thing carefully held for your inspection between the thumb and finger of the wizard, only to feel your heart sink to fathomless depths at the image which confronted you. An excellent likeness, the artist (!) assured you,—how could it be otherwise when it was simply a reflection of yourself?—and with a shuddering recollection of what you had read about the mysterious power of the sunbeam to pierce beneath the surface and reveal the inner nature, you accepted the caricature and hid it away, hoping you might not be arrested on its evidence as a hypocrite and deceiver.

You even gathered courage to repeat the experiment, with better results, as the years went on and the processes of art were perfected; but while you do not deny your antecedents, you are not proud of them; you look upon them as a record of the development of art rather than of personal history.

The man may be able to smile at the goggle-eyed baby, whose pulpy figure is bolstered up for the occasion by the maternal arm, or the imbecile creature, with absurd pinafore and ruffles, staring blankly from

his perch in the high-chair, but he would like to blot even from his own memory that self-satisfied, unlicked cub of fourteen. Then why, after study and thought and achievement have shaped and chiseled his face into a dignity and character that make it the expression of the man himself, should these preliminary studies be put on exhibition, and an idle public called in to see how a poet was made?

It is a clear case for the Anti-Vivisection Society, and they should take it up if only to protect us from the greater evils with which we are threatened. For does not one's brain congeal at the thought of what may be waiting just around the turn of the century, when a great electrician sees — though "dimly," thank Heaven! — the possible perfection of a machine "for the registration of unwritten, unspoken thought, and its reproduction at any indefinite time afterwards"? Forbid it, merciful powers! What would become of trade and politics, of society and friendly intercourse? Who but idiots and babies could safely venture abroad? Nay, how would any one be sure, by day or by night, that he had not been surreptitiously attached to a machine, and was thinking into the city office of the Public Investigator? If the poet and the novelist choose to sit down and gossip before a phonograph, so letting us into the secrets of inspiration, we will not complain. It is soothing to our irritated feelings to learn that the great promoter of hesitancy did not himself know whether it was the lady or the tiger. But let us at least be able to keep our unspoken thoughts to ourselves, and guard the privacy of our own brains from the desolating foot of the interviewer and exhibitor.

A Note on
Mirrors.

— Heinrich Heine, who had a particularly nice and discriminating taste in ghosts, and who studied with such delicate pleasure the darkly woven fancies of German superstition, frankly admitted that to see his own face by moonlight in a mirror thrilled him with indefinable horror. Most of us who are blessed, or burdened, with imaginations have shared at moments in this curious fear of that smooth, shining sheet of glass, which seems to hold within itself some power mysterious and malign. By daytime it is commonplace enough, and lends itself with facile ease to the cheerful and homely nature of its sur-

roundings. But at dusk, at night, by lamplight, or under the white, insinuating moonbeams, the mirror assumes a distinctive and uncanny character of its own. Then it is that it reflects that which we shrink from seeing. Then it is that our own eyes meet us with an unnatural stare and a piercing intelligence, as if another soul were watching us from their depths with furtive, startled inquiry. Then it is that the invisible something in the room, from which the merciful dullness of mortality has hitherto saved us, may at any instant take sudden shape, and be seen, not in its own form, but reflected in the treacherous glass, which, like the treacherous water, has the power of betraying things that the air, man's friendly element, refuses to reveal.

This wise mistrust of the ghostly mirror is so old and so far spread that we meet with it in the folk lore of every land. An English tradition warns us that the new moon, which brings us such good fortune when we look at it in the calm evening sky, carries a message of evil to those who see it first reflected in a looking-glass. For such unlucky mortals the lunar virus distills slow poison and corroding care. The child who is suffered to see his own image in a mirror before he is a year old is marked out for trouble and many disappointments. The friends who glance at their reflections standing side by side are doomed to quick dissension. The Swedish girl who looks into her glass by candlelight risks the loss of her lover. A universal superstition, which has found its way even to our own prosaic time and country, forbids a bride to see herself in a mirror after her toilet is completed. If she be discreet, she turns away from that fair picture which pleases her so well, and then draws on her glove, or has some tiny ribbon, flower, or jewel fastened to her gown, that the sour Fates may be appeased, and evil averted from her threshold. In Warwickshire and other parts of rural England it was long the custom to cover all the looking-glasses in a house of death, lest some affrighted mortal should behold in one the pale and shrouded corpse standing by his side. There is a ghastly story of a servant maid who, on leaving the chamber where her dead master lay, glanced in the uncovered mirror, and saw the sheeted figure on the bed beckoning her rigidly to its side.

Some such tale as this must have been told me in my infancy, for in no other way can I account for the secret terror I felt for the little oval mirror which hung by my bed at school. Every night I turned it carefully with its face to the wall, lest by some evil chance I should arise and look in it. Every night I was tormented with the same haunting notion that I had *not* remembered to turn it; and then, shivering with cold and fright, I would creep out of bed, and, with averted head and tightly shut eyes, feel my way to the wretched thing, and assure myself of what I knew already, that its harmless back alone confronted me. I never asked myself what it was I feared to see, — some face that was not mine, some apparition born of the darkness and of my own childish terror. Nor can I truly say that this apprehension, inconvenient though it seemed on chilly winter nights, did not carry with it a vague, sweet pleasure of its own. Little girls of eleven may be no better nor wiser for the scraps of terrifying folk lore which formed part of my earliest education, yet in one respect, at least, I triumphed by their aid. Even the somewhat spiritless monotony of a convent school was not without its vivifying moments for a child who carried to bed with her each night a horde of goblin fears to keep her imagination lively.

Superstitions of a less ghostly character cluster around the mirror, and are familiar to us all. To break one is everywhere an evil omen. "Seven years' trouble, but no want," follow fast upon such a mishap in Yorkshire, while in Scotland the cracking of a looking-glass, like the falling of the doomed man's picture from the wall, is a presage of approaching death. Such portents as these, however, — though no one who is truly wise presumes to treat them with levity, — are powerless to thrill us with that indefinable and subtle horror which springs from causeless emotions. Scott, in his prologue to Aunt Margaret's Mirror, has well defined the peculiar fear which is without reason and without cure. The old lady who makes her servant maid draw a curtain over the glass before she enters her bedroom, "so that she" (the maid) "may have the first shock of the apparition, if there be any to be seen," is of far too practical a turn to trouble herself about the rationality of her sensations. "Like many other honest folk,"

she does not like to look at her own reflection by candlelight, because it is an eerie thing to do. Yet the tale she tells of the Paduan doctor and his magic mirror is, on the other hand, neither interesting nor alarming. It has all the dreary qualities of a psychological research report which cannot even provoke us to disbelief.

In fact, divining-crystals, when known as such professionally, are tame, hard-working, almost respectable institutions. In the good old days of necromancy magicians had no need of such mechanical appliances. Any reflecting surface would serve their turn, and a bowl of clear water was enough to reveal to them all that they wanted to know. It was of more importance, says Brand, "to make choice of a young maid to discern therein those images or visions which a person defiled cannot see." Even the famous mirror, through whose agency Dr. Dee and his seer, Kelly, were said to have discovered the Gunpowder Plot, was in reality nothing more than a black polished stone, closely resembling coal.

"Kelly did all his feats upon
The devil's looking-glass, a stone."

Yet in an old Prayer-Book of 1737 there is a woodcut representing the king and Sir Kenelm Digby gazing into a circular mirror, in which are reflected the Houses of Parliament, and a man entering them with a dark lantern in his hand. Above, the eye of Providence is seen darting a ray of light upon the mirror. Below are legs and hoofs, as of evil spirits flying rapidly away. The truth is, so many conflicting details are related of Dr. Dee's useful and benevolent possession that it has lost a little of its *vraisemblance*. We are wont to rank it confusedly with such mystic treasures as the mirror which told the fortunate Alasnam whether or not a maid were as chaste as she was beautiful, or the glass which Reynard described with such minute and charming falsehoods to the royal lioness, who would fain have gratified her curiosity by a sight of its indiscreet revelations.

It is never through magic mirrors, or crystal balls, or any of the paraphernalia now so abundantly supplied by painstaking students of telepathy that we approach that shadowy land over which broods perpetual fear. Let us rather turn meekly back to the fairy-taught minister of Aberfoyle, and learn of him the humiliating truth that

"every drop of water is a Mirrour to returne the Species of Things, were our visive Faculty sharpe enough to apprehend them." In other words, we stand in need, not of elaborate appliances, but of a chastened spirit. If we seek the supernatural with the keen apprehension which is begotten of credulity and awe, we shall never find ourselves disappointed in our quest. The same reverend authority tells us that "in a Witch's Eye the Beholder cannot see his own Image reflected, as in the Eyes of other people," which is an interesting and, it may be, a very useful thing to know.

Two curious stories having relation to the ghostly character of the mirror will serve to illustrate and to close my text. The first is found in Shelley's journal, one of the inexhaustible store supplied to the poet by "Monk" Lewis, and is about a German lady who, dancing with her lover at a ball, saw in a glass the reflection of her dead husband gazing at her with stern, reproachful eyes. She is said to have died of terror. The second tale is infinitely more picturesque. In the church of Santa Maria Novella at Florence is the beautiful tomb of Beata Villana, the daughter of a noble house, and married in extreme youth to one of the family of Benintendi. Tradition says that she was very fair, and that, being arrayed one night for a festival, she stood looking long in her mirror, allured by her own loveliness. Suddenly her eyes were opened, and she saw, close by her side, a demon dressed in costly raiment like her own, and decked with shining jewels like those she wore upon her arms and bosom. Appalled by this vision of evil, Beata Villana fled from the vanities of the world, and sought refuge in a convent, where she died a holy death in 1360, being then but twenty-eight years of age. Her marble effigy rests on its carven bed in the old Florentine church, and smiling angels draw back the curtains to show her sweet, dead beauty, safe at last from the perilous paths of temptation. In such a legend as this there lingers for us still the elements of mystery and of horror which centuries of prosaic progress are powerless to alienate from that dumb witness of our silent, secret hours, the mirror.

American Metaphor. — A member of the Club, not long ago, wrote regretfully of the lack of proverb and metaphor in the everyday speech of Americans. So far as his

criticism applies to the language of society, or to that of domesticated foreigners or their immediate descendants, it is perhaps just; but I cannot help thinking that he would not have made his regret so general had he recalled the turns of expression which are common in secluded communities, where native stock still holds undisputed sway, and where the flatiron of academic education has not yet smoothed out the wrinkles of individuality. In the hill towns of New England, for example, every one of the older generation has his personal set of expressions, sometimes adopted, but often original, which from long use have become an essential part of his private vocabulary. The inventive faculty in speech is highly prized in such neighborhoods, and a felicitous twist of words is always a source of satisfaction to the discoverer.

Occasionally, the quaint and expressive phrases are carried into the outer world by some district school graduate with energy and force enough to make his way among men. Probably everybody can think of such characters. James Fisk, Jr., furnished New York city with metaphors and similes which still echo in the speech of the town. His superabundant vitality and luxuriant imagination enabled him to coin his phrases in quantities as plentiful as the new issues of Erie stock which he and his partner, Gould, poured out upon Wall Street in the memorable campaigns which they planned to teach the old speculators new tricks. Of his never failing supply of anecdote and illustration very little now remains, so soon is the authorship of spoken words forgotten; but the investigation of the great gold conspiracy of 1869, by the congressional committee of which James A. Garfield was chairman, gives some idea of the Fisk manner.

Fisk had been one of the principal actors in the train of events which culminated on Black Friday in the ruin of dozens of business houses, and he was among the chief witnesses summoned before the committee. Of course, on so formal an occasion, a witness standing on slippery ground would naturally be more than ordinarily careful in his choice of words, and the stenographic report of the trial shows that Fisk felt some constraint; but it also shows that he was irrepressible even then. By his own account, he had never felt sure of the success of the

gold plot. "I had a phantom ahead of me all the time," he said, "that this real gold would come out;" and when the catastrophe came, in the shape of the government's order to sell the "real gold," he summed up the situation by saying, "I knew that somebody had run a saw right into us." He told the committee that on the day after the collapse of the conspiracy, when he thought his fortune had been swept away by the sudden fall in the gold premium, he went to see the unfortunate Corbin, President Grant's brother-in-law, through whom Gould had sought to influence the administration to keep its gold locked in the treasury vaults. This is Fisk's story of what occurred during the visit: "He was on the other side of the table weeping and wailing, and I was gnashing my teeth. 'Now,' he says, 'you must quiet yourself.' I told him I did n't want to be quiet; I had no desire ever to be quiet again. He says, 'But, my dear sir, you will lose your reason.' Says I, 'Speyers has already lost his reason. Reason has gone out of everybody but me.' The soft talk was all over. He went upstairs (to fetch his wife), and they returned tottling into the room, looking older than Stephen Hopkins. His wife and he both looked like death. He was tottling just like that" (illustrated by a trembling movement of the body). "Finally I said, 'Here is the position of the matter: we are forty miles down the Delaware, and we don't know where we are.'" Fisk described the panic thus: "It was each man drag out his own corpse. Get out of it as well as you can." Being asked how Gould had stood up under the destruction of his hopes, he replied, "Oh, he has no courage at all. He has sunk right down. There is nothing left of him but a heap of clothes and a pair of eyes!"

Fisk was first a man of business, and next an artist in words, but his ease of expression was distinctly a New England gift, inherited, no doubt, from the tin-peddler, his father, who "would not tell a lie for a shilling, but might tell eight of them for a dollar." Around the stove in the village store among the hills, on any winter's evening, there is a waste of apt simile and forceful metaphor which would fill pages in the notebook of some American Flaubert. Among these men, who neither know nor need to know the rhetorical names of the figures of speech, the figures themselves are

used simply and naturally; but the faculty of employing them, if not innate, is to be acquired only after long effort, and even then it bears much the same relation to the actual gift that modern French poetry bears to the songs of Burns.

Welcome the Coming, Speed the Parting Guest. — There are sundry small occurrences in every-day life which so painfully epitomize the great destinies awaiting us that, to a sensitive nature, their repetition is apt to cause brooding, if not misgiving. Take the simple act of courtesy known as seeing our friends off, say even for a short and probably uneventful journey. Many even of our most fervent well-wishers, having opened the door, watched with reasonable solicitude our descent of the piazza steps, and bidden us Godspeed, will turn quickly around and close the door before we have gone twenty steps. Frequent as this experience has been in the course of a lifetime, — of daily recurrence, in fact, in some situations, — I have never passed through it without a sinking of the heart. Although not inclined to be "sentimental," but strongly predisposed to hardy and cheerful views of life, the incident mentioned never fails to recall a certain gruesome analogy regarding departures in general, and including the last one.

AS I WENT FORTH.

As I went forth

That morn, they but forgot to show
The signal from the great hall door;
They turned them to their task or play;
They but forgot, — no more.

As I went forth,

The lamp within the windowed tower
That eve they but forgot to set;
Yet wherefore doubt, when well I know
(True hearts!) they love me yet?

As I go forth, —

As I go forth upon that road
Where none are passed and none are met, —
Will it be so? Will they still love,
And will they but forget?

As we go forth,

Such wistful looks we backward throw,
To see if yet their signal flies;
For thus 't will be when we have said
The last of all good-bys.

Once a sturdy soldier of the Irish brigade, who bore upon his broad chest two medals, having experienced with evident pain an instance of this sort of unsatisfied leave-taking, crossed himself devoutly, and relieved

his mind by uttering the following proverbial ejaculation : " Let every one live as long as he can — after this ! " The poor fellow was on his way to the front, never to return.

And yet simple justice requires of us the admission that the manner of leave-taking may be wholly a matter of breeding. The strict observance of all rules of sympathetic etiquette, as illustrated in that melting line of the poet Moore,

" I 'll weep with thee tear for tear,"

is in great part a matter of habit, whether of the mind or of the emotions, and, being such, must be considered as racial in its manifestations. The omission of such tearful ceremonial would produce upon an emotional race the effect of heartlessness, whereas to the self-contained Saxon the exhibition of such secondary feeling as distress for the sorrows of others would savor of affectation, as in the dictum of their own bard : —

" 'T was wise to feel ; not so
To wear it ever on thy lip and brow."

And thus the Saxon prefers to prove his sympathy by deeds, unmindful of the fact that, to suffering Celt or Latin, words are in themselves deeds, and oftentimes something more.

Now as to the welcoming of the guest. English literature abounds in allusions to this pleasant experience, from the " watch-dog's honest bark " to the promises made in Watts's hymns, — promises made to our childhood, and never so dear as when, towards the close of life, the prospect of fulfillment lies before us : —

" Some sweet place of bliss,
Where friends and lovers meet to part no more."

There are some persons so eager to welcome the coming guest as to charter a tug and

go down the bay with a brass band. But in this case the coming guest is too often, I fear, a politician with much in his gift ; therefore, these attentions, these graces, are held to savor of that gratitude which is a " lively sense of benefits to come." I have also known people to remain on the expectant wharf through a cold winter's night, so as to be sure of their own punctuality when the wished-for vessel arrived. These were relations and dear friends. I have known a boy so worn with watching for the steamer which was to bring his mother as to cause almost mortal illness to the watcher. But it is seldom that this " unbought grace of life," as shown in human longing and human welcome, is subjected to tragical issues. More often, perhaps, than in any other of the minor experiences of life it is the mission solely of joy ; and those do lose much of this life's happiness who neglect to exhibit it or who fail to inspire the outward act of welcoming. The most lovable characteristic of the canine species is, I think, the one already instanced in our quotation from Byron. Dogs have their individual traits, like other *people* (for they insist upon our regarding them as human beings, members of our family). They show their intellectual perceptions by forsaking their own kind to dwell with us. They partake of our food and lodging as far as permitted. They literally rejoice with us when the sun shines, and they sadden with us when the rain falls. But not all the heart-breaking pathos of a puppy's gelatinous helplessness, not all the sagacity that guards our portals, brings these creatures so near to us as does the joyous wiggle-waggle of canine welcome when we draw near home. The dog may not be able to teach us morals, but he can teach us manners.

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 PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XIV.

ALICIA, it appeared, had come hurrying back from her errand to the upper village, and, finding no Roger awaiting her, looked half puzzled and half disturbed, until Esther told her that she had seen Mr. Carey drive by with "Miss Cecil." It was all right, if Roger were being entertained; but before she had time to speculate as to his return Philip came striding up the path and into the hall.

"Lys! where are you?" he called out so heartily that she knew, as she ran downstairs, that he knew — the one thing in the world worth knowing! "Carey wrote me about it," he said, "and I got off the stage at the gate to come in and tell you that he's a good fellow, but he'll have to do his best to be good enough for you!"

"Were n't you very much surprised, though, Philip?" she said, with a blush all over her happy face.

"Well, no, I can't say that I was *very* much surprised," Philip confessed, greatly amused.

"Oh, were n't you? I was," Alicia answered him, shy but serious. "Oh, Philip, you're laughing!"

But his face was so earnest and so tender that Lyssie forgave the laugh. Then he asked where Roger was, and, learning, had a suggestion to make. "Let's go over to East Hill and look at the mowers; you can watch the street from there, and see the carriage the moment it appears."

There was something in the simple way in which Philip took for granted the impatient and pretty folly of a lover that made Alicia full of happy ease. He had not that laugh in the eye which says, "Oh, it is sweet, it is pretty; but you'd better make the most of it while it lasts."

"I'll go and get Molly, and join you there," Philip said, when she had agreed to come as soon as she had seen whether her mother was quite comfortable.

But it takes a good while to make some people comfortable. Philip had been in the field ten minutes before Alicia, her face sobered, arrived. Mrs. Drayton had seized the opportunity to implant an arrow in the child's tender conscience, by speaking of Alicia's indecorous haste to see her lover, and her selfish indifference to her mother's loneliness.

"Here I sit all day long, and you never give a thought to what it is to me to be shut out from society," she sighed. "If it were not for the companionship of my blessed Bible, and my own thoughts of how I shall be recompensed some day for all I've borne here, I don't see how I could endure it!"

"Mother, dear, of course I won't go, if you want me to stay," Alicia protested.

But Mrs. Drayton shook her head. "I want you to *want* to stay, Lyssie. I don't care for unwilling service. Go, go! you'll be late." Then she drew in her breath in a meek sob. "Perhaps, though, you will be willing to wait one moment, if it's something for yourself?"

I want to pin this rose in your hair. Kneel down."

Alicia, with a little sigh, knelt down, and her mother put the rose against the soft coil of hair behind her ear. Mrs. Drayton did not declare that she was returning good for evil; but Lyssie felt the scorch of coals of fire, as her mother intended she should. Indeed, as an expression of pure malice, the heaping of coals of fire may be as telling as a blow; poor Lyssie, walking over to the meadow, feeling the soft touch of the rose upon her neck, heard the words about loneliness ringing in her ears, and asked herself again, with dismay, "What will she do when" —

The grass on the long slope of East Hill had been cut and stacked into cocks some days before, but in the level light the stubbly floor of the field, barred by long shadows from the buttonwood-trees that edged its western side, looked smooth and soft. There was the scent of new hay in the air; and the whole stretch of the valley, clasped by the far-off curve of the river, lay like a green cup, brimmed with warm and silent peace. Going from one small haymow to another was a cart drawn by two white steers; three men were loading it, and a woman, who had climbed into it, was forking and trampling the hay into place, her strong young figure standing out clear against the ochre glow of the sunset. Alicia perceived with amusement that one of the men was her brother-in-law; and then she caught sight of Molly, curled up against a little haystack, plaiting three stalks of grass to make a ring. Molly welcomed her eagerly.

"Aunt Lyssie, shall I have to say 'uncle Roger' to Mr. Carey?" she inquired.

"Oh, Molly, hush, you little goose!" said Lyssie, her face full of charming color. "Look at your father making hay; and is n't that Eliza Todd, raking, on the other side of the cart?"

"I saw father long ago," Molly an-

nounced. "Is n't it funny for father to work when he does n't have to? He did it once before, all day. Mamma said he was singular. What's 'singular,' aunt Lyssie?"

"What you are when you are remarkably good," Alicia said significantly.

Molly did not pursue the subject. She returned to braiding her bits of grass, and sang a strange rune to herself, something after this fashion: —

"Minnows, minnows, minnows.

Live in water.

Wriggling.

Wriggling.

The sun shines on 'em in the water.

They wriggle,

Up the stream.

Where the sun shines in the water,

The spotted minnows wriggle."

Alicia laughed under her breath, and motioned to Philip, who had joined her, to listen. They looked at each other, smiling. Philip, fanning himself with his hat, waited until Molly's song sank into a whisper, and then said, —

"The epic is in us all, is n't it? Have you been here long, Lys? Oh, Lyssie, this is the way to live! It is splendidly material, and a man takes to it so that I begin to think the other side of us is abnormal, the soul is an excrescence. Yes, I'd like to make hay or dig potatoes."

"I should n't like to work!" Molly exclaimed, coming to clamber over her father, and then settling comfortably down in his arms. "I'd rather play. Mamma said you were 'singular' to work, father. Mamma said" —

"Philip," Alicia broke in, with all the haste of embarrassment, "did Mr. Miller's work satisfy the judges?"

"No; I'm sorry, but it does n't warrant any further encouragement."

"Cecil said, if it did n't, she was going to send him some money," Lyssie said. "She's awfully generous, is n't she?"

"She enjoys giving, I think," Philip answered briefly, and added, irrelevantly, that he thought the haymakers had

a pretty good time. "They are not 'harried by love of the best' — Oh, see that attitude!" he interrupted himself, sitting up straight, and putting on his glasses to look at the woman in the cart. She was standing, her weight on her left hip, her face crimsoning with exertion, the muscles of her arms, as she raised a forkful of hay and leaned backwards to balance it, lifting into swelling curves. The hay in its place and trodden down, she stopped to draw a full breath, and with her bare bent arm brush back the hair that had fallen across her hot face. Even at this distance Alicia could see her splendid vigor. There was a certain superb well-being about her, as absolutely material as the warm scent of the grass, or the stretch of shadows over the clean field, or the faded colors in the stubble. Standing there knee-deep in the hay, flecking the sweat from her forehead with an impatient finger, she seemed as organic and unconscious as the rocks and trees. Philip, watching her, said again, whimsically, "Yes, yes, it's better so; she is n't going to tear her soul for any mere ideals!"

A sense of spiritual weariness came upon him; a longing for that life which is as far from sin as it is from virtue, — the life of some men and women, and of the beasts that perish.

Molly, who had trotted off to pick a flower, came running back out of the sunset with two red lilies, which she presented, in solemn childish fashion, to her father and aunt. "There's a man over there," she said, — "I guess his legs are sick; they wobble. Look, father."

"Oh, I fear his legs are sick," Philip agreed. "Poor Job! Lyssie, suppose you go along with Molly. I'm afraid he may be conversational."

"Oh, Philip, is n't he a little" —

"A little!" said Philip, as he caught Job's raised and stammering voice. "I should say so. Go, dear, go!" Then he picked himself up lazily, and brushed the hay from his coat, and lounged down to

the other side of the field, where he stood, his hands in his pockets, observing the situation. Cecil's carriage had just come in sight, but his back was towards the road, and he did not see it.

Job Todd was not an attractive object; he was drunk, but, unfortunately, not quite drunk enough to have passed the ugly stage. His poor brute face was dully purple, his small, cunning eyes swam in stagnant film, and his loose lips moved in thick, stumbling words.

"Where is that damned woman o' mine?" he demanded, putting his legs wide apart, to stand more steadily.

"Oh, Job!" quavered Eliza.

The girl who was forking the hay into place stopped and peered over at the scene, and the two men drew together, and said pacifically, "There, now, Job."

"Job, don't! Oh!" Eliza cried out, writhing away from the heavy hand he laid on her shoulder.

"You come home. You get my supper. I'll break your damned head if you don't tend up to your business!"

"Oh, I'll come, I'll come," she said tremulously, dropping her wooden rake, and walking along a little in front of him.

Philip walked in the same direction. "Hullo, Job," he said good naturedly. "Don't you think you'd better let Mrs. Todd go on with her work?"

But Job, with vast contempt, refused to notice Mr. Shore's remark; he stooped to pick up Eliza's discarded rake, and brandished it in the air, catching himself with a jerk as he lurched forward.

"The old woman," he called out to the group about the cart, "is" — Job's drunken fluency in regard to his wife made some one laugh, and the man, instantly infuriated, turned upon her and struck her, and then staggered and fell, tripped up neatly by Philip Shore's outstretched foot.

"Don't, sir!" the two mowers called out. "He ain't safe, Mr. Shore; don't meddle with him, sir!"

The shock made Job sober for an instant; he got on his legs with surprising quickness. "You want to fight, do you," he said, "you" — and added a string of epithets which made Philip laugh in spite of himself.

"What command of language you have, Todd! I'm not anxious to fight. Come, now, behave yourself. Don't be a fool."

"Whose wife is she?" roared Job. "I'm boss in my house. It's more 'an you are in yours, and for a good reason: your wife's worth two of you! But I keep *my* woman in order. Do you see *that*?" and he made a lunge at Eliza, who ducked and whimpered.

"I'll knock you down if you do that again," said Philip pleasantly, walking between Job and his wife.

"Ye will? Look a' there, then!"

A flame leaped to Philip's eyes. The men, calling wildly to him to "come off," to "stop it," saw him strip off his coat, and, holding up his left arm to guard his head from Job's rake, plant a blow under the drunken man's ear; and then there was an instant of really sharp struggle, until Philip's arm hooked about Job's neck and his right hand caught him under the chin. Todd roared and kicked for a moment, until Philip flung him on the ground.

"Do you want some more? The next time you strike a woman I'll give you some more!" he said, breathless, touching him contemptuously with his foot.

Roger Carey, who had come running down the field, had just reached him, disappointment in every feature.

"You've had it all to yourself!" he cried regretfully, and then gave Job a hand and pulled him to his feet. "Have you been bullragging Mrs. Todd, your brute?" he said. "I wish I'd been here in time to get a hand in."

As for Cecil Shore, after her first instant of quick admiration for her husband standing there in his shirt sleeves, his clenched hand drawn back as though

his very fingers were tingling with desire to leap at Job's throat, she thought of the man's mortification should he realize that she had witnessed his humiliation, and gave the order to drive on. "But Philip really did that well!" she said to herself, smiling. Then her face darkened, and she sighed; her vague dissatisfaction with Lyssie's engagement, or rather with Roger Carey's engagement, came back. She was half sullen and quite absorbed that evening, as poor little Molly learned to her cost. She came dancing into her mother's room while Cecil was dressing for dinner, and was kissed and cuddled to her heart's content, until Cecil pushed her away gently, and said, "Don't bother me, precious; mamma must dress. There! you can play with mamma's rings, if you want to."

Molly, enchanted, seized the small satin-lined box, and shook the rings into her lap in a shower of light. How beautiful they were, piled stiff upon her little fingers until she could not shut her hands! Then the charming thought occurred to her that she would string them all on a stalk of grass, and hang them around her mamma's lovely neck. The very joyousness of the plan kept her silent, and, gathering up the front of her dress to hold all this glitter and gleam, she crept out of the room.

Cecil did not notice her absence. She forgot the child, and the rings too, until she heard a wail from the garden, down below the terrace. Of course the inevitable accident had happened. A moment later Rosa brought Molly to her mother, and the little girl, catching her breath with fright, tried to explain that the stalk of grass had broken, "and — and the rings — spilt!" In fact, three of them had leaped as though from a sling out into the pool. It seemed as if the smouldering irritation of Cecil's thoughts sprang into flame.

"You naughty little thing!" she cried. "How dare you take my rings

out of doors?" And while her lips were still set with anger she punished the child, who screamed with pain and terror, and then pushed her towards Rosa. "Just put her right straight to bed, Rosa. Don't speak another word, Molly, or I'll spank you, you wicked little girl! Rosa, send John down to the pool at once. Tell him he must find the rings to-night. Which are they? Oh, Molly, you horrid child! Rosa, my sapphire has gone! The other two are not so important. But John must find them to-night, somehow."

XV.

Of course the tussle in the hayfield was discussed in Old Chester, and it brought up the question of Eliza's possible danger in remaining with Job. Her possible degradation had been long ago dismissed, or never thought of. The economic propriety of placing upon the community the burden of supporting Job's neglected but increasing family had been pointed out only by innocent, straightforward, sensible Lyssie. The indignity done to marriage by urging the continuance of a relation from which love and respect and tenderness had fled, leaving in their place brutality and lust, had never been considered. But when it came to the chance of physical injury to Eliza, then indeed Old Chester was aroused and perplexed.

"Perhaps we ought to tell her to leave him?" said Miss Susan, worried and anxious. "Maybe, if she left him, he would really turn over a new leaf for the mere discomfort of it; but to separate husband and wife!"

Miss Susan Carr sat in front of her writing-desk, thinking what had best be done. There was no use to ask Dr. Lavendar; he would say that Eliza must stick to her duty, even if Job cut her throat some fine day while he was drunk. Mrs. Dale took this view, too; and these

two people certainly ought to know. Dr. Lavendar had had so much experience, and as for Mrs. Dale — well, everybody knew poor Eben Dale's failings. But Susan Carr's first, simple, unecclesiastical, common-sense impulse was to say that Job and Eliza had no business to live together.

Miss Susan, in her swivel chair, staring absently at the cluttered pigeon-holes of her desk, her heels stretched straight out in front of her, her hands thrust down into the pockets of her short sack, pushed out her lips in puzzled and troubled reflection. But suddenly, catching sight of the corner of a letter, she winced, and drew herself together, and thrust back into the half-open little drawer the envelope which held Mr. Joseph Lavendar's proposal.

So far, Miss Carr had succeeded in "staving him off," as she expressed it. No doubt her firm words to Dr. Lavendar had helped her good work, for of course the disappointed older brother must have told Joseph that there was no hope for him; but her own efforts had been unceasing. As this crumpled corner of his letter brought him swiftly to her mind, she congratulated herself upon her success in preventing the declaration which would have resulted in his mortification; but, glad as she was for his sake, she could not help a little pang on her own account. It is hard to lose a friend just because one has acted from a sense of duty. Susan Carr had in all honesty done the kindest thing she knew; but in consequence Joseph Lavendar treated her with unmistakable coldness and offense. In fact, it appeared that he had taken the hint she had tried to give him; and now, with an unreasonableness most admirably feminine, Miss Susan was conscious of feeling, as Mrs. Drayton would have said, "a little bitter."

"He would have had no cause to be unfriendly even if I had refused him, instead of just keeping him from speak-

ing," she reflected, with some spirit; "and I *will* be his friend, I don't care how angry he is!" She did not add, as she had often done before, that he had been Donald's friend, and so of course must be hers; for once she forgot the sweet, faded romance, which lay between her youth and her middle age like a rose pressed between the pages of a book. She sat there in her revolving chair, looking at the confusion of her desk, and wishing that at least Joseph Lavendar knew how heartily she respected and liked him, notwithstanding what she had done. Well, unjust as he might be, it was a comfort to see with what friendliness his brother treated her. Dr. Lavendar showed no resentment; only a troubled gentleness, "as though," said Miss Susan to herself, "he realized just how hopeless it was." She reproached herself for not making more of this comfort. "I *ought* not to be unhappy," she thought. "I've done my duty, and I'm sure that ought to be enough of a consolation." But she sighed deeply.

Miss Susan was quite right about Dr. Lavendar's friendliness. He made a point of seeing her oftener than before; and although he never spoke to her of Joseph, the whole melancholy situation was continually in his mind. At first he had been quite overwhelmed by it and altogether hopeless, and, with an injustice as natural as it was deplorable, more bitter than ever towards Mrs. Pendleton.

Indeed, when Mr. Joseph, conscious and uncomfortable, had followed his letter down to Old Chester, his brother had been so unmistakably cold to him that poor Joey felt all his courage ooze away; consequently, that week Mrs. Pendleton's affections did not become engaged. But Dr. Lavendar had not breathed freely until he saw the coach roll off on Monday morning. "Well, he's safe for five days!" he said. Then his mind went back to the estimable Miss Susan; and by and by, in spite

of himself, he began to hope. "If Joey can just be made to appreciate Utile Dulci!" he thought; and he decided to try to make Joey appreciative. Now Dr. Lavendar was a wise man, and therefore he was aware that the effort to induce one person to care for another person is generally as successful as the effort to make water run uphill. If he had wanted any proof of this axiom, there was Mr. Joseph's own endeavor in behalf of himself and Mrs. Pendleton. Mere insistence, Dr. Lavendar knew, was not only useless; it was almost prohibitive of the result desired. "So," said Dr. Lavendar in his own mind, "I must be subtle!"

When Joseph came home on Saturday, he found his brother in quite a different mood from that which had made his previous visit so melancholy. Dr. Lavendar was eager to tell him about Lyssie's engagement; he had much to say of the way in which Philip had thrashed Job Todd; he was full of the new chapter in The History of Precious Stones; in fact, he spoke of anything and everything but the old bitter subject. And through all his conversation singularly irrelevant remarks about Utile Dulci came in, like the chorus of a Greek play. As for Mr. Joseph, while he was interested to learn of Lyssie's happiness, and was sorry about Job, and listened to Miss Susan's praises respectfully, he had his own business to attend to.

"Brother Jim," he said, as they sat at the tea table that night, and there came a moment's pause in Dr. Lavendar's excited flow of conversation, "brother Jim, it seems only proper to say to you that I mean to—to—to do it to-night."

"Do what?"

"Request the honor of"—

"Oh, Joey, Joey, what a fool you are!" groaned the old clergyman. He pushed his chair back a little, and beat a tremulous tattoo on the table with his shaking fingers. In a moment all his

assumed interest in other things disappeared; it was not a time for subtlety, but for action. "Joey, of course I'd never think of betraying the affairs of any of my parishioners to any one else, even to you, but — I — the fact is — *why don't you go and see Miss Susan?*"

"Miss Susan?" said Joseph Lavendar. "Why should I? She is no more in sympathy with my views than — than you are, brother Jim," he ended sadly.

Dr. Lavendar, pouring out another cup of tea for himself, his lips pursed tightly together, his fingers gripping the teapot handle till his knuckles were white, swallowed twice, and said, "Joey, you make me seem impatient; but not at all, not at all. I am merely — ah — infuriated by your folly!" Here he noticed his overflowing cup, and put the teapot down. He was trembling.

Joseph rose silently, and wiped up the tea from the table.

"If you speak to this — lady, that implies, I suppose, marriage?" said Dr. Lavendar, his voice quite husky with fear. "But it occurs to me to ask you whether you know that if she marries she must relinquish her fortune?"

Joseph was silent, but his face changed.

"It is asking a good deal of a lady to relinquish her fortune," Dr. Lavendar proceeded breathlessly.

"I did not know that," Mr. Joseph said, in a low voice. "At least, I may have heard it, but I had forgotten it."

The two brothers looked at each other, and neither spoke. Dr. Lavendar had played his highest card; he hardly dared to speak, lest he should undo any good which that appeal to Joseph's chivalry might have accomplished. The little dining-room was not very light, and the bare dark top of the table between the brothers made it seem still more sombre. Dr. Lavendar poured out another cup of tea, and drank it defiantly. Mr. Joseph got up, and stood at the window. "It looks a little like rain," he observed.

"That — that will be good for Susan Carr's farm!" Dr. Lavendar exclaimed, breathing hard.

Joseph made no reply.

"Susan is a very superior woman, Joey, don't you think so?"

"Very superior," Mr. Joseph agreed listlessly. There was a look of pained bewilderment in his large, mild eyes. Dr. Lavendar could almost have wept for his brother's lack of intelligence, and for his good Susan's disappointment.

So Joseph did not "do it" that night. He lit the lamp in the library, and pretended to read. He must not give in to James! It would be dishonorable, and a slight to the lady, if his kindness of word and manner were not followed by a declaration; unless, indeed, this hint about the money and the will should be true? In which case Mr. Joseph would rather suffer the imputation of dishonorable conduct than request a lady to make a sacrifice for his sake. Dr. Lavendar had judged his brother well when he used that argument. Poor Mr. Joseph was very miserable; he said to himself that he hoped Jim was mistaken. Who would know? He thought immediately of Susan Carr. He could ask her help again.

"She *is* kind," he said to himself, — "she is kind, though she has seemed a little unfriendly of late about this. But Miss Susan has certainly a kind heart." And so, on Sunday evening, after supper, — which was dull enough, with the constraint and pain between the brothers, — Mr. Joseph said he was going to consult Miss Susan about a voluntary.

"Well, he's safe for to-night," Dr. Lavendar thought. "But poor Susan! poor Susan!" He walked to the gate with Joseph, struggling to find some word to say about her and for her; but nothing came except his rather purposeless insistence upon the fact that Utile Dulci was an intelligent person, — "most intelligent, Joey. Of course I can't talk about other people's affairs, but — but

—give her my love, Joey; give Utile Dulci my love, boy, — do you hear?"

Miss Susan was sitting by her round centre table, her feet on a high footstool, her elbows propped on the arms of her chair; she was holding a large book close to her eyes. She had, for the moment, forgotten her anxieties about Joseph Lavendar in following Smith's reasons for ploughing under a potato field to supply the soil with humic acid, rather than covering it with manure. Miss Susan, presenting the soles of stout boots to the caller, and frowning with interest, did not invite any tender confidences; still less so when, hearing Mr. Lavendar's voice, she dropped her book, and, with an awkward clatter, pushed away her footstool, and stood up, red and embarrassed, and almost angry.

Mr. Joseph steadied the tottering footstool, and picked up a newspaper that had slipped rustling to the floor, and made his apologies for having startled his hostess.

"We men are apt to forget the timidity of the gentler sex."

"I'm not timid," Susan Carr said decidedly.

But Mr. Joseph would not listen to such self-depreciation. "Oh, come, come, Miss Susan, there is nothing more engaging in a lady."

"Well," Miss Carr retorted, her self-possession returning, and struggling to defend herself and him from the inevitable moment which she felt was approaching, "well, you ought to admire my neighbor, then; she, poor little soul, is afraid of a caterpillar!"

"Is she indeed? Is she indeed? Yes, I have noticed it in her, — very pleasing; yes." He sat down, his hands on his neat brown broadcloth knees, his face a little wistful and anxious. "I suppose you see a good deal of your neighbor? Your life must be quite lonely, and she doubtless enlivens it, and" —

"Not lonely at all," interposed Miss Susan, the color mounting to her face;

"and anyhow, the poor little lady is really so — so — I don't want to be unkind," cried Susan Carr, scarcely knowing what she said, but willing to hide behind Mrs. Pendleton for protection — "she is so silly, you know. I'm sure I should rather be alone than talk to Mrs. Pendleton!" There was no malice in this attack, only she must keep Mr. Lavendar silent. She wondered if she might not introduce the subject of soil dressing? "Yes," she said desperately, "I am not lonely. Since Donald's death I have grown used to spending my evenings with my books. I was just reading to-night" —

Mr. Lavendar let her talk on; when she had finished her excited résumé of Smith's admirable work, he said, resignedly, that he did not know much about farming; he remembered that Donald had been very wise in matters of that kind. He spoke absently and rather sadly; and Miss Susan felt that her desperate reference to her dead lover had saved her. And so, although it hurt her curiously, she spoke again of Donald. It seemed to Susan Carr, as she tried to shelter herself under his name, that he had never been so far removed, so truly dead. Far off, with dismay and pain, she saw a strange moment approaching, — a moment when she must acknowledge that her grief for Donald was dead.

Joseph Lavendar did not return to her loneliness; he only asked her, in a constrained way, did she see much of Mrs. Pendleton? And by the bye, did Miss Susan know whether it was true, this gossip that one heard about the will of the late Mr. Pendleton? Mr. Lavendar thought it a most unjust will for any man to make; for his part, he believed that a lady's affections could be engaged a second time — did not Miss Susan think so? — without disloyalty to their first object.

"Indeed I *don't*," she said emphatically, — "indeed I don't! The will? Well, I'm sure I don't know. I've

heard so, but of course one can't tell certainly. Perhaps not. But I'm sure it does n't need a will to keep one faithful!"

She was so flurried that Joseph Lavendar looked at her in bewilderment. "You appear to find this subject displeasing," he said mildly. "I did not mean" —

"Oh," stammered Susan Carr, "I don't want to seem unkind, but *don't* — don't! Mr. Joseph, I can't let you. Please *never* speak of it, never!"

Mr. Lavendar rose; the color came into his face, — even his pale bald forehead was faintly mottled with red; he opened his lips twice before he said, "Certainly not! certainly not! I beg your pardon, ma'am."

A moment later he bade her good-night, and, with pursed-up lips, bowed himself stiffly out of the room.

As he went home, he hardly remembered to congratulate himself upon the fact that there was at least some uncertainty about the testament of the late Mr. Pendleton, so dumfounded and nearly angry was he at Miss Susan.

"And she used to be so intelligent!" he thought, almost as Dr. Lavendar might have done.

As for Susan Carr, when he had left her, she put her head down on the open pages of the book upon subsoils and cried heartily. "And I like him so much," she said, again and again, "and now he is dreadfully offended!"

She was more worn out by the excitement of this fencing with her old friend than she would have been by a day's tramp over her farm. After a while she dried her eyes, and looked about the silent room. Yes, it was lonely; Joseph was right. She got up, her lower lip unsteady, and, with her hands clasped behind her, walked up and down; once she stopped before Donald's picture. "It has been lonely," she said, staring hard at the faded photograph; "yes, it *has*, Donald!"

She did not sleep well that night; the sense of the solitude of her life was heavy upon her. Even the next morning she stopped once in her busy work about the garden, to sit down on the upper step of the porch and think about her loneliness; her cheery face grew dull, and showed a hint of age about the lips.

"And now, I suppose, I shall even lose the interest of the choir," she thought; "for if Joseph Lavendar will go on being foolish, I've got to give that up; I can't be meeting him without a third person by. And Lyssie won't be very regular, now that she has this new interest. Dear me, what an interest it must be!" She sighed, and stared with unseeing eyes at a scarlet pimpernel which had seized a little root-hold for itself in a crevice at the foot of the steps. She remembered, dully, that she must go down to the barn and see about putting up the stanchions for her Jersey heifer, a pretty creature who was now a mother, and so must have a stall, and put her deerlike head between the stanchions, and forget her careless life in meadows and upland pastures. Miss Susan had been greatly interested in Clover's pedigree, and her "coming in," and the butter quality of the milk; but somehow, this morning it all seemed dull and flat. To look after a cow's comfort, or decide on the necessity of tan bark for the strawberry bed, or point out the need of a tin patch on the corner of the corn-bin, — all the imperative interests of her quiet life looked suddenly dreary and useless.

It is a pity, for the mere human sympathy of it, that the heads of households, deeply concerned with joy and sorrow and themselves, do not oftener remember this pain which comes to the unmarried woman, — the consciousness of unimportance. Almost every unmarried woman experiences it at one time or another in her life, whether she is the necessary maiden aunt, whose usefulness can scarcely be exaggerated, but who feels the lack of the personal element in

the appreciation of her labors, or whether she is that melancholy creature who solitarily eats and drinks and sleeps, and prolongs a colorless existence, ignorant forever of either joy or sorrow.

"Nobody cares," Susan Carr thought, with wistful but matter-of-fact intelligence. Yet she must go on building stanchions and stopping mouseholes, over, and over, and over again. Then the fresh color deepened a little in her face. If it had been possible for her to return his regard, Joseph Lavendar would have "cared." She sighed, and tapped her heavy boot upon the step, and rested her chin in her strong hand. She almost wished it had been possible! "But of course it was n't," she said to herself; and that made her think again of her duty to Joseph Lavendar. Yes, Lyssie would probably miss the choir-practicing, if this young Carey meant to come down often to spend Saturday and Sunday in Old Chester; then it came to her as quite an inspiration that perhaps Mrs. Pendleton would come and sing in the choir. "Not that she *can* sing," Miss Susan reflected, "but she 'll be there, and I 'll always walk home with her. Oh dear, I ought to have been more neighborly, and then I should n't feel as though I were making a convenience of her in asking her to come." Susan Carr got up carefully, so that her skirts should not brush the pimpernel. "I 'll go in and ask her now," she said.

But while she waited in the little widow's trim parlor, Miss Susan began to wish she had chosen some other method of protecting Mr. Lavendar. She looked about her, and became conscious of the brown of her ungloved hands, and the limp-lines of her woolen gown, which had shrunk in many rains, and faded to a yellow-gray along the edges of the plaits; she felt large and clumsy, and touched timidly a bit of delicate fancywork on the table, and wondered why she did not care to do things like that.

Mrs. Pendleton's parlor was a pretty,

ladylike room; there were canary-bird cages hanging in the windows, and there were an open piano, and an embroidery frame, and bunches of flowers on the table. And when she came in, with her delicate, hasty step, and her sleek brown hair nearly hidden under a small square of lace, and her neat black silk apron over a white dress made mournful by occasional black dots, Mrs. Pendleton seemed to match the femininity of the room; she had all the comforting, caressing feminine ways which were so impossible to Susan Carr, but which must have made life very agreeable for the late Mr. Pendleton. She ran to get Miss Susan a footstool, and then pulled a shade down to shield the clear, strong eyes that were used to the full glare of noon sunshine in open fields.

"How kind of you to come in, dear Miss Carr!" she said. "I was feeling very lonely this morning."

"Were you?" said Miss Susan, in her loud voice, which made Mrs. Pendleton wink. "Were you? Why, so was I! I think we ought to see more of each other. Here we are, two lone women" —

Mrs. Pendleton sighed, and glanced at her husband's picture above the fireplace. "Exactly. Of course I still feel rather a stranger here, though every one is so kind. Roger's engagement to dear Alicia seems to bring me nearer to you all, — although Frances Drayton and I were great friends right off; and Jane Dale, even if a little stern at times, is always exceedingly kind to me."

Miss Carr never could suppress a quiver of surprise in her face when Mrs. Pendleton used thus freely the first names of persons whom she would never have dreamed of addressing so informally.

"Mrs. Dale and Mrs. Drayton have enjoyed your society," she said stiffly; "and I 'm sure" —

But Mrs. Pendleton fluttered up from her chair. "Dear, dear! I did n't give you a fan!" she cried, and ran to fetch a little open-work ivory affair run through

with a pink ribbon, and clattering very much when one tried to use it.

Miss Susan looked at it as though afraid that it would break in her hands, and spread it carefully open upon her brown linsey-woolsey lap.

"Yes," Mrs. Pendleton declared, "I'm truly gratified by dear Roger's engagement. But do you think dear Alicia is much like her sister? Much as I admire and love Cecil Shore, I do hope dear Alicia is not just like her?"

"Lyssie has n't Cecil's looks," said Miss Carr gruffly, "but she has some of her sister's good points, I am sure."

"Exactly. But I was thinking. I called on Cecil yesterday, and her little Molly—dear me! why, she never thought of obeying her mother. I hope Lyssie will—it sounds a little indelicate, but still, such things *do* happen, you know—I hope if Lyssie at any time has—I mean if—if there *should* be a family, I hope Lyssie will insist upon obedience. I really felt it so much when I saw that little Molly that I almost wanted to warn dear Alicia; but of course it would not have been proper."

"It would have been premature, I think," Miss Carr said. "If I don't ask her now about the practicing, she will make me so cross I sha'n't do it at all," she thought; and said, abruptly, something about Lyssie being a good deal occupied just now, and she wondered whether Mrs. Pendleton would not come and sing in the choir.

"I? But I don't sing very well." The color came into the little birdlike creature's face, and she sewed rapidly. Then, with a conscious look at Miss Susan, she added, "And I'm afraid it would n't do, anyhow, for me to come; I'm afraid I ought to keep away, considering the circumstances."

Susan Carr grew red and hot. Not do? Why would n't it do? Of course it would do! Her kind face was suddenly angry and alarmed. She remembered Mr. Joseph's impetuosity in the stage-

coach, and it occurred to her that he might have told Mrs. Pendleton his hopes. But even if he had, it was most improper in her to make any such reference.

"Of course it will do for you to come," she declared loudly; "it will be much pleasanter for us all to have you, and we really need another voice."

"If I thought it would n't be harder for Mr. Lavendar?" Mrs. Pendleton pondered doubtfully.

Miss Susan stared at her. "I never met such an indelicate person!" she thought. She got up, and stood in a truculent attitude, her hand on her hip. "I assure you, Mrs. Pendleton, your presence will be a great addition; it will be a good deal pleasanter for Mr. Lavendar, and for me too." ("I don't know how much she knows," thought Miss Susan, "but that may enlighten her as to the real state of the case.")

"Do you really think so?" Mrs. Pendleton said slowly. "Well, then I'll come. Yes, I'll come."

XVI.

Vigilance being the price of success, Miss Susan Carr felt that, although she had so far kept Mr. Lavendar silent, she must not relax her care; and for that reason she named an evening when he was not in town, for a little festivity in compliment to Mr. Roger Carey, when he should come down to Old Chester to have another glimpse of Lyssie. Mr. Carey was to spend four days in town, and go away on Tuesday; so Miss Susan sent out a number of neat little notes, requesting the pleasure of everybody's company at eight o'clock on Monday evening.

"It is quite marked not to have it on Saturday, when Joseph is in town; he will feel the slight, and it will show him there's no hope for him," she said to herself, with melancholy satisfaction. To consider and protect another person is

one way of creating a tenderness for him. Miss Susan Carr's good intentions towards her unsuccessful suitor kept him constantly in her mind; and protected her, too, from that dismayed afterthought which follows an impulsive invitation, — an afterthought which even the most hospitable have been known to feel.

Her invitation had been given on the spur of the moment, when Lyssie had told her that Roger was coming.

"Well, we must have a little entertainment for him!" said good Miss Susan heartily, and oblivious, as such well-meaning persons are, to the bore it might be to Roger Carey to spend one of his precious evenings in company. "We must have a little party, Lyssie, my child. Ellen shall do some jellied tongues, and I'll make the cake myself. You will have to lend me some spoons, Lyssie, and I'll borrow Mrs. Dale's punch bowl."

Miss Carr beamed, and Lyssie kissed her and thanked her, all the pretty gratitude of youth speaking in her eyes.

"Yes, yes, I'm going," said Dr. Lavendar to Philip, on the afternoon preceding the social event. "I don't know why. I have my own home, and my books, and my pipe; so why I should go and chatter for a whole evening, and eat indigestible messes, I can't understand. Do you think Miss Susan would be offended if I went home at half past nine, Philip?"

"You must stay for the supper, must n't you?" Philip suggested. "You know, next to Lyssie and Carey, you are the star. Yes, I'm afraid you must n't leave until after ten."

"Well, well," said Dr. Lavendar resignedly, "I suppose she meant well, — Susan means better than most people. She's a fine woman, Philip, a fine woman, but really" —

"She does well, too," Philip interposed. "She's spent this whole day with poor little Eliza Todd. The baby was born this morning, and Miss Susan has been

taking care of the mother and child as though she were a trained nurse."

"In spite of anxieties about her ball?" said the old clergyman, smiling and frowning. "So the baby's come? Is Job sober?"

"We don't know. He beat Eliza yesterday, and this followed; he promptly disappeared when he saw what he had done. That is what I came to see you about, sir. I think it's time this matter was taken in hand."

"Dear, dear! Why, this is very bad, — really, this is very bad. How is the poor thing doing, Philip? She's in good hands if Susan Carr is looking after her. But it's too bad!" Dr. Lavendar was greatly concerned; he pushed his chair back from his lathe, and drummed on the table with worried finger tips. He had been cutting a green garnet when Philip entered, and his reluctance to put his work aside was evident; but now all that was forgotten. "Too bad; dear, dear!" he said.

"What a poor, forlorn little thing she is!" said Philip; "and I remember what a nice little body she seemed when they first came to Old Chester. That Todd is a perfect beast."

"I never saw a beast who would n't be insulted at the comparison," Dr. Lavendar declared, chuckling to himself. "Insulted — ho! ho! — yes, insulted. Well, women are strange creatures. Why did she ever marry him? Brown told me — Brown married 'em in Mercer — he told me he warned the silly thing; told her she was a foolish woman to marry a drinking man. But she would do it, would do it. Yes, in marriage women are like kings: 'kittle cattle to shoe behind.' Well, so are men, for that matter," he ended, and sighed deeply.

He got up and hobbled stiffly across the room to a high-backed leather chair that stood by the hearth. It was cooler, on this glowing August day, near the dark cavern of the empty fireplace; it looked cooler, at least, for the soot on

the chimney back caught cold, iridescent gleams from the pale light filtering down the chimney and falling on the dusty heap of ashes between the andirons. Dr. Lavendar drew a little leather tobacco pouch from the pocket of his faded dressing gown, and began to fill his brierwood pipe. "Sometimes this question of marriage seems quite puzzling," he said sadly.

"I've been struck by that myself," Philip confessed, with a curious smile, "but I must say it seems simple enough in this case. She ought to leave him." He had followed the old man, and stood leaning his elbow on the mantelpiece.

"What? Leave Job? Eliza leave her husband? Come, come, sir, we don't believe in such things in Old Chester."

Philip looked a little anxious; he wanted to gain Dr. Lavendar's consent to a step he was meditating, — the breaking up of the Todds' wretched home, and the separation of the husband and wife. He knew — so great was the old clergyman's influence in his parish — that Eliza could hardly be persuaded to take such a step without his consent.

"See here, sir," said Dr. Lavendar, pulling hard upon his pipe, "you've come back to the home of your youth, but don't put on airs; don't bring any of your wicked, worldly ideas here to corrupt us."

"On the contrary," said Philip, with the affectionate impertinence of the young man who knows he is liked, "what I'm afraid of is that you'll corrupt me. In my wicked, worldly way, I had supposed we had some responsibilities to each other; but I find Old Chester *particeps criminis* in an attempted murder, for you've none of you interfered to keep Todd from attacking his wife."

"Interfered?" cried the other indignantly. "Sir, I had a conversation with Todd only a week ago. I said to him, 'Todd' — Young man, what are you grinning at?"

"Grinning?" Philip protested. "My

dear Dr. Lavendar! But look here, ought n't something to be done about it? For the woman's safety, — to say nothing of other reasons, — for her personal safety, she ought to be taken away from Todd."

"And what, sir, will become of Todd?" Dr. Lavendar demanded, twinkling up at Philip with his fierce little brown eyes. "When he is n't drunk, his wife's an influence for good. And would you have her leave him, to save her precious skin?"

"There is something beside her skin to be considered; the degradation" —

"She took him for better or worse," Dr. Lavendar broke in. "Well, she's got the worse. Let her stick to her bargain and do her duty. The only thing I wish is that she could be taught to hold her tongue. She ought to be more intelligent, and not talk to him when he's drunk. Well, well, poor soul! I may seem severe, but not at all; I was merely explaining. And this baby is the seventh? We must see that she has her coal this winter."

"But that's just the point," said Philip. "The seventh! and there may be seventeen. And you and Miss Susan will go on supporting them. Now, are n't you simply encouraging Todd in drunkenness and idleness, when you two take care of his family for him? Why, as a mere matter of political economy it's bad."

"Political economy! Upon my word, Philip, I should n't have thought it of you, — to bring economics into a question of sentiment."

"Sentiment!" said Philip Shore, with a gesture of disgust. "There's no sentiment in a relation like this; it's simply debasing to the man and the woman and the community."

"There's nothing debasing about it. They are married. What are you talking about?"

Philip hesitated, and then said gravely, "It seems to me, sir, as shameful for

a man and woman to live within the law hating and despising each other, as these two poor things do, as to live outside the law with love. That's why I say it's debasing."

Dr. Lavendar looked at him, speechless with horror.

"One of these days," proceeded the young man thoughtfully, "perhaps we'll be moral enough and civilized enough to have the state break up such marriages. The very idea of the seventeen possible children is shameful, and a menace to the state. For what sort of citizens are they likely to be, the children of such parents?"

"The children are the Lord's affair," began Dr. Lavendar.

"The devil's, I should say. I tell you what it is, the human race will have to pay a high price some time for its philanthropy; you good people who are doing your level best to keep such poor little wretches alive, and advocating their being born, are trying to secure the survival of the unfittest!"

"Well, upon my word!" said Dr. Lavendar again, "is it murder you want? And you're a fool, sir; you forget your Bible: 'Children are from the Lord; happy is the man that hath his quiver full of 'em;' and as for breaking up marriages, 'Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' I never heard such sentiments in my life. You grieve me, Philip, I tell you; yes, grieve me, sir."

Philip was distressed at the effect of his theories; he would have gone back to the danger to Eliza Todd of remaining with a husband who beat her, but Dr. Lavendar insisted upon an explanation. Yet he hardly had patience to listen while Philip, reluctant to grieve his old friend, tried to explain his position in regard to separation, and his belief that divorce was a concession necessary to the present stage of spiritual evolution, and always deplorable as delaying the idealization of marriage. "But I do believe in separa-

tion," he ended earnestly, "and I think a higher morality will demand it."

"Stuff!" exclaimed the old clergyman. "You'd have people part as soon as they got tired of their bargain. How much sacredness would a bargain have if it could be dissolved for every whim? You are advocating free love, Philip! Do you realize that? You are advocating free love!"

"Well," said Philip, "if there's any choice between your ecclesiastical reason and my social reason for deciding upon the moment when a bad bargain should end, I must say I think the odds are with me. It's a matter of degree; you make another crime necessary before you will allow the criminality of a loveless marriage to end; I say, end it because it is a crime."

"Marriage a crime?" Dr. Lavendar repeated, bewildered.

"A marriage without love is at variance with the interests of society," said Philip; "that seems to me a crime."

"But that is n't the fault of marriage; that's because one or both of them are selfish fools! Let them try to love each other. But go on, go on," he commanded resignedly. "I should like to know just how lost to all moral sense you are!"

But Philip was evidently anxious to change the subject; he said, restrainedly, something about the curious survival of Mosaic law in regard to marriage, while in other relations of life — parents and children, buyers and sellers — it did not prevail. "Some of those old laws have been the bulwarks of crime," he added; "think how they protected slavery, and burned witches, and did all sorts of unpleasant things."

But Dr. Lavendar fumed and fretted, and waved his pipe at him. "Well, never mind the Mosaic laws, — I'm sure I'm glad you are so well acquainted with your Bible, though there is another person of perverted views who can quote Scripture for his purpose, too, — but I want to ask you one question: Where

does duty come in? Do you think we can get along without duty in this civilization you talk so much about? Young man, for eighteen hundred years the ultimatum of marriage has rested upon a divine word concerning it, and men and women have done their duty, and we've gotten along pretty well, I think. Talk about your civilization and your economics! I tell you, Philip, you belong to this ungodly time of rooting up and casting out the things that were sacred to your fathers." He spoke in his angry way, frowning heavily, and shaking his lean, grimy forefinger at the young man. "And another thing I want to know is, what will you do with the children when you go about breaking up families? Don't you see any duties to the children and the home?"

Philip started as though something had stabbed him. "First of all, for the children's sake I'd have such marriages broken up. The living together of a husband and wife divorced in everything but word is horrible for the children. Think of the partisanship! And when respect has ceased and love has ceased, what sort of a home does that make for the children? I'm not talking of gross sins now; I mean the mere living together of a father and mother who don't love each other. Whether it's their misfortune or their failure, or whatever you choose to call it" —

"Sin," said Dr. Lavendar.

—"they ought to part just because of the children, even if there were no desire for personal integrity."

"I never expected to hear you say you believed in free love!" declared the other, too irritated to answer by any argument.

"I don't," Philip began. "I only said" —

"Oh, you used a lot of fine words," interrupted Dr. Lavendar, "but that's what it amounted to. Philip, the older we grow, the more we learn of what we call science, I tell you, the more we come back to God. And you'll find, when

you get over being modern, that the old words, the simple words, 'Those whom God hath joined together, let no man put asunder,' — words that you, in your wisdom, have discarded, — hold the eternal truth for us. Yes, sir, this civilization you are so fond of talking about rests on marriage."

"Indeed it does!" cried Philip Shore, the personal reality breaking suddenly through his merely intellectual, argumentative statements. "My God! a man's salvation rests on it. Only, what do you call marriage?" He caught his breath, and stood silent, grinding his heel down on the hearth. "Why, Dr. Lavendar," he went on, in a low voice, "what God hath joined man *cannot* put asunder! Trouble can't sunder such a husband and wife, nor sin, nor misery, nor death itself, if God has joined them. But when the lust of the flesh, or the lust of the eye, or the pride of life joins a man and woman, is that marriage? If they are not sundered" — he stopped, and walked the length of the room — "if they are not sundered," he said harshly, "if they have not the moral courage to part, it is degradation, it is defilement, it is" —

"It is duty," said Dr. Lavendar.

"This question of marriage and divorce," cried the young man passionately, "is the question of our day! We must meet it, we must answer it, — some of us. But we have no appeal except to eternal principles. This is n't a time to talk about Moses and the prophets; we've got to come to the God in men's souls, the still, small voice, the heavenly vision! Yes, that is the only ultimate word. But who has courage for it? And if a man does n't have courage, look at the penalty: the continuance of a lie, for expediency or decency or mere comfort, shuts him out from all spiritual possibilities."

"Shuts him out from spiritual possibilities? Shuts him out? Man, it opens the door to him, if such continuance be his duty. Philip, my boy, no priest or

prophet, no Bible or liturgy, no vision upon Patmos, ever exceeded the inspiration which comes to a man from the simple *doing of his duty!*"

Philip, lifting his head with sudden solemnity, as though he heard a summons in the words, said slowly, "I am sure of that."

Margaret Deland.

FROM BLOMIDON TO SMOKY.

AGAINST the Bay of Fundy, with its fogs and turbulent waters, Nova Scotia presents a bold front of bastion and moat combined. The bastion is called North Mountain, and is a well-wooded ridge running parallel to the southeast shore of the Bay of Fundy for nearly its entire length. The moat consists of St. Mary's Bay, the Annapolis Basin, and the Basin of Minas, and their tributary rivers, all lying within the line of North Mountain. Parallel with both bastion and moat, and presiding over the well-tilled fields which border the several basins, is South Mountain, from whose height can be obtained the finest views of the land of Evangeline, and its impressive central figure, the spruce-covered, storm-haunted Blomidon.

When we landed at Yarmouth, far down near the southern tip of Nova Scotia, and saw the monotonous country which is characteristic of that part of the province, something very much like gloom settled upon our spirits. We took an early morning train, and started eastward and northward towards Blomidon. Rain, miles of larch and spruce swamp, burned woodland given up to tangles of fireweed and briers, and cheerless, rock-rimmed ponds in low woods haunted us until we reached Digby. True, our escape from the railway at Metaghan station, and our five hours with Mr. Sheehan, the royal mail carrier and hospitable hotel keeper, brightened us somewhat; but there was nothing at the railway to tell us of the quaint French settlement of Metaghan which lay concealed, be-

yond ridge and woods, on the pleasant shores of St. Mary's Bay. As we left Digby, late in the afternoon of this first long day in Nova Scotia, the clouds broke, the setting sun struggled for the mastery of the sky, and all the heavens were filled with shifting masses of storm and charging columns of golden light. The bank of vapor which had rested upon the Annapolis Basin at North Mountain — vapor brewed, no doubt, in the Bay of Fundy — suddenly lifted, and we saw under it not only the vivid greens of forest and field on the mountain, but Digby Gut, a narrow, steep-walled cleft in the mountain leading straight out to the golden glory of the bay of storms. Through that rift in the hill romance and the French had sailed in as long ago as the first years of the seventeenth century; and though the French sailed out again, romance remained behind to dwell forever in Port Royal's placid basin.

As our train neared Port Royal, long ago called Annapolis, and rolled along the southern shore of the basin, the beauty of the scene increased, thanks largely to the brilliant effects of cloud-masses and an ardent setting sun. The mountain seemed high, its top not being clearly defined, and the wild scenery near Bear River, where the train passes over a high curved trestle, became doubly striking in the sunset lights. Every few rods a blue heron flew from the sands and flapped away from the train. Marvelous flocks of peep rose, careened, flashing like silver, wheeled, and alighted once more on good feeding-ground. Shadows nestled

amongst the weirs running out at short intervals from the shore; darkness began to gather in the valleys and the woods, and soon we reached Annapolis with its ancient earthworks, and found something akin to comfort in its best but unpretentious inn.

It was on the afternoon of the next day, our second on the peninsula, that I saw Blomidon,—saw it first from the Kentville slopes, and again, after we had followed down the dashing, dancing Gaspereaux for several miles, from the heights above Wolfville. The Gaspereaux Valley had been charming by reason of its wooded hillsides, in parts holding the river closely between dark banks of spruce and fir, but later giving it freer range through well-tilled meadows and undulating fields. Evening, heralded by rolling masses of dark clouds, seemed to be upon us, as our horses slowly climbed the steep slope of the Gaspereaux back of Wolfville. The air grew cold, and when we reached the crest of the ridge a strong wind wrestled with us, and carried a chill from Fundy to the very marrow of our bones. Then it was that, gaining the edge of the northern slope, we suddenly saw the marvellous panorama of the Cornwallis Valley, North Mountain, Blomidon, the Basin of Minas, the Acadian dike lands including Grand Pré, and the mouth of the Gaspereaux, spread before us under the sunset lights and the emphatic contrasts of speeding wind clouds.

The tide was out, and miles of basin bottom lay red and shining in the sunlight. The dike lands were intensely green, the sands, or mud, all shades of terra cotta, the shallows strange tones of purple, and the deeper waters varying shades of blue. Color ran riot in meadow, mud, and bay. Above and beyond all, directly in front of us, miles away, at the extremity of a grand sweep of shore which curved towards it from our left, was a dark red bluff crowned with evergreens. Its profile was commanding.

From the edge of its forest it fell one quarter of the way to the sea in a line perfectly perpendicular. Then, relenting a little, the line sloped to the waves at a gentler angle, but one still too steep for human foot to ascend. This was Blomidon, simple, majestic, inspiring.

The distant northern shore of the basin was plainly indicated by a line of blue mountains, the Cobequid range, and we knew that between us and its rugged coast-line the mighty, pent-up tides of Fundy raced each day and night into the comparative calm of Minas, and spread themselves there over the red sands and up to the dikes which the Acadian peasants had built round about Grand Pré. After receiving the image of Blomidon into the deepest corners of our memories, we looked next at Grand Pré, and, looking, gave up all previous impressions of it gained from Longfellow's poem. The Grand Pré which he imagined and painted without ever visiting the Gaspereaux country is not the dike land of reality. Both are charming, but around the vast level of green grass which lay below us there were no whispering pines or hemlocks, no suggestion of the primeval forest. To the low, undulating or level fields which bordered the Gaspereaux, the Pereaux, the Grand Habitant, and other rivers of this region, the Acadian farmers added by degrees marsh lands naturally swept by the tides, but from which they carefully and permanently excluded all salt water. Longfellow's picture is of salt meadows flooded annually by the sea, and surrounded by a forest country, romantic in character. We saw forests far away on Blomidon, and back of us in the upper reaches of the Gaspereaux; but near the Basin of Minas and the dike country of Grand Pré the apple-tree and the willow are, in this generation at least, kings among trees. To flood Grand Pré with salt water would be to carry ruin and desolation to its fertile acres, and sorrow to the hearts of its thrifty

owners. Its best lands are worth four hundred dollars an acre, and require no enrichment. When the sea floods them, as it occasionally does, owing to the breaking of a dike, three years are required to bring the land back to even fair condition.

The next afternoon a pair of Kentville horses carried us speedily towards Blomidon. We crossed the Grand Habitant or Cornwallis River at Kentville, and then followed the general direction of the shore of the basin until we had crossed in order the Habitant, Canard, and Pereaux rivers, and gained the North Mountain. Striking a ravine in its side, we ascended a well-made road to the summit at a point called "the Look-off." I know of no other hill or mountain which gives the reward that this one does in proportion to the effort required to climb it. Many a rough White Mountain scramble up three thousand feet yields nothing like the view which this hill affords. The Nova Scotian glories in the fact that from it he can see into seven counties, and count prosperous farms by the score, and apple-trees by the hundred thousand.

From the shores of the basin westward through the valley between the North and South Mountain well-tilled farm lands reach towards Annapolis as far as the eye can see. It is a patchwork of which the provinces are and may well be proud, — that quilted landscape, with grain and potatoes, orchard and hayfield, feather-stitched in squares by zigzag pole fences. Were this the whole or the essence of the view from the Look-off, it would not be worth writing about, for farm lands by themselves, or with a frame of rounded hills, are neither novel nor inspiring. That which stirs, in this view, is the mingling of Minas Basin, its blue water and dim farther shores, with Grand Pré and the other dike lands and with the red bluffs of Pereaux. The patchwork and hills serve only as contrast, background, filling, to the pronounced features of sparkling sea, bright green

meadows cleft from the sea by dikes, terra-cotta sands and bluffs, and the forest-covered ridge leading towards half-concealed Blomidon, the monarch of this gay and sunlit realm. It was dreamlike to see the tide creeping in over the shining red sand and ooze, and changing their vivid tints by blending with them its own colors to make tones strange both to sea and sand. The wide expanses of mud left bare by the tide told in their own way the story of the Acadian dike builder. No man of the soil could see the riches exposed daily to view without wishing to keep them for his own tillage. Even the man of to-day, who lay beside me on the turf of the Look-off, told of his visions of a new dike many times greater than any that the simple Acadian farmer had built, and which is some day to snatch a million dollars' worth of land from Minas Basin, and make it into a part of the prosperous Nova Scotia of the future. Listening to the dike builder, and wondering at the absence in this exquisite place of the hotels, pushing railways, dainty steamers, and other machinery which at home would long ago have been applied to give this spot to the madding crowd, it suddenly came over me that this was not a part of the United States, but a sleepy corner of Greater Britain. Even the great dike must be built on paper in London before it intrudes on Minas Basin.

The next time that I fully realized Nova Scotia's bondage was two days later, in Halifax, on Sunday morning. It was a warm day at best, but when we had fairly pelted up a narrow street set on the earth at an angle best adapted to tobogganing, and gained the gateway of a chapel yard, all nature seemed melting. The hot air was moved, not by a vulgar breeze, but by the tramp of military men, and by the scampering of women and children who gazed upon the military men, and grew redder in the light reflected from their uniforms.

There was morning service in the garrison chapel, and the redcoats were out in force to attend it. They marched lightly, quickly, and with an elastic step pleasant to see. They were good-looking boys, as a rule, and when seated, hundreds strong, in the wooden pews of the chapel, they looked tidy and good enough to be mothers' own boys safe at home in the wayside chapels of the old country. Above them, in the walls, were set a score of marble tablets commemorative of British officers who had died in or near Halifax. The ages of these fallen heroes seemed to range from seventeen to about twenty-four. No wonder England is a power on the earth, when her fighters begin life in childhood, and her statesmen keep on ruling until near fourscore and ten.

The red-coated youths joined heartily in the Church service, singing, responding, and listening attentively to the sermon, which was manly and direct. A young officer read the lessons, and when a cornet added its ringing tones to the choir the Church militant seemed complete in its equipment. It was when the prayer for the Queen and the Prince of Wales was reached that I suddenly realized the full meaning of the scene which surrounded me. This was a garrison church, owned by a foreign power and occupied by foreign soldiers. These soldiers were not Nova Scotians, but Englishmen, planted here as much to watch the Nova Scotians as to serve any other purpose. I could not help remembering the time, long ago, when Massachusetts dispensed with redcoats, and in the very act of driving them away from her coast gained new life which has animated her to this day. Nova Scotia men are good enough and true enough to defend Nova Scotia soil.

When the redcoats sang "God save the Queen," at the close of their service, I joined with them; but the words I knew, and which I sang as vigorously as prudence and courtesy permitted, made

no reference to their distant sovereign. Still, the tune was the same, we were brothers in music, and there was no shadow of unkindness in my feeling towards the manly soldiers as we trooped out of chapel together. While they formed in ranks on the green, I met and chatted with their commanding officer. Suddenly the twelve-o'clock gun was fired from the citadel above us. The general started visibly, but almost at the same moment his betrayal of nervousness was covered by the band, which struck up "Ta-ra-ra, boom de ay," putting spring into the soldiers' heels, and broad grins upon the spectators' faces.

The next day, after a little patient pulling of red tape, I gained admission to the great citadel of Halifax, popularly supposed to be the key to its defenses. The works were in poor repair; the guns in sight were old in style, and not of a calibre to alarm an enemy's ships in the outer harbor; but the equipment was amply sufficient to keep Halifax itself in order, or to deal effectively with an insurgent army attempting to approach the city. Against the attack of a strong foreign enemy the citadel would be of use mainly as a refuge for the women and children of Halifax. The real defenses of the city are earthworks in or near the harbor, and an elaborate system of mines and torpedoes underlying the channel.

The citadel has one unquestioned merit which all the world, red or blue, can enjoy: it gives from its ramparts, or from the open grassy slopes just outside the bastions, an excellent view of Halifax and all its picturesque surroundings. This view and the winning hospitality of the Halifax people were fresh and bright in our memories as we took the Intercolonial train northward on Tuesday morning. Outside the train, scanty forests growing over a country which appeared to have been bombarded with rocks, offered no encouragement to an inquisitive gaze. Inside, motley humanity invented many ways of distract-

ing us in more senses than one. Salvationists sat three in a seat and played concertinas; a company of maroons, the big negroes of the country, disported in their best clothes; dozens of young Christian Endeavor delegates hobnobbed together; while some Nova Scotia militiamen, by their calf-like antics, made us think more kindly of the British garrison left behind. If the scenery failed to charm, the names of places did not fail to astonish us. Acadie, Tracadie, Shubenacadie, rang in my ears for days, and so did the less harmonious refrain of Tignish, Antigonish and Merigomish. When I heard of Pugwash the climax seemed attained. It did not seem possible that any swain could go a-courting a girl from Pugwash.

The day wore on. Names became places and faded back to names again, and then it began to rain. It was in the rain that we first saw the hills of Cape Breton looming up on the further side of the Gut of Canso. We had expected to be impressed by this strait and its bold shores, but its proportions as seen through slowly falling mist were disappointing. Had we not known what it was, it would have seemed undeniably commonplace.

It was about three o'clock on the afternoon of August 1 that we crossed the Strait of Canso and first touched Cape Breton soil. A boy with baskets of freshly picked cultivated strawberries welcomed us to the island. Our mental calendar rolled back from August to June, and we enjoyed those berries as though they were the first of the season. Each berry marked a mile of wet forest scenery, and by the time they were gone we were well on our way to the Bras d'Or lakes. From 6.45 A. M. to 5.15 P. M. is a long day's ride in a Nova Scotia car, and we sighed with relief when the train rolled slowly over the seven-span iron bridge at Grand Narrows, and then slid away up the shore of the Bras d'Or towards Sydney, leaving us to take a funny little steamer for Baddeck.

Cape Breton is shaped a good deal like a lobster's claw open towards the north, and this claw holds in its grasp the grotesquely irregular arm of the sea known as the Bras d'Or lakes. Coming by rail from the Strait of Canso to Grand Narrows, we had given up, or rather avoided, a trip by steamer up the whole length of the Big Bras d'Or. Had the afternoon been pleasant the voyage would have been charming, for the placid inland sea, with its picturesque shores now close in view, and again below the horizon, is one of the chief beauties of Cape Breton. As the afternoon was shrouded in fine rain, the Big Bras d'Or would have been no more attractive than any other chilly fog-bank, and the voyage through it would have consumed all the remaining hours of the day. As matters stood, we had two hours of daylight before us; the rain had almost ceased; an occasional gleam of golden light wandered over the shores of the Little Bras d'Or; and we were about to embark on a steamer which would take us through a portion of the lakes where both of the hilly and picturesque shores would be uninterruptedly in sight.

Had we seen this charming landscape immediately after bidding farewell to Chocorna, it would have failed to make the strong impression upon us which as a matter of fact it did produce. So much of Nova Scotia between Yarmouth and Halifax, and so nearly the whole of the country between Halifax and Grand Narrows, had been of a kind which every one sleeps through or scowls at in the States that the Bras d'Or was a paradise in comparison: a lake, yet the sea with its restless jellyfish; the sea, yet a landlocked basin surrounded by graceful hills, trim farm lands, and dark forests of spruce and balsam. Many of the hills, rising from the water with resolute lines, wore the dignity of mountains; and so perfect were their proportions that bays only half a mile in length often seemed

like far-reaching thoroughfares worthy of a voyager's exploration. Gradually the Grand Narrows bridge faded away, until it looked like a line of tatting work against the gray sky. Then the most distant hills northward rose into well-rounded summits, and at last two noble headlands invited us to turn westward between them, and to approach Baddeck, masked by an island, spruce-grown, heron-haunted, and capped by a tiny lighthouse whose gleaming eye now emphasized the gathering gloom.

The traveler who expects anything picturesque in an American village, town, or city, whether it be seen from the sea, a lake, a plain, or a hilltop, will in nine cases out of ten be wholly disappointed. Box-shaped wooden warehouses, shops, dwellings, and churches, whether arranged in parallelograms or hurled together in true Marblehead fashion, whether painted white, pink, green, yellow, or red, or not painted at all, generally lack the power of pleasing the eye. They are cheap, comfortless in appearance, temporary in nature, and essentially vulgar in design. Baddeck, as we anticipated, consisted of the usual conglomeration of wooden buildings, rickety wharves, and country roads; and when we crept round the island, and saw it lank and gawky before us, we felt as though we had seen it many times before. It made for us a good point of departure, and as such we used it, for a few walks into its thickets after birds and plants, and for long trips to the Margaree rivers and northward to Cape Smoky.

We took our first walk that evening, soon after landing and getting settled at the Dunlops'. During that walk we learned several distinguishing characteristics of Baddeck. In the first place, Baddeck's streets are not lighted. In the second place, what in the darkness appear to be sidewalks are only plank coverings above deep gutters or brook beds which border the way; and as the

continuity of this platform depends upon the personal whim of the abutter, it is not surprising that when Rory's sidewalk ceased we fell into Torquil's part of the ditch. The soil of Baddeck is so composed of clay and other substances that rain either runs to the Bras d'Or, or stands till heaven takes pity on it and draws it skyward again. The third fact we learned that night was that cows in Baddeck all wear bells, sleep in the high-ways, and are never allowed inside a fence. Whenever and wherever we turned, a sudden "tinkle-tankle" would show that we had nearly fallen over a prostrate cow: therefore, after half an hour of darkness, ditches, and cows, we returned to the hotel and its comforts; but all night long the cowbells tinkled through our dreams.

For the Margaree drive we took three days, starting from Baddeck early on Thursday, August 3, in a top buggy behind a six-year-old horse named Jim. The first day we drove twenty-six miles, the second twenty-two, and the third ten, fortunately catching a steamer at Whycomagh, and so coming back to Baddeck alive, and with Jim still able to feel the whip. We had been told that the Margaree country was entrancing; but when the trip was over we had reached the conclusion, afterward confirmed by a Cape Breton veteran, that salmon had first drawn the husbands to the Margaree and made them enthusiastic about it, and that later, when the wives invaded the region, they had been taught to find consolation in the pretty scenery. In our three days' trip we found but two spots which in the White Mountains would be deemed worthy of special notice. One of these was Loch o' Law, and the other Loch Ainslie. We came to the former near the close of our first day's drive. Worn and weary with flogging Jim, and insisting twice each minute on his return to the middle of the deeply rutted and often dangerously washed road, I had lost all interest in everything save the dim prospect of food and bed,

when suddenly I saw the gleam of water directly before us, and the next moment we came out of the woods upon the shore of a long, narrow lake held close to the heart of lofty hills. Our road followed the western margin of the tarn, and the dark forest which overhung us made premature twilight for us to jog through. Beyond the lake, on its eastern side, three impressive hills stood shoulder to shoulder, one of rock, one of turf, one of forest. They were so steep, it seemed as though only goats could find a foothold upon their flanks. Between the hill of rock and the hill of turf lay a great gorge, overhung by cliffs and full of shadows. The hills themselves were bathed in warm sunlight, and the water was partly in shadow and partly in light. A mother loon and her smart little chick were swimming down the lake, and seven or eight great blue kingfishers flew up and down its borders, sounding over and over again their watchman's rattles. This was Loch o' Law, a gem worthy of its rare setting and of its place near the heart of Cape Breton. From it the escaping waters rush downward to help form the Northeast Margaree River, and the road we were following led us down with the stream to the pleasant intervals where geese wander in flocks up and down the roads, and salmon swim proudly in the bright waters of their favorite river.

From Northeast Margaree to Margaree Forks, and from the Forks up the Southwest Margaree to Loch Ainslie, the scenery was not equal to the task of dispossessing Jim of the foremost place in our minds. Jim shied, stumbled, sweated, until we thought disintegration was near at hand, and, worse than all, required unremitting guidance to keep him in the road. Had the natural beauties of the country been as great as we expected, I doubt not that Jim would have tipped us into the swift-flowing waters of the Southwest Margaree long before Loch Ainslie was reached. Had Jim

been the horse he might have been, we should have enjoyed much more the pretty glimpses of moving water, the deep pools tempting a passing cast, the meadows thick with spikes of splendid orchids, and the rounded hillsides thickly clad with woods.

Loch Ainslie is a beautiful sheet of water, covering in all about twenty-five square miles, and surrounded by good farm land running back upon high hills. Highlanders settled the country, and their descendants, who still own the farms, are eager, like so many of our New England farmers, to sell their places, and try life under less picturesque but more profitable conditions. We were welcomed to a Highlander's home, and told where we could fish to advantage from three o'clock till dark. Long before tea time we had caught more trout than we could eat for supper and breakfast, and by nightfall Loch Ainslie had impressed itself upon us as the most beautiful part of the Margaree country. This it did mainly at sunset, when, from near a grove of lofty pines, we watched the most delicate tints come and go in the sky, on the distant western hills, and in the fair lake itself, with its miles of rippling water blushing and paling in sympathy with the heavens. While the sunset lasted we thought more of color than of form in our beautiful surroundings; but after the passing away of orange, yellow, pale green, violet, and finally blue itself, we were soothed by the lovely contour of the beach, the silhouettes of the pines, the sweep of hill crest, the pallid lake, and the mystery of the unfathomable sky.

Next day, August 5, we drove from Loch Ainslie to Whycocomagh, called by the natives "Hogomah," and there, with a sigh of relief, put Jim, the buggy, and ourselves upon a steamer, and returned to Baddeck without further weariness of spirit. This part of the Bras d'Or is like the rest of the great labyrinth of inland sea, charming at every point.

At times so narrow as to be more river than lake, it winds around high wooded hills, curves into countless bays, and then expands proudly to meet the Little Bras d'Or at Baddeck.

Early on the following Monday morning, having in the mean time eaten wild strawberries picked in the larch swamps and spruce thickets back of Baddeck, we set out for Cape Smoky. Theoretically we were going on foot, but it so chanced that the kindest and most entertaining of friends found it convenient to carry us eighteen miles northward to Englishtown, on St. Anne's Bay. Sullen clouds hung over Bras d'Or, as we drove for a mile or two along its shore before entering the woods and beginning the long and easy ascent to the watershed between lake and bay. Gradually the sky assumed a more threatening aspect, and when at last the height of land was reached, and we saw before us St. Anne's Bay, narrow at first among the trees, and growing broad as it met the sea and faced boldly northward towards Newfoundland, huge black clouds rolled eastward, pouring cold rain upon mountain, bay, and road.

We drove faster as the tingling drops splashed upon us. Dashing through dark spruces, spinning down steep grades, round sudden curves, over frail bridges which spanned foaming brooks, and then out into the open, we found the bay on our left, and beyond it, showing dimly through the storm, a large mountain. It was Baraçoir (or Smith's) Mountain, and from its left North River emerged to empty into a broad arm of the bay, while behind it, further north, the Baraçoir River, winding through primeval forests, flowed eastward to reach the sea ahead of us outside of the mouth of St. Anne's Bay. Soon we saw Englishtown a mile or two in front of us, on the eastern side of the bay, and then we noticed, apparently running from shore to shore, a narrow white bar which separated bay from sea. Now the clouds began to break and

roll away, and far, far beyond the bar we could see headlands of various degrees of dignity and grandeur looking seaward. The last of them, very distant, very high, cloud-capped, with a front like Blomidon's steepest face, filled us with a yearning to reach it and to worship at its mighty shrine. It was Smoky, the monarch of the northern sea.

Glorious yellow sunshine poured down upon Baraçoir Mountain and the heaving waters of St. Anne's Bay as we entered the little fishing village of Englishtown. The worst of the storm was passing beyond us, and myriad perpendicular lines of falling rain were ruled from sea to sky across the north. With latent impatience we rested, ate, and said good-by to our friends. Then our feet tramped the muddy road, our noses sniffed the atmosphere of drying cod on the flakes, our ears listened to the song of the juncos, and our eyes gazed forward, northward, toward Smoky. The head of the great cape was cloud-capped, but this made it seem all the more heaven-reaching.

Turning to the left from the road, we descended to the shore of the bay, and found ourselves just opposite the long white cobblestone bar which we had seen afar off. Between us and its tip lay a deep channel which connected St. Anne's Bay with the ocean. On the shore was a boat, and an impatient ferryman stood by it watching us descend. "Where are you going?" he asked, his keen eyes searching us. "Northward," I answered. "Like the wild geese," he said, with a mocking laugh, and pushed off into the current. He was Torquil McLean, well known to all who travel on the North Shore, and holding in his face many a suggestion of the Highland stock from which he is descended, and the wild north country in which he lives, and its counterpart in which his race was moulded. His strong arms soon brought us to the bar, upon which two wagons, several people, and a sheep were awaiting his arrival.

A road, scarcely perceptible at first

glance, lay along the bar towards the beginning of the North Shore country into which we were venturing. Between us and the north pole there was nothing legally definable as a hotel. This vague track over the cobblestone beach led to the mainland, and then, past farm and fisherman's hut, thirty-four miles to Ingonish Bay, and thirty-six miles more to Cape North. Our lodging-places must be the simple homes of Gaelic-speaking Presbyterian, in whose eyes we should be foreigners, not to say heathen. Letters from James Dunlop, of Baddeck, addressed to various members of Clan McDonald, were our principal hope of hospitality. The dimly marked road and the cobblestone reef, wheeling, shrieking terns, pounding waves from the northern ocean, and a sight of new and strange plants combined to thrill us with a sense of charming novelty and wildness. It was still early in the afternoon, and as we did not care how far we advanced, having already been carried as far as we originally planned to walk that day, we strolled slowly along the bar, enjoying the mere fact of living.

Among the plants growing upon the loosely packed, egg-shaped stones was one quite unfamiliar and of most uncommon appearance. Its succulent and glaucous leaves were bluish-gray in color, and set thickly upon prostrate stems which radiated like devilfish tentacles from a common centre. The leaves diminished rapidly in size as they left the root, and at the extremity of each stem there were uncoiling clusters of exquisite flowers somewhat resembling those of the forget-me-not. Flowers fully developed were delicate blue, while buds and half-opened blossoms were pink. It seemed to me that I never saw a plant more perfectly in harmony with its surroundings. Lifting no surface for the storm winds to seize upon, it nevertheless covered much ground. Its delicate leaf tints sympathized with those of the polished stones and sea-bleached driftwood upon which it grew, yet its flowers drew from sky

and sea a more pronounced beauty of color sufficient to allure the butterfly and attract the bee. The botanical name of this charming plant is *Mertensia maritima*, though why Gray's manual calls its flowers white is more than the Cape Breton plant can answer.

As we neared the mainland, stunted spruces and firs grew more abundant and bolder, flowers more numerous, and the road plainer and less rocky. Birds other than the weird terns flew before us, or sang to us from their cover. When we reached the higher ground, the sense of novelty and isolation faded, and the world seemed more like its old southern self. The road ran along the shore as closely as it could without much winding, and as we progressed northward we left St. Anne's Bay behind us, and gained a view southeastward along the coast towards Sydney and the entrance to the Bras d'Or. Still the beauty of St. Anne's followed us, for the glimpses which we had now and then of its slowly diminishing shores were of sturdy mountains with forests reaching to the waves, valleys in which the shades of evening were gathering, and farm lands upon which the short thick grass lay like velvet in the slanting rays of the sun. The view eastward was more rugged. Strong faces of rock turned towards the sea and fought the waves which had crumbled them, and torn away all but the hardest cliffs and ledges. One long finger of rock reached into the ocean, and pointed to a group of islands which may once have been a part of it. They were not green isles with sandy margins, but huge angular masses of rock with high cliffs, under which storms might rage for centuries without dragging down the grim ramparts.

We passed a few farms, with houses and barns standing far back from the road, as is the fashion of these Highlanders, but most of our way lay between pastures, mowing-fields with short grass partly cropped by the scythes, and woodland

where black and white spruces and balsam firs grew densely together. Upon a meadow bordering a salt creek a flock of yellowlegs were whistling noisily, and back and forth over them kingfishers were flying with their usual cry. As the sun drew near the hills, we stopped at a house and blacksmith shop and presented the first of our letters. William McDonald lived here, and our request was that he should drive us on our way to Indian River, where, at Angus McDonald's, we hoped to spend the night. William had only a two-wheeled sulky, which could scarcely carry three; so it was a relief to all of us when we saw, coming from the bar, a youth in a wagon, driving a sprightly nag at a rattling pace. After a brief conversation in Gaelic, William announced that the youth would take us twelve or fourteen miles up the coast to French River, where we were sure of a good bed at Sandy McDonald's. A moment later we were packed in, three on a seat, and dashing northward as fast as the pony could tear. The youth would have done credit to a Spartan mother. I never met any one of his age and intelligence who knew so well how not to talk. He answered my questions with the fewest possible words, but asked nothing in return. He knew the names of capes, islands, birds, animals, trees, and many flowers, but it took a separate question to drag each item from him. Meanwhile he kept the horse spinning. We had no time to shiver over holes in bridges; the horse knew his business, and jumped the holes, at least, if he could not jump the whole bridge. Ruts and gullies were ignored, and we learned that, if taken quickly, two ruts and a gully are almost as good as a level.

Twilight was growing upon the earth, and far away over the pale sea the light off Cape Dauphin, on the Ciboux Islands, was flashing its message of mingled hope and warning, when suddenly we plunged into gloom, wheeled around a dizzy curve, and crossed a long iron bridge. Below

us a river's dark waters reflected the waning glory of the sky. This was the Baraçoir, one of the salmon rivers of which we had heard fisherman's tales at Baddeck. Two miles more brought us to Indian River, and again a great curve and a dash through the woods prepared us for another angle and a sharp descent to a long bridge so full of holes that we felt as though only angels could have kept our pony's flying feet out of them. A vision of cliffs, deep black pools, and distant mountains with serrated spruce forests against the sunset sky made us determine that Indian River should not be passed on the gallop when we returned from Ingonish, if indeed that happy day ever came.

Darkness having taken full possession of the earth, our charioteer urged his horse to even wilder efforts, and we shot through dim dangers with teeth set and eyes vainly scanning the gloom to see what next impended. It was in this fashion that we tore across a field towards the cliffs, apparently with certain death before us, whirled under a steep bank, and found ourselves on the ocean's edge, in front of a long, unpainted building, before which, standing or sitting upon the loaded fish flakes, were a dozen or more men. Half an hour later, the telegraph operator at the government office, a mile up the road, ticked to Baddeck the following message given by our Jehu: "Them Yanks, the man and woman, are at Sandy McDonald's this night."

"Them Yanks," stiff, stunned, sore, hungry, cold, and petrified with astonishment, stood on Sandy McDonald's doorstep and silently gazed up and down upon land and sea. Truly they had been cast upon as unique a shelter as this world had ever yet offered them. The long, low house clung upon the edge of the bluff, with only the width of the fish flakes between it and a sharp descent to the ocean. Behind it rolling grass land cut off the west. Southward a line of bold rocky cliffs overhung a

narrow beach, upon which the waves broke and cast foam from many fragments of ledge which dotted the shore. Through a similar line of bluffs on the north French River had cut its way, but instead of reaching the ocean directly it was turned aside by a huge cobblestone barrier raised by storms, and so was compelled to flow nearly parallel to the shore for many rods, finally reaching the sea just at the foot of the fish flakes and in front of the house. Eastward and northward, as far as the eye could see, lay the open ocean. The only distance not sky or sea was the broken shore near Cape Dauphin and Point Aconi, which limited the view towards the southeast and south. Just below the fish flakes were several fishermen's huts, crowded together upon uncertain foundations above high-tide mark. Boats, great tubs for oil, more flakes thickly strewn with split fish, masses of seaweed and fish heads, big fragments of rock worn round by the waves, oars, sails, ropes, nets, lobster pots, and nameless relics of storm and shore lay in wild confusion at the foot of the bank. All the odors of Billingsgate rose to salute our trembling nostrils, and stronger than all sights and smells came in ceaseless iteration the singing and sobbing of the great waves.

Sandy McDonald gave us a hearty welcome, and ushered us into a cosy parlor, from which opened a tiny bedroom. Simple food, reading by McDonald from a Gaelic Bible, a long breath of ocean air, and the benediction of the stars fitted us for early and profound sleep. It was not until gray dawn that I awakened, and, throwing a blanket over my shoulders, stole to the door and looked out over the sea. The fishermen were already afloat; several boats were a mile from shore, and others, with sails flapping and oars thumping, were working their way towards the east. Across the far horizon lay a long, low bank of white fog. The sun came slowly from it, and

looked at the drowsy world with its one red eye. Its light touched each wave as it broke, and through the thin green-combing of the breaker the sun's glow was rose-colored and exquisitely beautiful. So, too, the rosy light lay in the thin water which ran back across the shining sand, as waves subsided after breaking on the beach. Cape Dauphin and its islands floated as rosy castles in a distant haze, and the bluffs close to me put on soft and alluring tints, soon to be lost, however, as the sun grew clear, and by whiter light robbed the scene of most of its peculiar charm.

It was not until after another period of sweet sleep that we began our walk of fourteen miles from French River over Cape Smoky to Ingonish. The day was warm and clear. Smoky stood up boldly against the north, facing eastward towards the open sea with a front as steep as Blomidon's, and nearly three times as high. For about two hundred feet above the ocean the mountain's face was reddish rock; thence for a thousand feet low trees clothed the rampart with soft green. The top, running inland a long distance, appeared to be level, and either wooded or covered with bushes. Between us and Smoky two minor bluffs pointed into the sea; but they were dwarfed by the loftier cape, and served only as milestones to cheer us on our way.

After walking a mile or more we met two men, who addressed us pleasantly, and turned to walk with us on our way. The older of the two was over eighty, and told of his far-away birthplace in the Isle of Lewis. The younger, a man of sixty, was very tall, and saw this world through but one eye. We soon found that it was his son who had been our laconic charioteer the evening before, and as the talk progressed it became evident that Big Rory, as this canny man is called from Baddeck to Cape North, was not in favor of our walking over Smoky, when his horse and

wagon could be earning more American dollars by carrying us. We withstood his arguments, however, and enjoyed his flow of genial and intelligent conversation. I felt sure that had Cape Breton been called upon to take an active or courageous part in this world's doings while Big Rory was young, he would have been a power in her life. True, he is that in a way now, politically; but provincial politics are so lacking in all that is pure, patriotic, or intelligent that neither Big Rory nor any other strong man has much chance to make head against the undertow of corruption and prejudice.

By noon we had reached one of the last houses on the southern side of Smoky. Here we sought dinner, but found, alas, what too many of the North Shore people live upon, — sour bread, boiled tea, sour milk sweetened and watered, and berries. Our hosts could probably have added salt fish, eggs, and oatmeal porridge, had they felt like it. But we made the best meal we could off the food offered, and asked for no additions, feeling that what we ate might be seriously diminishing their own dinners.

Upon rather insufficient rations, therefore, we advanced against Smoky, and began the ascent by following inland a noisy stream which flowed seaward along the mountain's southern border. After carrying us deep into the forest, which was by far the most lofty and vigorous growth of trees we had thus far seen on the island, the road crossed the torrent and turned seaward again, ascending by easy grades through a dense birch growth. On the whole, the road was well made, and showed skill on the part of those who planned it. When we reached its highest point, we found the top still unconquered; so, striking through bushes and over steep ledges, we clambered to the undisputed summit, and there paused to survey the panorama below us.

It was assuredly a magnificent view, and one which will in time lead many feet to the ledges now mainly enjoyed by berry-pickers, bears included. To the west lay barrens similar to those which are said to cover the interior of this part of Cape Breton. Rocks, bushes, bare ledges, and hollows filled with sphagnum or pools of amber water were the prevailing elements in a country which now and then sustained a patch of low spruces or a larger body of mixed woods. The east was ocean, limitless and blue. But at our feet were the wild details of the great precipice which fell away from us twelve hundred feet to the waves. Over it several large black birds were sailing, and the first croak which came echoing up the cliffs from them disclosed their identity: they were not crows, but ravens. I had been told that when I reached Smoky I must keep an eye open for ravens; and true enough, here they were.

Our view northward was limited by the fact that the foreground was filled by the great mass of mountain which we were next to cross in order to look down upon Ingonish. Nevertheless, a wide expanse of ocean showed in the northeast, and the heads of distant mountains crowded together in the northwest. Between sea and mountains we could catch one glimpse of a nearer headland, with a church steeple rising from a village at its heel. It was the southern view which held us enchanted even when we felt that we must pause no longer. From the foot of Smoky back to the far seclusion of St. Anne's Bay the cliff-lined coast we had traversed lay in profile before us. Headland after headland pointed eastward, and valley after valley wound back among the hills and forests. From St. Anne's Bay the coast turned eastward and ran away into distance, coming out boldly at Cape Dauphin and Point Aconi, and retreating again at the mouth of the Bras d'Or and the entrance to Sydney harbor.

Later in the afternoon Smoky gave us one more view, which, by reason of marvelous lights and shadows in the sky, was even more beautiful than any other picture which Cape Breton or Minas Basin revealed to us. We had descended many a steep slope, and passed through a fine primeval forest where lofty beeches, yellow birches, hemlocks, and spruces presented much the same aspects which I love so well to see on the Lost Trail. We had rounded one shoulder of the mountain where the edge of the road had slipped down four or five hundred feet into a brook bed, leaving only room for a wagon to pass between the unguarded edge of the ravine and the gravel bank which rose from the road on its other side. A horse having already plunged down there, I, even on my own feet, did not like the sensation of passing this spot. When I heard that the mail carrier went by it in his sulky or sleigh night after night, summer and winter, I wished that the highway commissioners for this district could be compelled to travel with him on his dangerous way. Soon after leaving this place, the road came out on an open hillside commanding an uninterrupted view of all that part of Cape Breton lying north of Cape Smoky. The coast in profile extended northward until its details were lost in distance. Bays, headlands, islands, sandy beaches, lighthouses, cosy villages, passing ships, sailing ravens, and sparkling waves shone on the right, while on the left mountain after mountain, all heavily wooded, though showing many a bare cliff or sculptured summit, filed away from foreground to distance in mighty ranks. A huge mass of storm cloud, sent down from the Bay

of St. Lawrence, was sweeping proudly across the sky from west to east. At some points it was inky black and quivering with lightning, at others it was white or gray, while on the edges of the thunderheads golden reflections from the hidden sun gleamed as the banners of the cloud army which slowly spread across the plains of blue. In the north there arose the dim outline of a high mountain. We knew that it must be very near to Cape North, and we fancied that from its summit Newfoundland's gloomy crags might be seen across the sea.

One of the nearer mountains attracted our notice by its strange outline. As it lay against a background of black cloud its profile of naked rock was sharply cut, and high up on its precipitous face a slender column of stone projected from the mass, as a ship's figurehead leans forward from the bows. It was like a human form poised over a black abyss, yet lifting its weak arms towards heaven. From among the nearer mountains a river could be seen winding towards the sea. It came along the foot of Smoky, spread into a landlocked basin, yet found a narrow channel for itself between a lighthouse and a bar, and so gained the outer bay. This outer bay was cut in twain by a slender rocky promontory, with picturesque outlines, high cliffs, and deep clefts in its side. On the northern margin of the farther bay was Ingonish village, and along the western border of the nearer bay — on the bar, in fact, or close to it and the lighthouse — was another hamlet, called Ingonish South Bay. It was to this nearer village at our feet that we looked with most interest, for it was our *ultima Thule*.

Frank Bolles.

THE HENRY.

ON the 21st of August, 1893, there assembled in Chicago an International Congress of Electricians, the transactions of which, while largely technical and scientific in their character, were in all respects important, and in some respects of great interest to the intelligent American public.

The organization of the Congress and preparations for holding it in connection with the World's Columbian Exposition were well under way before the conception, or at least the publication, of the scheme for a series of so-called "World's Congresses," the proceedings of which were brought prominently to the attention of the reading public during the past summer. The American Institute of Electrical Engineers was probably the first body to take action in reference to an Electrical Congress. Cordial coöperation existed between it and the Exposition authorities, and a large and representative advisory committee, embracing nearly all of the leading American electricians, together with many of the first rank from foreign countries, was organized, with Dr. Elisha Gray, of Chicago, as chairman.

It is not intended, in this article, to give an account of the Congress and its doings, but to refer to its organization and personnel only so far as is necessary to throw light upon the full intent and meaning of a single sentence in its Proceedings.

The number of representatives of foreign governments present was unexpectedly large, and the delegates were of the highest character. To one who has some familiarity with the literature of electricity it will suffice to mention the names of Von Helmholtz, Mascart, Preece, Rowland, Silvanus Thompson, Ferraris, Ayton, and Hospitalier, among the many who took part in the deliber-

ations of the Congress. The honorary president was Dr. H. von Helmholtz, whose splendid contributions to science cover so wide a field that he would have been easily first in congresses devoted to the consideration of several departments of human knowledge quite distinct and apart from that of electricity.

In its internal constitution the Congress differed in some particulars from all others held in Chicago, and a part of its work had more of an official and international character than that of any other. This was the consideration and official sanction of names and values of units of electrical measure.

Notwithstanding the fact that more than a hundred million dollars are invested in machines and instruments for the production and consumption of electricity and in their manufacture, little legislation has been had looking to the protection of producer and consumer through accurate measurement, as has long been recognized to be imperatively necessary in other commercial transactions. It is true that the science of electrical measurement has been thoroughly explored; excellent methods and instruments have been devised and constructed, and the most perfect system of units of measure ever conceived has been developed during the past quarter of a century. These units, being continually in use among scientific men, had come to be recognized as in some degree authoritative among those engaged in commercial applications of electricity. But in general no legal values were attached to these units, and in reference to two or three of them scientific men were not yet in entire accord in their nomenclature and definition. One or two electrical congresses, notably that at Paris in 1881, had previously considered these questions, and a tentative agreement upon

some of the points at issue had been reached; but not much was accomplished that was satisfactory and lasting, except that an incentive was created for further and more accurate investigation of the values of certain physical constants in doubt. The results of these investigations, and the general progress of the science of electricity during the past decade, were such as to justify the belief that the time had now arrived when an international agreement could be reached upon definitive values of the units desirable and necessary in electrical measurement, as well as upon the names they should bear. To this end it was desirable that the consideration of such important questions should be restricted to a smaller, more deliberative body than the general congress of electricians, the membership of which reached several hundred. It was therefore agreed to create what was technically known as the Chamber of Delegates, which, as its name implies, consisted of specially commissioned delegates from the several countries represented.

In this Chamber the United States, Great Britain, France, and Germany were allowed five delegates each. Some other nations were allowed three, others two, and some only one.

The members bore commissions from their respective governments, and twenty-six were actually in attendance, representing nine different nations. The four great nations named above had full delegations, some others were only partly represented, and two or three nations had appointed delegates who failed to reach Chicago in time for the meeting of the Congress. The Chamber met in regular session every day during the week of the International Congress, with Professor Rowland, of Johns Hopkins University, as its presiding officer. At the end it had unanimously agreed upon names and definitions for eight units of electrical measure, all that are thought to be necessary or desirable at the present

time, and no more are likely to receive consideration for some years to come. The Chamber passed a resolution recommending the official and authoritative adoption of these units by the several nations represented in the Congress. They are all primarily derived from the fundamental units of length, mass, and time of the metric system, and are thus interrelated in the simplest possible manner.

As already stated, it is not the purpose of this article to discuss the conclusions reached by the Chamber of Delegates from a scientific standpoint, but it will be desirable to name the units selected, and explain in a general way their technical significance. In the order of their adoption by the Chamber they are as follows: the ohm, the ampere, the volt, the coulomb, the farad, the joule, the watt, the henry.

These names are derived from those of distinguished scientific men, all worthy of a place in the front rank of modern physicists, and many of whom have made signal contributions to the advancement of the science of electricity and electrical measurement.

The *ohm* is the unit of resistance. It has been applied by common consent for many years to one of the three most important characteristics of a circuit conveying a current of electricity. Its use perpetuates the fame of the author of a simple and beautiful law by which these three fundamental elements are bound together.

G. S. Ohm was born in Bavaria in 1781, and educated at the University of Erlangen. In 1827 he published a pamphlet, *The Galvanic Circuit Investigated Mathematically*, containing what has since been universally known as "Ohm's law," and which has had a most important and far-reaching influence on the development of the theory and applications of electricity. Guided by Fourier's classic investigation of the flow of heat in conductors, Ohm, from purely theoretical considerations, arrived at the

conclusion that, in any circuit through which an electric current was made to pass, the strength of the current — that is, the quantity of electricity passing a given section of a conductor in one second of time — was directly proportional to the electro-motive force (often called the “electrical pressure”), and inversely proportional to its resistance. The importance of Ohm’s investigations was not recognized at the time of their publication. Had the full meaning of his conclusions been understood by those who shortly afterward engaged in the development of the electro-magnetic telegraph, they would have been guided to results which were reached only after much loss of time and money, and many vexatious and discouraging disappointments. In 1825, Barlow, in England, had declared the impossibility of the telegraph, owing to the difficulty of sending electric currents through long wires. It was noted that the strength of the current diminished greatly when the length of the conductor was increased, and this was properly assumed to be due to the greater *resistance* offered to the passage of the current by the increased length. Barlow suggested that this could be overcome only by enlarging the dimensions of the conductor, and that when a current was transmitted through any considerable distance the diameter of the wire must be enormous. For this reason, the electro-magnetic telegraph was an impracticable scheme. This apparently conclusive argument undoubtedly seriously delayed the progress of invention along that line. But, curiously enough, about the time Ohm in Europe was publishing a theoretical investigation which might have furnished the key to the solution of the problem, in America a young man, not yet thirty years of age, named Joseph Henry, had begun a series of experimental researches at Albany, New York, which did make the way entirely clear a few years later. Henry attacked the difficulty both as to cause

and effect. The effect was that when the conductor through which the current was passing was increased greatly in length, the strength of the current was so reduced that it was insufficient to operate the apparatus necessary for the reproduction of the signal at the receiving end. To meet this difficulty he investigated electro-magnets, and so improved upon the original device of Sturgeon that comparatively feeble currents were capable of producing mechanical effects through long wires. He also originated the ingenious device known as a “relay,” by means of which a local battery is put in operation by a main current of little strength, thus making local effects independent of the strength of the main line currents. By his invention of the “intensity magnet” and use of the “intensity battery” he made the electro-magnetic telegraph possible, and in 1831 he transmitted signals through a mile of wire, causing a bell to ring by the action of an electro-magnet. Out of this has grown the astounding network of wires, overhead, underground, and across the seas, by which the earth is girdled, and the existence of which has wrought more change in the treatment of social, political, and commercial problems than any other single fact of the present century. While many of the conclusions which Henry had experimentally reached were in harmony with and might have been deduced from Ohm’s law, to Ohm belongs the credit of having first clearly pointed out the real and exact meaning of “resistance,” and its relation to the other conditions of the circuit. The bestowal of his name upon the unit by which it is measured is a fitting recognition of the lasting value of his discovery.

The *ampere* is the unit of current. André Marie Ampère, born at Lyons, France, in 1775, must be regarded as the creator of the science of electrodynamics. In 1820, Oersted, the Dane, published his magnificent discovery of the effect of an electric current upon

a freely suspended magnet, thus establishing the relation between magnetism and electricity which many of the ablest philosophers had sought in vain for years. Ampère first heard of what was called the "Copenhagen experiment" on September 20, 1820. On the 18th of the same month he presented to the French Academy a paper in which he announced the fundamental principle of the science of electro-dynamics, together with a number of capital experiments in extension of Oersted's principle. In the incredibly short time of a single week he had gone all over Oersted's work, experimentally and theoretically; he had devised a new and ingenious hypothesis, for the examination of which he had invented novel forms of apparatus, and by means of which he had brought the whole subject within the domain of mathematical treatment. The history of the science of electricity shows nothing more brilliant than the work of that memorable week. To him who was first to show the action and reaction of currents upon each other, and at the same time furnish a rational and most useful hypothesis upon which the now rapidly growing theory of electromagnetism might be constructed, has long been freely accorded the high praise which is implied in calling the unit of current measure an ampere.

The beautifully simple law of Ohm, to which reference has already been made, and which is as omnipresent and omnipotent in electricity as is Newton's law of gravitation in astronomy and mechanics, is administered by and through a triumvirate. Two of the triad, namely, resistance and current, are presented above. The third, which is mathematically the product of these two, is the electro-motive force in the circuit, and its unit of measure is the *volt*. The appropriateness of this name will be at once recognized when the services of the distinguished Italian philosopher, Volta, the contemporary of Gal-

vani, are remembered. In his early youth Volta was considered dull, and he showed little promise of future distinction. His first awakening to intellectual activity manifested itself in a tendency to compose poetry, but from this he turned to experimental science; and when Galvani, in 1786, saw in the twitchings of the legs of a frog the beginning of a series of marvelous discoveries which have made the nineteenth century greater than any that have gone before, Volta was in the prime of life, thoroughly equipped by taste and experience to take up the subject at a point where his countryman seemed likely to leave it, and so enlarge and enrich it as almost to make it entirely his own.

Differing from Galvani as to the cause of what was long called "galvanism," he originated what is known as the "contact theory," and was the first to have clear ideas of what is now termed "electro-motive force." His theory led him to the construction of the voltaic pile or battery, which has been of incalculable value in the development of the science of electricity and its applications. It happens that the unit of measure, one volt, is very nearly the electro-motive force of one cell of Volta's battery, being a little less than that of an ordinary sulphate of copper ("bluestone") cell.

These, the ohm, the ampere, and the volt, are the three fundamental units of electrical measurement. They are related to one another through Ohm's law, and, as other units are largely derived from them, it will be useful to illustrate this relation before proceeding further. For this purpose, perhaps nothing is better than the well-known and oft-repeated comparison of the flow of a current of electricity in a conductor to the flow of a stream of water through a pipe. When water flows from a reservoir through a pipe, the quantity which passes any point in the pipe in one second (current strength) depends on the height of the reservoir above the outlet, — that is,

on the "head" or pressure under which it flows, — and also on the resistance which the pipe offers to its motion. The greater the pressure the greater the flow, and the greater the resistance the less the flow. The strength of the current is, therefore, directly proportional to the pressure, and inversely proportional to the resistance. If, in this statement, "electro-motive force" be substituted for "pressure," it becomes Ohm's law. When these elements are measured in the units given above, the electro-motive force in volts, the resistance in ohms, and the current in amperes, the law is expressed very simply by saying that the "current is equal to the electro-motive force divided by the resistance."

Thus, if the electro-motive force be one volt, and the resistance of the circuit be one ohm, the current will be one ampere. In an ordinary incandescent electric lamp, the electro-motive force may be about one hundred and ten volts, the resistance of the carbon filament when hot about one hundred and seventy-five ohms, and the current must therefore be about six tenths of an ampere.

The unit of quantity is the *coulomb*. Charles Augustus Coulomb was a French engineer who made important contributions to science during the latter half of the last century. His character is well shown by the fact that he submitted to imprisonment rather than make a favorable report upon a proposed system of canals which he examined as a royal commissioner, and which he could not approve. His ingenious invention, the torsion balance, enabled him to measure exceedingly small forces with an accuracy hitherto unknown in science; and by its use he made many brilliant researches in electricity, the first in which exact measurement played an important part. A coulomb is the quantity of electricity transferred by a current of one ampere in one second.

The unit of capacity is the *farad*. The name of Faraday might with propriety have attached to more than one unit of electrical measure. His remarkable career, as a newsboy, a bookbinder's apprentice, an intensely interested listener to the lectures of Sir Humphry Davy, Davy's helper, later his assistant, and finally his successor at the head of the Royal Institution in London, is so generally known that reference to it is hardly necessary. In the history of electricity, three splendid discoveries stand incomparably above all others. With the first the names of Galvani and Volta are associated, in the discovery of the new electricity and the means of generating it. In the second, Oersted and Ampère united in laying the foundation of the science of electro-magnetism. The third was the discovery of "induction," in which Faraday and Joseph Henry made possible the marvelous development of the last two decades.

But every branch of the subject was enriched by Faraday, and among his most brilliant investigations are those relating to the "capacity of condensers," and especially the influence of the dielectric.

If an insulated conductor is charged with electricity, the quantity which exists upon it will depend on the potential and the capacity of the conductor. It is exactly as if one spoke of the quantity of water in a lake or pond as depending on the depth (pressure, or "potential") and the area of the bottom (capacity). If two conductors are near each other, but separated by a comparatively thin layer of air, glass, shellac, or other dielectric, the "capacity" of the combination is much greater than that of either of the conductors, and it is known as a "condenser." The well-known Leyden jar is a common type. In speaking of the "potential" to which a condenser is charged, the word is used very much in the same sense as "electro-motive force" in what has gone before. Potential, therefore, may be, and constantly is, expressed in volts. The unit of capacity, the farad,

is the capacity of a condenser which is charged to a potential of one volt by one coulomb of electricity.

To continue the analogy already used, the unit of capacity (area of bottom) for vessels holding water might be defined as that which would require unit depth to hold unit quantity.

The *joule* is the unit of work. The name of James Prescott Joule will forever be associated with the most splendid generalization of the present age, namely, the principle of the conservation of energy. Through his interest in electromagnetism, and especially by his investigation of the efficiency of electric motors, he was led to the consideration of the correlation of the various forces of nature, and associated with Professor William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, he executed a remarkable series of experiments affording cumulative proof of the indestructibility of energy. With great appropriateness his name has been given to the unit of work. It is related directly and simply to the "erg," which is the unit of work of the centimetre-gramme-second system. Reference has already been made to the fact that when a current of electricity is passed through a conductor heat is generated, the amount depending on the resistance of the conductor and the strength of the current. This heat is the equivalent of the energy electrically expended. The joule is the energy expended in one second by a current of one ampere passing through a resistance of one ohm. In the common incandescent or glow lamp, the energy expended as heat in the carbon filament is about 63 joules in every second.

In addition to the unit of work, it is also extremely desirable to have a unit of *rate* of work, or, as it has been called by many writers, "activity," but which is more commonly expressed by the word "power." It is only natural that the name of one who was the first to recognize the necessity for a quantitative

evaluation of the rate at which energy was absorbed, and to give numerical expression to it in the definition of the *horse power*, should be given to the new unit. The *watt* is also simply related to the centimetre-gramme-second unit of power, and is defined as work done at the rate of one joule per second. The rate of expenditure of energy in the glow lamp already quoted would be 63 watts. One horse power is equal to about 746 watts. When Watt came to Glasgow, he was prevented from securing work as a mathematical-instrument maker by the action of the trades-unions of that time. Fortunately, the door of the great university was opened to him, and there, in the capacity of maker and repairer of instruments and apparatus, his genius received its first encouragement and development. Although by education and training rather a practical than a scientific man, he possessed the true scientific insight to an unusual degree, and is eminently worthy of the associates among whom he is here placed.

The foregoing somewhat lengthy and detailed account of the history and origin of seven of the eight units of electrical measure recently adopted by the International Congress has been thought desirable, if not necessary, to a full understanding of their relation, historically and otherwise, to the eighth and last, the name of which is the title of this article.

Most Americans are more or less familiar with the name and fame of Joseph Henry. To many he is known, however, only as the first secretary of the Smithsonian Institution. Giving a broad and liberal interpretation to the somewhat vague language of the will of its founder, Henry moulded the institution, while it was yet plastic and without traditions, into the form in which it has since essentially existed. He directed its energies into channels very different from those that would have been selected by one whose horizon was narrower than his, and, by steadfastly adhering to his

own splendid conception of its functions as an instrument "for the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men," he made of it an organization which is, and must perpetually be, a benefit and a blessing to all mankind. Others, a smaller number, think of him as the youthful professor of mathematics and natural philosophy in the Albany Academy, where, in spite of the seven solid hours of teaching each day required of him, he found time to begin the series of researches in electro-magnetism which in later years were to make him famous. Here, and at the College of New Jersey at Princeton, to which he was shortly transferred, he is seen pursuing these researches with that clearness of vision which characterized his work along all lines, and with an extraordinary fruitfulness which goes only with great intellectual activity accompanied by unflinching honesty of purpose. For fourteen years at Princeton, where he discharged the duties of professor of natural philosophy with signal success, he continued his original investigations, which, while touching many of the more important branches of physical science, were in general related to his favorite subjects, electricity and magnetism. At the end of this period, when at the very highest development of his powers, he was transferred to that larger field of activity and usefulness which was offered by the new institution at Washington, to enter which he knowingly, and against the wishes of many of his friends, abandoned the practically assured prospect of lasting fame as one of the three or four most distinguished physicists of the present century. During these years the work was done which justifies and demands the recognition accorded to it in bestowing upon Henry the high honor of a place in the galaxy of famous physicists whose names will be perpetuated in the metrological nomenclature of all modern languages. In much of this work he was running on

lines parallel to those followed by an English philosopher who is doubtless justly entitled to be considered as the first experimental physicist of the present age. Although older by several years than Henry, Faraday began his series of memorable investigations in electricity about the time Henry presented his first papers on the same subject before the Albany Institute, a local scientific society of which he was a member. From this time forward they were often "treading upon each other's heels." In the early thirties great scientific discoveries were not announced in all parts of the world within twenty-four hours of their making, as is done to-day, thanks to the labor of these same two philosophers, who, sixty years ago, owing to infrequent communication across the sea and scanty means of publication on either side, were often ignorant of an important advance for some years after it had been made. Henry's innate modesty made him slow to recognize, at least to acknowledge, the value of what he did, and there is no doubt that he lost much in the way of general recognition by his failure to bring the results of his investigations promptly to the attention of the scientific public. Indeed, it was sometimes the urgency of his friends, more jealous than himself of his scientific reputation, that secured the tardy publication of important papers. At that date, far removed both in space and time from the centre of scientific activity, he often contended with the discouraging yet natural and almost necessary fact that some of his finest work had been anticipated by those who had the start of him in time, and the advantage in facilities and resources.

On August 30, 1831, Faraday made his splendid discovery of electro-magnetic induction. Before this time Henry had investigated the conditions necessary to the production of a strong magnetic field, and had constructed by far the most powerful magnet known up to

that day. Ignorant of Faraday's work, he planned and began in August, 1831, a series of experiments with a still more powerful magnet, having in view the discovery of a *method of producing electricity from magnetism* which Faraday was then on the eve of making. But, as already stated, his duties in the Academy were exacting, and, being interrupted, he was prevented from returning to the subject for nearly a year. In the mean time news of Faraday's discovery had crossed the ocean, a meagre account of his results having reached Henry some time early in the summer of 1832. He at once took up the subject, and by the aid of his powerful apparatus was enabled to produce striking verifications and extensions of Faraday's conclusions. A description of these experiments was published in Silliman's American Journal of Science for July, 1832, and the article contains the first announcement of a most important discovery, in which he anticipated Faraday by several years. "Ik Marvel" wrote a sentence in Dream Life, which has been an inspiration to many a young man, "There is no genius in life like the genius of energy and industry;" and if the genius is to develop in the direction of experimental science he might well have added, "and the genius of attention to apparently unimportant, accidental phenomena." It was this trait that was so highly developed in his character, this anxious solicitude that nothing, however trivial it might at the time seem, should escape without note, that brought to Henry the honor of the discovery of *self-induction*.

Faraday had found that when a current of electricity through one circuit was started, or stopped, or altered in strength, a current would be induced in a neighboring circuit; but the induction of a part of the circuit upon another

part, or self-induction, had escaped him. Henry saw it in the interesting and previously unobserved fact that if the poles of a battery of no very great power be connected by a long wire, and the circuit be suddenly broken, a spark will be produced at the point of interruption, while if the connecting wire be short a spark will not be produced. He also noted that the effect was increased by coiling the wire into a helix, and he remarked, at the close of the article describing these experiments, "I can account for these phenomena only by supposing the long wire to become charged with electricity, which, by its *reaction on itself*, projects a spark when the connection is broken."¹

This was a capital observation, but, although published in 1832, it was apparently unknown to Faraday, who rediscovered the fact a few years later, and announced it as new. As a matter of fact, it appears that Faraday did not himself observe the fundamental phenomenon, but that his attention was called to it by a friend. His announcement was made in the Philosophical Magazine in 1834, and in a communication to the Royal Society in 1835 he extended and enlarged upon the observation.

In much that he had done, however, he had been anticipated by Henry, who, although greatly interrupted in his original investigations by his removal from Albany to Princeton, had himself taken up the phenomenon of self-induction and made an interesting research.

As time and opportunity allowed Henry continued his electrical investigations during the years that followed. He was the first to obtain induction from induced currents, and he made a classic investigation of mutual induction, and of currents of the second, third, fourth, and higher orders. In addition to his discovery of self-induction, his researches

that the observation was really made before the discovery of induction by Faraday.

¹ There is good reason for believing that Henry had observed this phenomenon at a much earlier date than that of publication, and

on the inductive effects of transient currents, on magnetic screening, and especially on the oscillations of the electric discharge were on new lines and of the highest order. The investigation of the oscillations of an electric discharge, one of the most important of all, was almost unrecognized until nearly a half century had elapsed. It was published in the Proceedings of the American Philosophical Society in 1842. In it he says, "The phenomena require us to admit the existence of a *principal discharge in one direction, and then several reflex actions, backward and forward, each more feeble than the preceding, until the equilibrium is obtained.*"

Two years later Helmholtz wrote, "We assume that the discharge is not a simple motion of the electricity in one direction, but a backward and forward motion between the coatings, in oscillation, which become continually smaller, until the entire *vis viva* is destroyed by the sum of the resistances;" and in 1853 Professor W. Thomson published in the Philosophical Magazine a mathematical investigation of Transient Electric Currents, developing an equation in which "the whole theory is packed up." Concerning the influence of Henry's discoveries on the marvelous progress of electricity during the past five or ten years, it may be well to rest upon the opinion of one of England's leading electricians, who, in the preface to a recent volume on one of the latest phases of electrical development, writes as follows:—

"At the head of this long line of illustrious investigators stand preëminent the names of Faraday and Henry. On the foundation stones of truth laid down by them all subsequent builders have been content to rest. The Experimental Researches of the one have been the guide of the experimentalist no less than the instructor of the student, since their orderly and detailed statements, alike of triumphant discovery and of

suggestive failure, make them independent of any commentator. The Scientific Writings of Henry deserve hardly less careful study, for in them we have not only the lucid explanations of the discoverer, but the suggestions and ideas of a most profound and inventive mind, and which indicate that Henry had early touched levels of discovery only just recently becoming fully worked."¹

That one whose work is so highly esteemed should have been selected for honor in the International Chamber of Delegates is not surprising. It was also eminently fitting that his name should be given to the unit of induction.

As already intimated, the strength of the induced current depends on the rapidity with which that of the inducing current is altered. The sudden stopping of a current must be regarded as decrease at a very rapid rate, and the starting of a current as increase at a rapid rate. It is during the most rapid changes in the strength of the inducing current that the strength of the induced current is greatest, and when a current is once established and flowing at a uniform rate no induction takes place. The unit of induction, the *henry*, is the induction in a circuit when the electro-motive force induced is one volt, while the inducing current varies at the rate of one ampere per second.

It was gratifying to the American delegates in the Chamber at Chicago that the motion to adopt "henry" as the name of this unit came from Professor Mascart, the distinguished leader of the French delegation, for among the French, some years ago, another name, the "quadrant" or "quad," had been proposed, and since that time much used; that it was seconded by one of the leading delegates from England, Professor Ayrton, who had himself, a few years ago, proposed the word "sec-ohm" as

¹ Fleming, The Alternate Current Transformer in Theory and Practice, vol. i., London, 1889.

being a proper name for the unit of induction, a proposition which for a time found much favor; and finally, that it received the unanimous approval of the entire Chamber, thus furnishing a testimonial of the highest order of the esti-

mation in which the work of Joseph Henry is held, and a recognition of his rank as a natural philosopher which some of his own countrymen had been somewhat tardy to appreciate and acknowledge.

T. C. Mendenhall.

ACHILLES IN ORCUS.

FROM thy translucent waves, great Thetis, rise!
 Mother divine, hear, and take back the gift
 Thou gavest me of valor and renown,
 And then seek Zeus, but not with loosened zone
 For dalliance; entreat him to restore
 Me, Achilles, to the earth, to the black earth,
 The nourisher of men, not these pale shades,
 Whose shapes have learned the presage of thy doom;
 They flit between me and the wind-swept plain
 Of Troy, the banners over Ilion's walls,
 The zenith of my prowess, and my fate.
 Give me again the breath of life, not death.
 Would I could tarry in the timbered tent,
 As when I wept Patroclus, when, by night,
 Old Priam crept, kissing my knees with tears
 For Hector's corse, the hero I laid low.
 My panoply was like the gleam of fire
 When in the dust I dragged him at my wheels,
 My heart was iron,—he despoiled my friend.
 Cast on these borders of eternal gloom,
 Now comes Odysseus with his wandering crew;
 He pours libations in the deep-dug trench,
 While airy forms in multitudes press near,
 And listen to the echoes of my praise.
 His consolation vain, he hails me, "Prince!"
 Vain is his speech: "No man before thy time,
 Achilles, lived more honored; here thou art
 Supreme, the ruler in these dread abodes."
 Speak not so easily to me of death,
 Great Odysseus! Rather would I be
 The meanest hind, and bring the bleating lambs
 From down the grassy hills, or with a goad
 To prod the hungry swine in beechen woods,
 Than over the departed to bear sway,
 Then from the clouds to note the warning cry
 Of the harsh crane; to see the Pleiades rise,
 The vine and fig-tree shoot, the olive bud;

To hear the chirping swallows in the dawn,
 The thieving cuckoo laughing in the leaves!
 So, may Achilles leave his palace gate,
 And later heroes strike Achilles' lyre!

Elizabeth Stoddard.

THREE COMMANDMENTS IN THE VULGAR TONGUE.

I.

"READ on, Pierre," the sick man said, doubling a corner of the wolfskin pillow so that it shaded his face from the candle.

Pierre smiled to himself, thinking of the unusual nature of his occupation, raised an eyebrow as if to some one sitting at the other side of the fire, — though the room was empty save for the two, — and went on reading: —

"Woe to the multitude of many people, which make a noise like the noise of the seas; and to the rushing of nations, that make a rushing like the rushing of mighty waters!"

"The nations shall rush like the rushing of many waters: but God shall rebuke them, and they shall flee far off, and shall be chased as the chaff of the mountains before the wind, and like a rolling thing before the whirlwind."

"And behold at eveningtide trouble; and before the morning he is not. This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us."

The sick man put up his hand, motioning for silence, and Pierre, leaving the Bible open, laid it at his side. Then he fell to studying the figure on the couch. The body, though reduced by a sudden illness, had an appearance of late youth, a firmness of mature manhood; but the hair was gray, the beard was grizzled, and the face was furrowed and seamed as though the man had lived a long, hard life. The body seemed thirty years old, the head sixty; the man's exact

age was forty-five. His most singular characteristic was a fine, almost spiritual intelligence, which showed in the dewy brightness of the eye, in the lighted face, in the cadenced definiteness of his speech. One would have said, knowing nothing of him, that he was a hermit, but again, catching the rich, graceful outlines of his body, that he was a soldier; and thereupon would have come confusion, for the two things appeared so at variance. Within the past twenty-four hours he had had a fight for life with one of the terrible "colds" which, like an unstayed plague, close up the courses of the body, and carry a man out of the hurly-burly, without pause to say how much or how little he cares to go.

Pierre, whose rude skill in medicine was got of hard experiences here and there, had helped him back into the world again, and was himself now a little astonished at acting as Scripture reader to a Protestant invalid. But the Bible was the Bible, after all, though it had not been a close companion of his for very many years. Still, it was like his childhood itself, always in his bones, and Old Testament history was like wine to his blood; it had primitive man, adventure, mysterious and exalted romance. These lofty tales sang in his veins, and so, with a rich interest, he had read for nearly an hour to Fawdor, who held this post of the Hudson's Bay Company in the outer wilderness. He had arrived at the post three days before, to find a half-breed trapper and an Indian helpless before the sickness which was

hurrying to close on John Fawdor's heart and clamp it in the vise of death. He had come just in time. He was now ready to learn, by what ways the future should show, why this man, of such unusual force and power, should have lived at a post in Labrador for twenty-five years.

"*This is the portion of them that spoil us, and the lot of them that rob us.*" Fawdor repeated the words slowly, and then said, "It is good to be out of the world. Do you know the secret of life, Pierre?"

Pierre's fingers unconsciously dropped on the Bible at his side, drumming the leaves. His eyes wandered over Fawdor's face, and presently he answered, "To keep your own commandments."

"The ten?" asked the sick man, pointing to the Bible.

Pierre's fingers closed the book. "Not the ten, for they do not fit all; but one by one to make your own, and never to break — *comme ça!*"

"The answer is good," returned Fawdor; "but what is the greatest commandment that a man can make for himself?"

"Who can tell? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day,' when a man lives where he does not know the days? What is the good of saying, 'Thou shalt not steal,' when a man has no heart to rob, and there is nothing to steal? But a man should have a heart, an eye for justice. It is good for him to make his commandments against that wherein he is a fool or has a devil. Justice, — that is the thing."

"'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor'?" asked Fawdor softly.

"Yes, like that. But a man must put it in his own words, and keep the law which he makes. Then life does not give a bad taste in the mouth."

"What commandments have you made for yourself, Pierre?"

The slumbering fire in Pierre's face leaped up. He felt for an instant as his father, a chevalier of France, might have felt if a peasant had fingered the orders upon his breast. It touched his native pride, so little shown in anything else. But he knew how the question was meant, and the meaning justified the man.

"*Thou shalt think with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*" He paused.

"Justice and mercy," said the voice from the bed.

"*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket.*" Again Pierre paused.

"And a man shall not need to fear his friend," said the voice again.

The pause was longer this time, and Pierre's cold, handsome face took on a kind of softness before he said, "*Remember thine own wife and her sorrow.*"

"It is a good commandment," said the voice, "to make all women safe, whether they be true — or foolish."

"The strong should be ashamed to prey upon the weak. Pshaw! such a sport ends in nothing. Man only is man's game."

Suddenly Pierre added, "When you thought you were going to die, you gave me some papers and letters to take to Quebec. You will get well. Shall I give them back? Will you take them yourself?"

Fawdor understood. Pierre wished to know his story. He reached out a hand, saying, "I will take them myself. You have not read them?"

"No. I was not to read them till you died — *bien?*" He handed the packet over.

"I will tell you the story," Fawdor said, turning over on his side, so that his face was full on Pierre.

He did not begin at once. An Esquimaux dog, of the finest and yet wildest breed, stretched itself at the fire, opened its red eyes at the two men, and then, slowly rising, went to the door and sniffed at the cracks. Then it turned, and be-

gan pacing around the room like a lion in its cage. Every little while it would stop, sniff the air, and go on again. Once or twice, also, as it passed the couch of the sick man, it paused, and at last it suddenly rose, rested two feet on the rude headboard of the couch, and pushed its nose against the invalid's head. There was something rarely savage and yet beautifully soft in the dog's face, scarred as it was by the whips of earlier owners. The man's hand went up and caressed the wolfish head. "Good dog, good Akim!" Fawdor said softly in French. "Thou dost know when a storm is on the way; thou dost know, too, when there is a storm in my heart."

Even as he spoke a wind came crying round the house, and the parchment windows gave forth a soft booming sound. Outside, nature, as it seemed, was trembling lightly in all its nerves, so that belated herons were disturbed from the freshly frozen pool, and on tardy wings swept away into the night and to the south; and a herd of wolves, trooping by the hut, passed from a short, easy trot to a low, long gallop, devouring, yet fearful too. It appeared as if the earth were trying to speak, and the speaking gave it pain, from which came awe and terror to living things.

So, inside the house, also, Pierre almost shrank from the unknown sorrow of this man beside him, who was now, he knew, about to speak out of the mystery of life. The solitary places do not make men glib of tongue; rather, spare of words. They whose tragedy lies in the capacity to suffer greatly, being given the woe of imagination, bring forth inner history as a mother gasps life into this world.

"I was only a boy of twenty-one," Fawdor said from the pillow, as he watched the dog noiselessly pacing from corner to corner, "and I had been with the Company three years. They had said that I could rise fast; I had done so. I was ambitious; yet I take comfort in think-

ing that I saw only one way to it, — by patience, industry, and much thinking. I read a great deal, and cared for what I read; but I observed, also, that in dealing with men I might serve myself and the Company wisely.

"One day the governor of the Company came from England, and with him his young niece, a sweet lady, and her brother. They arranged for a tour to the Great Lakes, and I was chosen to go with them in command of the boatmen. It appeared as if a great chance had come to me, and so said the factor at Lachine on the morning we set forth. The girl was as winsome as you can think; not of such wonderful beauty, but with a face that would be finer old than young; and a dainty trick of humor had she as well. The governor was a testy man; he could not bear to be crossed in a matter; yet, in spite of all, I did not think he had a willful hardness. It was a long journey, and we were set to our wits to make it always interesting; but we did it, somehow, for there were fishing and shooting, and adventure of one sort and another, and the lighter things, such as singing and the telling of tales as the boatmen rowed on the river. We talked of many things as we traveled, and I was glad to listen to the governor, for he had seen and read much. It was clear that he liked to have us hang upon his tales and his grand speeches, which seemed a little large in the mouth, and his nephew, who had a mind for raillery, was now and again guilty of some witty impertinence; but this was hard to bring home to him, for he had a fine childlike look when he pleased. Towards the last he grew bolder, and said many a biting thing both to the governor and myself, which more than once turned his sister's face pale with apprehension, for she had a nice sense of politeness. Whenever the talk was at all general, it was his delight to turn one against the other. Though I was wary and the girl understood, at last he had his way.

"I knew Shakespeare and the Bible very well, and, like most bookish young men, phrase and motto were much on my tongue, though not always given forth. One evening, as we drew to the camp fire, a deer broke from the woods and ran straight through the little circle we were making, and disappeared in the bushes by the riverside. Some one ran for a rifle; but the governor forbade, adding with an air something with philosophical point. I, proud of the chance to show I was not a mere backwoodsman at such a game, capped the aphorism with a line from Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*.

"*'Tut, tut!'* said the governor smartly. *'You have n't it well, Mr. Fawdor; it goes this way,'* and he went on to set me right. His nephew at that stepped in, with a little disdainful laugh at me, and said something galling. I might have known better than to let it pique me, but I spoke up again that I was not wrong, yet, as I think, with some respect. It appeared to me all at once as if some principle were at stake, and I were the champion of our Shakespeare, so will vanity delude us.

"The governor — I can see it as if it were yesterday — seemed to go like ice, for he mightily loved to be thought wise in all such things as well as in great business affairs, and his nephew was there to give an edge to the affair. He said, curtly, that I would probably come on better in the world if I were more exact and less cock-a-hoop with myself. That stung me, for not only was the young lady looking on, as I thought, with a sort of superior pity, but her brother was saying something to himself with a provoking smile. I saw no reason why I should be treated like a schoolboy. As far as my knowledge went it was as good as another man's, were he young or old, so I came in quickly with my reply. I said that his excellency should find me more cock-a-hoop with Shakespeare than with myself. *'Well, well,'* he answered,

with a hardening look, *'our Company has need of great men for hard tasks.'* To this I made no reply, for I got a warning look from the young lady, — a look which had a sort of reproach, and command too. She knew the twists and turns of his temper, and how he was jealous in little things. The matter dropped for the time; but as the governor was going to his tent for the night, the young lady said to me hurriedly, *'My uncle is a man of great reading — and power, Mr. Fawdor. I would set it right with him, if I were you.'* For the moment I was ashamed. You cannot guess how fine an eye she had, and how her voice stirred one! She said no more, but stepped inside her tent; and then I heard the brother say, over my shoulder, *'O why should the spirit of mortal be proud!'* Afterwards, with a little laugh and a backward wave of the hand, as one might toss a greeting to a beggar, he was gone, also. I was left alone."

Fawdor paused. The dog had lain down by the fire again, but its red eyes were blinking at the door, and now and again it growled softly, and the long hair at its mouth seemed to shiver with some feeling. Suddenly there rang through the night a loud, barking cry. The dog's mouth opened in a noiseless snarl, showing its keen, long teeth, and a ridge of hair bristled on its back. But the two men made no sign or motion. The cry of wild-cats was no new thing to them. Then, too, it fitted in with the story, for Pierre felt that there was a misery of some kind on the way.

Presently the other went on: "I sat by the fire and heard beasts howl like that, I listened to the river churning over the rapids below, and I felt all at once a loneliness that turned me sick. There were three people in a tent near me; I could even hear the governor's breathing; but I appeared to have no part in the life of any human being, as if I were a kind of outlaw of God and man. I was poor; I had no friends; I was at

the mercy of this great Company ; if I died, there was not a human being who, so far as I knew, would shed a tear. Well, you see I was only a boy, and I suppose it was the spirit of youth hungering for the huge, active world, and the society of men who had also the fever of ambition. There is no one so lonely as the young dreamer on the brink of life.

"I was lying by the fire. It was not a cold night, and that was why, when not knowing, I fell asleep at last without covering. I did not wake till morning, and then it was to find the governor's nephew building up the fire again. 'Those who are born great,' he said, 'are bound to rise.' But perhaps he saw that I had had a bad night, and felt that he had gone far enough, for he presently said, in a tone I liked, 'Take my advice, Mr. Fawdor ; make it right with my uncle. It is n't so fast rising in the Company that you can afford to quarrel with its governor. I'd go on the other tack : don't be too honest.' I thanked him, and no more was said ; but I liked him better, for I saw that he was one of those who take pleasure in dropping nettles more to see the weakness of human nature than from malice.

"But my good fortune had got a twist, and it was not to be straightened that day ; and because it was not straightened then it was not to be at all, for at five o'clock we came to the post at Lachine, and here the governor and the others were to stop. During all the day I had waited for my chance to say a word of apology to his excellency, but it was no use ; nothing seemed to help me, for he was busy with his papers and notes, and I also had to finish up my reports. The hours went by, and I saw my chances drift past. I knew that the governor held the thing against me, and not the less because he saw me more than once that day in speech with his niece ; for she appeared anxious to cheer me, and indeed I think, I know, that we might

have got to be excellent friends, had our ways run together ; and she could have been my friend without shame to herself, for I had come of an old family in Scotland, the Sheplaws of Canfire, which she knew, as did the governor too, was a more ancient family than his own. Yet her kindness that day worked me no good, and I went far to make it worse, since, under the spell of her gentleness, I looked at her far from distantly, and at the last, as she was getting from the boat, returned the pressure of her hand with much interest. I suppose something of the pride of that moment leaped up in my eye, for I saw the governor's face harden a little more, and the brother shrugged a shoulder. I was too young to see or know that the chief thing in the girl's mind was regret that I had hurt my chances so ; for she knew, as I saw only too well afterwards, that I might have been rewarded with a leaping promotion in honor of the success of the journey. But though the boatmen got a gift of money and tobacco and spirits, nothing came to me save the formal thanks of the governor, as he bowed me from his presence. Of course he would not offer me money, for I was an officer of the Company, but there were other ways.

"The nephew came to me with his sister, and so there was little said between her and me, and it was a long, long time before she knew the end of that day's business. But the brother said, 'You've let the chance go by, Mr. Fawdor. Better luck next time, eh ? And,' he went on, 'I'd give a hundred editions the lie, but I'd read the text according to my chief officer. The words of a king are always wise while his head is on,' declared he further, and he drew from his scarf a pin of pearls and handed it to me. 'Will you wear that for me, Mr. Fawdor ?' he asked ; and I, who had thought him but a stripling with a saucy pride, grasped his hand and said a God-keep-you. It does me good now to think

I said it, for reasons of which I will tell you by and by. I did not see him or his sister again.

"The next day was Sunday. About two o'clock I was sent for by the governor. When I got to the post and was admitted to him, I saw that my misadventure was not over. 'Mr. Fawdor,' said he coldly, spreading out a map on the table before him, 'you will start at once for Fort Ungava, at Ungava Bay, in Labrador.' I felt my heart stand still for a moment, and then surge up and down, like a piston rod under a sudden rush of steam. 'You will proceed now,' he went on, in his hard voice, 'as far as the village of Pont Croix. There you will find three Indians awaiting you. You will go on with them as far as Point St. Saviour and camp for the night, for if the Indians remain in the village they may get drunk. The next morning, at sunrise, you will move on. The Indians know the trail across Labrador to Fort Ungava. When you reach there, you will take command of the post and remain till further orders. Your clothes are already at the village. I have had them packed, and you will find there also what is necessary for the journey. The factor at Ungava was there ten years; he has gone — to heaven.'

"I cannot tell what it was that held my tongue silent, that made me only bow my head and press my lips together. I knew I was pale, for as I turned to leave the room I caught sight of my face in a little mirror tacked on the door, and I hardly recognized myself.

"'Good-day, Mr. Fawdor,' said the governor, handing me the map. 'There is some brandy in your stores; be careful that none of your Indians get it. If they try to desert, you know what to do. Good-day.' Then he turned, and began to speak with the factor.

"For me, I went from that room like a man condemned to die. Fort Ungava in Labrador, — a thousand miles away, over a barren, savage country, and in

winter, too; for it would be winter there immediately. It was an exile to Siberia, and far worse than Siberia; for there are many exiles there, and I was likely to be the only white man at Fort Ungava. As I passed from the door of the post, the words of Shakespeare which had brought all this about sang in my ears."

"*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman,*" said Pierre softly.

II.

"The journey to the village of Pont Croix was that of a man walking over graves. Every step sent a pang to my heart, — a boy of twenty-one, grown old in a moment. It was not that I was a little lame from a hurt got on the expedition with the governor, but my whole life seemed suddenly lamed, and I did not think of the physical pains before me in my exile. Why did I go? Ah, you do not know how discipline gets into a man's bones, — the pride, the indignant pride of obedience. At that hour I swore that I should myself be the governor of that Company one day, — the boast of loud-hearted youth. I had angry visions, I dreamed absurd dreams, but I did not think of disobeying. It was an unheard-of journey at such a time, but I swore that I would do it, that it should go into the records of the Company.

"I reached the village, found the Indians, and at once moved on to the settlement where we were to stay that night. Then my knee began to pain me. I feared inflammation, so in the dead of night I walked back to the village, roused a trader of the Company, got some liniment and other trifles, and arrived again at St. Saviour before dawn. My few clothes and necessities came in the course of the morning, and at noon we started on the path to exile.

"I remember that we came to a lofty point on the St. Lawrence just before

we plunged into the woods, to see the great stream no more. I stood and looked back up the river towards the point where Lachine lay. All that went to make the life of a Company's man possible was there; and there, too, were those with whom I had tented and traveled for three long months, — eaten with them, cared for them, used up for them all the woodcraft that I knew. I could not think that it would be a young man's lifetime before I set eyes on that scene again. Never from that day to this have I seen the broad, sweet river where I spent the three happiest years of my life. I can see now the tall shining heights of Quebec, the pretty, wooded Island of Orleans, the winding channel, so deep, so strong. The sun was three fourths of its way down in the west, and already the sky was taking on the deep red and purple of autumn. Somehow, the thing that struck me most in the scene was a bunch of pines, solemn and quiet, their tops burnished by the afternoon light. I keep that clear yet, for it seemed so like my life, with the last light of my young day shining on my sick heart. Tears would have been easy then. But my anger would not let me. Besides, there were my Indians waiting, and the long journey must be begun. Then, perhaps because there was none nearer to make farewell to, or I know not why, I waved my hand towards the village of Lachine, and, with the sweet maid in my mind who had so gently parted from me yesterday, I said, 'Good-by, and God bless you.' "

He paused. Pierre handed him a wooden cup, from which he drank, and then he continued: —

"The journey went forward. You have seen the country. You know what it is: those bare ice-plains and rocky unfenced fields stretching to all points, the heaving wastes of treeless country, the harsh frozen lakes. God knows what insupportable horror would have settled on me in that pilgrimage had

it not been for occasional glimpses of a gentler life, for the deer and caribou which crossed our path. Upon my soul, I was so full of gratitude and love at the sight that I could have thrown my arms round their necks and kissed them. I could not raise a gun at them. My Indians did that, and so inconstant is the human heart that I ate heartily of the meat. My Indians were almost less companionable to me than any animal would have been. Try as I would, I could not bring myself to like them, and I feared only too truly that they did not like me. Indeed, I soon saw that they meant to desert me, — kill me, perhaps, if they could, although I trusted in the wholesome fear which the Indian has of the Hudson's Bay Company. I was not sure that they were guiding me right, and I had to threaten death if they tried to mislead me or desert me, — went so far, indeed, as to trifle with the trigger of my pistol. My knee at times was painful, and cold, hunger, and incessant watchfulness wore on me vastly. Yet I did not yield to my miseries, for I am of Scotch blood, and there entered into me then not only the spirit of endurance, but something of that sacred pride in suffering which was the merit of my Covenanting forefathers.

"We were four months on that bitter travel, and I do not know how it could have been made at all had it not been for the deer that I had heart to eat, and none to kill. The days got shorter and shorter, and we were sometimes eighteen hours in absolute darkness. Thus you can imagine how slowly we went. Thank God, we could sleep, hid away in our fur bags, more often without a fire than with one, — mere mummies stretched out on a vast coverlet of white, with the peering, unfriendly sky above us; though it must be said that through all those many weeks no cloud perched in the zenith. When there was light there was sun, and the courage of it entered into our bones, helping to save us. You may think me

made feeble-minded by my sufferings, but I tell you plainly that, in the closing days of our journey, I used to see a tall figure walking beside me, who, whenever I would have spoken to him, laid a finger on his lips; but when I would have fallen, he spoke to me, always in the same words. You have heard of him, the Scarlet Hunter of the Kimash Hills. It was he, the Wanderer, the Sentinel of the North, the Lover of the Lost. So deep did his words go into my heart that they have remained with me to this hour."

"I saw him once in the White Valley," Pierre said, in a low voice. "What was it he said to you?"

The other drew a long breath, and a kindly smile rested on his lips. Then, slowly, as though liking to linger over them, he repeated the words of the Scarlet Hunter:—

"O Son of man, behold!

If thou shouldst stumble on the nameless trail,

The trail that no man rides,

Lift up thy heart,

Behold, O Son of man, thou hast a helper near!

"O Son of man, take heed!

If thou shouldst fall upon the vacant plain,

The plain that no man loves,

Reach out thy hand,

Take heed, O Son of man, strength shall be given thee!

"O Son of man, give ear!

If thou shouldst faint, the flesh fail on thy bones,

The bones which God set up,

Be not overcome,

Give ear, O Son of man, a Hunter brings thee food!

"O Son of man, rejoice!

If thou art blinded even at the door,

The door of the Safe Tent,

Sing in thy heart,

Rejoice, O Son of man, thy pilot leads thee in!

"I never seemed to be alone after that—call it what you will, fancy or delirium. My head was so light that it appeared

to spin like a star, and my feet were so heavy that I dragged the whole earth after me. My Indians seldom spoke. I never let them drop behind me, for I did not know what the end might be. But in the end, as it would seem, they also had but one thought, and that to reach Fort Ungava; for there was no food left, none at all. We saw no tribes of Indians and no Esquimaux, for we had not passed in their line of travel or settlement.

"At last I used to dream that birds were singing near me,—a soft, delicate whirlwind of sound; and then bells all like muffled silver rang through the aching, sweet air. Bits of prayer and poetry I learned when a boy flashed through my mind; equations in algebra; the tingling scream of a great buzz saw; the breath of a racer as he hears the post under the crying whip; my own voice dropping loud profanity, heard as a lad from a blind ferryman; the *boom!* *boom!* of a mass of logs as they struck a house on a flooding river and carried it away. . . .

"One day we reached the end. It was near evening, and we came to the top of a wooded knoll. My eyes were dancing with weakness in my head, but I could see below us, on the edge of the great bay, a large hut, and near it Esquimaux lodges and Indian tepees. It was the fort, my Siberia."

He paused. The dog had been watching him with its flaming eyes; now it gave a low growl, as though it understood what had been said, and pitied the man. In the interval of silence the storm without broke. The trees began to quake and cry, the light snow to beat upon the parchment windows, and the chimney to splutter and moan. Presently, out on the bay they could hear the young ice break and come scraping up the shore. Fawdor listened awhile, and then went on, waving his hand to the door as he began: "Think! this, and like that, always."

"Ever since?" asked Pierre.

"All the time."

"Why did you not go back?"

"I was to wait for orders, and they never came."

"You were a free man, not a slave."

"The human heart has pride. At first, as when I left the governor at Lachine, I said, 'I will never speak, I will never ask nor bend the knee. He has the power to oppress; I can obey without whining, — as fine a man as he.'"

"Did you not hate?"

"At first, as only a banished man can hate. I knew that if all had gone well I should be a man high up in the Company, and here I was, living like a dog in the porch of the world, sometimes without food for months, save frozen fish; and for two years I was in a place where we had no fire, — lived in a snow-house, with only blubber to eat. And so year after year, — no word!"

"There came the mail once every year from the world?"

"Yes, once a year the door of the world was opened. A ship came into the bay, and by that ship I sent out my reports. But no word came from the governor, and no request from me. Once the captain of that ship took me by the shoulders, and said, 'Fawdor, man, this will drive you mad. Come away to England, — leave your half-breed in charge, — and ask the governor for a big promotion.' He did not understand. Of course I said I could not go. Then he turned on me, — he was a good man, — and said, 'This will either drive you mad or make you a saint, Fawdor.' He drew a Bible from his pocket. 'I've used it twenty years,' he said, 'in evil and out of evil, and I've spiked it here and there; it's a chart for heavy seas, and may you find it so, my lad.'

"I said little then; but when I saw the sails of his ship round a cape and vanish, all my pride and strength were broken up, and I came in a heap to the

ground, weeping like a child. But the change did not come all at once. There were two things that kept me hard."

"The girl?"

"The girl, and another. But of the young lady after. I had a half-breed whose life I had saved. I was kind to him always; gave him as good to eat and drink as I had myself; divided my tobacco with him; loved him as only an exile can love a comrade. He conspired with the Indians to seize the fort and stores, and kill me if I resisted. I found it out."

"*Thou shalt keep the faith of food and blanket,*" said Pierre. "What did you do with him?"

"The fault was not his so much as of his race, the mongrel thing. I had loved him. I sent him away. He never came back."

"*Thou shalt judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.*"

"For the girl. There was the thing that clamped my heart. Never a word from her or her brother. Surely they knew, and yet never, I thought, a word from them to the governor. They had forgotten — the faith of food and blanket. And she — she must have seen that I could have worshiped her, had we been in the same way of life. Before the better days came to me I was hard against her, hard and rough at heart."

"*Remember the sorrow of thine own wife.*" Pierre's voice was gentle.

"Truly, to think hardly of no woman should be always in a man's heart. But I have known only one woman of my race in twenty-five years!"

"And as time went on?"

"As time went on, and no word came, I ceased to look for it. But I followed that chart spiked with the captain's pencil, as he had done it in season and out of season, and by and by I ceased to look for any word. I even became reconciled to my life. The ambitious and aching cares of the world dropped from

me, and I stood above all, — alone in my suffering, yet not yielding. Loneliness is a terrible thing. Under it a man" —

"Goes mad or becomes a saint, — a saint!" Pierre's voice suggested which he saw before him.

Fawdor shook his head, smiling softly. "Ah no, no. But I began to understand the world, and I loved the north, the beautiful hard north!"

"But there is more?"

"Yes, the end of it all. Three days before you came I got a packet of letters, not by the usual yearly mail. One announced that the governor was dead. Another" —

"Another?" urged Pierre.

— "was from — her. She said that her brother, on the day she wrote, had by chance come across my name, and found that I had been here a quarter of a century. It was the letter of a good woman. She said she thought the governor had forgotten that he had sent me here, — as now I hope he had, for that would be one thing less for him to think of, when he set out on the journey where the only weight man carries is the packload of his sins. She also said that she had written to me twice after we parted at Lachine, but had never heard a word, and three years after she had gone to India. The letters were lost, I suppose, on the way to me, somehow, — who can tell? Then came another thing, so strange, so like the laughter of the angels at us. These were her words: 'And, dear Mr. Fawdor, you were *both* wrong in that quotation, as you no doubt discovered long ago.' Then she gave me the sentence as it is in *Cymbeline*. She was right, quite right. We *were* both wrong. Never till her letter came had I looked to see. How vain, how uncertain and fallible, is man!"

Pierre dropped his cigarette, and stared at Fawdor. "The knowledge of books is foolery," he said slowly.

"Man is the only book of life. Go on, go on."

"There was another letter, from the brother, who was now high up in the Company, asking me to come to England, and saying that they wished to promote me far, and that he and his sister, with their families, would be glad to see me."

"She was married, then?"

The rashness of the suggestion made Fawdor wave his hand impatiently. He would not reply to it, but he said, "I was struck down with all the news. I wandered like a child out into a mad storm. Illness came; then you, who have nursed me back to life. . . . And now I have told all."

"Not all, *bien sur*. What will you do?"

"I am out of the world; why tempt it all again? See how those twenty-five years were twisted by a boy's vanity and a man's tyranny!"

"But what will you do?" persisted Pierre. "You should see the faces of women and children again. No man can live without that sight, even as a saint."

Suddenly Fawdor's face was shot over with a storm of feeling. He took Pierre's hand, and after a moment, "I will go," he said. "There is a line in that Book" — He pointed to the Bible.

Pierre's fingers flashed out, and he interrupted. "Not from any book, but from your own life!" he cried.

Fawdor paused; then, raising himself on his elbow, he said, "Not from the Book, then, nor from my life, but from yours. 'Judge with the minds of twelve men, and the heart of one woman.' So I will go into the world."

Then he turned his face to the wall. Soon the storm ceased, the wild dog huddled on the hearth, and, save for Pierre stirring the fire, Fawdor's peaceful breathing was the only sound.

Gilbert Parker.

TALK AT A COUNTRY HOUSE.

TAKING LEAVE; ÉMILE SOUVESTRE; EDWARD LEAR; RETROSPECT.

I WAS recalled to town, and had to bring my pleasant Somersetshire visit to an end. When I told the squire, he said, "I am sorry you must go; but a good host must speed the parting as well as welcome the coming guest. We have not had much to show you, except the humors of the general election. I hope you have not found your visit dull."

Foster. Far from it. I have seen and heard so much that I wish I could sit down to look round and consider a little before I make my last day's march, like the soldier in the French story which one of the ladies read to us the other day.

Squire. You mean the description of the soldier returning home, who stops, when in sight of his native village, to look back on his past service before he finishes his concluding march. It is one of Émile Souvestre's idyls, — little pictures, — which are always so charming; but it ought to suit me rather than you, as it is the opening of his *Souvenirs d'un Vieillard*. Old age comes in every variety of form. There are all sorts of men, soldiers, statesmen, men of business, of letters, of sciences, and peasants, who die in harness. There are some men and women whose powers of body decay, while their minds keep, or even add to, their original vigor; with others the mind — or perhaps it is really the brain — goes before the body; while with others, again, there is a gradual and gentle decline of the powers of action both of mind and body to the last. And though we all instinctively feel death to be an evil for ourselves and for those who love us, yet a man may live too long, or at least till his life seems to have no further use than to point the moral that death is not only inevitable, but no less natural than life, so far as this world is concerned.

Foster. You remind me of Swift's horrible picture of the Struldbrugs.

Squire. The caricature is frightful, but the likeness cannot be denied. It would be better for us all, for ourselves as well as for the young men in whose way we stand, if we old men took Swift's warning more to heart; for the old man dying in harness is for the most part a mistake. He deludes himself when he thinks that his wider knowledge and greater experience will enable him to do the work as well as if he had still the young man's powers of action.

Foster. Old age did not dim the artist's eye nor enfeeble the hand of Titian or Tintoretto, nor abate the military genius of Radetzky or Moltke; and Michael Angelo was between eighty and ninety when he planned and superintended the building of the dome of St. Peter's, — hanging the Pantheon in heaven, as he said.

Squire. You carry too many guns for me. I might plead that artists are hardly men of action, or that exceptions prove the rule; but I confess that I have "generalized from too few particulars." I was thinking chiefly of our old generals in the Crimea, and our old statesmen in the last fifty years of our parliamentary history. Gibbon says, in his stately style, of one of the Roman emperors that he put an interval between life and death. I believe he means that he abdicated and went into a convent; but, without advising the conditions of the convent, I have no doubt that he is both the wisest and the happiest old man who does abdicate the functions of a life of action, and so in part puts an interval between life and death. Thus he may sit down, pleasantly enough, in sight of his home, and, like Souvestre's conscript, consider.

Foster. And tell us, whose service is still going on, something both interesting and instructive about his own experiences in that service.

Squire. We will hope so. Indeed, I often think that there is a use to the world in the occurrence of this interval between life and death, if both the old and the young employ it rightly. But the old man must beware of the besetting sin of such old age.

Foster. What is that?

Squire. Garrulous twaddle. Shakespeare, whom no form or condition of man's life escapes, has given us the picture of this garrulosity in Dogberry, Justice Shallow, and Polonius; but I need not quote him to you.

Foster. Who is, or was, Souvestre?

Squire. Émile Souvestre was a French man of letters in what I suppose I must call the last generation, though he was only six years older than myself. The son of an officer of engineers, and educated for the bar, he had early entered on a literary career in Paris, full of promise, when the death of his elder brother and the loss of the family property threw upon him the support of his widowed mother and sister-in-law. To provide for them he at once left Paris to enter on the humble work of serving customers behind the counter, and doing the other retail business of a bookseller in Nantes with whom he found employment. His literary ability and moral worth were soon recognized by one of those customers, a deputy and a man of wealth, who was engaged in plans for the better education of his countrymen. Souvestre's services were engaged for the conduct of a college founded by this gentleman; then he became a professor of rhetoric and editor of a newspaper at Brest, while occupying himself with other literary work also. Thence he eventually returned to Paris, where he spent the rest of his life, diversified only by visits to the provinces and to French Switzerland for the purpose of giving lectures

to the crowded audiences which always welcomed him. He was eminently patriotic; the ruling motive — I might say passion — of his life was the education (the culture, moral and religious, even more than the intellectual culture) of his countrymen. We English are apt to pride ourselves on our love of duty, but no Englishman makes duty the guiding star of his life more than did Souvestre. It is the keynote of everything he writes. And what he taught he had first tried and practiced in his own life. "In his own heart he first kept school;" and those who knew him most intimately said that the sense of duty, which was always strong and even stern to himself, only showed itself in perfect love to those around him.

Foster. What did he write?

Squire. Though he died at the age of forty-eight, he left nearly seventy volumes. His history of his native and loved Brittany, *Les Derniers Bretons*, is full of life and interest as well as of local and literary research, and is recognized as classical. But his chief literary work — I speak not of his lectures, but of his books — was that of story-telling. He has given us an infinite variety of tales of French life in town and country, all of which are true idyls. The characters as well as the incidents are full of dramatic interest. The high and generous moral spirit which guides their destiny is never obtruded. It is the atmosphere which we really though unconsciously breathe. And though I do not pretend to pronounce judgment on style in any language but English, I think I may call that writing terse, lucid, and graceful which was crowned with the approval of the Académie Française; but a still higher eulogy was bestowed by that learned body upon Souvestre when they granted to his widow the testimonial founded by M. Lambert in recognition of the man who had been most useful to his country.

Foster. Have any of his books been translated into English?

Squire. His *Philosophe sous les Toits*, *Confessions d'un Ouvrier*, and two or three of the tales of Brittany were translated by one with whose hand my own was joined in the task; and of these at least a part was reprinted in America. His longer work, *Les Derniers Bretons*, was, absurdly enough, translated into English from a German version; the consequence, as the publisher said to me, of the bad habit of not reading prefaces. And one of his longer tales has been translated with the title of *Leaves from a Family Journal*.

Foster. Did you know him well?

Squire. I feel ready to say Yes, though I never saw him. Here is his own way of answering the question in a letter to his translator. (Takes a letter from a drawer and reads.)

"Et maintenant, madame, permettez-moi d'ajouter de vifs et sincères remerciements pour l'honneur que vous avez fait à l'auteur en choisissant son livre pour être traduit dans votre langue; c'est une distinction dont il se tient fort touché. Vouloir traduire un livre, c'est prouver qu'on entre en sympathie avec celui qui l'a écrit, et qu'on sent, qu'on pense comme lui. Il n'est rien de plus doux que ces adhésions obtenues de loin, et il y a un charme particulier dans les amis inconnus qui répondent à votre cœur sans que vous avez jamais entendu leur voix."¹

Of such unknown friends none lives so present to my memory as Émile Souvestre.

Foster. That must be the best kind of memory. But a memory for facts and words is a good thing, too, and must, I suppose, be an essential qualification for writing history.

Squire. Gibbon's memory must have

¹ "And now, madam, allow me to add my most sincere thanks for the honor you have done the author in choosing his book for translation into your own language; it is a distinction which he feels very sensibly. To resolve to translate a book is to give proof of hearty sympathy with the writer of it, and of feeling

been at once enormous and minute; Niebuhr wrote down his quotations of chapter and verse without needing to refer to the books themselves; Johannes von Müller could repeat the pedigrees of all the little German princes; and Macaulay could tell the names in succession, and backwards as well as forwards, of the Archbishops of Canterbury or the Popes, or both. A host of other instances of verbal memory crowd on me; the prettiest, if not the most important, is the story of Pope reading his *Rape of the Lock* to Parnell.

Foster. What is that? I do not remember it.

Squire. Pope read the first canto of his new poem to Parnell. Parnell said, "I am sure I have heard those lines before, — I think in a monkish Latin original." Pope declared that they were all his own; but Parnell persisted, and said he would find and send them to Pope. And on his return home he sent Pope — to his great annoyance till the truth was known — the Latin verses, which I think I can repeat, as well as Pope's own. Pope's lines are: —

"And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly Image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glittering
 spoil.

This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the
 white.

Here files of pins extend their shining rows,

and thinking like himself. Nothing is more gratifying than to receive such assurances of sympathy from a distance, and there is a peculiar charm in the unknown friends whose hearts answer to your own, though you have never heard their voices."

Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care;
 These set the head, and those divide the hair;
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the
 gown;
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own."

And these are Parnell's: —

"Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more retectum,
 Emicat in mensâ, quæ splendet pyxide densâ:
 Tum primum lymphâ, se purgat candida
 nympha;
 Jamque sine mendâ, cælestis imago videnda,
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet,
 ocellos.
 Hâc stupet explorans, seu cultûs numen adorans.
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,
 Fertque tibi cautè dicatque superbia! lautè,
 Dona venusta; oris quæ cunctis, plena laboris,
 Excerpta explorat dominamque deamque decorat.
 Pyxide devotâ, se pandit hic India tota,
 Et tota ex istâ transpirat Arabia cistâ:
 Testudo hic flectit dum se mea Lesbia pectit;
 Atque elephas lentè te pectit, Lesbia dente;
 Hunc maculis nôris, nioci jacet ille coloris.
 Hic jacet et mundè mundus muliebris abundè;
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.
 In luit arma ergo, veneris pulcherrima virgo,
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore ere-
 scens;
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visûs,
 Jam promit cultu, miracula latentia, vultu.
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua purpura
 glisceet,
 Et geminans bellis splendet magè fulgor ocel-
 lis.
 Stant Lemures muti, nymphæ intentique sa-
 luti,
 Hic figit zonam, capiti locat ille coronam,
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera nor-
 mam;
 Et tibi vel Betty, tibi vel nitidissima Letty!
 Gloria factorum temerè conceditur horum."

You see they are a very exact representation of Pope, and monkish leonine hexameters.

Foster. Why do you call them leonine, and where is the story to be found?

Squire. I believe they are called leo-

nine because a lion's tail has, or was supposed to have, a tuft in the middle, and another at its end. But as to where I got the story, — I got it from my father; but whether you will find it in the books told as I have told it, I do not know.

Foster. You have always a good memory, squire, for this kind of story.

Squire. Some friends are kind enough to tell me. But I doubt it. I am certainly wanting in the sort of memory we were just now talking of, as possessed by Macaulay and others; and I should say that, as far as my own observation goes, the recollection of good stories, family traditions, and other memories of a like kind, are not so much recollections of the things themselves as they actually happened or were told, but rather pictures which have gradually taken shape and color in the narrator's imagination with such apparent distinctness and reality that he seems to himself and his friends to be showing them a collection of photographs, when in truth they are pictures in the composition of which there may be any amount of art combined with nature, and of fiction with fact. My brothers, old men, fond of family traditions and good stories, tell these each in a different way; and yet they are all clear-headed and well-informed. Sir Walter Raleigh asked how it could be possible to know rightly what happened in old times, when he found that he could not get accurate information as to something which was happening under the very window of his prison.

Foster. Then, like your Welsh or Irish judge, we must decline to hear more than one account of the matter, and write that down at once. So I hope I am well advised in keeping a journal.

Squire.

"A chiel's amang you taking notes,
 And, faith, he'll prent it."

Foster. Shall you object if I am lucky enough to find a publisher?

Squire. No. I think we all like to see ourselves in print; certainly I do.

Foster. I have often wished that you had a Talking Oak in your avenue.

Squire. Or, still better, a Writing Boswell, a ghostly predecessor of yourself, my dear Foster, who might appear from time to time from behind some sliding panel with his notebook, and read out his notes of the talk that has gone on for nearly six hundred years in this old house. If he could not tell us more than we know of the dispute between the two giants about the battlemented wall, he might tell us how to fill in the meagre outline of episcopal and royal records about William de Sutton and Basilia de Sutton (his aunt or sister, as I guess), who lived in the tower in the first half of the fourteenth century.

Foster. What are those records?

Squire. In 1315, the bishop wrote to William de Sutton entreating him "of his charity" to undertake the guardianship of the mismanaged revenues of the neighboring nunnery of Barrow; but the control was ineffectual, for, some years later, we find instructions to "restrain the prioress Joanna from wandering abroad," followed by a consistorial inquiry into the continual wasting of the revenues upon the burdensome family (*onerosa familia*) and the lodgers of the prioress, in which inquiry the sub-prioress was assisted by Basilia de Sutton, who was eventually herself made prioress after the death of Agnes, who had succeeded for a few months on the resignation of the discredited Joanna. But William de Sutton's services to the Church did not prevent his maintaining his claims against her. In the *placita*, or "plees" of 1322, we find him complaining before the king's judges of the trespass of the servants of the rector of the adjoining parish of Stanton Drew, and the parson's servant replying that he, the parson, had the right of pasture after the crop had been taken off.

Foster. The old, never-ending feud of squire and parson. But how was it that the knight did not take law into his own

hands, and seize the rector's cows without more ado?

Squire. I remember suggesting this very question to Freeman here in the tower; and he said that we must not think of the mediæval knights in England as if they had the habits of those robber knights of Germany and France; for in England there were very few such men. The English mediæval knight, he said, was for the most part a man carrying on perpetual small lawsuits at Westminster about rights of land. That ghostly Boswell could tell us when the tower was built, and who added the "old Manor Place" where Leland found Sir John St. Loe; what was the talk that went on between the knight and his visitor, who so accurately observed and carefully recorded everything that he saw or heard,—the names and the pedigrees of the landowners, the names of the villagers, the natural features of the country, its springs and brooks, its "meetly wooded hills," and its ammonites which he calls "stones figurid like serpents." Then we might hear how, in the next generation, Building Bess talked over her plans for paneling the old parlor with its carved mantelpiece, and building her new one, with all the St. Loe quarterings emblazoned over the fireplace, and the chapel above the parlor. Then we might hear again those talks between John Locke and John Strachey, to the renewal of which Locke looked forward with so much pleasure on his return from Holland: how their fathers had served in Popham's regiment; of the movements of the armies of king and Parliament in the immediate neighborhood; then of present politics, at home and in Holland and France; then of free trade and of religious toleration; and then, too, as we know from Locke's letters, of the lead mines of Mendip, or the domestic gossip of Strachey's neighbors. Then he might tell how a later tenant of the old house may have related to his wife and children how he

had worked in India with Clive, and in America with the Howes, and had at last negotiated successfully with Franklin and Adams the Treaty of Paris, which recognized the independence of the United States. And then, I can say with the witch in Macbeth, "I myself have all the other:" I can call up from my own memory talk in this house with men not undistinguished in the generation now passing away.

Foster. You told me the other day who wrote the article on Nonsense in the Quarterly, so you can tell me something about the unpublished Eclogue which is alluded to, but not given, in the article.

Squire. Here it is. The "competitors," as the Clown in Twelfth Night would have called them, are Mr. and Mrs. Symonds, who were, like Lear himself, spending the winter at Cannes. You may take this copy, — I have another; and when you "prent" your notes, put this Eclogue into them. There will be no breach of confidence in doing so. (The squire reads.)

ECLOGUE.

(Composed at Cannes, December 9, 1867.)

Edwardus. What makes you look so black,
so glum, so cross?

Is it neuralgia, headache, or remorse?

Johannes. What makes you look as cross, or
even more so, —

Less like a man than is a broken torso?

Edw. What if my life is odious, should I
grin?

If you are savage, need I care a pin?

Joh. And if I suffer, am I then an owl?

May I not frown and grind my teeth and growl?

Edw. Of course you may; but may not I
growl, too?

May I not frown and grind my teeth like you?

Joh. See Catherine comes! To her, to her,
Let each his several miseries refer:

She shall decide whose woes are least or worst,
And which, as growler, shall rank last or first.

Catherine. Proceed to growl in silence. I'll
attend,

And hear your foolish growlings to the end:
And when they're done, I shall correctly judge
Which of your griefs are real or only fudge.
Begin; let each his mournful voice prepare,
(And, pray! however angry, do not swear!)

Joh. We came abroad for warmth, and find
sharp cold;

Cannes is an imposition, and we're sold.

Edw. Why did I leave my native land to
find

Sharp hailstones, snow, and most disgusting
wind?

Joh. What boots it that we orange trees or
lemon see,

If we must suffer from *such* vile inclemency?

Edw. Why did I take the lodgings I have
got,

Where all I don't want is? All I want, not?

Joh. Last week I called aloud, Oh! oh! oh!
oh!

The ground is wholly overspread with snow!

Is that, at any rate, a theme for mirth

Which makes a sugar-cake of all the earth?

Edw. Why must I sneeze and snuffle, groan
and cough,

If my hat's on my head, or if it's off?

Why must I sink all poetry in this prose,

The everlasting blowing of my nose?

Joh. When I walk out, the mud my foot-
steps clogs;

Besides, I suffer from attacks of dogs.

Edw. Me a vast awful bulldog, black and
brown,

Completely terrified when near the town;

As calves perceiving butchers, trembling, reel,

So did *my* calves the approaching monster feel.

Joh. Already from two rooms we're driven
away,

Because the beastly chimneys smoke all day:

Is this a trifle, say? Is this a joke,

That we, like hams, should be becooked in
smoke?

Edw. Say! what avails it that my servant
speak

Italian, English, Arabic, and Greek,

Besides Albanian? If he don't speak French,

How can he ask for salt, or shrimps, or tench?

Joh. When on the foolish hearth fresh wood
I place,

It whistles, sings, and squeaks before my face;

And if it does, unless the fire burns bright,

And if it does, yet squeaks, how can I write?

Edw. Alas, I needs must go and call on
swells;

And they may say, "Pray draw me the Es-
trelles."

On one I went last week to leave a card:

The swell was out, the servant eyed me hard.

"This chap's a thief disguised," his face ex-
prest.

If I go there again I may be blest!

Joh. Why must I suffer in this wind and
gloom?

Roomatics in a vile cold attic room?

Edw. Swells drive about the road with haste
and fury,

As Jehu drove about all over Jewry.

Just now, while walking slowly, I was all but
Run over by the Lady Emma Talbot,
Whom not long since a lovely babe I knew,
With eyes and cap-ribbons of perfect blue.

Joh. Downstairs and upstairs every blessed
minute

There's each room with pianofortes in it.
How can I write with noises such as those,
And being always discomposed, compose?

Edw. Seven Germans through my garden
lately strayed,
And all on instruments of torture played;
They blew, they screamed, they yelled. How
can I paint

Unless my room is quiet, which it ain't?

Joh. How can I study if a hundred flies
Each moment blunder into both my eyes?

Edw. How can I draw with green, or blue,
or red,

If flies and beetles vex my old bald head?

Joh. How can I translate German metaphys-
ics, if mosquitoes round my forehead whizz?

Edw. I've bought some bacon, (though it's
much too fat,)

But round the house there prowls a hideous
cat;

Once should I see my bacon in her mouth,
What care I if my rooms look north or south?

Joh. Pain from a pane in one cracked win-
dow comes,

Which sings and whistles, buzzes, shrieks and
hums;

In vain amain with pain the pane with this
chord,

I fain would strain to stop the beastly discord!

Edw. If rain and wind and snow and such
like ills

Continue here, how shall I pay my bills?

For who through cold and slush and rain will
come

To see my drawings, and to purchase some?

And if they don't, what destiny is mine?

How can I ever get to Palestine?

Joh. The blinding sun strikes through the
olive-trees,

When I walk out, and always makes me
sneeze.

Edw. Next door, if all night long the moon
is shining

There sits a dog, who wakes me up with whin-
ing.

Cath. Forbear! you both are bores, you've
growled enough:

No longer will I listen to such stuff!

All men have nuisances and bores to afflict 'um;

Hark, then, and bow to my official dictum!

For you, Johannes, there is most excuse,

(Some interruptions are the very deuce;)

You're younger than the other cove, who
surely

Might have some sense; besides, you're some-
what poorly.

This, therefore, is my sentence: that you nurse
The Baby for seven hours, and nothing worse.
For you, Edwardus, I shall say no more
Than that your griefs are fudge, yourself a
bore.

Return at once to cold, stewed, minced, hashed
mutton,

To wristbands ever guiltless of a button,
To raging winds and sea, (where don't you wish
Your luck may ever let you catch one fish?)
To make large drawings nobody will buy,
To paint oil pictures which will never dry,
To write new books which nobody will read,
To drink weak tea, on tough old pigs to feed,
Till springtime brings the birds and leaves and
flowers,

And time restores a world of happier hours.

Foster. It is very good, and certainly
ought to find a place among Lear's
works. It is quite a new kind among
the many sorts of Nonsense, the variety
of which is one of their characteristics.
Did you know Lear well?

Squire. I was not one of his early
friends; but I had friends among these,
and latterly I saw him often, here, or in
his own house, or mine, on the Riviera.
He was a warm-hearted, affectionate
man, with a craving for sympathy ex-
pressed in his whole manner, and which
was no doubt heightened by his having
no more of home life than was afforded
him by his old Albanian man-servant
and his tailless cat Foss. He loved
children, as his nonsense books so abun-
dantly bear witness; and many of his
songs and stories were either written for
this or that child, or given to him or
her, written in his own handwriting and
with his own inimitable pictures. One
of my nieces had his The Owl and the
Pussy Cat, and one of my sons The
Duck and the Kangaroo, and Calico
Pie, in what may be called the origi-
nals,—one of them in a letter signed
"Yours affectionately, Derry down der-
ry dumps;" and my daughter has a se-
ries of heraldic representations of Foss,
proper, couchant, passant, rampant, re-
gardant, dansant, a'untin, drawn for her
on the backs of letters. His letters to

his grown-up friends were embellished in like manner. When he wrote to ask me to inquire about a new hotel above the Lake of Como, where he had thought of spending the summer till he heard a report that there was smallpox there, he illustrated the inquiry by a sketch of himself covered with spots; and when writing to ask where he could hear of some friends who always traveled with a lapdog, he represented the dog overtopping the whole of the party. He sometimes, too, sent his grown-up friends some of his verses; he sent me the then unpublished conclusion of Mr. and Mrs. Discobolos, and to another older friend some other unpublished verses which I can give you.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF MY UNCLE ARLY.

I.

Oh! my aged Uncle Arly,
Sitting on a heap of Barley
Through the silent hours of night,
Close beside a leafy thicket:
On his nose there was a cricket,
In his hat a Railway-Ticket,
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

II.

Long ago, in youth, he squander'd
All his goods away, and wander'd
To the Timskoop-hills afar.
There on golden sunsets blazing
Every evening found him gazing,
Singing, "Orb! you're quite amazing!
How I wonder what you are!"

III.

Like the ancient Medes and Persians,
Always by his own exertions
He subsisted on those hills;
Whiles, by teaching children spelling,
Or at times by merely yelling,
Or at intervals by selling
"Propter's Nicodemus Pills."

IV.

Later, in his morning rambles,
He perceived the moving brambles
Something square and white disclose:—
'T was a First-class Railway-Ticket;
But on stooping down to pick it
Off the ground, a pea-green cricket
Settled on my Uncle's nose.

V.

Never, nevermore, oh! never
Did that cricket leave him ever, —
Dawn or evening, day or night;
Clinging as a constant treasure,
Chirping with a cheerious measure,
Wholly to my uncle's pleasure,
(Though his shoes were far too tight.)

VI.

So for three and forty winters,
Till his shoes were worn to splinters,
All those hills he wander'd o'er, —
Sometimes silent, sometimes yelling;
Till he came to Borley-Melling,
Near his old ancestral dwelling,
(But his shoes were far too tight.)

VII.

On a little heap of barley
Died my aged Uncle Arly,
And they buried him one night,
Close beside the leafy thicket;
There, his hat and Railway-Ticket;
There, his ever faithful cricket;
(“But his shoes were far too tight.”)

VILLA TENNYSON, SAN REMO,
11 March, 1886.

Foster. I have heard that the connoisseurs of art — critics, or whatever you call them — see some fault in his serious pictures, but I forget what it is. They seem to me very good, especially those taken on the Nile. But only a true artist could have drawn those nonsense outlines in all their variety. Then, too, how appropriate is the music to which he married his immortal caricature of pen and pencil! But is it true that much of this music has been lost to us because he did not know how to write down what he had composed?

Squire. I fear it is so; though he published some of the music to which he has so admirably set not only his own comic verses, but several of Tennyson's songs. There is much more that can now live only in the memory of those who knew and loved him. I say “loved,” because he was eminently a man of whom it might be said, —

“And you must love him ere to you
He will seem worthy of your love.”

I recall the image of the genial old man,

with his black spectacles, or rather goggles, his gaunt figure, and his face expressive of mingled fun and melancholy, as he showed us his picturesque house at San Remo, or, later in the day, sat down at the piano in our room at the hotel, and played and sang to his own music his own pathetic nonsense of the Yonghy Bonghy Bò. It may seem absurd to you, as it certainly would to many people, to say that in that song, so overflowing with nonsense, the old man was making fun of his deepest thoughts and feelings, — fun because they lay too deep for words. Villa Tennyson, so named after his friend, was a bachelor's home of mixed comfort and discomfort, with its garden of half-tropical flowers going down to the shore on which the blue Mediterranean was ever lapping, while the thick olive woods were sloping up the hills. It is impossible not to think of the abode "in the middle of the woods, on the Coast of Coromandel, where the early pumpkins blow," or to look up and down in imagination the dusty highroad which runs east and west, and not expect to see the heap of stones on which the Lady Jingly Jones might be sitting, with her milk-white hens of Dorking. I have not the least ground for saying that these fictions have any foundation in fact; but there they are, as the good old man has given them to us.

Foster. Do you think that Lear would have said, with Wordsworth's Matthew,

"If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,
It is the man of mirth" ?

Squire. I do not know; but the "household hearts" of old Matthew were those of wife and child, and these Lear knew not. You are right to remember that Wordsworth is not deploring old age generally, but the old age of the man of mirth. Wordsworth liked paradox, as his great Ode on Immortality shows; and those beautiful lines on Matthew are full of it.

Foster. What do you mean by paradox? Is not what he says true?

Squire. It seems to be becoming the fashion to use "paradox" as a fine expression for "false;" but "paradox" properly means "contrary to common opinion," and it may be used in either the good or the bad sense. It may be a true or a false statement, according as the popular opinion which it contravenes is right or wrong. In the poem you refer to, Wordsworth, with dramatic propriety, puts into the mouth of Matthew the paradoxical assertion that

"the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away
Than what it leaves behind."

Now, this is untrue as a general proposition, though true of the particular case to which Matthew afterwards limits it; and the paradoxical effect is produced by his first putting it forward as if the general proposition were true. It is not true that the old man who can no longer see to read regrets this less than he does that he can still see the trees and the sunshine and the faces of those dear to him; for he does not regret at all, but is very glad that all these are still left to him. It is because so much is left behind that the old man is able to bear with so little regret the loss of what age takes away. But when Matthew goes on to define and limit his statement, it becomes clear and true enough. He is speaking of the "man of mirth," of the man of mirth in his old age, whose kindred are in the grave; then, when tender but now hardly sad memories of the "household hearts that were his own" come upon him, and he can say, "The will of God be done," it jars on him to be asked to play the fool for the amusement of the thoughtless though affectionate youth who knows nothing — for he has had no experience — of these things.

Foster. You spoke of dramatic propriety. I suppose you refer to Wordsworth's own explanation that he had not given a matter-of-fact description of the

active old schoolmaster of Hawkshead, but a poetical picture, in which, as in that of the Wanderer, he had introduced traits of character from other men, so as to make a dramatic whole. These are not his words, but, if I remember rightly, this is the sense of them.

Squire. So I understand him. True poet as he is, he gives us no abstract philosophical disquisition on old age in general, or portrait of an actual old man; nor, what would be no less undramatic and untrue to nature, a picture of a Frankenstein in whom all characteristics of all old men are brought into an impossible combination. Those three poems, *Matthew*, *The Two April Mornings*, and *The Fountain*, make up one work of art of a very perfect kind. It will bear any analysis and any criticism, and come out all the brighter and the more beautiful.

Foster. I see what you mean. The *Matthew* of Wordsworth is an ideal man, and so having the individuality, and therefore the limitations, of any real man, and without which he would be a mere monster, and not a man at all. He is "a gray-haired man of glee," who even in his old age still carries his love of fun to such a height that it may be properly called "madness." But in all this mad fun there come intervals of deep melancholy and sadness, such as indeed I suppose we all have noticed in men of wild high spirits. So much I see; but he means more than this.

Squire. The poet brings out the rest by the introduction of the other personage of the drama, himself, as he was the youthful, and therefore thoughtless though affectionate companion of the old man. In after years he remembered, what he could not at the time understand, that, in answer to his youthful demand for renewed fun, old *Matthew* would give way to the melancholy reflection that men like himself

"Are pressed by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore."

It is not the loss of his *Emma* which now makes him sad,—he can think of it, and say from his heart, "The will of God be done;" but he thinks that if he had still with him "the household hearts that were his own" he might, like the birds, sing his merry carols, or be silent and forgetful at his own will, and not be bound, as he now is, to pay that heavy price for the affection, real though it is, of his youthful friend. What a pathos there is in the reply of the old childless man to the youth's offer, at once affectionate and thoughtless,—what should he know of death?—when he offers himself to supply the place of the children gone!

"Alas! it cannot be."

Perhaps we might say that the craving, the unsatisfied craving for sympathy, at any cost, is the keynote, the motive, of this beautiful little trilogy. Yet those are not the last words. The poet, true to life and to his art, ends with the old man, after all, singing again the witty rhymes about the crazy clock. Soldiers strike up a merry tune as they march back from the burial of a comrade. Joy, not sorrow, is the last word. "The dead are not dead, but alive!"

It was time for me to be going. We joined the ladies in the great parlor, and the elder lady said, "We are sorry you must go, Mr. Foster, but I hope you will keep your promise." The squire asked, "What was that?" And his elder daughter replied, "We told Mr. Foster of the custom of the Guest Book at my uncle's, in which every visitor is expected to write something on his going away. And we proposed that he should give us some such farewell."

Squire. Well, Foster, what did, or do, you say?

Foster. I quoted Puffendorf and Grotius, or at least Shakespeare and Walter Scott:—

"Stand not upon the order of your going,
But go at once;"

and

“On, Stanley, on!”
Were the last words of Marmion;”

and I suggested, though the lines were not very complimentary to myself, —

“He fitted the halter and traversed the cart,
And often took leave, yet seemed loath to depart.”

But I was told that none of these were original, and so I promised to produce something of my own.

Squire. And what is it?

Foster. I must make a confession. I had cudged my prosaic brains to no purpose, vainly trying to say something appropriate. Then I thought of your translation of what Sa'di had said on a like occasion; and I have made a paraphrase of that. (Takes a paper from his pocket and reads.)

Through France and Germany I've wandered,
And sometimes laughed, and sometimes wondered

How men in country and in city
Were rude or friendly, dull or witty.
I've lived in Naples and in Rome,
But nothing like this English home
In all my travels did I find,
No place so fair, no folk so kind,
Nor of such genial heart and mind.
And now my holiday is done,
And I, unwilling, must be gone.
I still would keep the memory green
Of all that I have heard and seen:
The Giant's battlemented wall,
The portraits hanging in the Hall,
The Terrace and the Waterfall,
The Limes, the Oaks, the old knight's Tower,
My lady's Parlor and her Bower;
The welcome of the eldest Son,
When he the Election fought and won;
The pleasant talk we had together,
“What news to-day?” or “How's the weather?”

Then changing to a loftier strain,
’T would rise and fall, and rise again,
And tell of all I loved to hear:
Of Shakespeare, Milton, Maurice, Lear;
Of Persian Poets; how men read
The language of the Arrowhead;
Of Love and Marriage, Life and Death;
Of worlds above, around, beneath.
Nor, Ladies, is the day forgot
When we rode down to Camelot,

And Arthur, Launcelot, and Elaine
Seemed in that hour to live again.
And though I take a careless leave,
Nor wear my heart upon my sleeve,
These memories never will decay
Nor fade into the light of common day.

Squire. Bravo, Foster! Your version of Sa'di reminds me of Sir John Cutmore's silk stockings, which were mended with worsted till there was not a thread of the old silk left.

Foster. I do not pretend to compare myself with Sa'di; but, as I have still five minutes to spare, I should like to appeal to the judgment of the ladies, as to the silk stockings, by reading your translation of the Persian lines. You gave me leave to copy them; and here they are. (Reads.)

Through many far-off lands I, wandering,
went;

With men of every kind my days I spent;
To me each corner did some pleasure yield,
I gleaned some ears from every harvest field.
So pure of heart and of such humble mind,
None like the men of Shiraz did I find.
Blest be that land! It won my heart away
From cities famous for imperial sway.
’T was pain to leave a garden all so fair,
And not some token to my friends to bear.
Methought, when travelers from Egypt come,
They bring back sweetmeats to their friends at home;

And if no sweetmeats in my hand I bring,
Words sweeter far than sugar poets sing.
Those sugared sweetmeats men but seem to eat,
In books the wise store up the real sweet.
A palace of Instruction then I framed,
And set therein ten gates, which thus I named:
First, Justice, Counsel, Order, How Kings
should reign,

And in the fear of God their rule maintain;
The next Beneficence, by which we can
Praise God in dealing forth his gifts to Man;
The third, Love, — not of passion and of sense
In man, but Love of God, deep and intense;
The fourth, Humility; Resignation next;
The sixth, Contentment, by no troubles vexed;
The seventh, Education, — how to rule
And train yourself, and in your heart keep school.

The eighth, Thanksgiving for the Almighty's
care;

The ninth, Repentance; and the tenth gate,
Prayer.

In an auspicious day and happy hour,
And in the year six hundred fifty-four,

My Book I finished, filled this treasury
 With store of pearls, of truth and poetry.
 But still I fear my jewels to display,
 And on my hands my head in doubt I lay !
 For oysters — shells and pearls are in one sea,
 The scrub-bush grows beside the stately tree ;
 Yet have I heard, O man of generous mind,
 The generous critic loves not fault to find ;
 The silken robe with gay embroidery shines,
 Yet that silk robe a cotton quilting lines.
 Then if the cotton in my verse you see,
 Be not severe, but hide it generously.
 I boast not of my costly wares, but stand
 And humbly ask for alms with outheld hand.
 I have heard that in the day of hope and fear,
 That day when all before the Judge appear,
 He will, in mercy, bid them all to live,
 And for the righteous' sake the bad forgive.
 Thou, too, if badness in my verse shouldst see,
 Do thou likewise, — be merciful to me.
 When in a thousand one good verse you find,
 Withhold your censure, be humane and kind.

Of such a work as mine 't is true, indeed,
 That Persia, land of letters, has no need :
 Far off with awe you hear me, like a drum,
 But find the music rough when near I come.
 You say, What brings this Sa'di, bold-faced
 man ?

Roses to rose beds, pepper to Hindustan ?
 So, too, the date with sugar-encrusted skin, —
 You strip it back, and find a bone within.

Then came the English good-by, which
 says so little and means so much ; and
 as I left the room I heard the squire
 say, half to himself, " And, faith, he 'll
 prent it."

I crossed the north court, and as I
 passed through the gateway in the wall
 I looked back, and saw the squire, with
 his children and grandchildren, standing
 at the door under the tower.

Edward Strachey.

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART ONE.

I.

IN THE DEME OF DEMOSTHENES.

ATTICA is but a small spot on the map,
 to fill so vast a space in history. Broad
 roads were its boast even in Homeric
 times, long ones never. You can go well-
 nigh anywhere within its borders and
 get back to your seven-o'clock Athenian
 dinner.

On a bright winter morning (Decem-
 ber 20, 1892), after an hour's round-
 about ride on the little Attic railway, we
 left the train at Liopesi, hardly two hours'
 walk east of Athens if the mountain did
 not bar the way. It is a charming spot
 even for a passing glimpse, fronted by
 far-spreading olive woods, with here and
 there a fine oak, and backed by the cen-
 tral bulk of Hymettus. But the charm
 grows as imagination suffuses the scene
 with the atmosphere of ancient story.

For here lay old Pæania, the birthplace
 of Demosthenes. Here he must have
 toddled, and lisped his baby Greek, and
 begun that growth which was to make
 him forever the master of all who speak.
 As a lad, he had only to scramble up
 this steep mountain side to look upon
 Athens and Sunium, upon Salamis and
 Marathon. If too delicate for that, he
 still had this Eden of the Attic Midland
 before his eyes, with its mountain walls,
 and the long blue line of Eubœa loom-
 ing over against it.

Let us see if the modern village has
 aught to remind us of the great fore-
 time. It is but five minutes' walk through
 the olives from the little station to the
 village well, where we meet a number
 of the town folk, and in the little café
 adjoining, yet more. The Pæanian re-
 sinato is fine, and a little of it opens the
 mouth of the Pæanian cobbler at work
 on his outdoor bench, and well versed

in Pæanian topography. Over the gate near by he points out the first bit of Pæanian antiquity, a Pentelic fragment, on which remain only the clasped hands of a funeral relief. Farther up that high-walled street we come upon a more definite document: it is a fine old Pentelic tombstone built into a garden wall, and inscribed *Agonochares son of Epichares Pæanian*. Found in a neighboring vineyard, it speaks to the site of old Pæania. In the Athenian Kerameikos you can call the roll of half the Attic demes, but there was little circulation from deme to deme in the country. Hence, in determining the locality of a rural deme, even one demotic inscription certainly *in situ* establishes a presumption; a series of such is strong proof.

At the village inn, which is only a *magazi*, as usual, we find the innkeeper fairly bursting with archæological information. He leads us up a narrow lane between high walls, in one of which appears another Pentelic tombstone. Its inscription stirs the blood: *Demæn[etus] son of Demosth[enes] of Pæania*. The stone has been cut in two, and the last four letters of each name are missing; but there is no trouble in supplying them, for what is left is clear enough, and instantly recalls the fine basis inscription found in excavating the underground railway at Athens last winter. This basis bears the signature of the sculptor Bryaxis, the pupil of Scopas, and his collaborator in the execution of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus; and the inscription shows that it supported a monument commemorating the triumphs of three Pæanian phylarchs (or cavalry commanders), namely: —

Demænetus son of Demeas of Pæania
Demeas son of Demænetus of Pæania
Demosthenes son of Demænetus of Pæania

This gives us three Pæanians, father

and two sons, who had attained a certain celebrity before the middle of the fourth century B. C.; and here in the wall we have another of the same line, evidently the son of the last-named phylarch: — *Demænetus son of Demosthenes of Pæania*

One is tempted to seek a place in this line for the great orator, whose style was, *Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania*.

He was of the same generation with the brothers Demeas and Demosthenes, and about the time they must have won their spurs as phylarchs he was thundering his first philippic from the Pnyx.¹ Thanks to the trouble with his knavish guardians and the five extant speeches in the case, we know a good deal about the orator's family, — father, mother, sister, uncles, aunts, and cousins, even his maternal grandfather; but none of them reappear on these monuments. The next stone that is ploughed up may, however, set all these Pæanians of the speeches and the inscriptions in due relation, and possibly show that the money paid Bryaxis for perpetuating in Pentelic the memory of the three knights was part of the orator's plundered patrimony. For two of the three guardians were his own cousins; and the whole connection seems to have gone in for plucking the poor boy, orphaned at seven, with a sister yet younger, and a helpless sort of mother who had not force enough to follow her dowry. In those days the women folk were willed away along with the other goods and chattels, and the elder Demosthenes bequeathed his wife to one of the guardians, and his five-year-old daughter to another, each with a handsome *dot*: the honest fellows promptly seized the dowries, and repudiated the incumbrances. It is a pathetic chapter, and one full of interest for the student of old Greek life, this case of Demosthenes *vs.* Apho-

Mausoleum, and sculptor of the phylarchs' monument.

¹ This speech is assigned to 351 B. C., the year in which King Mausolus died, — an event fixing a date for Bryaxis, collaborator on the

bos *et al.*, but its chief importance, after all, lies in this: the struggle for his own rights led the Pæanian lad to the mastery of his powers, and so gave the world its supreme orator.

To learn more of this precious monument, we turn into the rude inclosure, in one corner of which stands a ruder hovel, floored with terra firma. It is occupied by a priest, who is so full, not of Demosthenes, but of Dionysus, that locomotion and articulation alike fail him. He can just squeeze our hands, and make signs to one of the two attendant Pæanians to bring on the big bowl of resinato, which passes from mouth to mouth, like the wassail bowl of Homeric times, or the Loving Cup at the Mansion House. We effect our escape with some difficulty and little information, only assured that this stone was likewise ploughed up in an adjacent vineyard.

There were enough Pæanian inscriptions to settle in our minds, and on the spot, the question of deme identity, a far more satisfying method than thumbing the Corpus. But our publican had a further treat in store. We followed him through the village and up the steep rocks to the south, where stands a little out-chapel (ἐξωκκλήσιον). Built into its back wall, upside down, appears a document even more fascinating than the epitaph of Demosthenes' son. It is a fragment of a thin marble slab, about eighteen inches long, and hardly four inches wide; but it bears two full lines and part of a third chiseled in the alphabet of the sixth century, and this is the story they spell:

This monument Kylon to his two sons

Deceased set up — a memorial

Of affection¹

As an old document of love and death,

¹ The inscription is No. 472 in the Corpus Inscr. Atticarum.

² "May not the family, early leaving their ancient homes, have survived under a slightly different name, Γύλων for Κύλων? The Gylon of history, Demosthenes' maternal grandfather, belonged to the deme Cerameis, but perhaps

archaic already when Demosthenes was born, it has interest enough. But the name of Kylon, that name so sinister through two centuries of Athenian history, invests it with a unique fascination. Not that we can with any certainty associate it with the young Hotspur who seized the Acropolis and sought to make himself Tyrant of Athens some time in the last quarter of the seventh century, although Ross was evidently inclined to recognize the would-be usurper in the Kylon of this marble; and Professor J. H. Wright, in his admirable monograph on *The Date of Cylon*, has suggested a further connection between the banished Kylon family and that of the Pæanian orator.² It is certainly tempting, here in the presence of this Kylonian monument, to put things together and speculate. Data, a Pæanian Kylon, paleographically attested as contemporary, if not identical, with the Kylon of history; some generations after Kylon's banishment a Gylon turns up with a foreign wife, — he, too, under ban, if we are to believe the orator's enemies, — and gives one of his daughters in marriage to a Pæanian citizen to become the mother of Demosthenes. A descendant of the would-be usurper even in the seventh generation would hardly return under a name attained in Athenian history; under that name as softened in a foreign utterance, he might come back without recalling old resentments. And here at Pæania, and nowhere else, the two names actually meet together! It is tempting, we repeat; but if Demosthenes had had that taint in his blood, Æschines could hardly have failed to smell it out and proclaim it from the housetops.

This little chapel of St. John affords

in the marriage of his daughter to Demosthenes the Pæanian there was a renewal of ancient local associations. Gylon himself, like Cylon, sought for his wife the daughter of a foreign prince. Still, the hypothesis that makes Demosthenes a descendant, or even a connexion, of Cylon is not without the gravest difficulties."

a bird's-eye view of the village, which boasts three hundred houses, and is anything but mean-looking. Our publican kindly points out the exact spot where Demosthenes was born, down the vineyard way; indeed, he goes further, and indicates the birthplace of Pisistratus, up toward the mountain. Pisistratus was not a Pæanian, though the tall and beautiful Phya, whom he palmed off for Pallas Athene, on his first return, was, according to Herodotus, from this deme. So, it would seem, was that able leader Phormion, who served Athens so well in the Peloponnesian war. At least it was here he sought retirement under the burden of his debts, until the Athenians wanted him for their admiral, and paid off his creditors.

Above the chapel, a bold bare rock invites a climb to wider views; but before we are halfway up, the brown bees of Hymettus are making wrathful music about our ears, and we are glad to get down without lasting souvenirs of them. Below we had seen them buzzing about little water-troughs hewn in the rocks for their accommodation, and now under the big rock to the south appears their colony, a sort of amphitheatre sheltering perhaps a hundred hives. In the warm December sun they are doing a good business, and resent intrusion.

Beyond Kylon and the bees, across a little valley, and on the slope of a larger hill, lies the Liopesi cemetery, with a pretty domed chapel above it. The cemetery is new, and, for all the splendid *stelæ* of old, shows but one bit of marble, a small cross with name and date. The usual monument is a broken jug at the head of the grave, common red ware; for variety, a white pitcher with a hole in the bottom, and placed upside down. It is the pitcher broken at the fountain,

the leaky vessel of the Danaides, or what you will; anyway, an emblem of bereavement as old as death.

Meditating here, with eyes uplifted to the great chasm which seems to cleave Hymettus in twain, we hear the shouts of three lads sent out by the publican to call us down. Before his little hostelry we lunch — *al fresco* and in the public gaze — on our Athenian provision plus a cup of honey from the hives on the rock, the property of our host. It is clear and pure, with the true Hymettus flavor. During our repast Papa Athanasios joins us, still drunk, but recovering his speech, and another Pæanian, volubly mellow, who has dived in the Laurion mines, and drowns us with his chatter.¹

At midday we had met the Pæanian boys trooping out of school for their nooning, and so called upon the schoolmaster, whose residence is, as often, a little den partitioned off from the schoolroom. The school adjoins the church, and the churchyard is a cosy shaded spot, a pleasant playground if so profaned. The schoolmaster is an elderly man, of good appearance barring a bulbous nose, claims to be an Athenian, teaches eighty boys (the girls' school is separate, and has fifty pupils), and, after twenty-five years' service, draws the munificent salary of one hundred drachmæ (say twelve dollars) a month. The schoolroom is primitive in its simplicity, but shows a bit of blackboard written over with copies for the day; the first (oddly enough in view of what we had just witnessed) being *ὁ σεβάζομος ἱερεὺς*, the reverend priest. One of the visitors takes the crayon and traces a line of Homer, while the other mounts the schoolmaster's *bema* and declaims the exordium of the First Olynthiac.

Later in the day, we came back to see

¹ I must guard against a false impression here. Drunkenness in Greece, far from being common, is so uncommon as to make this Liopesi experience noteworthy; and the case of the bibulous priest stands alone within my obser-

vation. We met four other priests the same day at Liopesi and Spata, all of them as staid and sober as so many New England country parsons.

the school in operation. The schoolmaster stood at his desk with a class before him, while the seventy odd boys on the benches were studying at the top of their voices. As we entered, a thundering *Sjôp'*! (*σιώπα*, *silence*), followed by a shrill blast of the schoolmaster's tin whistle, stilled the tumult, and brought the whole school to their feet to receive us. In any other country we should have thought it a girls' school, the cotton aprons and head-bands of the lads (from five to twelve) hardly suggesting boy gear. We begged the master to go on with his drill, but, with the weakness common to the calling, he gave us dress parade instead. A dozen of the larger lads (from ten to twelve years old) were called up and put through their paces from the Trojan war down to the great Pæanian orator, though they seemed to know less of Demosthenes than of the heroic shades. The questions were fired off like orders on the field, and the responses were usually instantaneous and correct. Whenever the pupil's articulation was bad, the master's shrill *Kathapá!* brought out a more carefully syllabled reply; and it was evident that the Pæanian youth were in training for better Greek than we heard from their elders. The schoolmaster had taken to heart the story of Demosthenes and the pebbles. A man above the average of his class in intelligence, he frequently connected the old lore with the existing monuments, particularly those of Athens, on which he lingered fondly, and among which the lads seemed quite at home. He had possibly conducted them to the sacred city on some rare holiday.

One can but wonder what schooling rural Attica afforded in Demosthenes' day. For him it mattered little: the son of a man who had carried on two factories with his own slaves, and kept a good bank account withal, — even when thievish guardians had done their worst, — he was not shut up to provincial opportunities. Athens was his school;

Thucydides his model; Plato, Isocrates, Isæus, were his masters. Better than the tipsy priest and the master with the bulbous nose; yet who shall say that Liopesi confines no budding Panhellenic statesman destined to more successful if less brilliant service than Demosthenes son of Demosthenes of Pæania!

II.

ERCHIA: THE NEW MASTER AND THE OLD.

The brief bright afternoon was far spent before we could get out of school and on our way, with a loquacious old Pæanian for guide, to Spata, a village perched upon the clayey bluffs an hour eastward, in the very midst of the Midland. By the roadside, just out of Liopesi, a steam grist-mill; then the rustic laundry, walled in against the northwest, and provided with stone troughs, at which the washerwomen are at work; hard by, among the olives, a ruined church, with abundant litter of ancient buildings. Half a mile further on we come upon an ancient marble-mouthed well, where the passing peasants are watering their beasts, and near this another chapel, the Evangelistria. Here lies what the rustics call the lion (*τὸ λεοντάρι*), but what we at once perceive to be a colossal marble sheep, already described by Leake, as we learn later. It is a fine animal even with its head off, but why this apotheosis of the gentle sheep? Possibly it stood as deme eponymus, for the ruins here indicate a deme centre, and not far off the latest authority has mapped Oa, or *Eveton*, one of whose demotic inscriptions I have myself found at Koropi, a few miles south. It was a little deme, and there is room for it here.

Walking on, with our backs to the setting sun, we have the pretty village of Spata on the bluffs before us. Its outpost, half a mile nearer in the plain, is another old well and a new chapel, where

we find a pretty bit of ancient carving. Hence the road ascends, passes a third great well, where the village folk are drawing water, and at last — now a finely built causeway — leads by a steep grade past some large rum factories up to Spata on the hill. In the early sunset, the view back upon Hymettus and forward on the more distant coast range, with glimpses of the sea, is reward enough for our walk. But the day is too far gone to catch our train at Kanzia and sleep in Athens, unless Spata can afford us horses. The publican declares that there are neither horses nor beds for us in Spata, but there will be a stage to Athens in the morning. We know Greece too well to accept any such ultimatum, and, going about to see what we can of Spata, we presently fall into hospitable hands. Spata boasts a fine church on a noble site, and there we meet two priests, both quite sober, and the schoolmaster. The latter thinks there are beds, and finally owns that he has some himself, but, after measuring the stature of my companion, concludes that he has none to fit him. I can have a bed, and my friend a shake-down (*σπρώματα*). This is good, and we hasten to economize the last light of day in visiting the prehistoric princely tombs around the bluff about half a mile southwest of the village. The custodian (*phylax*) and our Pæanian guide escort us, and we are soon in the bowels of the bluff, where lighted tapers and blazing thyme reveal a dwelling for the dead of the same type with the royal treasure tombs of Mycenæ and Orchomenos. There is the sunken avenue, the large vaulted chamber (*tholos*) opening into a smaller side chamber, and that into still another; only this “beehive” tomb is not built up of solid masonry, but, like the so-called “prison of Socrates” at Athens, is a simple excavation; excavated, too, it would seem in this light, out of clay rather than rock, — a clay so tenacious that thirty centuries have not marred the smooth surface left by those prehistoric workmen.

Schliemann had hardly uncovered the royal sepulchre of Mycenæ, “rich in gold,” in 1876, when some peasant chanced upon these tombs at Spata, full of the same strange outlandish art wrought in gold and in ivory, the same un-Hellenic or pre-Hellenic pottery, with Assyrian mitres and Egyptian sphinxes. At once Attic history, overleaping all literary tradition, stood face to face with monuments older than Homer; monuments, too, not of autochthons, but of invaders. Here on the hill of Spata, — so say the wise in these things, — not later than eleven centuries before our era, Carian princes must have had their seat; a warlike, splendor-loving race, to deck their dead with gold from head to foot, and turn their tombs into an arsenal. This sepulchre of Carian princes was six centuries old when the Carian queen, Artemisia, followed Xerxes to Salamis, and when Herodotus was born in the Carian capital to tell her story. The spoil of these tombs may be seen side by side with Mycenæ’s in the National Museum at Athens, but it means more to one who has been at Spata.

We found the schoolmaster’s house apparently the best in the village, occupying a great quadrangle, as usual, with high walls, entered through a somewhat stately portal. An outside stairway of marble led to the upper floor, which was given up for our entertainment, — a large square chamber, with balcony looking toward sunrise and the sea, and behind this two other tiny apartments. The big chamber was evidently the *megaron* reserved for state occasions, and cold and cheerless accordingly. A great sofa and a shake-down, with a table, a few chairs, and small pictures of Greek politicians saved it from absolute emptiness; but the little box behind this, with the schoolmaster’s beggarly bookshelves and a big open fireplace, promised better things. The evening was chill, and I ventured the suggestion that the smell of fire would not be unpleasant. At once our

host's fair daughter, Helene, heaped an armful of pine fagots on the hearth, and touched them off. The warm blaze shot up, and in a moment we were new creatures; the resinato went round, with Helene for cup-bearer, and the symposium was one long to be remembered.

Fancy two barbarians, smitten with the love of Greece, on pilgrimage to the deme of Xenophon; their host, the schoolmaster for twenty-five years of Xenophon's native place, without a copy of Xenophon in his house! With Marathon hardly a dozen miles away, he had never set foot upon the famous field, yet he was full of curiosity about our New World.

"So you are Americans?"

"Yes."

"Of North or South America?"

That is always the next question here.

"North America, — the United States."

"Ah, do you live near Panama?"

Panama is in the air now, even here behind Hymettus. We explain that it is much farther from Providence to Panama than from here to Marathon. Then the schoolmaster comes out strong.

"You have heard of the flood?"

"Yes."

"Noah's flood?"

"Yes."

"When all the world was drowned except Noah and his people in the ark?"

"Yes."

"You remember Noah had three sons, Shem, Ham, and Japheth?"

"Yes, I remember."

"Well, one of them settled Asia, one Africa, and the other Europe."

"So I have heard."

"Then, what I want to know is, where do you Americans come from?"

"Tell him," said the Sage, observing that I was cornered, "tell him that we had a boat of our own."

I did so, but without provoking a smile, and it presently came out that the schoolmaster was in dead earnest. He had mixed us up with the aborigines, and was trying to get at our own opinion of

our origin. Assured at last that we were Europeans and able to give an historical account of ourselves, he questioned us closely about our Red Remnant. It is a subject of profound interest to the Greek mind; probably because a modern Greek version of *The Last of the Mohicans*, with frightful woodcuts, is to be found in every bookstall not only in Athens, but in the provincial towns. It seems to be the same old curiosity about the outlandish to which *Æschylus* catered in *The Persians*, and *Herodotus* in his *History*. When I had given him some account of our red people, he brought out his own theory of an earthquake tearing the continent in twain at Bering's Strait, and so parting Japheth's family. This seismic doctrine is doubtless taught in the demotic school of Spata without ever a word of the Platonic Atlantis.

The Spata schoolmaster is by far the finest specimen of his class we have met in rural Greece. A splendid figure and a strong, genial face, an open mind unspoiled by learning, — I doubt whether he ever reads out of school, — he looks the genuine old open-air Greek, and all the more so because, unlike most of his class, he has never discarded the national dress. The dress, indeed, is Albanian, and so is he, like most of this Midland folk; but he will tell you that the Albanian is only the older Greek, the Pelasgian, whose prehistoric secret has been as well kept from the rest of the world as the red man's and the mound builder's. If now, as some wise men claim, the Carians were of Pelasgic stock, our host may be a descendant, only ninety generations removed, from the primitive gravediggers of Spata.

For an Albanian he has an exceptional Hellenic cheerfulness. The Albanian character, as Wordsworth well observed, is rather Dorian than Ionian. By his fireside, we, schoolmasters both, cannot repress a wish that all our colleagues at home might fare as well as he. Twenty-seven years in the business, and twenty-

five of them at this one post, he is no tramp. The best dressed and best housed man in town, he is probably the foremost citizen, for the rich rum-maker lives in Athens. Beginning with a monthly stipend of sixty drachmæ, he has advanced step by step, until he is now in receipt of one hundred and twenty (or, at present exchange rates, fully fifteen dollars) a month; and for each five years' service henceforth the law allows him an increase of five drachmæ on his monthly pay. Being now but forty-five, it will be seen that, if he keeps his place and holds out to be a centenarian, he may see this salary almost doubled; and thirty dollars a month at Spata would be something like a royal revenue.

I do not set down this supposition in mere wantonness or without precedent, for the foremost schoolmaster of old Greece, and the longest-lived, was born here at Spata. Without looking up the demotic inscriptions for ourselves, we know that enough have been found to fix here the ancient Erchia, the native deme of Xenophon; it was once thought, of Alcibiades also. At any rate, that splendid scapegrace had large landed estates in Erchia, as Plato informs us. Xenophon, born here at the very outbreak of the Peloponnesian war, lived to chronicle the battle of Mantinea, sixty-nine years later, and must have been seventy-seven when he died. But the true type of Erchian longevity is her Panhellenic schoolmaster, Isocrates. Born here five years before Xenophon, he long outlived him. As a lad he saw the beginning of the long tug between Athens and Sparta. His father's fields may have been wasted when King Archidamus raided this Midland and the Paralia all the way down to Laurion; and if we accept the story that was good enough for Milton,

"That dishonest victory

At Chæroneia, fatal to liberty,

Kill'd with report that old man eloquent."

"In his ninety-eighth year," so tradition runs, "he was in the Palæstra of Hip-

pocrates when he heard the news of Chæroneia. He repeated three verses of Euripides, — verses commemorating three alien conquerors of Greece, — and four days afterwards, on the burial day of those who fell at Chæroneia, he died of voluntary starvation."

The story is clearly unhistorical, but here in the schoolmaster's house, on the hill where Isocrates must have played, and by the prehistoric tombs which may have been his first mysteries, one cannot but recall his wonderful career as an educator and a publicist. Fallen on evil times, for Attica was practically in a state of siege through most of his youth and early manhood, he was nearly as old as the present schoolmaster of Spata when (392 B. C.) he opened his school near the Lyceum at Athens, and began his life work. A full half-century later he was putting the last touches on his Panathenaic oration. In the mean time he had become the most illustrious teacher of his day, with pupils flocking to him from the whole Hellenic world; and that not for a few showy lectures, but for solid study, staying as long, some of them, as our boys do for a full college course. Among them came out statesmen, generals, and kings; and in that school, according to Cicero, was trained and perfected the eloquence of Greece. The school itself, says Dionysius, he made the true image of Athens. If he was not himself the teacher of Demosthenes, his pupil Isæus was, and that, it would seem, in a peculiarly close and exclusive relation.

Such was Isocrates the schoolmaster. But he was a statesman as well, exalting Hellas above Athens, and seeking all his life to break down the walls of that pitiful provincialism which was the bane of Greek politics. While Demosthenes was thundering against Philip, he could look even to the Macedonian as possible leader and deliverer of the Greeks. Politically his views were realized in that larger Hellenism which, under Alexander's flag, overspread the East, and made the cul-

ture of Athens a possession for humanity; and some faint echo of those views may be recognized to-day in a state that calls itself the kingdom of the Hellenes, not of Hellas.

But it is the schoolmaster influence that has most profoundly affected our intellectual history. In tracing the moulding forces of the perfect Attic speech, Jebb, upon whose admirable *Life in The Attic Orators* this brief sketch is mainly based, observes: "Among these various elements one is dominant. The Isocratic style has become the basis of all the rest. That style, in its essential characteristics of rhythm and period, passed into the prose of Cicero; modern prose has been modeled on the Roman: and thus, in forming the literary rhetoric of Attica, Isocrates founded that of all literatures." Webster at Bunker Hill and Everett at Gettysburg but used the mould of speech first fashioned by the schoolmaster who saw the light here at Erchia long before Plato had dreamed of an Atlantis.

When we rose in the morning, the schoolmaster had gone to church, and so we were relieved of some embarrassment. We offered a bit of paper to

Helene, who shook her head until assured that it was only a mite for her dowry. Not until we were leaving the gate did we get sight of the schoolmaster's wife, who then appeared, shyly but with a beaming face, to speed the parting guests. At the little café we found the schoolmaster himself waiting to set us on our way, and he walked with us down into the plain. At parting my friend took out his pocketbook, a proceeding which moved our host's unaffected indignation until he found it was only to hand him a card. With all his epic curiosity about our fatherland, he had asked neither our own nor our fathers' names; so we introduced ourselves at last, and took farewell after the fashion of Diomed and Glaucus: —

"So now art thou our dear guest-friend in mid-
most Attica,
And we are thine whene'er thou farest to our
land."

The speech should have been the schoolmaster's, but he had probably never heard it, and must have retraced his steps wondering what manner of men were these that hailed from a savage land, and talked like the old tombstones.

J. Irving Manatt.

EGOTISM IN CONTEMPORARY ART.

LITTLE by little the shackles of imitation have been falling from American art, so that now it enjoys almost complete freedom of initiative. The direction of its destinies appears more and more to lie in the hands of purely native individualities. In the tendencies of the latter may be discerned something of the promise of the future. The tacit repudiation of the French school by the leading painters of America is itself the broadest and most encouraging phenomenon which analysis discovers. In the work of Sargent, Thayer, La Farge, Ho-

mer, Inness, and others to whom I shall have occasion to return, there is nothing more interesting than the independence of style illustrated. But taking the school as a whole, an estimate of how much less French influence there is to-day than there was a few years ago would have a cheering but negative significance. The positive value of what we are substituting for the facility and cleverness cultivated under foreign guidance or example is a more definite and more seriously interesting object of criticism. It can be ascertained along two lines: first, by

detaching the best artists, and giving a brief survey of the intrinsic weight of the group; and then, by indicating the road which the rank and file, in other words the majority of the school, seem disposed to travel. With the second of these two divisions this paper is intended to be chiefly occupied, because in the second there is expressed most concisely that which most needs to be considered by artists and laymen alike, — the general point of view.

The point of view among the strongest American painters resolves itself into this, that they work with the authority of well-trained craftsmen; but while working from within, while coloring their accomplished art with inspiration passed from nature through every fibre of their individuality, they aim at the expression of beauty for beauty's sake, and not for any adventitious purpose. They are not preoccupied with themselves or with technique. It is not necessary for the present purpose to consider their works in detail. I will simply state that what gives distinction to such brilliant technicians and stylists as the figure painters Sargent, Homer, Walker, Abbey, and Dewing, or such landscape painters as Inness, Homer Martin, and D. W. Tryon, is that they all put both style and executive ability unaffectedly at the service of a deep feeling for pure beauty. These painters, and with them a few others, — La Farge, George DeForest Brush, F. S. Church, Alexander Harrison (in his sea pictures, not in his figure pieces), Whistler, and, with reservations touching his technique, Abbott Thayer, — form the primary group to which I have alluded. I should describe it briefly as a small group, equal in power to any of similar numbers that could be formed in Europe; a great group by virtue of its including so remarkable a colorist and designer as La Farge, so poetic a painter of landscape as Inness, and so masterly a portrait painter as either Sargent or Whistler; and finally, a national group,

inasmuch as no one of its members is affiliated with any foreign school. In this group there are no signs of anything but progress.

Both contingents of American art, the larger and the smaller, stand forth as the outcome of that evolutionary process which was begun centuries ago, and to which such apparently unrelated events as the humanistic movement known as the Renaissance and the French Revolution contributed influence that is potent to-day. Both are crystallizations of personality, self-consciousness, egotism, whichever you choose to call it. Ever since men began to emerge upon a life of liberty and expansion we have learned to read neither their race, nor their nation, nor their state, nor, even primarily, their time, in their performances, but *themselves*. So, if a picture by Mr. Homer or Mr. Inness, surviving generations hence by virtue of its truth and its abstract qualities of beauty, were to lose the record of authenticity placed upon it in the shape of a signature, the critics would still seek in it and find revelations of a personal, temperamental nature; and these revelations would be, if anything, of a larger value, I think, than those which we find to-day in paintings of even so recent a century as the last. But Mr. Homer represents the remnant, the saving group. Take the majority, the great unheeding majority, and there are indications visible in its characteristics in which not the progress, but the decay of evolution may be detected; because in a work of art from one of the majority the relative value of the personal revelations I have referred to is altogether too large. There you find egotism moving rapidly on towards a goal of self-glorification with a recklessness in which it is not difficult to divine the assurance of ultimate discomfiture and defeat.

Leaving aside, then, the few masters, the significance of personality is now very different from what it was in the historic years of its seedtime. Once it was the

keystone of civilization, and in art and literature it produced Michael Angelo and Boccaccio, Leonardo and Machiavelli, Bramante and Petrarch. It could leave such a record as this because what men wanted was freedom of action for the attainment of ends not crassly egotistical. The authors and painters had a disinterested love of art and literature. There was something more involved in the attitude of an artist than a mere fanaticism for self-advertising. Let personality degenerate into the latter ignoble form of egotism, and it becomes an insidious but immensely effective force of disintegration. That is what it has become to-day in many fields of activity. We have in politics the perennially interviewed one, and in literature the "popular" author with his frequent communications to the public as to his methods and his plans. How often, in the course of a year, is it not remarked by some writer of prominence (in response to a pressing inquiry, of course; as though any inquiry should be pressing enough to elicit such talk!) that his forthcoming novel will be one of the best, if not altogether the finest book he has ever written! In music the virtuoso and the prima donna reign supreme. Their ways are known. Consider the present condition of the stage. The star system has left but one theatre in the world free from blight, the *Comédie Française*. In the house of Molière alone will you see a drama symmetrically enacted (though I understand that the Burg Theatre in Vienna has sought to emulate the French standard), and even there the spirit of the age has endeavored to make itself felt. Only the other day it was rumored that Mademoiselle Suzanne Reichenberg, the celebrated *doyenne* of the institution, had threatened to resign, because she had not been satisfied with the distribution of rôles, for which the present manager, M. Claretie, was responsible. What is this but a euphemism for dissatisfaction with the theatre's well-known opposition to

one-actor performances? Mademoiselle Reichenberg protested that she would begin her career anew in a different scene. She has since, happily, reconsidered her decision. Had she not done so, it goes without saying that she would have appeared as a star. The leading actors of the time will brook no rival near the throne. When Signora Duse showed the people of New York how unassumingly she could take the stage, how justly she could scale her part to the proportions of the whole, they were amazed as by a revelation. Verily, in the Palace of Art we have grown so morbidly self-conscious, so enamored of ourselves, that we are dissatisfied if our explorations bring us face to face with any image but our own! What the artist claims is the exercise of personality for the sake of freedom. What he really assumes is the exercise of personality for its own sake, or rather, for the sake of the Person, the Personage.

The painter no less than the politician, the author, and the artist of interpretation makes of his personality a fetish. With him, too, personality has grown to be a source of self-advertising; only the advertising is of the less obvious sort. It is not for that reason any the less pernicious. I know of nothing more subtly but surely subversive of the best principles of art than the headlong apotheosis of the "point of view" which is growing in contemporary painting; and its evil influence is increased a thousandfold by its arrival in the guise of an evangel profoundly righteous. The first impulse of the insurgent is to impose his own laws upon the material in which he works. Tersely formulated, the gospel of the Romantic movement started in France about 1830 would be expressed thus: "Know thyself, be thyself; work according to the promptings of thy nature." To words of this flattering import artists from Géricault's day to Whistler's have given a willing ear, especially those who have not, like Géricault and

Whistler, the wit to perceive that the license does not cover the whole philosophy of art. It matters not to the average artist that, by following his own bent too closely, he frequently runs the risk of making his art indescribably *borné* and fruitless. It is enough for him if he realizes himself. This ambition of "self-effectuation," susceptible of being diverted to now such admirable and now such futile purpose, is almost universally held among modern artists. To oppose it would be to argue with a force of nature. Without it art would cease to be vitalized. It would be folly to sacrifice it, even if that were possible. But it is justifiable to protest against its being made the first and last article of æsthetic faith. To make it all of that is the growing tendency. You can read its manifestations either in specific and more or less independent movements, or in the whole spirit of the time. I will refer first to the former.

In Paris, whence the new dictum was originally sent forth, the Barbizon school of landscape and *genre*, with its programme of imaginative naturalism plus individuality, has been succeeded by a group of painters whose aim differs from that of their predecessors in that it is for individuality plus unimaginative naturalism. Rousseau, Corot, and Millet proposed to paint nature so as to give as faithful a picture of her as possible; and in order to do that they knew that they could trust only to their eyes and feelings. They would paint in their own ways, they would give themselves free swing, but the first intention of their work would be to reproduce nature with truth. The impressionist's intention is somewhat the same, but he makes the following distinction. "This is as *I* see nature," he declares. "You may tell me that that is an oak, and that those flowers are daisies. Yonder bush may be one of roses. Mais que voulez-vous? I am no maker of catalogues. I do not pretend to tell you just what is there. I tell you what I see there, and what I

see is so much tone. I leave it to your cleverness to translate my tone, my beautiful pigments, back into natural facts. Presto! I have looked quickly, because a change in the atmosphere will make me see another thing ten minutes later. There is my picture!" And this synthesis, with which he is so contented is not imaginative, not based on spiritual insight and the formative power of a creative genius passing loosely related facts through the alembic of his art, to bring them out knit closely together, a marvelous totality. It is a purely ocular synthesis, a synthesis founded on the baldest visual experience. I do not say this is a worthless kind of art. In the hands of a master of observation and swift generalization, in the hands of a man like Monet, it may be made to yield interesting and even beautiful work. At the same time it marks a step in the wrong direction, in the direction of personality resting satisfied with its own outlook.

After the impressionists have come the symbolists, the members of the Rose-Croix Salon, with the "Sar" Péladan at their head. They carry the impressionistic independence of literal explanation to its extreme limit, and far beyond. During the last two winters they have filled the Durand-Ruel galleries in Paris with scores of designs to which it has been impossible for the uninitiate to attribute any meaning whatever. The pictures have mostly pretended to express the spiritual speculations, so called, of the new Rosicrucians. If the spectator cannot see through their arbitrarily enigmatic propositions, then so much the worse for his groveling soul. The artist has, or thinks he has, an explanation of his own mysticism. Safe in his self-consciousness, he bids the world pass on. The complacency of the type is astounding. I have not by me at present any of the sapient utterances with which the air was thick at the time of the Rose-Croix début, but this artistic group has its exact equivalent among the literary

phenomena of the hour, and there comes appropriately to my hand this exquisite deliverance from the *décadent* school of poets, the school founded by Baudelaire, and continued by Verlaine, Stéphane Mallarmé, Gustave Kahn, and others: "Les très nombreuses et incessantes polémiques que susciterent depuis trois ans les manifestations du groupe symboliste rappellent les grandes luttes qui, en ce siècle, signalèrent l'essor du romantisme et du naturalisme." As who should say of the recent student riots in Paris, "This commotion recalls the stormy days of '93." Possibly it does, to those for whom noise is in itself something talismanic and potential. But between the lordly lion, shaking his mane in magnificent defiance, which Stendhal loosed and Géricault and Victor Hugo woke to a sense of his own power, — between this romantic and splendid apparition and the hysterical mouse that has limped into life on the tortured strophes of MM. Baudelaire, Verlaine et Cie., there seems to me to be a very great distance indeed.

I have not forgotten the fact postulated above, that American artists are no longer in bondage, as a school, to the French. If I have spoken at length of French phenomena, it is because they provide organisms for illustration. The most flagrant ebullitions of personality in French art are speedily made the basis for a "school." Neither in England nor in America have any movements of eccentricity similar to those of the Rosierucians and the impressionists reached an advanced stage of organization, though there are several artists of *décadent* sympathies in London, and impressionism, as everybody knows, has a recognized body of adherents in this country and in the British capital. Last summer, when an exhibition of pictures by the French impressionists Monet and Besnard was opened in New York, there were found to supplement it pictures by Mr. Alden Weir and Mr. J. H. Twachtman which had plainly been produced in emulation

of Monet. What is really a more serious phase of the situation, however, than any such sporadic demonstration as that of Messrs. Weir and Twachtman — more serious because more widely pervasive — is found in an exhibition of the Society of American Artists. I approach it with diffidence, for I have no doubt that some one might arise and gravely remonstrate with me for undervaluing the service to art which is performed by the pillars of that centre of liberated personality. As a matter of fact, no one could admire more than I do the strength and the abundant individuality which may be found there. But in spite of my admiration I cannot avoid the suspicion that among those who are not masters there lurks a vitiating germ. Art happens, says Mr. Whistler. To this there is now tacitly added the intelligence that the material of art happens, also; the implication being that if it happens in fact, it may logically happen on canvas. Logically, perhaps, but not artistically; and Mr. Whistler, the greatest selective genius among living painters, the greatest living master of artistic logic, has said so explicitly enough, besides setting a lasting example to his generation. Example and precept have been of no avail, and when, at the last exhibition of the Society of American Artists, a prize was to be awarded to the picture considered the best by the artists themselves, they chose a work by Mr. E. C. Tarbell which showed no selective faculty whatever, the composition of a nude woman attended at her bath by a maid having not the slightest grace of line or composition. It was simply an attempt at photographing nature, not at rearranging her in a pictorial design. The explanation of this kind of art, which summed up, by the way, the prevailing aim in the exhibition referred to, I find in the strenuous claims of personality, — claims that outweigh, apparently, all other considerations. The important thing is, not to produce a picture, a com-

position, interesting in and for itself, but to make the reproduction of some episode in life the vehicle for the expression of the artist's point of view. The expression of that point of view is essential to the perfection of a work of art. I do not see how it can be sufficient in itself to make a painting a work of art. This seems to me self-evident, yet you will find it denied in an exhibition like that of which I speak. In other words, you will find again and again some of the chief virtues of graphic art, but rarely the greatest virtue of all, that of construction. Studies you will find *ad libitum*. Memoranda, casual sketches, unassorted fragments of life and of landscape, — you will find all these. And I cannot insist too strongly that when, in one legitimately artistic way or another, they strike a temperamental note, they are answering a requirement of the best art. Up to a certain point other requirements of a picture will also have been fulfilled. A picture, I take it, is the representation within a given space, through the medium of outline, light, and shade, etc., of an object which will appeal to the intelligence in just that position, without the aid of any extraneous agents. This is the elemental picture, such as one may draw when a figure stands accidentally beneath an arch, or when the clouds pause to model curious shapes against the sky. Any case of temporarily arrested motion will make a picture of this sort, as the kodak has proved. It has points of surplusage, but we do not mind them. Roughly speaking, the pictorial instinct is satisfied. The picture that is also a work of art, however, is one in which a quivering consciousness of the value of each line and shadow has so operated as to make each line form part of an indissoluble unit. Every work of art fulfills its purpose in striking a chord of intellectual, imaginative, sensuous, or emotional significance. The perfection of this chord is conditional upon the subtle correspondence in degree of ex-

citing power between its component parts, upon the flawless harmony of its forces in working to a common end. The secret of creation is nothing if not a secret of construction.

It is the old story of selection versus blind acceptance of anything that comes. The author of any one of the scores of pictures you may choose from one of the current exhibitions will tell you that he has heard it before. Our supposititious artist may ask you, sarcastically, if you suppose he used no discrimination in choosing the stuff of the picture before you. This argument, plausible as it might seem, would miss the real point at issue, which is not whether a painter has discovered a more or less paintable fragment of nature, or arranged his models in a more or less dramatic and pictorial way. The point is whether or not the various motives have been consciously fused into one symmetrical totality of spiritual and material effect, — an effect from which it would be impossible to make any subtraction with safety. A constructional idea of some sort enters into the composition of the most lawless production, just as the principle of gravitation underlies the chaos of a wrecked machine. It is obvious, inevitable. The constructional idea for which I would plead, against the irresponsible and amorphous type of design now promising to become more and more the favorite stalking-horse of personality, is an idea which makes for the lucid symmetry of an exquisitely adjusted organic unit. It makes for selection, for balance, for synthesis and proportion and reserve. It recognizes temperamental, idiosyncratic factors in the work of art which it informs, not as inferior or superior to any others, but as of exactly the same value. I am aware that this idea is commonly rejected as artificial and paralyzing to the impulses of character. The quick retort is that it savors of classicism; that classicism is out of date, and that so is the Academy. A fierce insistence upon

the overwhelming claims of personality takes the shape of a vigorous protest against formalism and routine. But this constructive idea to which I refer is of neither Academic, formal, nor routine import. It is of abstract and universal significance. It amounts to the affirmation of one all-embracing, immutable law, a law of perfect poise. It is classic, if you like, but it is so far from being classic in any narrow sense that it may be found underlying the best monuments of both classic and romantic art. Furthermore, while it is an idea which serves as a corrective and a restraint, and will materially modify the expression of merely idiosyncratic characteristics (or accidents, as I prefer to call them), it will never stifle the elemental qualities of a rich nature. It will leave such a nature with pathos, with humor and grace and dignity and style. It will leave such a nature qualified at every point to minister to the instinct of beauty, — a task which I suppose even the most rabid adherent of free personality will admit is preëminently the task of art.

The testimony of the classic ideal I regard as of peculiar weight, for it seems to me that a clear understanding of it does much to destroy the unnecessary barriers existing between realism and idealism. The naturalism of Greece, if properly comprehended by the naturalist of the modern schools, would soon metamorphose his unelevated art. So remote is he, however, from comprehending it, as a rule, that the antique is to him the synonym for rigidity and vapid stereotyped form. Of course he bows before the Venus de Milo, but that is a momentary concession. The genius of antique art is practically waved away as a beautiful but empty chimera. In so far as it has seduced men into the paths of a Canova or a Thorwaldsen, the prejudice against it is superficially justified. Seriously, closely considered, there could be nothing more absurd than this very prejudice. Nowhere is the

rhythm of life, its fluidity, its movement, more superbly simulated than in the plastic art of Greece, which is an ideal of symmetry as well. Turn also to the antique literature. With the Grecian serenity of poise which you find in, say, Theocritus, you will find, too, the last word of animation, of nature.

Theocritus does not offer, perhaps, the last word on personality, nor have I sought it in his poems any more than I would seek it in the Spartan ideal of government, or in the relics of pagan architecture and sculpture. That for which I wish to appeal in briefly touching upon such sources of suggestion is confirmation of one elemental proposition, — that the classic spirit, the classic idea of construction, is not inimical to the spirit of liberty. Personality in the modern sense may not have thriven in Hellas, but that was because personality in the modern sense was not the order of the day in the golden age of Dorian civilization. Pursue the classically constructional tradition down to its representatives in modern times. With them there is no disloyalty to the classical idea, nor is there any essential sacrifice of personality. You will find equability, constructive integrity, in composers like Cherubini and Glück, in writers like Arnold and Mérimée, in artists like David and Turner, Ingres and Wilson. You will find also animation, virility, and the note of personal charm.

It must be admitted, I think, that art which is produced in obedience to imperative laws of symmetry and equilibrium, which is often art of the sort we are in the habit of calling objective, impersonal, is not necessarily (though it may seem a contradiction in terms) deficient in personality of the most distinctive quality. In fact, no art is more richly endowed with the spirit of its creator than the art of a man whose work is, broadly speaking, thoroughly impersonal. His note, the very color of his soul, survives in his work, and it is

not, either, in the mere turn of a sentence or the flight of a line, in any of the minutiae of style or manner. It is there in exactly the same way that it is in the work of a purely subjective artist, with the difference that it is not nearly so aggressive. It is there, in short, as a factor of equal import with other factors. It is not there as a preponderating element. Now, if any further proof were needed of the possibility of reconciling personal and constructive ideals, it is offered by the greatest of the romanticists themselves. A sense of measure and composition lies at the root of the best work of the entire school at Barbizon. It gives to some of Millet's pictures, to pictures like the familiar *Paysage d'Auvergne*, with its clump of trees on an elevation near the centre, and the shepherdess with a distaff in the middle distance, such a finality and perfection of grouped lines and masses as we are accustomed to find among the great Umbrians, Raphael and Perugino, or in the mural decoration of Michael Angelo himself.

This precious sense, in the nature of things the sense of the composer as distinguished from that of the improvisatore, permeates the finest plastic art of France; its absence from the great but defective because too abruptly idiosyncratic work of Rodin only proving the need for its presence. It is one of the gifts inextricably wrought into the artistic characters of Puvis de Chavannes, and of Americans like Whistler and Sargent. Is it to be theirs, the giants', alone, or is it to be shared by artists everywhere, according to their ability? That is the question suggested by close scrutiny of the reverse of that medal of contemporary art upon the obverse of which every one is striving to imprint his likeness. We want the likeness there, if it is intrinsically interesting, — an important qualification; and indeed I find nothing more exhilarating, nothing more provocative of enthusiasm for modern art, especially

modern American art, than this very exuberance of personality. It is our surest safeguard against losing ourselves in the petrifying labyrinths of conventionalism. But an equal danger threatens us in the dishonoring of laws of sound construction in favor of the caprice and mannerisms of the individual. Through what methods are the endangered laws to be strengthened and reestablished upon an immovable foundation? Every thoughtful critic of such a problem is bound to have his own favorite solution; and for my part, I could wish that the next few years might witness a revival of interest in the works of the great classicists, of Claude, Poussin, Turner, David, and Ingres, and of those Italians I have mentioned whose spiritual and sensitive art was fed by such inexorable habits of Neo-Greek discipline. The Stanze of the Vatican, the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Sala del Cambio at Perugia, and Signorelli's work at Orvieto have much to teach modern artists which, I venture to say, they make, on the whole, very little effort to learn. Perhaps it is impossible for them to learn it in that way. The principle presented in the concrete is fearfully apt to be construed, such is the infirmity of man, as a formula, and therefore a snare. There is a healthy tendency among artists to-day to regard the formula as not only a snare, but an abomination. If, then, the teaching of this school or that is unlikely to be accepted, in the reaction against personality which is the one thing to be safely prophesied, it seems to me that the consummation most devoutly to be hoped for is an increase in general culture. Of course culture exists now among artists, but it exists sporadically, with not any of the living, far-reaching, and omniscient influence it should exert. This is a subject which requires separate treatment, but I may say here that what I mean by culture in art is neither a quantity of book-learning in any field, nor a general familiarity with

the schools of Europe. It is an acquaintance with all the branches of æsthetic knowledge in their facts and in their literature, and a close, incessant apprehension of every other thread going to make the iridescent web of this noble

human design. There is no other experience which will so certainly enforce upon the mind the divine law of relations which also is the noblest of human laws, the immutable law of construction.

Royal Cortissoz.

WHERE?

BASED UPON A FOLK-SONG IN THE BARD OF THE DIMBOVITZA.

SHE went away, at the break of day,
And a child in her arms she bore.
I asked the roads which way she went,
I hunted for her till day was spent,
But she returned no more.

"Have you seen a woman and child to-day?"
I say to the people I meet on the way.
But no one seems to see;
They pass me by, without reply,
Too busy to answer me.

Sullen and slow, I go
To the river, and, watching the flow
Of its waves that seaward roll,
I say to the river, "What sings in thee?"
It answers me,
"Only a baby's soul."

I fly to the poplars, — why
I know not, for all I see,
Ghostly and ominous, troubles me.
The long limbs tremble, and every leaf
(They are numberless) is a tongue of grief,
And every sound a sigh.
"Tell me, before we part,
Poplars, that peak and pine,
If you have aught that is mine."
"Naught that is thine;
Only a woman's heart."

They passed away, at the break of day,
They are not on land or sea:
They have flown afar, where the angels are,
And both have forgotten me!

R. H. Stoddard.

THE QUEEN OF CLUBS.

THERE are eighteen clubs and classes in Riverside, and my sister Eleanor was asked to join thirteen of them, but compromised on eight. I am glad that I am still a schoolgirl, for I am sure that I should die if I had to go to eight clubs. In addition to these festive gatherings among the rich she spends one evening in the week at a Girls' Club for the poor. I always supposed that one of the advantages of poverty was that you did not have to belong to clubs, but it seems that even the poor cannot escape the weight of their environment.

Eleanor's clubs differ in importance: there is one glory of the sun, and another of the moon, while besides these luminaries there are some small stars and one or two unimportant fireflies. There is in especial a club that meets in Boston every Saturday morning that might be called the sun.

Well, as I remarked before, I am glad that I am only seventeen. My sister Eleanor is twenty-eight, but nobody would ever imagine it. I am sometimes mistaken for her, which makes me furious; but I ought to feel flattered, I suppose, for she is prettier than I am. Although she is so much quieter than I, she is a great favorite. I should like to be such a favorite, except that it means making one's self agreeable to so many stupid people, and — eight clubs! If I were a man, I should fall in love with Eleanor; not that it would do the smallest good, only I could not help it, for she is so sweet. I know that is what Mr. Morris thinks; and he would agree with me in being certain that it did not do any good. Indeed, I should suppose he would feel that it did a great deal of harm, poor fellow. I am sure that he has been in love with her for six years, — ever since she has lived with aunt Esther, in fact; and six years make a great deal of dif-

ference, at his age. He never was very young, — that is, since I have known him; but now he is really old, forty-one, with gray hair, and a face that looks as if it had seen better days. I mean in the way of looks; it could never have been any more amiable than it is now. I know Eleanor would like him if she lived in less of a whirl, but she has not any time to fall in love.

Lord Byron said: —

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart,
"T is woman's whole existence."

Poor antiquated Lord Byron! It is plain to see that he did not live in the present day in Massachusetts! What time has Eleanor to think of love as she eats a hurried breakfast, and flies — no, not flies, for Eleanor is always dignified, but strolls down town rather fast on a Monday morning, to do her marketing early, so that she may not be late for the Musical Club? That Musical Club is the one thing I envy her, for I can play pretty well, and I have quite a good voice. I am not musical enough for the club, however, for the members have to play and sing uncommonly well, or else not at all. Eleanor neither plays nor sings, but she looks so exquisitely refined and so pretty in her brown hat and gown that she lends distinction to the occasion; and then she is always delightfully sympathetic. What people want is sympathy. I have come to the conclusion that it is better not to try to accomplish some great work in the world, but simply to go about, like my sister Eleanor, sympathizing with the people who do things well. Of course there are plenty of things that she does well, but they are all of a domestic nature, — all of them, at least, except whist. Eleanor has gone into whist lately, and she plays a fine game. She belongs to three whist clubs; two of them meet in the

afternoon, and one meets in the evening. The Tuesday afternoon club is very swell, and aunt Esther insists upon her going to it every week, but she can't understand why she wastes her time with the Wednesday club. Eleanor says they play whist better in the Wednesday club, but aunt Esther does not see why this is of any consequence. Eleanor certainly has no time to think of love on Monday, Tuesday, or Wednesday; and Thursday is equally full, for there is the Renaissance Club in the afternoon, and the Whist Club in the evening; while on Friday — dear me, I have forgotten what happens on Friday morning, but it is something very important, and then there are the Symphony Rehearsals in the afternoon, and the Girls' Club in the evening; and as for Saturday, it is the busiest day of all. Eleanor leaves home directly after breakfast, and does not appear again until tea time. I wish it were late dinner, but it is n't, because aunt Esther is so old fashioned; it is only plebeian, unsubstantial, unsatisfactory tea.

When I came to spend the winter here, mamma told me to be sure to keep a journal and record my impressions. She said I must give up being frivolous, and become precisely like a Boston girl. She said that they were all so intellectual here; but I am sure that Eleanor is n't; she hardly reads at all. She is read to, however, a great deal at her clubs. This saves time, because she does not have to stop to hunt up the books, and it is more sociable. They tell you in New York that everybody is reading in Boston all the time, in all sorts of odd places, but I have never noticed it, except among the men in the horse cars, and they all read the newspapers diligently, especially when there are ladies standing in the car. I have discovered why men in other cities are so much more polite about giving up their seats: it is because the cars are not so crowded, and they never have to stand long. There are some men, however, who cheerfully re-

linquish their seats here, and Edward Morris is one of them. I always come back to him, no matter with what subject I start. He is very nice. I wish that he were twenty-one instead of forty-one, and were in love with me. We are excellent friends, and I often think of advising him to offer himself to Eleanor by letter. There is never any time for him to do it in any other way, for on the rare occasions when she is at home the house is filled with people. I believe that if he were to offer himself to her often enough by letter he might make an impression on her after a while, just as an advertisement, which they say nobody sees at first, catches the eye when it has been read several times. He might say: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — Won't you cease to be queen of clubs, and be queen of my heart? Pray listen to me on account of my long suit. It has lasted for six years; and although it is not a suit of diamonds, at least, thank Heaven, it is not a suit of clubs.”

If this failed to touch her heart, he could send a Musical Club offer a little later: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — The andante movement has been going on for six years. Let us have something a little more rapid. My life has hitherto been in a minor key; won't you henceforth make it in A major?”

If this did not suffice, it could be followed by an offer appropriate to a young woman who founded a club to investigate the Middle Ages and the Renaissance: —

“MY DEAR ELEANOR, — I am now in a position thoroughly to understand the middle age; and as you are evidently anxious to learn about that period, I would suggest that, instead of going to a club once a week for that purpose, you should study the subject in a tranquil manner at home every day with me. It would truly be a renaissance to me if you would take me, my dear girl.”

How could she resist such appeals, especially if they were followed by five other equally appropriate offers?

Poor Mr. Morris is so busy that he does not often get an evening to himself, much less an afternoon; but once in a great while he makes an effort, and comes to see us. Eleanor once told him that she was always at home on Monday, and he said, "If you will tell me when you are not 'at home,' I will come then."

"How flattering!" she retorted, with a little laugh.

"I mean that I would rather come when you are by yourselves, without all the world," he explained.

"All the world does not come on Monday," said Eleanor. "On the contrary, sometimes aunt Esther and I sit here alone the whole afternoon."

In consequence of these encouraging words, he tried it one Monday; but, unfortunately, two of the Turners and Fanny Williams and old Mrs. Grant dropped in at the same time. He sat on a small chair, looking very unhappy, and drinking tea out of an eggshell cup because Eleanor had made it,—the tea, I mean. There was a thimbleful of tea in the cup, and also a big lump of sugar which he stirred with a tiny spoon, the right size for a Tom Thumb, and he is so large; he positively seemed like a giant. I could see that aunt Esther was eying her slender, spindle-legged chair with apprehension. All he gained by the call was the pleasure of seeing Eleanor behind a little tea-table, looking awfully pretty in a pink gown while she chatted with Fanny Williams. Eleanor does not talk much, but she listens so intelligently that you always feel as if the conversation had been equally divided. Mr. Morris had a good deal of talk with his cousin, Mrs. Grant; or, to speak accurately, he did a good deal of intelligent listening, and I hope he did not find her such a bore as I do. When he saw me passing through the hall in my school things he rose with

alacrity, for I made a face at him as he sat there looking as if he had lost his last friend.

"Must you leave us so soon?" Eleanor asked him, in surprise.

"Yes, I am going to take a little walk with your sister."

"I know that it was very wrong of me to make up that face," I said, as we set off together, "but next year I shall be grown up and can't do such things, so I must make the most of my time."

"I suppose you will come out next winter, Julia, and go to parties and clubs like all the rest of the world," he said, with a little sigh.

"I am never coming out," I replied. "I am going to stay in always. I shall be at home every day in the week."

"So you think now,—so Eleanor thought once; but the pressure is too strong on you girls."

We had a nice walk, and a long talk about my school and all the girls, and I forgot all about Eleanor and his love for her. He is the kind of person who makes one talk about one's own affairs.

He did not try coming again on a Monday, poor man! As ill luck would have it, he selected a Thursday afternoon when the Renaissance Club met at our house. He was shown into the parlor, through some mistake; perhaps the maid thought that he was the lecturer. He was well inside the door before he discovered what was going on, for he is very near-sighted, and then he looked so blank. The ladies were intensely interested; most of them know him a little, and they have been wondering for the last six years whether Eleanor would marry him or not. I am sure they must have thought that the wedding day was set. Eleanor was not in the least embarrassed when she saw him. My sister Eleanor is always perfectly calm, and rather cold.

"I am very glad to see you, Mr. Morris," she said. "I will tell Julia that you are here."

She did not know that I was peeping through the dining-room door.

It happened, therefore, that Mr. Morris and I had another walk, and he heard more about my school and the Saturday evening dancing class, and he appeared very much interested. Men are so much more sympathetic than women. I suppose it is because nowadays men don't have half so much on their minds.

That evening aunt Esther spoke to me seriously. She said that she did not like the way in which I was devoting myself to Edward Morris, for it seemed disloyal to Eleanor. I laughed at first, and I can't remember all that passed, but she implied, finally, that I was trying to make him fall in love with me for the sake of amusing myself, and she told me he was too good a man for me to make unhappy. I grew very angry at last, and I said, "I am not amusing myself; I can promise you safely that if he asks me to marry him I will do it. I am seventeen and he is forty-one, to be sure, but when I am fifty-seven and he is eighty-one we shall be practically of the same age."

It was very silly of me. I don't know what aunt Esther thinks. Sometimes I fancy that she believes I was in earnest. As for Eleanor, she is more wrapped up in her clubs than ever.

January 9. Mr. Morris came one evening last week, but, unfortunately, he hit upon a night when Eleanor was at the Girls' Club. I advised him to come some Sunday evening, and last night he appeared; but Eleanor was so worn out with the fatigue of the week, joined to the depraved actions of her Sunday-school class, that she had gone to bed early.

January 17. Mr. Morris called again last night. I was determined that he should have a chance to see Eleanor alone, so I brought my German books, and asked aunt Esther if she would not come into the other room and help me with my lesson; but the dear soul pro-

posed a game of whist. Theoretically she realizes that Mr. Morris comes to see Eleanor rather than herself, but practically there is never any especial occasion when it occurs to her to leave them to themselves. She says that it is a good thing for a man to see a girl in her home, with her family about her; but I think that it is pleasanter for the family than for the man and the girl.

Aunt Esther delights in whist, but she does not play the modern game. She always tells her partner, with one of her pleasant smiles, that she has never learned how to make trump signals, and that she has played all her life and has found it to her advantage to lead from her short suit. I like that kind of a game, and as Eleanor and Mr. Morris prefer science, I proposed that she should play with me; but she said she would rather have Edward Morris for a partner, as in that case she would be more likely to beat. Aunt Esther was especially trying last night. It took her a long time to decide what to play. She has been taking lessons in the Delsarte system, and has learned how to relax; and once, when she was particularly long, I could not help saying that I was afraid Eleanor and Mr. Morris did not like relaxed whist.

Life is an odd mixture, and most of it is a great deal duller than novels lead one to expect, as I am sure Mr. Morris must have thought as he sat there all the evening opposite placid, aggravating aunt Esther. Life is very like the Saturday evening dancing class. There is a good deal of sitting around and waiting; there are a few adorable turns and a kaleidoscopic change of partners, then—silence! The evening is over, and the lights are put out. Life isn't very serious, at least in the nineteenth century in Boston, but it is rather amusing, and I suppose we should all miss the hurry, the rush, and the mad dance.

January 21. How lightly I wrote only four nights ago! A terrible thing

has happened that has changed the whole world. How could I ever have thought that life was anything but solemn and serious and awful?

I will begin at the beginning, and write it all out just as it occurred. Thursday evening Mrs. Emery sent over to say that she was in dire need of a substitute at her whist club, and to ask if Eleanor would bring me. Poor woman, she must have been in sore distress indeed before she sent for me! Eleanor arranged that I should be her partner. The dear girl hates to play with me, but she dislikes still more to inflict me on any one else. I was frightened at the idea of playing in a whist club, so of course I made more mistakes than ever. Eleanor did not scold me, — she never scolds, — but she grew a little stiffer and a shade quieter. It appeared at the moment as if her whole mind, her whole heart, her whole soul, were set upon winning that especial rubber of whist. I wanted to laugh, as I looked around the room and saw the intense, anxious faces. There was no "relaxed whist" that night.

I don't remember how long we had been playing, when the maid came and whispered something into Dr. Emery's ear. He rose quickly and left the room. He was followed by his wife and Mr. Armstrong. Mrs. Emery came back directly.

"There has been an accident," she said. "A man has been run over by one of those terrible electric cars. I can never get used to them; they seem to me like steam engines let loose."

We stopped for a few minutes to discuss the accident; but whist is whist, and a game in the hand is worth more than an unknown man under the wheel.

"Probably he is an Irishman, and I have no doubt that he had been drinking," said Mrs. Emery.

We all accepted this comfortable theory, and those of us who were not playing at Dr. Emery's table were soon once more cheerfully absorbed.

At the end of half an hour Mr. Armstrong returned. I heard a whispered consultation between him and Mrs. Emery, and caught the words, "You had better not tell her." I also overheard Edward Morris's name.

The room swam before my eyes, and I caught at the table to prevent myself from falling. I lost all presence of mind.

"Is Mr. Morris dead?" I gasped.

"No, dear; no, indeed," Mrs. Emery answered, in a soothing tone. "There is no danger, we trust; but he has met with severe injuries, and my husband has gone with him to the hospital."

It was singular what a difference it made in our feelings when we found that the man who had been run over was not a stranger. Everybody was so sorry and so sympathetic; every one, at least, except Eleanor. She sat there as rigid as a statue, and looking as if she wished all this commotion were over, so that she might finish her game. I could have killed her; I really could, if the ace of clubs in my hand had been the implement of that name instead of a bit of pasteboard. I could see that all the ladies in the room were looking stealthily at her, and then at me. She could see it, too. She drew herself up a little straighter, if that were possible, and then she said, "Julia, you must control yourself; everything is being done for Mr. Morris that can be done; you must not spoil the evening. Spades are trumps, I believe."

I am sure they all knew then that she was not engaged to Edward Morris.

I tried to play. I tried to keep back my tears, but a few would fall on the ace of clubs, and I ended by putting the hateful thing on Eleanor's king.

"I had taken that trick," she said quietly.

"I don't care if you had!" I burst out. "I don't care anything about this wretched game. I want to go home. I am very unhappy; please, please take me home."

Eleanor rose. "I hope you will excuse us, Mrs. Emery," she said. "Pray do not let us break up your evening, but I think that I had better take my sister home. She and Mr. Morris are old friends, and she feels this very much."

Mr. Armstrong telephoned for our carriage, and he also telephoned to the hospital to learn the latest news concerning Mr. Morris. It seemed that he had reached his destination safely, but was unconscious; and although his life was in no immediate danger, he would probably have a long, serious illness. We all recognized the reserved nature of the message, "in no immediate danger," and our hearts sank.

Eleanor was very gentle with me. She did not reprove me for my outburst, and after we were in the carriage she took my hand in hers, but I snatched it away.

"Don't touch me!" I cried fiercely. "You are as cold and hard as a stone. You ought to love him with your whole heart, but you have no heart, and you leave it to me to grieve for him; to me, when I am only the least of his friends."

Eleanor said nothing.

"I am sure that you are responsible for this accident," I went on, rendered quite beside myself by her calmness. "He was thinking of you when his foot slipped. If you had been a little good to him, instead of trying to help a lot of people in clubs, it would not have happened. And perhaps you have killed him," I added.

"Don't, Julia," she said, with a little shudder.

At this point I began to cry, and I sobbed all the way home as if my heart would break.

Aunt Esther met us at the door with a surprised but an approving face.

"How early you are!" she said. "This is a sensible hour. Edward Morris was here this evening, Eleanor, and he seemed quite hurt when he did not find you. He said he had written to tell you that he was coming."

"I never got the note," said Eleanor.

"No, it came at noon, and I put it on the mantelpiece in the library with your other letters, and I did not remember to give them to you; for you were at home only long enough to take your tea and dress for the club." Aunt Esther handed her the letters, and Eleanor took them and started to go upstairs.

"I am tired," she said, "and so I will say good-night. Julia, you must tell aunt Esther why we came home early."

"I hope you were not badly beaten," said aunt Esther.

"Beaten?" Eleanor repeated vaguely, with a curious, absent look on her face. "Oh, in whist? No, thank you; at least I don't remember. I think — I think I will say good-night."

I told aunt Esther the news, and then I hurried upstairs; but, quick as I was, Eleanor had already locked the door between her room and mine. I knocked, but had no response. I knocked again, and again there was no answer. I paused and listened. There was a faint, muffled sound on the other side of the door. I knew then that Eleanor was crying, and the fact awed me, for I could not remember having heard her cry since father died, six years ago.

"Eleanor, let me in," I begged. "I understand it all now, dear. Please forgive me, and please, please let me in."

But Eleanor would not open the door.

I was so wretched that I was sure I should stay awake all night; for how could I sleep until she had forgiven me? And then I fell asleep while I was thinking it over, miserable, faithless wretch that I was!

In the morning I awoke earlier than usual. The door was open between Eleanor's room and mine, and everything looked so pleasantly familiar that my first feeling was, what it always is, joy that I was in this happy world. Then I remembered that perhaps there would never be any joy for us again.

I went softly into Eleanor's room.

She was lying on the sofa, with her wrapper on, and a letter tightly clasped in her hand. Her face was so pale that I was frightened at first, and thought she had fainted; but I soon found she had fallen asleep after a long, anxious night. How long and how anxious it had been I could only faintly fancy, for a glance at her face made me conscious that my sorrow was a childish feeling compared with hers.

While I was standing by her, Eleanor opened her eyes. I shall never forget the look on her face when she tried to smile as if nothing had happened.

"We shall hear some good news to-day, dear," she began; then her lip trembled, and then — it was she who was sobbing, with her head on my shoulder and my arms around her neck.

"Julia, he does love me," she said.

"You need not tell me that when I have known it for six years."

"I did not know it, and I don't think he knew it until lately, but" — She held up the letter by way of an ending to her sentence. I could not help seeing the first words.

"My dear Queen of Clubs," I read aloud, half unconsciously.

Eleanor covered the precious document with her hand, and we both laughed forlornly.

"Eleanor, how could you be so calm when you heard the news of the accident?" I asked impetuously.

"Would you have had me show all those people what I felt, when I did not know that he cared for me?" she demanded.

"If you did not know that he loved you, you were a very stupid person."

"We were always good friends," said Eleanor, "and my life was such a full one that until lately I never felt the need of anything else; and then — then — I thought he was in love with you."

"With me?" I said scornfully.

"Julia dear," she began eagerly, "I hope — I hope" —

At last I comprehended everything.

"Yes, I love him," I said firmly. "I love him like a brother, like a father, — like a grandfather, if you will. Darling, does that make you jealous? Are n't you willing that I should love him like a grandfather, Eleanor dear?"

The next morning aunt Esther and Eleanor went to the hospital, but they returned with sad faces. Edward Morris was still unconscious.

January 24. We have had a terrible week. Mr. Morris has concussion of the brain, and his recovery is doubtful. Eleanor has abandoned all her clubs, and does not seem to care any longer what people think, but she is very quiet and calm.

February 3. I am quite used to Mr. Morris's illness now, for everything is so exactly the same at school and at dancing school. I should die if I were as unhappy all the time as I was that first night; so I try to think that he is going to get well, and to forget Eleanor's sad face.

February 12. The doctor is afraid that Edward Morris will not live many days. This is frightful, — though it is possible that he may linger for weeks, or even months. I cannot grasp the idea of his dying. It seems impossible that he can go away from us altogether. In the beginning I realized all the possibilities, but now that we have had this respite I can't believe that anything so overpoweringly sad will happen; and after all, there is still a faint chance that he may rally.

Mrs. Grant is going to have the whist club just the same, even though she is his cousin. She says that one can't give up everything for an indefinite period on an uncertainty. I believe that they would play whist on the edge of his grave, — all except Eleanor; she does not play whist any more. She and aunt Esther go in every day to the hospital to see if there is anything that they can do, but Mr. Morris does not know them.

Poor Eleanor! she realizes the situation only too well.

February 23. I am so happy that there are no words in the English language to tell my delight. Edward Morris is out of danger. He will be an invalid for a year or two, as he will not be able to use his brain much for a long time; but Edward Morris without a head is so much nicer than any other man with one that it does not matter, and—he is going to get well!!!! I have put all those exclamation points in a row to help faintly to express my feelings. They stand for joy, rapture, happiness, and every other blissful thing.

Eleanor is perfectly calm, as usual, but the whole expression of her face has changed, and she looks absolutely se-

raphie. Edward knew her yesterday; and when she came home I could see that something unusual had happened.

"It is all right, Julia," she replied to my eager questions.

"What did he say, dear?" I asked. "How did he look? What did you say? Tell me all about it."

"I cannot tell you what we said, but we have explained everything."

"Can't you tell me just one little thing?" I pleaded.

Eleanor began to laugh softly. "He said something when I first came in which will amuse you, Julia. He asked what day it was. 'Saturday,' I replied. 'Saturday? Eleanor, how good you were to come here instead of going to the Saturday Morning Club!'"

Eliza Orne White.

FRANCIS PARKMAN.

I.

LET us go back nearly fifty years to scenes in the Black Hills and upon the upper waters of the Missouri Valley. In that wild environment we shall find a young graduate of Harvard College. He has exchanged the garb of civilization for the red flannel shirt and the fringed buckskin suit of the hunter. The sleek ambler of suburban roads has given place to the shaggy but docile beast of the wilderness, and there is a rifle laid across the saddlebow.

You may see a band of Dacotahs dashing, with streaming hair, upon the flanks of a buffalo herd, and conspicuous in the onset are the red shirt and buckskin of this transient denizen of the desert.

This youth had dreamed from childhood of a forest life. His school vacations had been spent in the New England woods. There he had studied the ever-changing aspects of nature. He had found

moods in the sky. He had watched the flowers nodding to the brook. He knew the sounds of woodland life. With an imagination sporting with weird illusions and helped by legends, a crackling branch or the moan of the wind would call up the terrors of a frontier life to which his ancestors had been accustomed. Born with an organization of body treacherously delicate, he had a spirit which spurned repose. He knew little of danger but the dash which led to it. He had the mettle for great deeds. If he could not enact such deeds, he could at least follow the actors in sympathizing recital. Amid the wilds of the Platte he experienced that spirit of energy which, as he contended, the mountains always impart to those who approach them. He sought in the excitement of their presence that rigidity of nerve which was the best substitute for the strength which failed him.

We may get another glimpse of him in the dingy shadows of the lodge of

Big Crow. The dying embers scarcely relieve his form from the almost impenetrable gloom. A squaw throws a bit of bear's fat upon the coals, and the shooting flames light up the pallid features and firm-set jaw of this plucky youth. The braves are crouching about the hearth, speaking of the coming hunt. The young man conceals all symptoms of that exhaustion under which his endurance is to be put to the severest test in the morrow's ride. Thus in the nurture of bravery this was an observer learned to know his dusky companions. He came to comprehend those traits which were confronted with the hardihood of Nicolet, and which he witnessed with the eyes of Brébeuf.

To describe the long years of patient restraint and hopeful study which followed belongs to his biographer. He who shall tell that story of noble endeavor must carry him into the archives of Canada and France, and portray him peering with another's eyes. He must depict him in his wanderings over the length and breadth of a continent wherever a French adventurer had set foot. He must track him to many a spot hallowed by the sacrifice of a Jesuit. He must plod with him the portage where the burdened trader had hearkened for the lurking savage. He must stroll with him about the ground of ambush which had rung with the death-knell, and must survey the field or defile where the lilies of France had glimmered in the smoke of battle. He who would represent him truly must tell of that hardy courage which the assaults of pain could never lessen. He must describe the days, and months, and even years when the light of the sun was intolerable. He must speak of the intervals, counted only by half-hours, when a secretary could read to him. Such were the obstacles which for more than fifty years gave his physicians little hope.

It is but a few years since I went with a party of students from Harvard College, across the neighboring country,

to a stately home graced by the venerable presence of him who bears one of the earliest and greatest of the historic names of New England. The rank grass of the rolling prairie, the clink of the pony's hoof in the wild defile, the charge of the infuriated bull, the impetuous young hunter reeling in his saddle, were things that belonged to the young ambition of forty years before. The youth, now grown in fame, stood among the guests of that summer afternoon to receive the homage of these gathered visitors. Leaning upon his staff, with an eye of kindly interest, the great historian received his unknown pupils. I recall how I felt standing beside him; that the rolling lawn with its exquisite finish, and the shade of the trees grouped in conscious gravity as if mindful of a completed nature, were in fit unison with that well-rounded reputation which belonged to him who stood before them.

And what did Francis Parkman stand for, in these later years, to such young disciples?

Before he had graduated from college there had sprung up in America a new school of historical writing. Most of the members of it were in Cambridge and in Boston, growing with the libraries, public and private, which in those days were most conspicuous in that region, and which are a necessity in historical development. It was only two years before Parkman became a freshman at Harvard that the first chair of history in any American college was filled there by Jared Sparks, and it was to this Mentor that the young historian was later to inscribe his first venture in historic narrative. When Jared Sparks took his place behind a professor's desk, George Bancroft had been before the public for four years with the initial volume of his life work. When Sparks, a few years later, became the instructor of Parkman, the service which that professor had already done to our own his-

tory was the most conspicuous that any American had rendered. Sparks had then completed the first series of his *American Biography*. He had told in it, for the first time, with scrupulous care, the stories of French discoveries in the great West, where his young friend was to follow him. He had edited the *Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution*, had written the *Life of Gouverneur Morris*, and had established for his countrymen the ideals of Washington and Franklin.

In strong contrast both in subject and method with what Bancroft and Sparks were doing, and much nearer the model which the young aspirant already figured, was a new writer, who, in the very year when Sparks assumed his professorship, made the name of Prescott synonymous with the best that our western scholarship in history at that time could hope to offer for European distinction.

Parkman had already published his *Pontiac*, and had lapsed into a condition of body that made it seem as if his genius were to be permanently eclipsed by his infirmities, when a still more brilliant opening of a career was signalized by the appearance of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Ten years were to pass before Parkman could produce the first of that series of books with which his name is indissolubly connected, and by which he has made the story of the rise and decline of the French rule in North America entirely his own. By this time, Motley, in his *United Netherlands*, had rounded the measure of his fame, and Prescott and Sparks had left us.

In these four conspicuous historians, who thus conjointly relieved their countrymen from any reproach for want of distinction in a dignified branch of letters, Parkman had examples of brilliant merit, and their careers supplied to his recuperated energy incentives and models. The rising historian was now in his forty-third year, but his mind had been drilled under such exactions and had been

forced to such restraints as few men had ever encountered. Remembering this, we can better understand the remarkable repression of superfluities in the treatment of his themes. He was too genuine to be an imitator, but the eclectic instinct had become strongly developed by his being obliged to hold in his memory what had been read to him. It is not difficult to see how the school of American historians that had grown up in these forty years had an influence upon him, while at the same time his own independence of character enabled him to emancipate himself from any thralldom.

In two, at least, of these contemporary historians there were symptoms of a still older school of historical writers. These had subjected historical documents, especially if the contributions of actors in the scene, to the revision of the pedagogue. It was a fashion never stronger anywhere than in New England, where the characteristics of ancestors have always been viewed tenderly.

The treatment of such material was a test in Parkman's mind of what may be called an historical integrity. I remember hearing him once make a strong protest (in a way which was always more incisive in his talk than in his books) against this misuse of revision. He believed that the actual record made in the thick of a conflict, and not a decorous paraphrase of it, was the true one. "In mending the style and orthography, or even the grammar," he said, "one may rob a passage of its characteristic expression, till it ceases to mark the individuality of the man, or the nature of his antecedents and surroundings." Speaking again of editorial glosses of the letters of Dinwiddie, Parkman referred to their "good English without character, while as written they were bad English with a great deal of character. The blunders themselves," he adds, "have meaning, for Dinwiddie was a blunderer, and should appear as such if he is to appear truly."

Such utterances as these made honesty

of citation one of the things that Parkman stood for to those young men on that summer's day.

Again, he had before him in one, at least, of his contemporaries a too conscious habit of infusing into the narrative a somewhat vapid philosophical sentiment, running at times into platitudes. The skill of Parkman in telling a story required no such adventitious aid to impart a meaning. He made the course of events carry its own philosophy. This was another thing in historical science which Parkman stood for.

I recollect he once said to me that he had never ceased to regret that he had written that portion of his *Pioneers* which covers the conflict of Spaniard and Huguenot on our southern coast without first having visited the sites of the action of the story, so that he could write of the topography and surrounding nature with personal knowledge. I happened to see him at a later day, when he had the revision of that volume in hand, and he was to start on the morrow for a Southern tour. He seemed to feel like a man who had made up his mind to undo an injustice. He had a feeling that his fame was at stake if this journey of apology were not made. Here again it was for the integrity of his art that Parkman stood to those young men.

There was a period in the French domination in Canada, intervening between the death of Frontenac and the more immediate beginning of the great struggle for the possession of a continent, a half-century of conflict, in which events were sporadic, and the tensions of cause and effect were loosened. He shrank from it with the instincts of an epic poet. It had no beginning, no culmination, but to tell its disjointed story was a part of his task. The study of it came next in the order of progress; but I know the delight with which he welcomed the chance of using the Montcalm papers which had come to him, as it gave an excuse to postpone his work

on the wearying monotony of border ferocities, and to grasp the splendid details of an historic climax.

But this love of his art did not swerve him from his lifelong purpose, and the last work which he has given us shows the completion of his labors, in which he struggled with the infelicities of that bewildering period of minor conflicts with the courage that belonged to him. It was this faithfulness to an artistic ideal, no less than a steady adherence to his plan, that Parkman also stood for to those inquiring minds.

There is nothing that separates the modern spirit from the old-time conventionalism more clearly than the perception that much, perhaps one might almost say very much, of what we read for history is simply the accretion, inherited from many generations of narrators, of opinions and prejudices and sentiment. It requires some courage to strip the mummied fact of these cerements of sympathies. Parkman, as the opportune forerunner of the newer historic sense, showed this courage never more conspicuously than in his treatment of the deportation of the Acadians. Ideal virtues were subjected by him to crucial tests, and he dared to tell the world that the figments which make a poem are not the truths that underlie the story. This courage, unbending to criticism, was one of the noblest qualities that our friend stood for to those who believe that truth is not to be bartered for prejudice or for an affected sensibility, or even made to yield to the misguided assumptions of what is sometimes held to be the demands of religion.

Parkman has been said to represent in the highest degree the picturesque element in the schools of history. It is an element which is better calculated than any other to engage attention and secure fame. It is also an element that naturally flourishes with the graceful aids of a brilliant style. But it is a characteristic that is apt to make us forget the consum-

mate research which, in the case of Parkman, accompanied it. He is certainly less demonstrative of his material than is now the fashion; but while, in this suppression, he sometimes disappoints the students who would track his movements, there is no question that he has gained in popular regard. But even the scholar sees that he has left some things untold, not because he did not know them, but because his sense of proportion was that of an artist rather than of a chronicler.

I would say to any young student of history that he could make no more fortunate choice for Mentor than Parkman. He can be valued not only for what he accomplished, but for the obstacles he overcame, whether of his condition or his subject. He had been obliged to print his *Discovery of the Great West* with a consciousness that some essential material was beyond his reach. The keeper of an important department of the French Archives had been so far unfaithful to his trust as to reserve for his own private use some of its documentary proofs. Parkman was aware of the fact, but the publication of his book could hardly be delayed in the hope of a disclosure of which there was no promise. At a later day, it was largely through the instrumentality of the disappointed historian that this recusant archivist was enabled to make his own collection public by the aid of the American government. The consequent revelations would have daunted a less determined spirit than Park-

man's, when he found that he was obliged, because of the new disclosures, in considerable parts to rewrite his book. There is nothing more discouraging to an historian than these recurrent revelations when a work is supposed to be done. The lesson should not be lost: it is always hazardous to be determinate on insufficient knowledge, and pardonable only when every effort, as in Parkman's case, has been exhausted.

In a field in which so much is in the process of development as in American history, it is doubly to be regretted that such an historian as Parkman was, so perfect in his art of collocation, should not have been able to complete a final revision of his works, and embody the latest evidences which had accumulated. With this purpose in view, and with the expectation, which he sometimes expressed to me, that he might yet run his monographs into one connected story, he died with his harness on. He has left us with the glories of the victor and the honors of the vanquished, like his own Wolfe and Montcalm. In Francis Parkman we have laid away the warrior who had long waged a stubborn fight, and without a buckler, with the physical ills which beset him. Nature has parted with a student of her mysteries who taught even the lilies an unwonted florescence. The historian has gone to the companionship of Marquette and La Salle, to the presence of Champlain and Frontenac.

Justin Winsor.

II.

IN the summer of 1865 I had occasion almost daily to pass by the pleasant windows of Little, Brown & Co., in Boston, and it was not an easy thing to do without stopping for a moment to look in upon their ample treasures. Among the freshest novelties there displayed were to be seen Lord Derby's translation of

the *Iliad*, Forsyth's *Life of Cicero*, Colonel Higginson's *Epictetus*, a new edition of Edmund Burke's writings, and the tasteful reprint of Froude's *History of England*, just in from the Riverside Press. One day, in the midst of such time-honored classics and new books on well-worn themes, there appeared a stranger that claimed attention and aroused curiosity. It was a modest crown oc-

tavo, clad in sombre garb, and bearing the title *Pioneers of France in the New World*. The author's name was not familiar to me, but presently I remembered having seen it upon a stouter volume labeled *The Conspiracy of Pontiac*, of which many copies used to stand in a row far back in the inner and dusky regions of the shop. This older book I had once taken down from its shelf just to quiet a lazy doubt as to whether Pontiac might be the name of a man or a place. Had that conspiracy been an event in Merovingian Gaul or in Borgia's Italy, I should have felt a twinge of conscience at not knowing about it, but the deeds of feathered and painted red men on the Great Lakes and the Alleghanies, only a century old, seemed remote and trivial. Indeed, with the old-fashioned study of the humanities, which tended to keep the Mediterranean too exclusively in the centre of one's field of vision, it was not always easy to get one's historical perspective correctly adjusted. Scenes and events that come within the direct line of our spiritual ancestry, which until yesterday was all in the Old World, become unduly magnified, so as to deaden our sense of the interest and importance of the things that have happened since our forefathers went forth to grapple with the terrors of an outlying wilderness. We find no difficulty in realizing the historic significance of Marathon and Châlons, of the barons at Runnymede or Luther at Wittenberg; and scarcely a hill or a meadow in the Roman's Europe but blooms for us with flowers of romance. Literature and philosophy, art and song, have expended their richest treasures in adding to the witchery of Old World spots and Old World themes.

But as we learn to broaden our horizon the perspective becomes somewhat shifted. It begins to dawn upon us that in New World events there is a rare and potent fascination. Not only is there the interest of their present importance, which nobody would be likely to deny, but there

is the charm of an historic past as full of romance as any chapter whatever in the annals of mankind. The Alleghanies as well as the Apennines have looked down upon great causes lost and won, and the Mohawk Valley is classic ground no less than the banks of the Rhine. To appreciate these things thirty years ago required the vision of a master in the field of history; and when I carried home and read the *Pioneers of France*, I saw at once that in Francis Parkman we had found such a master. The reading of the book was for me, as doubtless for many others, a pioneer experience in this New World. It was a delightful experience, repeated and prolonged for many a year as those glorious volumes came one after another from the press, until the story of the struggle between France and England for the possession of North America was at last completed. It was an experience of which the full significance required study in many and apparently diverse fields to realize. By step after step one would alight upon new ways of regarding America and its place in universal history.

First and most obvious, plainly visible from the threshold of the subject, was its extreme picturesqueness. It is a widespread notion that American history is commonplace and dull; and as for the American red man, he is often thought to be finally disposed of when we have stigmatized him as a bloodthirsty demon and groveling beast. It is safe to say that those who entertain such notions have never read Mr. Parkman. In the theme which occupied him his poet's eye saw nothing that was dull or commonplace. To bring him vividly before us, I will quote his own words from one of the introductory pages of his opening volume:

"The French dominion is a memory of the past, and when we evoke its departed shades they rise upon us from their graves in strange, romantic guise. Again their ghostly camp fires seem to burn, and the fitful light is cast around on lord and vassal and black-robed priest, mingled

with wild forms of savage warriors, knit in close fellowship on the same stern errand. A boundless vision grows upon us: an untamed continent; vast wastes of forest verdure; mountains silent in primeval sleep; river, lake, and glimmering pool; wilderness oceans mingling with the sky. Such was the domain which France conquered for civilization. Plumed helmets gleamed in the shade of its forests, priestly vestments in its dens and fastnesses of ancient barbarism. Men steeped in antique learning, pale with the close breath of the cloister, here spent the noon and evening of their lives, ruled savage hordes with a mild, parental sway, and stood serene before the direst shapes of death. Men of courtly nurture, heirs to the polish of a far-reaching ancestry, here, with their dauntless hardihood, put to shame the boldest sons of toil."

When a writer, in sentences that are mere generalizations, gives such pictures as these, one has much to expect from his detailed narrative glowing with sympathy and crowded with incident. In Parkman's books such expectations are never disappointed. What was an uncouth and howling wilderness in the world of literature he has taken for his own domain, and peopled it forever with living figures, dainty and winsome, or grim and terrible, or sprightly and gay. Never shall be forgotten the beautiful earnestness, the devout serenity, the blithe courage of Champlain; never can we forget the saintly Marie de l'Incarnation, the delicate and long-suffering Lalemant, the lion-like Brébeuf, the chivalrous Maisonneuve, the grim and wily Pontiac, or that man against whom fate sickened of contending, the mighty and masterful La Salle. These, with many a comrade and foe, have now their place in literature as permanent and sure as Tancred or St. Boniface, as the Cid or Robert Bruce. As the wand of Scott revealed unsuspected depths of human interest in Border castle and Highland glen, so it seems that North America was but awaiting the ma-

gician's touch that should invest its rivers and hillsides with memories of great days gone by. Parkman's sweep has been a wide one, and many are the spots that his wand has touched, from the cliffs of the Saguenay to the Texas coast, and from Acadia to the western slopes of the Rocky Mountains.

I do not forget that earlier writers than Parkman had felt something of the picturesqueness and the elements of dramatic force in the history of the conquest of our continent. In particular, the characteristics of the red men and the incidents of forest life had long before been made the theme of novels and poems, such as they were. I wonder how many people of to-day remember even the names of such books as *Yonnonadio* or *Kabaosa*. All such work was thrown into the shade by that of Fenimore Cooper, whose genius, though limited, was undeniable. But when we mention Cooper, we are brought at once, by contrast, to the secret of Parkman's power. It has long been recognized that Cooper's Indians are more or less unreal. Just such creatures never existed anywhere. When Corneille and Racine put ancient Greeks or Romans on the stage, they dressed them in velvet and gold lace, flowing wigs and high buckled shoes, and made them talk like Louis XIV.'s courtiers. In seventeenth-century dramatists the historical sense was lacking. In the next age it was not much better. When Rousseau had occasion to philosophize about men in a state of nature, he invented the noble savage, an insufferable creature whom any real savage would justly loathe and despise. The noble savage has figured extensively in modern literature, and has left his mark upon Cooper's pleasant pages, as well as upon many a chapter of serious history. But you cannot introduce unreal Indians as factors in the development of a narrative without throwing a shimmer of unreality about the whole story. It is like bringing in ghosts or goblins among live men

and women; it instantly converts sober narrative into fairy tale; the two worlds will no more mix than oil and water. The ancient and mediæval minds did not find it so, as the numberless histories encumbered with the supernatural testify, but the modern mind does find it so. The modern mind has taken a little draught, the prelude to deeper draughts, at the healing and purifying well of science, and it has begun to be dissatisfied with anything short of exact truth. When any unsound element enters into a narrative, the taint is quickly tasted, and its flavor spoils the whole.

We are thus brought, I say, to the secret of Parkman's power. His Indians are true to the life. In his pages Pontiac is a man of warm flesh and blood, as much so as Montcalm or Israel Putnam. This solid reality in the Indians makes the whole work real and convincing. Here is the great contrast between Parkman's work and that of Prescott in so far as the latter dealt with American themes. In reading Prescott's account of the conquest of Mexico one feels one's self in the world of the Arabian Nights; indeed, the author himself, in occasional comments, lets us see that he is unable to get rid of just such a feeling. His story moves on in a region that is unreal to him, and therefore tantalizing to the reader; his Montezuma is a personality like none that ever existed beneath the moon. This is because Prescott simply followed his Spanish authorities not only in their statements of physical fact, but in their inevitable misconceptions of the strange Aztec society which they encountered; the Aztecs in his story are unreal, and this false note vitiates it all. In his Peruvian story Prescott followed safer leaders in Garcilasso de la Vega and Cieza de Leon, and made a much truer picture; but he lacked the ethnological knowledge needful for coming into touch with that ancient society, and one often feels this as the weak spot in a narrative of marvelous power and beauty.

Now, it was Parkman's good fortune, at an early age, to realize that, in order to do his work, it was first of all necessary to know the Indian by personal fellowship and contact. It was also his good fortune that the right sort of Indians were still accessible. What would not Prescott have given, what would not any student of human evolution give, for a chance to pass a week, or even a day, in such a community as the Tlascalala of Xicotencatl or the Mexico of Montezuma! That phase of social development has long since disappeared. But fifty years ago, on our great Western plains and among the Rocky Mountains, there still prevailed a state of society essentially similar to that which greeted the eyes of Champlain upon the St. Lawrence, and of John Smith upon the Chickahominy. In those days the Oregon Trail had changed but little since the memorable journey of Lewis and Clark. In 1846, two years after taking his bachelor degree at Harvard, young Parkman had a taste of the excitements of savage life in that primeval wilderness. He was accompanied by his kinsman, Mr. Quincy Shaw. They joined a roving tribe of Sioux Indians, at a time when to do such a thing was to take their lives in their hands, and they spent a wild summer among the Black Hills of Dakota, and in the vast moorland solitudes through which the Platte River winds its interminable length. In the chase and in the wigwam, in watching the sorcery of which the Indian religion chiefly consisted or in listening to primitive folk-tales by the evening camp fire, Mr. Parkman learned to understand the red man, to interpret his motives and his moods. With his naturalist's keen and accurate eye and his quick poetic apprehension, that youthful experience formed a safe foundation for all his future work. From that time forth he was fitted to absorb the records and memorials of the early explorers, and to make their strange experiences his own.

The next step was to gather these early records from government archives, and from libraries public and private, on both sides of the Atlantic, — a task, as Parkman himself called it, “abundantly irksome and laborious.” It extended over many years, and involved seven visits to Europe. It was performed with a thoroughness approaching finality. Already in the preface to the *Pioneers* the author was able to say that he had gained access to all the published materials in existence. Of his research among manuscript sources a notable monument exists in a cabinet now standing in the library of the Massachusetts Historical Society, containing nearly two hundred folio volumes of documents copied from the originals by hired experts. Ability to incur heavy expense is, of course, a prerequisite for all undertakings of this sort, and herein our historian was favored by fortune. Against this chiefest among advantages were to be offset the hardships entailed by delicate health and inability to use the eyes for reading and writing. Mr. Parkman always dictated instead of holding the pen, and his huge mass of documents had to be read aloud to him. The heroism shown year after year in contending with physical ailments was the index of a character fit to be mated, for its pertinacious courage, with the heroes that live in his shining pages.

The progress in working up materials was slow and sure. The *Conspiracy of Pontiac*, which forms the sequel and conclusion of Parkman’s work, was first published in 1851, only five years after the summer spent with the Indians. Fourteen years then elapsed before the *Pioneers* made its appearance in Little, Brown & Co.’s window; and then there were yet seven-and-twenty years more before the final volumes came out in 1892. Altogether about half a century was required for the building of this grand literary monument. Nowhere can we find a better illustration of the French

critic’s definition of a great life, — a thought conceived in youth, and realized in later years.

This elaborateness of preparation had its share in producing the intense vividness of Mr. Parkman’s descriptions. Profusion of detail makes them seem like the accounts of an eye-witness. The realism is so strong that the author seems to have come in person fresh from the scenes he describes, with the smoke of the battle hovering about him and its fierce light glowing in his eyes. Such realism is usually the prerogative of the novelist rather than of the historian, and in one of his prefaces Mr. Parkman recognizes that the reader may feel this and suspect him. “If at times,” he says, “it may seem that range has been allowed to fancy, it is so in appearance only, since the minutest details of narrative or description rest on authentic documents or on personal observation.”¹

This kind of personal observation Mr. Parkman carried so far as to visit all the important localities — indeed, well-nigh all the localities — that form the scenery of his story, and study them with the patience of a surveyor and the discerning eye of a landscape painter. His strong love of nature added keen zest to this sort of work. From boyhood he was a trapper and hunter; in later years he became eminent as a horticulturist, originating new varieties of flowers. To sleep under the open sky was his delight. His books fairly reek with the fragrance of pine woods. I open one of them at random, and my eye falls upon such a sentence as this: “There is softness in the mellow air, the warm sunshine, and the budding leaves of spring, and in the forest flower, which, more delicate than the pampered offspring of gardens, lifts its tender head through the refuse and decay of the wilderness.” Looking at the context, I find that this sentence comes in a remarkable passage suggested by Colonel Henry Bouquet’s *Western ex-*

¹ *Pioneers*, page xii.

pedition of 1764, when he compelled the Indians to set free so many French and English prisoners. Some of these captives were unwilling to leave the society of the red men; some positively refused to accept the boon of what was called freedom. In this strange conduct, exclaims Parkman, there was no unaccountable perversity; and he breaks out with two pages of noble dithyrambics in praise of savage life. "To him who has once tasted the reckless independence, the haughty self-reliance, the sense of irresponsible freedom which the forest life engenders, civilization thenceforth seems flat and stale. . . . The entrapped wanderer grows fierce and restless, and pants for breathing-room. His path, it is true, was choked with difficulties, but his body and soul were hardened to meet them; it was beset with dangers, but these were the very spice of his life, gladdening his heart with exulting self-confidence, and sending the blood through his veins with a livelier current. The wilderness, rough, harsh, and inexorable, has charms more potent in their seductive influence than all the lures of luxury and sloth. And often he on whom it has cast its magic finds no heart to dissolve the spell, and remains a wanderer and an Ishmaelite to the hour of his death."¹

No one can doubt that the man who could write like this had the kind of temperament that could look into the Indian's mind and portray him correctly. But for this inborn temperament all his microscopic industry would have availed him but little. To use his own words, "Faithfulness to the truth of history involves far more than a research, however patient and scrupulous, into special facts. Such facts may be detailed with the most minute exactness, and yet the narrative, taken as a whole, may be unmeaning or untrue." These are golden words for the student of the historical art to ponder. To make a

truthful record of a vanished age patient scholarship is needed, and something more. Into the making of an historian there should enter something of the philosopher, something of the naturalist, something of the poet. In Parkman this rare union of qualities was realized in a greater degree than in any other American historian. Indeed, I doubt if the nineteenth century can show in any part of the world another historian quite his equal in this respect.

There is one thing which lends to Parkman's work a peculiar interest, and will be sure to make it grow in fame with the ages. Not only has he left the truthful record of a vanished age so complete and final that the work will never need to be done again, but if any one should in the future attempt to do it again, he cannot approach the task with quite such equipment as Parkman's. In an important sense, the age of Pontiac is far more remote from us than the age of Clovis or the age of Agamemnon. When barbaric society is overwhelmed by advancing waves of civilization, its vanishing is final; the thread of tradition is cut off forever with the shears of Fate. Where are Montezuma's Aztecs? Their physical offspring still dwell on the table-land of Mexico and their ancient speech is still heard in the streets, but that old society is as extinct as the dinosaurs, and has to be painfully studied in fossil fragments of custom and tradition. So with the red men of the North; it is not true that they are dying out physically, but their stage of society is fast disappearing, and soon it will have vanished forever. Soon their race will be swallowed up and forgotten, just as we overlook and ignore to-day the existence of five thousand Iroquois farmers in the State of New York.

Now the study of comparative ethnology has begun to teach us that the red Indian is one of the most interesting of men. He represents a stage of evolution through which civilized men

¹ Pontiac, ii. 237.

have once passed, — a stage far more ancient and primitive than that which is depicted in the *Odyssey* or in the book of *Genesis*. When Champlain and Frontenac met the feathered chieftains of the St. Lawrence, they talked with men of the stone age face to face. Phases of life that had vanished from Europe long before Rome was built survived in America long enough to be seen and studied by modern men. Behind Mr. Parkman's picturesqueness, therefore, there lies a significance far more profound than one at first would suspect. He has portrayed for us a wondrous and forever fascinating stage in the evolution of humanity. We may well thank Heaven for sending us such a scholar, such an artist, such a genius, before it was too late. As we look at the changes wrought in the last fifty years, we realize that already the opportunities by which he profited in youth are in large measure lost. He came not a moment too soon to catch the fleeting light and fix it upon his immortal canvas.

Thus Parkman is to be regarded as first of all the historian of primitive society. No other great historian has dealt intelligently and consecutively with such phases of barbarism as he describes with such loving minuteness. To the older historians, all races of men very far below the European grade of culture seemed alike; all were ignorantly grouped together as "savages." Mr. Lewis Morgan first showed the wide difference between true savages, like the Apaches and Bannocks on the one hand, and barbarians with developed village life, like the Five Nations and the Cherokees. The latter tribes, in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, exhibited social phenomena such as were probably witnessed about the shores of the Mediterranean some seven thousand years earlier. If we carry our thoughts back to the time that saw the building of the Great Pyramid, and imagine civilized Egypt looking northward and eastward

upon tribes of white men with social and political ideas not much more advanced than those of Frontenac's red men, our picture will be in its most essential features a correct one. What would we not give for an historian who, with a pen like that of Herodotus, could bring before us the scenes of that primeval Greek world before the cyclopean works at Tiryns were built, when the ancestors of Solon and Aristides did not yet dwell in neatly joinered houses and fasten their door-latches with a thong, when the sacred city-state was still unknown, and the countryman had not yet become a bucolic or "tender of cows," and butter and cheese were still in the future! No written records can ever take us back to that time in that place, for there as everywhere the art of writing came many ages later than the domestication of animals, and some ages later than the first building of towns. But in spite of the lack of written records, the comparative study of institutions, especially comparative jurisprudence, throws back upon those prehistoric times a light that is often dim, but sometimes wonderfully suggestive and instructive. It is a light that reveals among primeval Greeks ideas and customs essentially similar to those of the Iroquois. It is a light that grows steadier and brighter as it leads us to the conclusion that four or five thousand years before Christ white men around the *Ægean* Sea had advanced about as far as the red men in the Mohawk Valley two centuries ago. The one phase of this primitive society illuminates the other, though extreme caution is necessary in drawing our inferences. Now, Parkman's minute and vivid description of primitive society among red men is full of lessons that may be applied with profit to the study of pre-classic antiquity in the Old World. No other historian has brought us into such close and familiar contact with human life in such ancient stages of its progress. In Park-

man's great book we have a record of vanished conditions such as exists hardly anywhere else in all literature.

I say his "great book," using the singular number, for, with the exception of that breezy bit of autobiography, *The Oregon Trail*, all Parkman's books are the closely related volumes of a single comprehensive work. From the adventures of the *Pioneers of France* a consecutive story is developed through the *Jesuits in North America* and the *Discovery of the Great West*. In the *Old Régime in Canada* it is continued with a masterly analysis of French methods of colonization in this their greatest colony; and then from *Frontenac and New France under Louis XIV.* we are led through *A Half-Century of Conflict* to the grand climax in the volumes on *Montcalm and Wolfe*, after which *The Conspiracy of Pontiac* brings the long narrative to a noble and brilliant close. In the first volume we see the men of the stone age at that brief moment when they were disposed to adore the bearded new-comers as *Children of the Sun*; in the last we read the bloody story of their last and most desperate concerted effort to loosen the iron grasp with which these palefaces had seized and were holding the continent. It is a well-rounded tale, and as complete as anything in real history, where completeness and finality are things unknown. And between the beginning and end of this well-rounded tale a mighty drama is wrought out in all its scenes. The struggle between France and England for the soil of North America was one of the great critical moments in the career of mankind, — no less important than the struggle between Greece and Persia, or between Rome and Carthage. Out of the long and complicated interaction between Roman and Teutonic institutions which made up the history of the Middle Ages two strongly contrasted forms of political society had grown up, and acquired

aggressive strength, when, in the course of the sixteenth century, a New World beyond the sea was laid open for colonization. The maritime nations of Europe were, naturally, the ones to be attracted to this new arena of enterprise; and Spain, Portugal, France, England, and Holland each played its interesting and characteristic part. Spain at first claimed the whole, excepting only that Brazilian coast which Borgia's decree gave to Portugal. But Spain's methods, as well as her early failure of strength, prevented her from making good her claim. Spain's methods were limited to stepping into the place formerly occupied by the conquering races of half-civilized Indians. She made aboriginal tribes work for her, just as the Aztec Confederacy and the Inca dynasty had done. Where she was brought into direct contact with American barbarism, without the intermediation of half-civilized native races, she made little or no headway. Her early failure of strength, on the other hand, was due to her total absorption in the fight against civil and religious liberty in Europe. The failure became apparent as soon as the absorption had begun to be complete. Spain's last aggressive effort in the New World was the destruction of the little Huguenot colony in Florida, in 1565, and it is at that point that Parkman's great work appropriately begins. From that moment Spain simply beat her strength to pieces against the rocks of Netherland courage and resourcefulness. As for the Netherlands, their energies were so far absorbed in taking over and managing the great eastern empire of the Portuguese that their work in the New World was confined to seizing upon the most imperial geographical position, and planting a cosmopolitan colony there that, in the absence of adequate support, was sure to fall into the hands of one or the other of the competitors more actively engaged upon the scene.

The two competitors thus more ac-

tively engaged were France and England, and from an early period it was felt between the two to be a combat in which no quarter was to be given or accepted. These two strongly contrasted forms of political society had each its distinct ideal, and that ideal was to be made to prevail to the utter exclusion and destruction of the other. Probably the French felt this way somewhat earlier than the English; they felt it to be necessary to stamp out the English before the latter had more than realized the necessity of defending themselves against the French. For the type of political society represented by Louis XIV. was preëminently militant, as the English type was preëminently industrial. The aggressiveness of the former was more distinctly conscious of its own narrower aims, and was more deliberately set at work to attain them; while the English, on the other hand, rather drifted into a tremendous world fight without distinct consciousness of their purpose. Yet after the final issue had been joined, the refrain *Carthago delenda est* was heard from the English side, and it came fraught with impending doom from the lips of Pitt as in days of old from the lips of Cato.

The French idea, had it prevailed in the strife, would not have been capable of building up a pacific union of partially independent states, covering this vast continent from ocean to ocean. Within that rigid and rigorous bureaucratic system there was no room for spontaneous individuality, no room for local self-government, and no chance for a flexible federalism to grow up. A well-known phrase of Louis XIV. was "The state is myself." That phrase represented his ideal. It was approximately true in Old France, realized as far as sundry adverse conditions would allow. The *Grand Monarque* intended that in New France it should be absolutely true. Upon that fresh soil was to be built up a pure monarchy, without concession to

human weaknesses and limitations. It was a pet scheme of Louis XIV., and never did a philanthropic world-mender contemplate his grotesque phalanstery or pantarchy with greater pleasure than this master of kingcraft looked forward to the construction of a perfect Christian state in America.

The pages of our great historian are full of examples which prove that if the French idea failed of realization, and the state it founded was overwhelmed, it was not from any lack of lofty qualities in individual Frenchmen. In all the history of the American continent no names stand higher than some of the French names. For courage, for fortitude and high resolve, for sagacious leadership, statesmanlike wisdom, unswerving integrity, devoted loyalty, for all the qualities which make life heroic, we may learn lessons innumerable from the noble Frenchmen who throng in Mr. Parkman's pages. The difficulty was not in the individuals, but in the system; not in the units, but in the way they were put together. For while it is true — though many people do not know it — that by no imaginable artifice can you make a society that is better than the human units you put into it, it is also true that nothing is easier than to make a society that is worse than its units. So it was with the colony of New France.

Nowhere can we find a description of despotic government more careful and thoughtful, or more graphic and lifelike, than Parkman has given us in his volume on the Old Régime in Canada. Seldom, too, will one find a book fuller of political wisdom. The author never preaches like Carlyle, nor does he hurl huge generalizations at our heads like Buckle; he simply describes a state of society that has been. But I hardly need say that his description is not — like the Dryasdust descriptions we are sometimes asked to accept as history — a mere mass of pigments flung at random upon a canvas. It is a picture

painted with consummate art; and in this instance the art consists in so handling the relations of cause and effect as to make them speak for themselves. These pages are alive with political philosophy, and teem with object lessons of extraordinary value. It would be hard to point to any book where history more fully discharges her high function of gathering friendly lessons of caution from the errors of the past.

Of all the societies that have been composed of European men, probably none was ever so despotically organized as New France, unless it may have been the later Byzantine Empire, which it resembled in the minuteness of elaborate supervision over all the pettiest details of life. In Canada, the protective, paternal, socialistic, or nationalistic theory of government — it is the same old cloven hoof, under whatever specious name you introduce it — was more fully carried into operation than in any other community known to history, except ancient Peru. No room was left for individual initiative or enterprise. All undertakings were nationalized. Government looked after every man's interests in this world and the next: baptized and schooled him; married him and paid the bride's dowry; gave him a bounty with every child that was born to him; stocked his cupboard with garden seeds and compelled him to plant them; prescribed the size of his house, and the number of horses and cattle he might keep, and the exact percentages of profit he might be allowed to make, how his chimneys should be swept, how many servants he might employ, what theological doctrines he might believe, what sort of bread the bakers might bake, and where goods might be bought and how much might be paid for them; and if, in a society so well cared for, it were possible to find indigent persons, such paupers were duly relieved from a fund established by government. Unmitigated benevolence was the theory of Louis XIV.'s

Canadian colony, and heartless political economy had no place there. Nor was there any room for free-thinkers: when the king, after 1685, sent out word that no mercy must be shown to heretics, the governor, Denonville, with a pious ejaculation, replied that not so much as a single heretic could be found in all Canada.

Such was the community whose career our historian has delineated with perfect soundness of judgment and unrivaled wealth of knowledge. The fate of this nationalistic experiment, set on foot by one of the most absolute of monarchs, and fostered by one of the most devoted and powerful of religious organizations, is traced to the operation of causes inherent in its very nature. The hopeless paralysis, the woeful corruption, the intellectual and moral torpor, resulting from the suppression of individualism, are vividly portrayed; yet there is no discursive generalizing, and from moment to moment the development of the story proceeds from within itself. It is the whole national life of New France that is displayed before us. Historians of ordinary calibre exhibit their subject in fragments, or they show us some phases of life and neglect others. Some have no eyes save for events that are startling, such as battles and sieges, or decorative, such as coronations and court balls; others give abundant details of manners and customs; others have their attention absorbed by economics; others, again, feel such interest in the history of ideas as to lose sight of mere material incidents. Parkman, on the other hand, conceives and presents his subject as a whole. He forgets nothing, overlooks nothing; but whether it is a bloody battle, or a theological pamphlet, or an exploring journey through the forest, or a code for the discipline of nunneries, each event grows out of its context as a feature in the total development that is going on before our eyes. It is only the historian who is also phi-

losopher and artist who can thus deal in block with the great and complex life of a whole society. The requisite combination is realized only in certain rare and high types of mind, and there has been no more brilliant illustration of it than Parkman's volumes afford.

The struggle between the machine-like socialistic despotism of New France and the free and spontaneous political vitality of New England is one of the most instructive object lessons with which the experience of mankind has furnished us. The depth of its significance is equalled by the vastness of its consequences. Never did destiny preside over a more fateful contest; for it determined which kind of political seed should be sown all over the widest and richest political garden plot left untilled in the world. Free industrial England pitted against despotic militant France for the possession of an ancient continent reserved for this decisive struggle, and dragging into the conflict the belated barbarism of the stone age,—such is the wonderful theme which Parkman has treated. When the vividly contrasted modern ideas and personages are set

off against the romantic though lurid background of Indian life, the artistic effect becomes simply magnificent. Never has historian grappled with another such epic theme, save when Herodotus told the story of Greece and Persia, or when Gibbon's pages resounded with the solemn tread of marshaled hosts through a thousand years of change.

Thus great in his natural powers and great in the use he made of them, Parkman was no less great in his occasion and in his theme. Of all American historians he is the most deeply and peculiarly American, yet he is at the same time the broadest and most cosmopolitan. The book which depicts at once the social life of the stone age and the victory of the English political ideal over the ideal which France inherited from imperial Rome is a book for all mankind and for all time. The more adequately men's historic perspective gets adjusted, the greater will it seem. Strong in its individuality and like to nothing beside, it clearly belongs, I think, among the world's few masterpieces of the highest rank, along with the works of Herodotus, Thucydides, and Gibbon.

John Fiske.

THE ETHICAL PROBLEM OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

THE political instincts of the people of the United States have led them to seek the best possible system of public schools, and the supreme motive for the expenditure of the vast sums of money that have been voted with great willingness for their foundation and their continued support has been the education of the youth of the country for citizenship. The final test of all citizenship must be an ethical one; and especially is this true in a democracy where the stability of its life depends upon the character of its citizens. With this fact in view, it is perti-

nent to ask whether the public schools are fulfilling the mission for which they were founded.

There has been for some time an increasing interest in the moral aspect of the public school problem. One indication of this is seen in the appearance during the last two years of seven rather notable textbooks upon ethics, especially designed for schools of lower grade. The question that is now asked, however, does not find its answer in any reply given to the query raised as to the wisdom of publishing these books, for it seeks to go

behind the inquiry, Should ethics be taught at all to boys and girls of the age of those in the public schools? It asks whether the problem of public morals is involved in the very nature of the system as such.

No one denies that the education of the thirteen million children in these schools has much to do with the destiny of the republic, nor that the country has placed its future, for good or evil, in the hands of the public school teacher.

The church may have the capacity for the moral training of the youth of the country; but, great as is its influence, the ethico-religious movement is not at present far reaching enough to fashion even the majority of these thirteen million pupils into citizens in whom righteousness shall be the controlling element; and there is no reason for thinking that it will be in the immediate future.

The home comes much nearer meeting the need; but doubtless Mr. G. H. Palmer's statement is correct, in his article *Can Moral Conduct be Taught in Schools?* "The home," he says, "which has hitherto been the fundamental agency for fostering morality in the young, is just now in sore need of repair. We can no longer depend upon it alone for moral guardianship. It must be supplemented, possibly reconstructed." It still does, and always will, train the choice few for leadership; but after enumerating the homes in which the best that was in Puritanism still is the controlling element, and those that develop morality by means of the self-respect engendered by intellectual and æsthetic culture, — in fact, all those in which high ideals predominate, — there is still left a vast number where self-seeking is the main principle of life. If to the number of children in these latter homes are added the thousands who exist with scarcely any trace of home life to shelter them, we shall be forced to admit that there would be a moral crisis if the public school were not doing its beneficent work.

The question still awaits us, however, What is the public school system achieving for public morals?

Just at present there is a movement in various quarters to introduce instruction in the theory of morals into even the lower grades of the schools; but no one seems to be sure that this will not produce self-conscious prigs, or encourage morbid introspection rather than sturdy morality. But all are agreed that it is the function of the public schools — not to say of all schools, for that matter — to produce what some one calls "unconscious rectitude" in these thirteen million children. All appear to believe that development of morality is essential, and few that the teaching of mere ethical theories will be of much value.

The problem involves, then, the study of the system as a system from the standpoint of practical morality, to see if it is a moral force in and of itself. Its power for righteousness depends upon what it is by virtue of its plan, purpose, and scope; upon its spirit, genius, and the manner in which it is realizing the ideal that has brought it into existence.

It is not possible at present to make a comprehensive and accurate study of the moral value of the public school system. The method of examination must be inductive, and the conditions vary so greatly in different communities that it is exceedingly difficult to reach conclusions that are drawn from a sufficiently large number of facts to make one's deductions satisfactory. The literature upon the subject, and in fact upon the general subject of the public schools, especially from a sociological and economic point of view, is exceedingly meagre. A good illustration of this point is the article in the ninth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, where, in over one hundred of its large and closely printed pages upon the United States, less than quarter of a page is devoted to this institution, and even what is written is of no special value. Such papers as the articles of Dr. Rice

which have lately appeared in *The Forum* will furnish the basis of other work, and encouragement should be given to such critical examinations of the system; and much more work of this nature must be done before a comprehensive and discriminating thesis can be written upon the real influence of the public schools upon the morals of the country.

Certain conclusions, however, in regard to their power can be reached, and these ought to be stated in an article attempting to give a judicial opinion of their ethical merits. First there should be indicated the points both of direct and of indirect ethical value, and then the lines of weakness or of positive failure.

Modern psychology, leading to the study of the objective manifestations of mind, tells us that "habit covers a very large part of life;" that instincts are simply habits to which there is an innate tendency; and that these habits are due to what is characterized as the "plasticity" of brain matter to outward influences. Whether, for example, as one of our distinguished writers upon psychophysics has told us, the habit of putting one's hands into one's pockets is mechanically nothing but the reflex discharge, or not, the fact remains that "the walking bundle of habits of later years" does spin his fate for good or evil in that plastic state which covers the time when the child is usually a pupil in the public schools. If this is true, there is reason for saying that there is ethical value in the systematic order and discipline that are found in the majority of these schools. The constant and punctual attendance, the orderly arrangement of pupils, together with strict requirements in connection with these matters, fit one for successful business life, and create a sense of responsibility in regard to the use of time. The system of the public schools tends to make the pupil systematic, and helps to produce the accurate and methodical man or woman of later years. The testimony in regard to this is incontrovertible.

More than this, however, there is ethical value in the very conception from which the movement started, and the idea along which it has developed. The notion of self-improvement for a high end has in itself moral worth; for it demands that the youth of the country shall be upright not only because excellence of character is a good in itself, but because it promotes the good of the state. The expenditure of such a large proportion of the public revenues, the erection of so many buildings, the employment of such large numbers of high-minded persons, the creation and constant support of such an elaborate scheme, for the one purpose of producing good citizens, are object lessons that must have great influence upon the public.

What has been said indicates some of the lines in which the schools exert a direct moral influence; but in addition to this a large amount of testimony shows that, especially where there is a compulsory school law, a sense of responsibility has been developed in parents, making them recognize their own obligations. This, the reflex influence of the public schools upon the communities in which the system is at its best, is shown in many ways. Parents whose education has been meagre and faulty have become learners themselves, and have been led for the first time to consider seriously the duties and future of their children; and this thought for the welfare of others has had a wholesome reaction upon their own lives.

In naming the elements that give moral value to the public schools mention should be made of the indirect good accomplished by keeping large numbers of children from the haphazard companionship of the streets, and from idleness and degrading influences. Especially in the larger towns and cities has this been true. To this negative protective good should be added the positive advantage derived from the acquisition of habits of neatness, personal cleanliness, and, in many schools, good manners.

After enumerating these things, which are more or less incidental to the system, and others that might and ought to be considered, it still remains to be said that the greatest ethical value in the public school system is, and must ever be, the intellectual work that is accomplished by it. There can be no doubt that there is a great amount of teaching that is not only unmoral, but positively immoral, in its direct or indirect influence. Recent publications demonstrate this fact, and show that the public schools will be at their best as a moral force when their work is thoroughly scientific.

Their success, then, in achieving the purpose for which they have been created depends primarily upon the character of the instruction that is given in them. It may be true that "pupils will not learn their lessons in arithmetic if they have not already made some progress in concentration, in self-forgetfulness, in acceptance of duty;" but it is equally true that mental exactitude and thoroughness of work, under the influence of a teacher whose method is scientific and whose spirit is earnest, will develop the elements that produce concentration, self-forgetfulness, and dutifulness. The tendency of mechanical, unscientific instruction is towards immorality. Schools that are under the control of selfish officials, with incompetent supervision and antiquated methods of teaching, have no power to quicken those springs of action which are the sources of morality. On the other hand, ethical capacity and moral strength can and ought to be produced by a high-minded instructor in and through the very process of teaching arithmetic, grammar, and geography. Mental activity and intellectual self-respect are important factors in the truest morality. Habits of attention and observation may be developed into self-control, and the power of judgment into capacity for distinguishing between right and wrong. The ability to hold one's self uninterruptedly to any task may

be power for resisting wrong or for the performance of duty.

In this connection mention should be made of a certain force of character which may be produced by the element of continuity in the courses of study through which the pupils are required to pass. So far as these are fitted to the normal, natural method of mental growth in the pupil they have ethical value. Obedience to the laws of mental development is essential to the highest type of manhood, and abnormal, restricted, unnatural mental growth is apt to produce immorality.

The things that have been mentioned lie on the hopeful side of this problem, and on the whole they make the outlook encouraging. They lead, however, to the question, How can an institution which is fraught with so much good, and which is necessary to the life of the state, be still further improved, and how can certain evils within it be eradicated? To do a little in the effort to answer this question, and also that this statement of the moral problem of the public schools may not be one-sided, an examination must be made of the evils that at least modify their usefulness.

Dr. Rice says, in his last article on *Our Public School System*, "One half the work of placing the schools upon a healthful foundation has been accomplished when the members of the boards of education become endowed with the desire to improve the schools." To accept as final the opinion that they are perfect always results in the evil elements' becoming conspicuous. The most dangerous official is the one who regards no criticism as valid simply because it is uttered against the public schools. Neglect of such an essential institution is not worse than bigoted satisfaction with it and all that pertains to it.

The pride of its friends is that it is a great *system* of education. Mention has already been made of the value of the element of continuity in a course of study,

but there is also a difficulty connected with it that cannot be ignored. The fixed schedule of study is fixed for all; the long courses are, with few exceptions, unmodified for the slow or the quick minds. The only reply the writer has been able to secure to the question, "*What can be done to remedy this?*" has been, "There is no escape from it, except in a few cases where very unusually bright children are promoted more rapidly than the others." The time taken for many children of more than average ability to complete a subject is unreasonably long; but the nature of the child must bend to the system, the system little or not at all to the peculiarities of the pupil. Now, nothing is more important, in creating and preserving "unconscious rectitude," than the element of spontaneity, and there can be no doubt that many children who pass through the long years spent in the public schools lose in this respect rather than gain. The kindergarten is obviating this danger somewhat; but wherever there is a suppressed mental life there must exist, in some degree at least, a suppressed moral nature: there is a logical connection between the inflexible system that holds a responsive, sensitive child in its grasp for years, and mental reactions that too often develop into moral weakness, and occasionally into vice. This tendency is, no doubt, not entirely the fault of the system, as a hard-and-fast system, but in a large degree of those unscientific methods which merely tax the memory, stunt rather than develop the reasoning faculty, and usually make the child unhappy, and sometimes morbid. President Eliot has shown that there is a waste of time in the student life by keeping pupils too long on subjects that should be covered in a much shorter period. But this loss of time has a more important bearing than the one which he considers. The attempt to save time is important; the attempt to save the moral nature is far more important. The destruction of interest and enthusiasm in a child has

more than an intellectual significance; it interferes as well with his moral development. If one believes that there are certain definite laws for the growth of the soul, which have been discovered by the world's great teachers, he ought also to believe that the violation of these laws in the training of children must react on the moral as well as on the mental life of those who can least afford to pay the penalty. The destruction of individuality brutalizes a nature, and there is constant danger of this where mere system is conspicuous and becomes the controlling element. It is exceedingly difficult for an instructor to hold the interest and develop the enthusiasm of a pupil after an appropriate amount of time has been given to any one subject; and although it is true that the teacher is the most important factor in connection with the system, and that sing-song recitations and pure memorizing will, under any condition of affairs, produce unscientific results, yet the best teacher is influenced by the system under which he teaches. There can be no doubt that many children who pass through the long years of continuous school life lose in some degree the quality of spontaneity, and that the loss of it is accountable for the lack of some of those finer sentiments that have always been the glory and the beauty of human life.

No discussion of the moral problems of the public school system would be satisfactory if reference were not made to what has, perhaps somewhat exaggeratedly, been called "the pauperizing tendency of the public school system." Free tuition has led to free textbooks, until the principle has been clearly laid down that the State must furnish, without charge, to all its children whatever education they desire. Especially in the West has this been carried to its logical extreme, and the state university is asked to provide the highest special education not only without charge for tuition, use of buildings and apparatus, but in

some cases with free rooms that are furnished and warmed at the expense of the State. In other words, it is claimed that no money equivalent should be given for the benefit received and the service rendered. Parent and pupil can take from the State, but, except in what the pupil may return through his better preparation for citizenship, nothing is to be given for that which has been bestowed; and with large numbers of persons there is no sense of obligation whatever in the matter. It is said by those who oppose the extreme form which this theory has taken that it carries the paternal feature of government to a dangerous extent; that it makes the citizen selfish and grasping; that it may, and in many cases undoubtedly does, minister to that spirit which characterizes much of our American life, — the spirit that ever asks, What shall we have? and seldom, What shall we give? and which is the bane of our present social order. It is further claimed that the results of this are already apparent in our national life; that the spirit which made our pension system is encouraged and developed by the "pauperizing tendency in the public school system."

Although it has been difficult to secure accurate information in regard to the results of this "free element" in education, it has become only too evident that many parents look upon the teachers as if they were servants; demanding everything from the school without any idea that they owe anything in return. Such facts as these — and there are many others which might be cited — indicate some of the evil results of the plan, and make it very clear that here is an actual danger to the higher ethical conditions. We should carefully guard our national life at this point.

There seems to be no escape from this free element and its logical results. All that can be done is to ward off the possible danger by constantly holding before the pupils the idea that they must repay the State in good citizenship.

Impurity may not be a greater evil in public than in private schools; but there are certain conditions in the democratic commingling of children in the former which make it more than a possible evil. There can be little or no social distinction except that growing out of the location of the school buildings. There is the "up town" and the "down town" school; but if a pupil is admitted into the schools at all, there can be no law requiring him to be in one building rather than in another, except the regulation that arises from residence in a particular locality; and even this is not enforced in some cities and towns. The very idea of the public school makes any classification upon social and ethical grounds an impossibility. There are localities where this evil of impurity is nothing more than a potential danger; but there are very many others where it is a real evil. On the part of teachers there is a growing intelligence concerning it, and a greater vigilance in guarding against it. Those who do realize its enormity, and meet it aright, have secured results that ought to encourage all others; but there should be a most stringent requirement in this matter in defining the teacher's duties. In some of the best normal schools the students have the plainest and clearest instruction upon this subject. They are told the habits for which they are to watch, and the best ways to meet the evil of impurity in whatever form it is present among children. But such preparation is far from universal. Not many years ago, a graduate of one of these schools said that the teacher who gave her class instruction on this subject asked its members how many of them had not known of at least the existence of a vile vocabulary of words among their schoolmates. All but two of the large class replied that during their early life in the public schools they had heard what they could never forget, though no words could express the longing they felt to blot it from their memo-

ries; and in looking back from their more mature standpoint, it seemed to them that the teachers must have felt no special duty in the matter. These were young women from the public schools of one of the older States. There is no doubt, however, that each year our public school teachers have an increasing sense of responsibility for purity in thought and word of the children under their care.

The difficulties with which they have to contend are very great. The two or three children who, with an air of mystery, bring information in regard to forms of impurity have great power for mischief, especially when they put a base interpretation upon things that are in themselves pure; and the quick imagination of a child, together with the fact that this information is not guarded, as it would be if it came from an older and a wise person, makes it doubly dangerous. The testimony of one teacher, which has been repeated by many, is to the effect that the large majority of children in the public schools know, theoretically, as much about the forms of impurity at twelve and fourteen as they ever will. Thus the situation calls for teachers wise in heart and head, watchful in regard to this danger, and skillful in meeting it; for the sense of disgrace that comes to many children from the mere acquisition of this information is a blow to that peculiar delicacy of feeling which exists with the highest morality. In many cases the inherent force of home training preserves the child from radical injury; but some children never escape the wrong that is done them, others are led into practices that seriously modify their usefulness, while still others are ruined.

The public school is a normal outgrowth of our social and political order, and its tendencies are the logical outcome of this order. Its dangers are those that exist in this democratic state, but it lies in the power of the schools to eradicate much of the evil in the state.

It is difficult to say how this is to be accomplished, but certainly the most effective method will be along the line of the general improvement of the system.

This improvement will be brought about by the divorce of the control of the schools from partisan politics; by the appointment of teachers for merit only, merit in which force of character should be regarded as a *sine qua non*; by the introduction of scientific instruction to the exclusion of mechanical methods; and by constantly making prominent the idea that the pupils are being fitted for citizenship and actual service. Something could also be said in regard to the necessity of a larger number of teachers, in order that the element of personal influence may be greater and more immediate.

As this paper is only a statement of the ethical problem of the public schools, and not an attempt to solve it, it is not within its province to discuss the many possible remedies that have been suggested by teachers and others who are studying this question. Few hesitate to say that there are defects in the system, and possible moral dangers associated with it, against which our national life should be guarded with great wisdom and persistence.

The public school stands in close relationship to every moral problem in the republic. The problem of municipal government is pressing upon thoughtful citizens to-day, and many schemes are devised to make it impossible for dishonest politicians to practice their dishonesty and selfishness; but a radical cure of this and all other evils in the body politic can be effected only by the creation of upright citizens. A majority of the voters receive their only training in the public schools. If low and selfish aims rule their conduct; if they lack the possibility of enthusiasm for a high purpose; if, in short, their lives are wanting in principle, it is not enough to say that demoralizing influences overthrow the good wrought within the

schools, because the business of the schools is so to establish morality that it cannot be overthrown by evil circumstances in after life. For, as has already been pointed out, the church and the home of the present day are not able to perform this work, and therefore the schools, because of the very idea which underlies their foundation and secures their continued support, and because of the amount of time which the child necessarily spends in them, must be held largely responsible for the foundation of character; in other words, for the training of upright and patriotic citizens. This, as has just been said, is their *business*. School boards and teachers are needed who realize this important fact, and who are willing and able to make the development of principle the central point in their work.

No one who examines carefully the present political and social order can fail to notice that there is a spirit of self-seeking abroad that is destructive of the noblest virtues and the highest ethical conditions; that vast numbers of citizens are controlled by the passion for getting rather than for giving. This is the dan-

gerous element in the social problem. It is the bane of that partisanship that is ever willing to sacrifice the state for party supremacy; it is the moral obliquity of the pauper and the criminal, who are ever seeking to get something without rendering a fair and just equivalent. Is the public school laying its foundation deep enough? Has it struck its roots into the moral nature of these thirteen million children? These are the questions that serious and earnest people are asking. There is a striking similarity between the excellencies in our national life and the excellencies in our public school system. There is also a striking similarity between the evils in both. Can it not then be said that the eradication of the evils in the public schools will have very much to do with their eradication in the life of the state?

To touch the springs of action in these pupils is to touch the very sources of power in the national life; and there is no opportunity to be compared with that offered by the public schools. The institution is so sacred, so far reaching in its influence, that it must be rescued from political strife and partisan narrowness.

William Frederick Slocum, Jr.

HENRY VAUGHAN THE SILURIST.

IN his own person Henry Vaughan left no trace in society. His life seemed to slip by like the running water on which he was forever gazing and moralizing, and his memory met early with the fate which he hardly foresaw. Descended from the royal chiefs of southern Wales, whom Tacitus mentions, and whose abode, in the day of Roman domination, was in the district called Siluria, he styled himself the Silurist upon his title-pages; and he keeps the distinctive name in the humblest of epitaphs, close by his life-long home in the glorious valley of the

Usk and the little Honddu, under the shadow of Tretower, the ruined castle of his race, and of Pen-y-Fan and his kindred peaks. What we know of him is a sort of pastoral: how he was born, the son of a poor gentleman, in 1621, at Newton St. Bridget, in the old house yet asleep on the road between Brecon and Crickhowel; how he went up to Oxford, Laud's Oxford, with Thomas, his twin, as a boy of sixteen, to be entered at Jesus College; how he took his degree (just where and when no one can discover), and came back, after a London

revel, to be the village physician, though he was meant for the law, in what had become his brother's parish of Llansaint-fread; to write books full of sequestered beauty, to watch the most tragic of wars, to look into the faces of love and loss, and to spend his thoughtful age on the bowery banks of the river he had always known, his *Isca parens florum*, to which he consecrated many a sweet English line. And the ripple of the not unthankful Usk was "distinctly audible over its pebbles," as was the Tweed to the failing sense of Sir Walter Scott, in the room where Henry Vaughan drew his last breath, on St. George's Day, April 23, 1695. He died exactly seventy-nine years after Shakespeare, exactly one hundred and fifty-five years before Wordsworth.

Circumstances had their way with him as with most poets. He knew the touch of disappointment and renunciation not only in life, but in his civic hopes and in his art. He broke his career in twain, and began over, before he had passed thirty; and he showed great æsthetic discretion, as well as disinterestedness, in replacing his graceful early verses by the deep dedications of his prime. Religious faith and meditation seem so much a part of his innermost nature, it is a little difficult to remember that Vaughan considered himself a brand snatched from the burning, a lawless Cavalier brought by the best of chances to the quiet life, and the feet of the moral Muse. Some time between 1645 and 1653 he was seized by a sorely protracted and nearly fatal illness; and during its progress his dearest friends were taken from him. Nor was the execution of the king a light event to so sensitive a poet and so passionate a partisan. Meanwhile Vaughan read George Herbert, and his theory of proportional values began to change. It was a season of transition and silent crises, when men bared their breasts to great issues, and when it was easy for a childlike soul

Vaughan, in his new fervor, did his best to suppress the numbers written in his youth, thus clearing the field for what he afterwards called his "hagiography;" and a critic wonders what he found in his first tiny volume of 1646 or in Olor Iscanus to regret or cancel. The turn in his life which brought him lasting peace, in a world rocking between the cant of the Parliament and resurgent audacity and riot, achieved for us a body of work which, small as it is, has rare interest, and an out-of-door beauty, as of the natural dusk, "breathless with adoration," which is almost without parallel. Once he had shaken off secular ambitions, Vaughan's voice grew at once free and more forceful. In him a marked intellectual gain sprang from an apparently slight spiritual readjustment, even as it did, three centuries later, in one greater than he, John Henry Newman.

He was, in the only liberal sense, a learned man, full of lifelong curiosity for the fruit of the Eden Tree. His lines beginning,

"Quite spent with thought I left my cell," show the acutest thirst for hidden knowledge; he would "most gladly die," if death might buy him intellectual growth. He looks forward to eternity as to the unsealing and disclosing of mysteries. He makes the soul sing joyously to the body:

"I that here saw darkly, in a glass,
But mists and shadows pass,
And by their own weak shine did search the springs
And source of things,
Shall, with enlightened rays,
Pierce all their ways!"

His occupation as a resident physician must have fostered his fine eye and ear for the green earth, and furnished him, day by day, with musings in sylvan solitudes and rides abroad over the fresh hill-paths. The breath of the mountains is about his books. An early riser, he uttered a constant invocation to whoever would listen, that

"Weary of her vain search below, above,
In the first Fair to find the immortal Love."

"manna was not good
After sun-rising; far-day sullies flowers."

He was hospitable on a limited income. His verses of invitation To his Retired Friend, which are not without their thrusts at passing events, have a classic jollity fit to remind the reader of Randolph's ringing ode to Master Anthony Stafford. Again and again Vaughan reiterates the Socratic song of content: that he has enough lands and money, that there are a thousand things he does not want, that he is blessed in what he has. All this does not prevent him from recording the phenomenal ebb tides of his purse, and from whimsically synthesizing on "the threadbare, goldless genealogie" of bards! No sour zealot in anything, he enjoyed an evening now and then at the Globe Tavern, in London, where he consumed his sack with relish, that he might be "possessor of more soul," and "after full cups have dreams poetical." But he was no lover of the town. Country life was his joy and pride; the only thing which seemed, in his own most vivid phrase, to "fill his breast with home." A literary acquaintance, one unrecognized N. W., congratulates Vaughan that he is able to "give his Muse the swing in an hereditary shade." He was an angler, need it be added? Nay, the autoer of anglers, — he was a salmon-catcher.

The poets who did not fight for the king were commonly supposed to redeem their reputation by dying of grief, like Drummond of Hawthornden, at his overthrow. Yet Vaughan did not fight, and Vaughan did not die of grief. It is so sure that he suffered some privation, and it may be imprisonment, for his allegiance that shrewd guesses, before now, have equipped him, and placed him in the ranks of the losing cause, where he might have had choice company. His generous, erratic brother (an alchemist, an Orientalist, and a Rosicrucian, who was ejected from his vicarage in 1654, and died, either of the plague or of inhaling the fumes of a caldron, at Albury, in 1665, while the court was at Oxford) had been a recruit, and

a brave one. But Henry Vaughan explicitly tells us, in his *Ad Posteror*, and in a prayer in the second part of *Silex Scintillans*, that he had no personal share in the constitutional struggle, that he shed no blood. Again, he cries, in a third lyric, —

"O accept

Of his vowed heart, whom Thou hast kept
From bloody men!"

This painstaking record of a fact by one so loyal as he goes far to prove, to an inductive mind not thoroughly familiar with his circumstances, that he considered war the worst of current evils, and was willing, for this first principle of his philosophy, to lay himself open to the charge, not indeed of cowardice (was he not a Vaughan?), but of lack of appreciation for the one romantic opportunity of his life. His withdrawal from the turmoil which so became his colleagues may be counted in with his known moral courage and right sentiment; and one's fancy is ready to fasten on Vaughan's sad neutrality the passionate "ingemination" for "peace, peace," which "took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart," such as Clarendon tells us of in his ever-beautiful passage touching the young Lord Falkland. But it is greatly to be feared that Vaughan, despite all the abstract reasoning which arrays itself against so babyish and barbarous a thing as a battle, would have swung himself into a saddle against the existing government as readily as any, had not "God's finger touched him." A comparison of dates will show that he was bedridden, while his hot heart was afield with the shouting gentlemen whom Mr. Browning heard in a vision: —

"King Charles! and who'll do him right, now?
King Charles! and who's ripe for fight, now?
Give a rouse: here's in Hell's despite, now,
King Charles!"

This is the secret of Vaughan's blood-guiltlessness. Of course he thanked Heaven, after, that he was kept clean of carnage; he would have thanked Heaven

for anything that happened to him. It was providential that we of posterity lost a soldier in the Silurist, and gained a poet. As the great confusion cleared, his spirit cleared, too, and the Vaughan we know,

"Delicious, lusty, amiable, fair,"

comes in, like a protesting angel, with the Commonwealth. Perhaps he lived long enough to sum up the vanity of statecraft and the instability of public choice, driven from tyranny to license, from absolute monarchy to absolute anarchy, and to turn once more to his "loud brook's incessant fall" as an object much worthier of a rational man's regard. Born while James I. was vain-gloriously reigning, Henry Vaughan survived the Civil War, the two Protectorates, the orgies of the Restoration (which he did not fail to satirize), and the Revolution of "Meenie the daughter," as the old Scots song slyly calls her. He had seen the Stuarts in and out, in and out again, and his seventy-four years, on-lookers at a tragedy, were not forced to sit through the dull Georgian farce which began almost as soon as his grave was green.

Moreover, he was thoroughly out of touch with his times. While all the world was either devil-may-care or Calvin-colored, he had for his characteristic a rapt, inexhaustible joy, buoying him up and sweeping him away. He might well have said, like Dr. Henry More, his twin's rival and challenger in metaphysics, that he was "most of his time mad with pleasure." While

"every burgesse foots

The mortal pavement in eternal boots,"

Vaughan lay indolently along a bank, like a shepherd swain, pondering upon the brood of "green-heads" who denied miracles to have been or to be, and wishing the noisy passengers on the highways of life could be taught the value of

"A sweet self-privacy in a right soul."

His mind turned to paradoxes and inverted meanings, and the analysis of his

own tenacious dreams, in an England of pikes and bludgeons, and hock carts and wassail cakes. All through his pages one can trace the affecting struggle between things desired and things forborne. It is only a brave philosopher who can afford to pen a stanza intimate as this:—

"O Thou who didst deny to me

The world's adored felicity!

Keep still my weak eyes from the shine

Of those gay things which are not Thine."

He had better possessions than glory under his hand in the health and peace of his middle age and in his cheerful home. He was twice married, and must have lost his first wife, nameless to us, but most tenderly mourned, in his twenty-ninth or thirtieth year. She seems to have been the mother of five of his six children. Vaughan was rich in friends. He had known Davenant and Cartwright, but it is quite characteristic of him that the two great authors to whom he was especially attached were Jonson and John Fletcher, both only a memory at the time of his first going to London. Of Randolph, Jonson's strong "son," who so beggared English literature by dying young in 1634, Vaughan sweetly says somewhere that he will hereafter

"Look for Randolph in those holy meads."

Mention of his actual fellow-workers is very infrequent, nor does he mention the Shakespeare who had "dwelt on earth unguessed at," and who is believed to have visited the estates of the Vaughans at Seethrog, and to have picked up the name of his merry fellow Puck from goblin traditions of the neighborhood.

While Henry Vaughan was preparing for publication the first half of *Silex Scintillans*, as the token of his arrested and uplifted youth, Rev. Mr. Thomas Vaughan, backed by a few other sanguine Oxonians, and disregarding of his twin's exaggerated remorse for the fruits of his profaner years, brought out the "formerly written and newly named" *Olor Iscanus*, over the author's head, in 1650, and gave to it a motto from the

Georgics. The preface is in Eugenius Philalethes' own gallant style, and offers a haughty commendation to "beauty from the light retired." Perhaps Vaughan's earliest and most partial editor felt, like Thoreau on a certain occasion, that it were well to make an extreme statement, if only so he might make an emphatic one. The clerical brother writes very much as Lord Edward Herbert might be supposed to write for George under like conditions, for he knew, according to an ancient adage, that there is great folly in pointing out the shortcomings of a work of art to eyes uneducated to its beauties. It was just as well to insist disproportionately upon the principle at stake, that Henry Vaughan's least book was unique and precious. He was not, like the majority of the happy lyrists of his time, a writer by accident; he was strictly a man of letters, and his sign manual is large and plain upon everything which bears his name. He indites like a Roman, with evenness, and without a superfluous syllable. One cannot italicize him; every word is a congested force, packed to bursting with meaning and insistence, — the utterance of a man who has been thinking all his life upon his own chosen subjects, and who unerringly dispatches a language about its business, as if he had just created it. Like Andrew Marvell's excellent father, "he never broached what he had never brewed." It follows that his work, to which second editions were well-nigh unknown, shows scarcely any variation from itself. It carries with it a testimony that, such as it stands, it is the very best its author can do. Its faults are not slips; they are quite as radical and congenital as its virtues. Vaughan (to transfer a fine phrase of Mr. W. T. Arnold) is "enamored of perfection," but he is fully so before he makes up his mind to write, and from the first every stroke of his pen is fatal. It transfixes a noun or a verb, pins it to the page, and challenges a reformer to move or replace it. His

modest Muse is as sure as Shakespeare, as nice as Pope; she is incapable of scruples and apprehensions once she has spoken. What Vaughan says of Cartwright may well be applied to his own deliberate grace of diction: —

"Thou thy thoughts hast drest in such a strain
As doth not only speak, but rule and reign."

His verses have the tone of a Vandyck portrait, with all its firm, pensive elegance and lack of shadow. Those of Vaughan's figures not drawn from the open air, where he was happiest, are indeed too bold and too many, and they come from strange corners, from finance, medicine, mills, the nursery, and the mechanism of watches and clocks. In no one instance, however, does he start wrong, like the great influencer, Donne, in *The Valediction*, and finish by turning such impediments as "stiff twin-compasses" into images of memorable beauty. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, like Campbell, finds Vaughan "untunable," and so he is very often. But poets who crowd their lines with thought do not always succeed in metaphysics and in music too. The lute which has the clearest and most enticing twang under the laurel boughs is Herrick's, and not Donne's; Mr. Swinburne's, and not Mr. Browning's. It is to be observed that when Vaughan lets go of his regrets, his advice, and his growls over the bad times, he falls into instant melody, as if in that, and not in a rough impressiveness, were his real strength. His blessing for the river Usk flows sweetly as the tide it hangs upon:

"Garlands, and songs, and roundelays,
And dewy nights, and sunshine days,
The turtle's voice, joy without fear,
Dwell on thy bosom all the year!
To thee the wind from far shall bring
The odors of the scattered spring,
And, loaden with the rich arrear,
Spend it in spicy whispers here."

Vaughan played habitually with his pauses, and unconsciously threw the metrical stress on words least able to bear it; but no sensitive ear can be otherwise than

pleased at the broken sequence of such lines as,

"These birds of light make a land glad,
Chirping their solemn matins on a tree,"

and

"As if his liquid loose retinue stayed
Lingering, and were of this steep place
afraid."

The word "perspective," which he introduced with the accent upon the first syllable, was a favorite with him; and Wordsworth thought well enough of that usage to employ it in the majestic opening of the sonnet on King's College Chapel.

Vaughan was a born observer, and in his poetry may be found the pioneer expression of the nineteenth-century feeling for landscape. His canvas is not often large; he had an indifference towards the exquisite presence of autumn, and an inland ignorance of the sea. But he could portray depth and distance at a stroke, as in the buoyant lines,

"It was high spring, and all the way
Primrosed, and hung with shade,"

which etches for you the whole winding lane, roofed and floored with beauty; he carries a reader over half a continent in his

"Paths that are hidden from the vulture's eyes,"

and suspends him above man's planet altogether with his audacious eagle, which

"in the clear height and upmost air

Doth face the sun, and his dispersed hair!"

That Vaughan's pages should furnish this patient specification of natural objects is remarkable in a man whose mind was set upon things invisible. His gaze is upon the remote inaccessible ether, but he seems to detect everything between himself and heaven. He sighs over the inattentive rustic, whom, perhaps, he catches scowling by the pasture bars of the wild Welsh downs:—

"O that he would hear

The world read to him!"

Whatever is in that pleasant world he himself sees and hears; and his interrupted chronicle is always terse, graphic,

straight from life. He has the inevitable phrase for every phenomenon, — a little low-comedy phrase, sometimes, such as Carew had used before him:—

"Deep snow

Candies our country's woody brow."

It seems never to have entered the primitive mind of Henry Vaughan to love, or serve, art and nature for themselves. His cue was to walk abroad circumspectly and with incessant reverence, because in all things he found God. His prayer is that he may not forget that physical beauty is a great symbol, but only a symbol; a "hid ascent" through "masks and shadows" to the divine; or, as Mr. Lowell said in one of his last poems,

"a tent

Pitched for an Inmate far more excellent."

Vaughan, a humanist of the school of Assisi, was full of out-of-door meeknesses and pieties, nowhere sweeter in their expression than in this all-embracing valedictory:—

"O knowing, glorious Spirit! when
Thou shalt restore trees, beasts, and men,

Give him among Thy works a place
Who in them loved and sought Thy face."

"I saw," he says suddenly,

"I saw Eternity the other night;"

and he is forever seeing things almost as startling and as bright: the "edges and the bordering light" of lost infancy; the processional grandeur of old books, which he fearlessly calls

"The track of fled souls, and their Milky Way;"

and visions of the Judgment, when

"from the right

The white sheep pass into a whiter light."

Here the figure beautifully forecasts a famous one of Rossetti. Light, indeed, is Vaughan's distinctive word, and the favorite source of his similes and illustrations.

Vaughan's meek reputation began to renew itself about 1828, when four critics perfectly fitted to appraise his worth were in their prime; but, curiously enough, none of these, not even the best

of them, the same Charles Lamb who said a just and generous word for Wither, had the satisfaction of rescuing his sunk-en name. Eight little books inclose all of the Silurist's work. He began to publish in 1646, and he practically ceased in 1655, breaking his after-silence but twice, — with *Thalia Rediviva* in 1678, and a translation of Nieremberg's *Meditations* in 1682. It is commonly supposed that his verses were forgotten up to the date, 1847, of the faulty edition of the Rev. H. F. Lyte, and until the appearance of Dr. Grosart's inestimable quartos; but Mr. Carew Hazlitt has been fortunate enough to discover the advertisement of an eighteenth-century Vaughan reprint. As the results of Dr. Grosart's patient service to our elder choir are necessarily semi-private, it may be said with truth that the real Vaughan is still debarred from the general reader, who is, indeed, the identical person least concerned about that state of affairs. His name is not irrecoverable nor unfamiliar to scholars. His mind, on the whole, might pass for the product of yesterday; and he, who needs no glossary, may handsomely cede the honors of one to Mr. William Morris. It is at least certain that had Vaughan lately lifted up his unique and sylvan voice out of Brecknockshire, he would not so readily be accused of having modeled himself unduly upon George Herbert. He has gone into eclipse behind that gracious name.

Henry Vaughan was a child of thirteen when Herbert, a stranger to him, died at Bemerton, and he read him first in the sick-chamber to which the five years' distresses of his early manhood confined him. The reading could not have been prior to 1647, for *Olor Iscanus*, Vaughan's second volume, was lying ready for the press that year, as we know from the date of its dedication to Lord Kildare Digby. As no novice poet, therefore, he fell under the spell of a sweet and elect soul, who was also a lover of vanquished royalty, a convert who had

looked upon the vanities of the court and the city, a Welshman born, and not unconnected with Vaughan's own ancient and patrician house. These were slight coincidences, but they served to strengthen a forming tie. The Silurist somewhere thanks Herbert's "holy ever-living lines" for checking his blood; and it was perhaps the only service rendered of which he was conscious. But his endless iambics and his vague allegorical titles are cast thoroughly in the manner of Herbert, and he takes from the same source the heaped categorical epithets, the didactic tone, and the introspectiveness which are his most obvious failings. Vaughan's intellectual debt to Herbert resolves itself into somewhat less than nothing; for in following him with zeal to the Missionary College of the Muses he lost rather than gained, and he is altogether delightful and persuasive only where he is altogether himself. Nevertheless, a certain spirit of conformity and filial piety towards Herbert has betrayed Vaughan into frequent and flagrant imitations. It seems as if these must have been voluntary, and rooted in an intention to enforce the same truths in all but the same words; for the moment Vaughan breaks into invective, or comes upon his distinctive topics, such as childhood, natural beauty (for which Herbert had an imperfect sense), friendship, early death, spiritual expectation, he is off and away, free of any predecessor, as his thrilling and unforgettable self. There was, indeed, in English letters, up to Queen Anne's reign, an open communism of ideas and idioms astonishing to look upon; there is less confiscation at present, because, outside the pale of the sciences, there is less thinking. If any one thing can be closer to another than even Drummond's sonnet on Sleep is to Sidney's, it is the dress of Vaughan's morality to that of George Herbert's. Mr. Simcox is the only critic who has taken the trouble to contrast them, and he does so in so random a fashion as to

suggest that his scrutiny, in some cases, has been confined to the rival titles. It is certain that no other mind, however bent upon identifications, can find a likeness between *The Quip* and *The Queer*, or between *The Tempest* and *Providence*. Vaughan's *Mutiny*, like *The Col- lar*, ends in a use of the word "child," after a scene of strife; and if ever it were meant to match Herbert's poem, distinctly falls behind it, and deals, besides, with a much weaker rebelliousness. *Rules and Lessons* is so unmistakably modeled upon

HERBERT.

"A throbbing conscience, spurred by remorse,
Hath a strange force."

"My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart."

"And trust

Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave."

"Teach me Thy love to know,
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman show:
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to Thee!"

"I will go searching, till I find a sun
Shall stay till we have done,
A willing shiner, that will shine as gladly
As frost-nipt suns look sadly.
Then we will sing and shine all our own day,
And one another pay:
His beams shall cheer my breast, and both
so twine
Till even his beams sing, and my music shine."

(Of prayer.)

"Heaven in ordinary, man well-drest,
The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise."

"Then went I to a garden, and did spy
A gallant flower,
The crown-imperial: sure, said I,
Peace at the root must dwell."

"But groans are quick and full of wings,
And all their motions upward be,
And ever as they mount, like larks they sing:
The note is sad, yet music for a king."

"Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys,
But griefs without a noise;
Yet speak they louder than distempered fears:
What is so shrill as silent tears?"

The Church Porch that it scarcely calls for comment. Herbert's admonitions, however, are continued, but nowhere repeated; and Vaughan's succeed in being poetic, which the others are not. Beyond these replicas Vaughan's structural genius is in no wise beholden to Herbert's. But numerous phrases and turns of thought descend from the master to the disciple, undergoing such subtle and peculiar changes that it may well be submitted whether, in this casual list, every borrowing, save two, be not a bettering.

VAUGHAN.

"A darting conscience, full of stabs and fears."

"And wrap us in imaginary flights
Wide of a faithful grave."

"That in these masks and shadows I may see
Thy sacred way,
And by these hid ascents climb to that day
Which breaks from Thee
Who art in all things, though invisibly!"

"O would I were a bird or star
Fluttering in woods, or lifted far
Above this inn
And road of sin!
Then either star or bird would be
Shining or singing still to Thee!"

(Of books.)

"The track of fled souls, and their Milky
Way."

"I walked the other day to spend my hour
Into a field,
Where I sometime had seen the soil to yield
A gallant flower."

"A silent tear can pierce Thy throne
When loud joys want a wing;
And sweeter airs stream from a groan
Than any arted string."

"At first Thou gavest me milk and sweet-
nesses,
I had my wish and way ;
My days were strewed with flowers and hap-
piness ;
There was no month but May."

"Only a scarf or glove
Doth warm our hands, and make them write
of Love."

"I got me flowers to strew Thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought Thy sweets along with Thee."

"O come ! for Thou dost know the way :
Or if to me Thou wilt not move,
Remove me where I need not say,
'Drop from above.'"

"Sure Thou wilt joy by gaining me
To fly home like a laden bee."

To arraign Vaughan is to vindicate him. In the too liberal courts of literature, an idea becomes the property of him who best expresses it. Herbert's odd and fresh metaphors, his homing bees and pricks of conscience and silent tears, the adoring star and his comrade bird, even his famous female scarf, go over bodily to the spoiler. In many an instance something involved and difficult still characterizes Herbert's diction ; and it is diverting to watch how the interfering hand sorts and settles it at one touch, and sends it, as Mr. Arnold would say, to the "centre." Vaughan's mind, despite its mysticism, was full of dispatch and impetuosity. Like Herbert, he alludes to himself more than once as "fierce ;" and the adjective undoubtedly belongs to him. There was in Vaughan, at his height, a rush and fire which Herbert never knew, a greater clarity and conciseness, a far greater restraint, a keener sense both of color and form, and so much more deference for what Mr. Ruskin calls "the peerage of words" that the younger man could never have been content to send forth a line which might mean its opposite, such as occurs in the fine stanza about

"Follow the cry no more ! There is
An ancient way,
All strewed with flowers and happiness,
And fresh as May !"

"Feverish souls
Sick with a scarf or glove."

"I'll get me up before the sun,
I'll cull me boughs off many a tree ;
And all alone full early run
To gather flowers and welcome Thee."

"Either disperse these mists, which blot and
fill
My perspective still as they pass ;
Or else remove me hence unto that hill
Where I shall need no glass !"

"Thy grave, to which my thoughts shall move
Like bees in storms unto their hive."

glory in the beautiful Quip. It is only on middle ground that the better poet and the better saint collide. Vaughan never could have written, —

"O that I once past changing were
Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can
wither !"

or the tranquil confession of faith, —

"Whether I fly with angels, fall with dust,
Thy hands made both, and I am there :
Thy power and love, my love and trust,
Make one place everywhere !"

For his best is not Herbert's best, nor his worst Herbert's worst. It is not Vaughan who reminds us that "filth" lies under a fair face. He does the "fiercer" thing : he goes to the pit's mouth in a trance, and "hears them yell." Herbert's noblest and most winning art still has its stand upon the altar steps of The Temple ; but Vaughan is always on the roof, under the stars, like a somnambulist, or actually above and out of sight, "pinnaced dim in the intense inane ;" absorbed in larger and wilder things, and stretching the spirits of all who try to follow him. The homelier and more restful writer has had his reward in the world's lasting appreciation ; and although Vaughan had a favorable

opinion of his own staying powers, nothing would have grieved him less than to step aside, if the choice had lain between him and his exemplar.

Vaughan, then, owes something to Herbert, although it was by no means the best which Herbert could give; but he himself is, what Herbert is not, an ancestor. He leans forward to touch Cowper and Keble; and Mr. Churton Collins has taken the pains to trace him in Tennyson.

The angels who

"familiarly confer
Beneath the oak and juniper,"

invoke an instant thought of the Milton of the *Allegro*; and the fragrant winds which linger by Usk, "loaden with the rich arrear," appear to be Milton's, too. His austere music first sounded in the public ear in 1645, one year before Vaughan, much his junior, began to print. It would seem very unlikely that a Welsh physician should be beholden to the close-kept manuscripts of the Puritan stripling at Cambridge and Horton; but it is interesting to find the prototype of Vaughan's charming lines about Rachel, the wife of Jacob,

"With native looks that knew no guile,
Came the sheep-keeping Syrian maid,"

in the Epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester, dating from 1631. Vaughan's dramatic Fleet Street,

"Where the loud whip and coach scolds all the way,"

might as well be Swift's; and his salutation to the lark,

"And now, as fresh and cheerful as the light,
Thy little heart in early hymns doth sing,"

is like a quotation from some tender sonnet of Bowles, or from his admirer, the young Coleridge who instantly outstepped him. Olor, Silex, and Thalia establish unexpected relationships with genius the most remote from them and from each other. The animated melody of poor Rochester's best songs seems deflected from

"If I were dead and in my place,"

addressed to Amoret, in the *Poems* of 1646. The delicate simile,

"As some blind dial, when the day is done,
Can tell us at midnight there was a sun,"

and

"But I am sadly loose and stray,
A giddy blast each way.
O let me not thus range:
Thou canst not change!"

(a verse of a poem headed by an extract, in the *Vulgate*, from the eighth chapter of *Romans*), come home with a smile to the lover of Clough. Vaughan was that dangerous person, an original thinker; and the consequence is that he compromises a great many authors who may never have heard of him. It is admitted now that we owe to his prophetic lyre one of the boasts of modern literature. Dr. Grosart has handled so well the obvious debt of Wordsworth in *The Intimations of Immortality*, and has proven so conclusively that Vaughan figured in the library at Rydal Mount, that little need be said here on that theme. In *Corruption*, *Childhood*, *Looking Back*, and *The Retreat*, most markedly in the first, lie the whole point and pathos of

"Trailing clouds of glory do we come
From Heaven, which is our home."

Few studies are more fascinating than that of the liquidation, so to speak, of Vaughan's brief, tense, impassioned monodies into "the mighty waters rolling evermore" of the great Ode. Yet it is no unpardonable heresy to be jealous that the "first sprightly runnings" of an English classic should not be better known, and to prefer their touching simplicity to the grandly adult and theory-burdened lines which everybody quotes.

Vaughan's elegies are so exquisite and endearing, they haunt one with the conviction that they stop short of immortality, not because their author had too little skill, but because, between his repressed speech and his extreme emotions, no art could make out to live. He had a deep heart, such as deep hearts will always recognize and reverence:—

"And thy two wings were grief and love." His thoughts jostle him hard at all times; but in the face of eternity he seems so to accord with the event which all but destroys him that sorrow inexpressible becomes suddenly unexpressed, and his funeral music ends in a high enthusiasm and serenity open to no misconception. Distance, and the lapse of time, and his own utter reconciliation to the play of events make small difference in his utterance upon the old topic. The thought of his friend, forty years after, is the same mystical rapture:—

"O could I track them! but souls must
Track one the other;
And now the spirit, not the dust,
Must be thy brother:
Yet I have one pearl by whose light
All things I see,
And in the heart of death and night
Find Heaven and thee."

Daphnis, the eclogue to the memory of Thomas Vaughan, is the only one of these elegies which, possessing a surplus of beautiful lines, is not even in the least satisfying. "R. Hall," "no woollack soldier," who was slain at the siege of Pontefract, won from Henry Vaughan a passionate requiem, which opens with a gush of agony,—"I knew it would be thus!"—as affecting as anything in the early ballads; and the battle of Rowton Heath took from him "R. W.," the comrade of his youth. But it was in one who bore his sovereign's name (hitherto unidentified, although he is said to have been the subject of a "public sorrow") that Vaughan lost the friend upon whom his whole nature seemed to lean. The soldier-heart in himself spoke out firmly in the cry he consecrated To the Pious Memory of C. W. Its masculine dignity; the pride and soft triumph which it gathers about it, advancing; the plain heroic ending which sweeps away all images of remoteness and night, in "Good-morrow to dear Charles! for it is day," can be compared to nothing but a concord of mounting strings, slowing to

their major chord with a courage and cheer that bring tears to the eyes. Vaughan's tender threnodies would make a small but precious volume. To the Pious Memory, with Thou that Knowest for Whom I Mourn, Silence and Stealth of Days, I Walked the Other Day to Spend my Hour, The Morning Watch, and Beyond the Veil are alone enough to give him rank forever as a genius and a good man.

"C. W.'s" death was one of the things which turned him from temporal pursuits and pleasures,

"Home from their dust to empty his own glass."

His thoughts centred henceforward, in their full intensity, on the supernatural world; nay, if he were irremediably depressed, not only on the persistence of resolved matter, by means of which buried men come forth again in the color of flowers and the fragrance of the wind, but even on the physical damp and dark which confine our mortality. It is the poet of dawn and of crisp mountain air who can pack horror on horror into his nervous quatrains about Death:—

"A nest of nights; a gloomy sphere
Where shadows thicken, and the cloud
Sits on the sun's brow all the year,
And nothing moves without a shroud."

This is masterly; but here again there is reserve, the curbing hand of a man who holds, with Plato, a willful indulgence in the "realism" of sadness to be an actual crime. Vaughan's dead dwell, indeed, as his own mind does, in "the world of light."

Chambers' Encyclopædia made an epic blunder, long ago, when it ascribed to this gentlest of Anglicans a "gloomy sectarianism." He, of all religious poets, makes the most charming secular reading, and may well be a favorite with the heathen for whom Herbert is too decorative, Crashaw too hectic and intense, Cowper too fearful, and Faber too fluent, *Lyra Apostolica* a treatise, though a glo-

rious one, on Things which Must be Revived, and Hymns Ancient and Modern an exceeding weariness to the spirit. It is a saw of Dr. Johnson's that it is difficult for theology to clothe itself in attractive numbers; but then Dr. Johnson was ignorant of Vaughan. It is not in human nature to refuse to cherish the "holy, happy, healthy Heaven" which he has left us (in a graded alliteration which smacks of the physician rather than of the "gloomy sectarian"), his very social "angels talking to a man," and his bright saints hovering and smiling nigh, who

"are indeed our pillar-fires
Seen as we go;
They are the city's shining spires
We travel to."

All this liberal sweetness and charity heighten Vaughan's poetic quality, as they deepen the impression of his prac-

tical Christianity. The nimbus is about his laic songs. When he talks affectionately of moss and rocks or of dumb animals, it is as if they were incorporated into the ritual. He has the genius of prayer, and may be recognized by "those graces which walk in a veil and a silence." He is full of distinction, and of a sort of golden idiosyncrasy. Vaughan's true "note" is—Vaughan. To read him is like coming alone to a village churchyard with trees, where the west is dying in lilac and rose behind the low ivied Norman tower. The young choir is within, the south windows are open, and the organist, with many a hushed, unconventional interlude of his own, is rehearsing the psalm of "pleasures for evermore:"

"I will bless the Lord, who hath given me counsel. . . . I have set the Lord always before me: because He is at my right hand, I shall not be moved."

Louise Imogen Guiney.

THE ENCYCLICALS OF POPE LEO XIII.

FROM the commencement of his pontificate Leo XIII. has evinced an anxious interest in the tendencies of his times. His exceptional powers of observation have been devoted to the social problems of this half-century with a solicitude which has seldom been surpassed.

The most perfect expression of his thoughts, the best evidence of the working of his mind, is to be found in the Encyclical Letters,¹ which are his principal literary achievements since coming to the throne. At the different periods of their appearance these letters have given rise to a variety of comments, but the commentators have been, for the most part, either unhesitatingly eulogistic because inspired by reverential feelings, or harshly critical from hostility to Catholic

doctrine or to received religion. Now, therefore, that the papal bullary forms a volume, it is opportune to examine it from an unsectarian point of view.

The Encyclicals embody the present sentiments of Catholicism towards passing events; in addition to which they are examples of theological reasoning and of modern Latinity. They are the voice of a voluntary prisoner who has sacrificed his liberty to the immutable principles of the great institution which he governs, and who, in the silence of his cabinet, views and judges by the standard of his faith the current of men's thoughts.

Each Encyclical which issues from the Vatican is an event in the life of the Church. The bishops to whom these letters are usually addressed find in them the keynote of their future teach-

¹ *Leonis XIII. Pontificis Maximi Epistolæ Encyclicæ*, etc. Augustæ Taurinorum. 1892.

ings; they also learn whether their past acts have been in harmony with the wishes of the pontiff. Scattered in almost every country of the world, the bishops are like military leaders who, having acted as their judgment prompted them, await an expression of opinion from their chief. The Encyclicals are that expression of opinion, and they are of the greatest value as evidences of the Church's views. They record definitively the present state of doctrine, and sophistry cannot alter the assertions they contain. Biblical texts may be variously interpreted, and the utterances of ecclesiastics may be, and often are questioned, but when the Pope has spoken all discussion ends.

As models of felicitous style, of smoothness and serenity of diction, the Encyclicals are beyond criticism. They are composed like the choicest mosaics, phrase by phrase, sentence by sentence: first, as is well known, in Italian, from notes made by the Pope in his daily readings and musings, and then in Latin, the language of all others most apt for the majestic dignity of phraseology which is one of the traditions of the Vatican. The text itself is the work of the cardinal secretaries rather than of the pontiff, but the import and general style are his exclusively, and many beauties of expression are traceable to the delicate refinement of his taste. The final revision, also, is made by him, but, with the prudence which characterizes the methods of the Church, the imprimatur is given only after every shade of meaning has been duly considered; and not always even then, until in the Pope's opinion the fitting time has come.

The Pope's Latinity has been termed "natural" by his admirers; and without endeavoring to discuss whether a truly natural style is attainable in a dead language, there is no doubt that we have from his pen some very graceful lines, of which the following faithful expression of his feelings is a good example: —

"Justiciam colui: certamina longa labores
Ludibria, insidias, aspera quæque tuli
At fidei vindex non flectar: pro grege Christi
Dulce pati, ipsoque in carcere dulce mori."

The style of the Encyclicals (and I assume that they represent the style of the pontiff) has been compared to that of Cicero and Tacitus, but they possess a special style, half ecclesiastical, half classical, which at one moment recalls the manner of St. Augustine, and at another the concentrated periods of the introductions of Sallust or the reasonings of Seneca. Sometimes the language is but that of an ordinary sermon which points out evils, and indicates the invariable panacea for them, while it often rises to considerable heights of calm sublimity. It is needless to say, however, that in compositions which are chiefly admonitory, and in which precision is the most essential quality, there is not a very great scope for literary display. The sentences, as a rule, are long and charged with words of meaning, but they flow harmoniously, and it is clear that no pains have been spared to avoid the slightest angularity or ambiguity. The ecclesiastical Latinity of the present day, indeed, has claims to rivalry with the most elaborate compositions of the pagan masters who wrote two thousand years ago. Occasionally a conflict of antiquity and modernness is to be noticed in the Latin text, which no doubt is unavoidable when it is necessary to clothe modern ideas in the idiom of a former civilization.

The predilection of Leo XIII. for generalization was shown when he was Bishop of Perugia, and only a possible candidate for the chair of St. Peter. It was then that he made his early efforts to reconcile faith with the conditions of the times, and the origin of the dominant thoughts of the Encyclicals may easily be traced to his episcopal sermons. "Is it true," he inquired on one occasion, "that civilization cannot bear its fruits in a society which lives by the spirit of

Jesus Christ, and in which the Catholic Church speaks in the tone of a mother and a mistress ? ”

“ Religion is sorely attacked,” he said to a French Catholic writer whom he received a short time after his election ; “ it must be defended. Upon that everything depends. Society is to be saved by defending the principles of religion.”

The germ of the idea which subsequently inspired the famous Encyclical on the labor question is to be found in one of his discourses while still Bishop of Perugia, in which he argued that manual labor, which had been despised throughout antiquity, and disdained by Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and Terence, had always been befriended by the Church. The Church had always been the solace and the helper of the working-man. “ Go to the people,” he said, on a later occasion, to a bishop ; and thus he has been called the workman’s Pope and the great peacemaker.

A spirit of continuity is observable in all his words and acts before and after his assumption of the supreme dignity, but the ineffableness of papal honors seems to have had its effect upon his character, and to have caused the language of Leo XIII. to be still more moderate than that of Monsignore Pecci. Compared with his predecessor, the confirmator of the doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and promulgator of the dogma of Infallibility, Leo XIII. is a less doctrinal Pope. He has doubtless thought that Pius IX. did enough for the things of doctrine, and that the last Œcumenical Council completed the links in the chain of Catholicity. It does not seem, indeed, if we consider the mass of tenets which the Church has evolved, that future popes are likely to (originate) more, although in matters of faith there are few limits to inspiration or improvisation, and one of the leading characteristics of the Church has always been a gradual evolution from the teachings of the Founder of Christianity. But the

Encyclicals must be passed in review, if it is desired to form a judgment as to their bearing on the questions which most affect society in general.

The first Encyclical was published two months after the Conclave had chosen its author for the pontificate (in the spring of 1878). Its title was *Inscrutabili Dei*, in accordance with the ancient custom which, I need hardly say, prescribes that these compositions shall be named after their initial word or words, — a method which usually causes an eloquent commencement to be selected. In this inaugural epistle — for these letters are in reality epistles after the manner of the early apostles — it is evident that the mind of the Pope is troubled by the moral disintegration of the times, the falling away from faith, the callousness of some and the hostility of others, the loss of authority over the conduct of society, and the decrease of spiritual utility. He is overwhelmed with the ills of the human race, and the spectacle which meets his eyes on all sides is a subversion of truth, defiance of the laws, suicides, an insatiable desire for earthly things, and a forgetfulness of spiritual ones. He is convinced that these evils proceed from the growing disregard for the authority of the Church, of which the enemies of order take advantage. Hence the laws which shake the constitution of the Church in the majority of countries ; it is thus that the episcopal authority is set at naught, that the religious orders have been dispersed, and that the temporal command is lost. If a man of sound mind, he says (and in several passages true health of intellect is exclusively associated with belief), compare the age in which we live with that in which the Church was respected as a mother by peoples, he must see that it is hurrying to its destruction.

The tone of this first Encyclical is regretful, and the same tone will be found to pervade almost the whole series. We no longer find the authoritative language

of Pius IX., who defied the liberal aspirations of Europe by an increase of dogma, but a sorrowful acknowledgment of the magnitude of the evil which confronts the Church. This strain prevails throughout, — society is menaced, and the Church alone can save it from ruin. The whole aim of the pontiff is to reconcile the one with the other.

At the end of 1878, the spread of socialistic doctrines, the increasing number and importance of socialistic publications, called forth the Encyclical *Quod Apostolici*, which is a condemnation of that *lethifera pestis* known, it says, under the barbarous names of Socialism, Communism, and Nihilism. It is stigmatized as a new impiety, unknown even to pagan peoples; for would not its advocates banish religion from its place in schools, and admit unbounded license in every institution? Socialism, with which unbelief is somewhat too liberally confounded in this Encyclical, is, in its political and ethical aspect, one of the most formidable of dissolvents the Church has ever met with, and therefore stress is laid upon the Church's efficacy to combat the hateful doctrines. To the argument of the division of property, which is perhaps more seriously considered than it deserves to be, the Encyclical opposes the natural necessity of inequality among men, and of an unequal division of their property, which is as natural a law as that by which the forces of the mind and body are unequally distributed. The Church does not neglect the poor, we are informed; but we know, unfortunately, that the method of alleviation it adopts is beginning to belong to another age, and that those who were once humble are so no longer.

In the bull *Æterni Patris* (1879) the theological attainments of the pontiff are displayed. We are told at its commencement that a fruitful cause of the evil of the times is a misconception of

divine and human things and of philosophic systems. From this departure we are prepared for one of those perilous arguments in favor of a reconciliation of doctrine with human reason which have always fascinated Christian thinkers, and we are told that human philosophy is beneficial when rightly used, and is by no means to be despised.¹ From the time of the early Fathers the Church has claimed a right to select from pagan writers those processes of reasoning which do not come in conflict with Christian doctrine, but which, on the contrary, are capable of being brought into harmony with it. This, of course, is the principle of adaptation which has been made use of by the Church in its terminology, its language, and, to a certain extent, in its architecture. It is greatly to the praise of philosophy, says the Encyclical, that it is a protection to faith and a firm stronghold of religion. The early Fathers who examined the books of ancient philosophy accepted those which were in harmony with Christian feeling, rejecting or amending the remainder; and we are reminded of the various apologists who have carried on the succession from the celebrated academies of the Greeks, until the "Angelic Doctor" of the Middle Ages — Thomas Aquinas — is reached. It is to praise his system of philosophy, necessarily Christocentric, and to advocate its general adoption, that the *Æterni Patris* is composed. Its object is to restore the scholastic discipline which endeavored to place under theological subjection all human thought, which was the last great effort in the true life of faith, the strangest waste of intellect perhaps ever witnessed, and which, with vexatious sophistry, endeavored to prove the doctrines of the Christian faith; accepting revelation as the source of truth, and chaining reason in the bonds of Plato and Aristotle subject to the mys-

¹ "Neque spernenda nec posthabita sunt naturalia adjumenta quæ divinæ sapientiæ be-

neficio, fortiter suaviterque omnia disponentis, hominum generi suppetunt."

tic science of theology. It is enjoined upon all Catholic academies to expound the writings of this prince of mediæval sophists.

In an apostolic letter on the same subject, the Pope reiterates his advocacy of the Aquinasian writings, which he declares suited for the necessities of all times;¹ and in support of his judgment, in a further letter he orders the publication of the great mass of literature bequeathed by Thomas Aquinas, together with the comments of the best commentators, — a monumental work, produced with the greatest care and typographical magnificence.

Pursuing his theme of social amelioration, the pontiff issued, in 1880, the bull entitled *Arcanum Divinæ Sapientiæ*, which contains an historical account of the marriage rite from the constitution of society to the present day, and a condemnation of divorce. He judges the marriage system of the Jews and pagan peoples from the standpoint of Western Christianity; observing that the marriage sacrament was established at Cana, and that the Church, having the true welfare of society at heart, has always maintained the indissolubility of the marriage tie, even when besought by kings and emperors to break it. The beauty of the state of matrimony and the position of woman in a monogamous society are shown with a profusion of argument, until the real purport of the Encyclical becomes evident, — a condemnation of the divorce laws which so many European states have admitted into their code, in obedience to the doctrines of the "naturalists," says the Encyclical, but rather in deference to the consensus of public opinion, against which ecclesiastical restraint is powerless. There are many passages of great elevation and beauty in this homily, such as

¹ "Etenim Episcopi, Academiæ, doctores decuriales Lyceorum atque ex omni terrarum regione cultores artium optimarum se Nobis dicto audientes et esse et futuros una pene voce et consentientibus animis testati sunt: imo velle se in tradendis philosophicis ac theologi-

that in which it is claimed for marriage that its object is to render the life of the married better and happier by mutual assistance in supporting the trials of life, by constant love, by common enjoyment of all property, and by the grace which flows from the sacrament. Divorce, it says, impairs mutual affection, causing prejudice to education and to the protection of children. It is a means of dissolution of domestic society; it spreads the germs of discord in families, and lessens the dignity of woman, who finds herself exposed to abandonment after having served the passions of man. The effect of the divorce laws, the pontiff considers, has been rapidly to increase quarrels and separations, and so great has been the ignominy of life (*tanta est vivenda turpitudine consecuta*) that those who were at first in favor of divorce have since repented. The pontiffs have earned the gratitude of all peoples, says Leo XIII., by their constant solicitude for the sanctity of marriage; and by resisting the desires of Henry VIII. and of Napoleon, they served the cause not only of the Church, but of humanity. Then, in conclusion, we find one of the most striking examples of the persuasive method of the pontiff in the following sentence in support of a good understanding between the civil and religious authority: "Just as the intelligence of men, when it accepts the Catholic creed, derives from it a great increase and a considerable power to repel errors, so faith receives from intelligence an important increment." The pontiff stretches out his hand to rulers (*vires principes*), and offers them his aid; all the more necessary, he says, in these times when the right of command, "as if it had received a wound," has lost its force in public estimation. These are the chief features

cis disciplinis sancti Thomæ vestigiis penitus insistere; sibi enim non secus ac Nobis, exploratum esse affirmant, in doctrinis, Thomisticis eximiam quandam inesse præstantiam et ad sananda mala, quibus nostra premitur ætas vim virtutemque singularem."

of the Encyclical on marriage, or rather, on divorce. It has had no visible effect on legislation, and it has estranged from the Church many Catholics for whom the marriage tie has become intolerable, but who, despairing more than ever of obtaining the Church's sanction to loosen it, have dispensed with that sanction, or, in some cases, have adopted another faith.

In 1884, the pontiff reverted to an old evil which had been pointed out by no less than seven of his predecessors, and the Encyclical *Humanum Genus*, on freemasonry, which ever since its origin has excited the animosity of the Church, is little more than a repetition of previous animadversions against this rival power, which claims on secular grounds what the Church claims on spiritual ones, — the subordination of individuality to the interests of an institution. The principles of freemasonry, it says, are so contrary to reason and evidence that nothing can be more perverse (*ut nihil possit esse perversius*). To wish to destroy religion, and to resuscitate pagan customs after a lapse of twenty-two centuries, is a mark of folly and of the most audacious impiety. The bishops are exhorted to extirpate the pernicious doctrine, which is said to have many points in common with socialism and communism. It is an old quarrel, which will never, probably, be adjusted.

The Encyclical *Immortale Dei* (1885) has been considered the most remarkable of the present pontificate; and certainly, for elegance of expression, choiceness and sobriety of language, it has not been surpassed by any. It is a sequel to the *Diuturnam*, published four years previously, which upheld the principle of respect for established government. This one tells us that wherever the Church has penetrated, the face of things has been changed, public manners have been invested with a new civilization, and the nations which have accepted Catholicism have been distinguished for the amenity of their manners, the equity and

glory of their enterprises. From the earliest time, it is said, the Church has been accused unjustly of secret enmity towards the institutions of the state; and now the real enemy is the *jus novum* to which it has become necessary, in the opinion of the pontiff, to oppose Christian doctrine. Then we read that, as men are not born to lead solitary lives, Providence has given them civil and domestic society; but as human society has a divine origin, its master must be divine, and all power emanates from God. This divine sovereignty — and here we have the first indication of the reconciliation of the Church with democracy — can make an alliance with any form of government, so long as it be just. It is not lawful to resist a power of this nature: sedition, therefore, is a crime not only against human majesty, but against divine. Again, just as it is permitted to no one to dispense with a religious creed, and as the greatest of all duties is to embrace the faith of Catholics, political societies cannot, without sin, act as if there were no God. The chiefs of states are accordingly forced to guard religion, on which the supreme felicity of man depends. It is not difficult to perceive which is the true religion, for abundant proofs exist that the Church is the depository of the principles of Christianity. Princes and rulers have recognized its sovereignty. There should be well-organized relations between the civil and the religious power; for the theory of Christian organization has nothing to offend susceptibilities, and all men, "in the uncertain and painful journey towards the eternal city," know that they have sure guides to lead them. Thus, the subjection of men to princes, in a Christian state, is not a subjection of man to man, but a submission to the divine will. There was once a time, says the Encyclical sorrowfully, when the philosophy of the gospel governed states, when all institutions were imbued with Christian wisdom; and this state of things

would still exist if the understanding between the powers had continued, and if the sixteenth century, after throwing confusion into the Christian faith, had not laid the foundations of the new law, by which each man thinks as he pleases, and acts as it pleases him to act. In a society founded on the new principles, the pontiff says, public authority is. but the will of the people;¹ and it is evident that the hardest fact which the papacy has to face is the constant spread of liberty, — liberty to worship or not to worship, unlimited license of thought and of publicity. This is a condition inimical to the ideal of life which the Church has always loved to form, — a life in which society is under the direct influence of its guidance, — paternal to the submissive, but disciplinarian to the independent. The Church cannot resign itself to become what the modern tendencies towards specialization are forcing it to be, an organization existing solely for the spiritual wants of its adherents.

The Church, pursues the Encyclical, always consistent, has extended its patronage to every movement which contributes to the common good, and has never been opposed to progress. But — and here we find the constant claim for the right of veto — it is necessary for Catholics to abide by what the pontiffs teach, especially in all that appertains to human liberty, though they must not refrain from interference in politics, so that a check may be placed on anarchy.

Continuing the theme of liberty, which of all themes would appear to be the most difficult of definition by the Church, the Encyclical *Libertas* (1888) is meant to prove, by an elaborate process of a somewhat Aristotelian character, that moral liberty flows from natural liberty, which is the attribute of those who possess intelligence to discriminate between various kinds of good. The abuse of

liberty, we are told, is equivalent to a desertion of the laws of reason; and the option of sinning is not a liberty, but a slavery. The conclusion is that human liberty needs the protection of religion. As regards the liberty of society, the arguments converge towards the same centre around which all the reasonings are grouped, — obedience to ecclesiastical guidance. One of the concluding passages of this Encyclical indicates its tone, and we quote it for that reason: "It is by no means lawful to ask, defend, or concede promiscuous liberty of thought, writing, teaching, and religion, as if these were so many rights which nature had given to man." Thus we see that, no matter how ingenious the reasoning or how secular its form may be, the conclusions revert to the same point as inevitably as the magnet to the pole. Liberty, however, is a principle which has admitted so many interpretations in history that this bull, which conveys the Church's definition of it, is a human document of interest. Liberty of thought and speech, with which the Church unfailingly associates license, offends that inherent sensitiveness which Christianity, always apt to apprehend disrespect or disregard, has displayed since its origin, and which is accentuated in Catholicism.

We pass by the *Sapientiæ Christianæ*, concerning the duties of Catholics in society, because it possesses little of an extra-Catholic nature. The case is different with the *Rerum Novarum* (1891), the long and exhaustive Encyclical on the condition of the working classes and the social question. Its style is simple, and compares favorably with the complexity, bordering on obscurity, of the *Libertas*. A difficult problem, the Pope admits, is that of adjusting the respective rights of capital and labor. The ancient corporations have disappeared, religion has no place in legislation, the la-

people judges worthy of reward or punishment is what Heaven wishes to punish and reward."

¹ It is curious to contrast with this the saying of Confucius: "What Heaven sees and hears is but what the people sees and hears. What the

borers are isolated and under an almost servile yoke (*prope servile jugum*). The socialists take advantage of the situation to foster enmity between the two classes, and the solution they propose of the division of property is unjust, because (as an illustration) it is evident that if a laborer, by his economy, has succeeded in becoming the proprietor of a field which he has rendered fertile by his labor, he has an undoubted right to own it. This principle of property is a natural and human law. It is the basis of the family, whose chief must needs possess the substance necessary to maintain and educate his children. As children are the image of their parents, it is the parents' duty to assure the children's future and to create for them a patrimony. Has not the Church always advocated just relations between masters and their men, and has it not defined the respective rights of each, teaching the rich to use their wealth wisely, and the poor to respect their labor? On the subject of charity the principle of St. Thomas is adopted, and we are told that only the surplus of individual fortunes is to be distributed to alleviate the condition of the poor, — *nullus enim inconvenienter vivere debet*, — a precept clearly necessary to the present constitution of society, but of somewhat doubtful concordance with Christian tenets. The state, we are told, should be unfailingly just towards the working classes; it should maintain the respect for property, prevent the occurrence of strikes by a wise regulation of wages and conditions of labor; it should favor economy and Sunday rest. This important Encyclical refers favorably to the associations of workmen, which the state, it says, cannot prohibit, because they are founded on the human principle of sociability. With regard to the religious corporations despoiled of their rights, notably in France, the Encyclical contains a passage the logic of which is irresistible, whatever social democrats may say. That which is refused to Catholic societies of peaceable men, it

remarks, who have the welfare of mankind at heart, is conceded to those who entertain subversive designs against religion and the state.

The Encyclical *Au Milieu des Sollicitudes*, addressed to the Catholics of France, and written in French (by a rare exception to the rule) with the same choiceness of expression that pervades the series, is of the greatest political importance, and its effect has been to spread dismay in the monarchical party, which, from long association, had, naturally, considered itself the representative of the only form of government agreeable to the Vatican. Several warnings had been given of the change, but the French nobility, less far-sighted than the Pope, who scrutinizes so narrowly the tendencies of men, were unable to reconcile themselves to the new attitude. A vast plot, the Pope thinks, is on foot to annihilate Christianity in France, — in that France whose "noble people have increased their affection for the papacy since they have seen it abandoned." All Frenchmen are invited to unite for the pacification of their country, for the maintenance of religious feeling and morality, of which latter virtue we have the following definition: "The idea of morality carries with it, above all things, a dependence towards truth which is the light of the mind, and towards righteousness which is the aim of the will." The Church does not desire a political domination over the state, and all forms of government are good which tend towards the common weal. That is the lesson of this epoch-making Encyclical, to the terms of which the Pope adheres, in spite of the many overtures which have been made to him to change them. All individuals, it says, are bound to accept governments founded on just principles, and to do nothing to alter them (*de ne rien faire pour les renverser ou pour en changer la forme*). By this phrase the disappointment of the royalists was completed.

To the objection that the French republic is animated by anti-Christian sentiments, and is therefore incompatible by its nature with the Church, the Pope's answer is far from clear, and has given rise to a variety of interpretations. It rests chiefly on the assertion that there is a distinction between constituted and legislative power, but its statements are contradictory. The clearest of its deductions is that the respect due to the men in office does not imply obedience to the anti-religious laws they may originate. "Atheism is so monstrous an error that it can never, be it said to the honor of humanity, annihilate the conscience of the rights of God, to substitute for it the idolatry of the state." The separation of Church and State, advocated by some Catholics, is weighed and found wanting, because it is at variance with the eternal claims of the Church to retain a voice in the conduct of human affairs. To wish for separation, says the Encyclical, would, by a logical consequence, be to wish that the Church should be reduced to the liberty of living common to all citizens. In Catholic France this system is inadmissible; it is the negation of the Church's existence.

The French Encyclical has offered many opportunities of noticing the application of the papal precepts. Its text has given rise to the most divergent of interpretations, and it has many times been found in the highest degree difficult to steer an even course between such obstinate opponents as capital and labor. The least concession made to one is soon resented by the other, and the conciliatory and prudent language of the pontiff is often irksome to the Catholic orators who use it. If a Catholic royalist side too openly with democratic claims, he is accused of raising discord and sedition. If he favor capital and order solely, he does not then fulfill the Pope's intentions. The part he has to play is full of opportunities for error, because the teaching of the French Encyclical is delicate and

brittle. It is too subtle for the artisan, and too elastic for the cultured sophist.

It is, of course, assumed that these political Encyclicals are published in the interest of peace and justice; not, as has been lately said, exclusively in furtherance of combinations to advance the Church's welfare. Were it thought otherwise, whatever power of conviction they may be considered to possess would be seriously impaired.

Besides these notable Encyclicals there are many others, on the propagation of faith, the veneration of saints, the practice of dueling, and the question of slavery, — all of minor importance.

After this too brief examination of the papal bulls, the question may naturally be asked, What has been their influence on modern thought and on the policy of governments? The pontiff has attempted to solve the problems which affect the welfare of society; he has given his Encyclicals a dialectic rather than an imperative form, seeking to convince the mind by argument; but though in every sense an innovator, he has not found a novel weapon to combat the new developments of reason. His undisputed talent is continually confined within the limits of the Roman dogma; and, as a natural result, he is induced to seek an aid in retrogression, in the patristic and the Aquinasian writings, whose reasonings were so far unlike the Greek models they sought chiefly to imitate that they added mystical assumptions to what were but the early efforts of the human mind to elucidate the secrets of the universe.

Undoubtedly, it is the duty of the pontiff to raise his voice against the various expressions of combative liberalism, and were he to be silent his silence would certainly be attributed, by the critics of the papacy, to the weakness of his cause; but a system of theological argument which has lost its force before the progress of historical research is doomed to negative results, and although it has been made use of largely

in recent pulpit oratory, it is doubtful whether it does not furnish a dangerous subject of discussion, even for believers, rather than act as a preservative of doctrine. A new enthusiasm cannot thus be established; the vitality of faith cannot thus be restored.

What is the pervading lesson of the Pope's Encyclicals? What does the pontiff mainly seek to urge upon his readers? It is that the Church he governs is the true possessor of reason, wisdom, charity, and justice; that all peoples should turn to her for guidance, as to a wise, far-seeing mother.

That is the desire, the claim, put forward by Leo XIII.; but if we glance around we do not see that it has been granted. Socialism and its variants are far beyond the reach of bishops, whose power to uproot them is infinitesimal; freemasonry is not less flourishing than previously; the divorce laws have nowhere been repealed, and strikes of workmen have not grown less frequent. The *jus novum* is as violently preached as heretofore, and the condition of the artisan has in no way been affected. Everywhere the socialistic element gains ground in politics, and the dictates of the Pope are so distant from the sphere of stern reality that few statesmen would attempt to quote them as arguments against the steadily advancing wave which threatens to transform society. The publication of an Encyclical, it may be contended, has far less weight in the scale of current thought than that of a remarkable or brilliant social essay which finds its way into the hands of readers in all classes, of all creeds.

It must be borne in mind, however, that the interests of Catholics are first considered in these letters, and that their influence on Catholic opinion is theoretically supreme. Authority and infallibility both conspire to make it so; although it must not be inferred that, for this reason, the Pope is absolutely free, because

his authority, like that of all others, rests upon the submission of the governed to the governing.

The practical results of the Encyclicals are thus obtained within the Church itself, but they are not seen to have appreciable effects on modern politics. In his last two letters the Pope has befriended two causes which did not claim his championship, — that of the proletariat and of the French republic. Neither of these wisely conceived measures in the interests of peace and of the papacy has changed existing things. The letter on the proletariat, doubtless, has apprised the artisans that a mediator is at hand, should they ever bring themselves to place their confidence, not in his conscientiousness, but in his competency to negotiate for them; and the second epistle has contented those Republicans (and they are many) who suffered in their conscience that their political persuasions should be open to the Church's censure. On the other hand, it has occasioned a strange phase in the relations between the clergy (who were at first unable or unwilling to understand the bull, but who have since assimilated its teaching) and the laity, some of whom have organized a secret movement hostile to it.

These are the facts which must be faced in an impartial notice; and the inference they lead to seems to be that the influence of the papal writings on the collective activity of modern tendencies is very slight. If, however, the theistic and political efficacy of the Encyclicals is unapparent, there still remains their moral side, in which resides a great part of their merit. Moral good retains a leading place throughout their pages. The reader feels that it is advocated by an author who is himself its best exponent, and whose existence in the world is a safeguard for the maintenance of restraint in a society which already feels the subversiveness of half-enlightened doctrinarians.

POETRY IN GENERAL AND IN PARTICULAR.

THERE is no brief maxim so incontrovertible as that *poeta nascitur, non fit*; but we suspect the force of the maxim is weakened by an insistence upon the second member of the phrase. It is the spontaneity of poetry which is its essential quality; the ever fresh miracle of poetic efflorescence obeys, doubtless, some spiritual law, but to the common mind transcends law. There is an uneasy sense that a school of poetry is a contradiction in terms, and that as a school of the prophets intimates an evaporation of prophecy, so the moment we seek to reduce poetry to a system of laws we have suffered the essential quality to escape. If all this were designed to make poets, the apprehension might have some foundation, but in truth we may almost say that *lector fit, non nascitur*; for, however one may be more sensitive than another in response to poetry, the cultivation of a taste for poetry certainly is possible, and a very great service is done when one gives hints of that higher freedom in poetry which moves along the lines of necessary law, so that the reader is not at the beck of his own caprice, nor led astray by the vagrant whims of a lawless poetic magic. Such a service is rendered by Mr. Stedman in the book which contains the first series of lectures delivered upon the new and important foundation at Johns Hopkins University of the Percy Trumbull Memorial Lectureship of Poetry.¹ Mr. Stedman well says, in his Introduction, that in poetry "the simplest laws and constituents, those most patent to common apprehension, are also the most profound and abiding;" and he justifies his right to seek for the very nature and elements of poetry by discarding in advance the

treacherous notion that a great work loses its power as time goes on. In truth, there is nothing more enduring than great poetry, and no subject of human endeavor offers a fairer field to the philosophic inquirer after fundamental laws of the spirit. The reason for this is evident when one considers the enormous advantage which poetry has over the fictile arts in the fact that the instrument which poetry uses is, in its lowest terms, common to all who attend it; but although every one has thought and speech, not every one has thought and the art, even rudely, of expression through line and form.

It is for this reason, also, that there are so many futile attempts at poetic expression, and another service which Mr. Stedman renders is in steadily presenting poetry in its large and universal forms, so that he furnishes not petty measures, but great principles by which to try the spirit; for many false poets are gone out into the world. It is not enough to recognize in general terms the worth and dignity of poetry, but one needs to make such spectrum analysis as will disclose those elements of beauty, truth, imagination, passion, insight, genius, and faith, which make up the glory of the whole; and as this book is an inspiration to the genuine lover and to the creator of poetry, so it offers no superficial tests to the idle reader of verse, nor mechanical guide to the would-be manufacturer. It would be a most wholesome exercise for those young students of either sex who are tempted to write poetry if they would first make a survey of the subject by means of this treatise, to see how a poet who has made a study of poetry speaks of his art not only in its nature, but through the exponents of the art in all time.

Yet, after all, the volume, as we have

¹ *The Nature and Elements of Poetry.* By EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1892.

intimated, belongs most to the readers of poetry, and it will do much, wherever it is attentively studied, to deepen one's sense of that connection between poetry and life which is the finest result of criticism. To note how, in every age, that which is enduring in human experience and aspiration has found expression in an art, and how the human voice which has thus sung has been free in its range, yet obedient to laws which it has discerned, not made; that personality, when it is strongest, still owns a larger, comprehensive spirit, and is not a mere caprice of intelligence, is to enter into that noble delight in poetry which is at once the inspiration of the reader and the stern discouragement of the trifler with this divine art. It is the virtue of Mr. Stedman's book that it does not stray from this great purpose, and yet in the most friendly manner leads the reader through the range of poetic performance, so that principle is constantly illustrated by example, and example suggests principle.

It is with no change of venue that one comes to the specific inquiry into the laws governing Greek poetry, under the guidance of Professor Jebb.¹ In the brief introduction which serves to connect the Hellenic life with that which antedates it, Mr. Jebb strikes at once the keynote of the race, and reveals the secret of the preëminence which attaches to Greek poetry as to Greek sculpture, when he says: "Now leave the monuments of the Egyptian temple or the Assyrian palace, and turn to the pages of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. At once we are in the open air, and in the sunshine of a natural life. The human faculties have free play in word and deed. All the movement, all the beauty and the joy of the outward world are observed with a spontaneous freshness of interest and delight. . . . Achilles, . . .

Andromache, . . . Nausicaa, . . . Odysseus and Penelope, — these are creations that have held the world ever since with a charm which, so far as we know, they first revealed, — the charm of truth to nature, united with an artistic sense of what is beautiful and pathetic in human life. The Hellene may not have been the first of mankind who felt these things, but he was the first who, feeling them, was able to express them."

Mr. Jebb's task is to show how the development of Greek poetry kept pace with the development of Greek life, and his study leads him more or less directly into the interesting inquiry how far poetry at any one time is an evolution from earlier forms, and what the force of individuality may be. He maintains, with much clearness of judgment, that a marked distinction exists between Greek poetry and English in this matter of a direct relation between the growth of poetry and the development of life. Literary development can be traced, he holds, in English poetry from Spenser to Wordsworth, to the causes which connect it with the intellectual progress of the nation, but is not, as in Greek literature, a "spontaneous and continuous expression of national life." He sees in the successive epic, lyric, and dramatic expression of Greek poetry a normal growth coincident with phases of Hellenic progress in civilization. We are not sure that this distinction may not be due in part to the great advantage which the position of the student gives him in one case over the other. Hellenic civilization in the five hundred years covered in this study unquestionably is more composed for us than is English civil progress in the shorter period between Spenser and Wordsworth. The notion of entirety is more readily grasped, and the points which mark progress are more clearly perceived, because of the obscurity which veils multitudes of details; whereas the student, looking back over English history, not only gets a less ob-

¹ *The Growth and Influence of Classical Greek Poetry.* By R. C. JEBB. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

jective view of it, but has to make a deliberate selection of salient points, and never feels quite sure that his generalizations may not be strongly affected by his own personality. Yet it remains that the individualism of modern life has broken up the masses of literature, so to speak; each voice is more expressive of a single self, and one has to discover a pervading harmony by a species of composite phonology. In Greece, the process of nature appears to have been through the precipitation of a vaporous poetry residing in religion, in myth, and in folk-lore into a human voice speaking through Homer or Pindar or Æschylus with such consummate and satisfying art as to render idle and unnecessary any secondary forms.

There are many interesting questions started in the course of Mr. Jebb's treatment of his great theme, but the reader will, after all, take his greatest pleasure in putting himself alongside the author and appropriating the fine spirit in which Greek poetry is viewed. The sureness of movement in the progress from the early epos to the late drama is that of one whose knowledge is held generously, and not in academic measure. It is noticeable that though, especially in the last chapter, Mr. Jebb discloses a familiarity with English poetry which en-

ables him to draw comparisons with Greek forms, there is no suggestion of reading one by the light of the other. Both are referred, in his mind, to a common source in nature, and in each case it is a definite knowledge which permits him to take delight in the thing itself, independent of the intellectual pleasure which springs from the exercise of analysis. This, we think, is the really important contribution which Mr. Jebb makes to the interpretation of Greek poetry. It is itself hardly susceptible of analysis, only of statement; but it is communicated to the generous reader who takes the book simply and freely, and its tendency is to make one eager to read the poetry discussed, and to acquire for himself that mellow mind which is so well expressed by Keats in one of his letters when he says: "I had an idea that a man might pass a very pleasant life in this manner; let him on a certain day read a certain page of full Poesy or distilled Prose, and let him wander with it, and muse upon it, . . . and prophesy upon it, and dream upon it, until it becomes stale — but when will it be so? Never! When man has arrived at a certain ripeness in intellect, any one grand and spiritual passage serves him as a starting-post towards all the 'two and thirty Palaces.'"

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Fiction. David Balfour, by Robert Louis Stevenson. (Scribners.) "It is the fate of sequels to disappoint those who have waited for them," says Mr. Stevenson in the Dedication of this extraordinary sequel which does not disappoint. It would have been all too easy for it to fall upon the common fate, in spite of the fact that as David grows out of the beyhood period of Kidnapped into the days of falling in love, he has every right to grow more completely

attractive. Mr. Stevenson gives him all his rights. Indeed, once safely out of the complications of the murder trial, in the first part of the book, the young hero takes triumphant possession of the reader's interest, yet shares the triumph equally with the charming Highland heroine, Catriona Drummond. A serviceable knowledge of women was needed for the writing of *Virginibus Puerisque*, but there can be nothing so convincing in the abstractions of an

essay as in the portrayal of a living person like Catriona. One feels the very genius of womanhood in her. Uncommonly real, too, is the air of eighteenth-century Scotland which fills the narrative. To the whole work Mr. Stevenson has brought the old romantic spirit and the modern faithfulness of workmanship: these, with his native gifts of imagination and understanding, have made a story of rare charm. — Horace Chase, by Constance Fenimore Woolson. (Harpers.) A strong impression is left by this last of Miss Woolson's stories that there was still power in the writer for a long continuance of good work; that it was done by a person who had mastered much of the technique of her art, and in future years might have put it to yet greater use. The story is concerned with the marriage of a hard-headed "hustler" with a beautiful young woman controlled wholly by impulse, and conquered in the end by an unhappy love for another man. The characters of these and of the amusing minor persons of the tale were very clear in the writer's eyes, and consequently the reader sees them unblurred. So, too, is it with the scenes of the story, laid in Southern winter resorts of twenty years ago. The work in hand was admirably grasped, and the appearance of the novel as a book so nearly at the time of Miss Woolson's death emphasizes strongly the reality of her loss from the list of American novelists. — *Ships That Pass in the Night*, by Beatrice Harraden. (Putnams.) This easily readable tale is marked by no small measure of cleverness, insight, and originality. The sketches of life at an Alpine health resort are drawn with a quick, sure touch, and are at once full of vitality and notably free from exaggeration; while the love story of Bernardine Holme, which in an older day might almost have been called her conversion, — a term that very modern and advanced young woman would hardly have recognized, — is told with delicate perception and sincere feeling. The author is least successful in the final catastrophe, which is out of tone with the rest of the book, and so will impress some readers as an uncalled-for interference on the narrator's part with the course of events. If this is the first work of, as it would seem, a young writer, it is full of promise. — *Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes*, by A. Conan

Doyle. (Harpers.) There are hours when detective stories have a power to charm, and in our day there are no tales of the kind, written in English, equaling in ingenuity and interest the chronicles of the adventures of Sherlock Holmes; so that the narrative of his last exploit, which closes this volume, wherein he sacrifices his own life rather than let a great criminal escape him, will be received regretfully by his numerous friends. We trust that no idle words from some unappreciative reader, such as led to the sudden taking-off of Mrs. Proudie, has brought about this catastrophe. Though no one of the new tales is quite so thrilling as *The Speckled Band*, yet, generally speaking, they compare favorably with their predecessors. An exception is *The Yellow Face*, but perhaps the extreme improbability of the incidents on which this story rests will be less apparent to English than to American readers. — *The Bailiff of Tewkesbury*, by C. E. D. Phelps and Leigh North. (McClurg.) The hero of this tale is a friend of Shakespeare, Will Helpes of Tewkesbury, assumed to be the "onlie begetter" of the Sonnets, while the heroine is one of the Lucys of Charlecote; so the opening chapters are naturally devoted to the traditional deer-stealing, and the youthful Shakespeare appears on the scene with considerable impressiveness; for though he says little, one look from his eyes takes from Sir Thomas strength and speech, that doughty magnate recovering himself, "with a gasp like a spent diver's," only when the glance is withdrawn. The authors have taken great pains to give the color and tone of the time and place to their narrative, but they have hardly succeeded in imparting much vitality to the characters who play their parts therein. — *Evening Tales*, Done into English from the French of Frédéric Ortolé, by Joel Chandler Harris. (Scribners.) Mr. Harris's preface tells how the French version of the *Tar Baby* came into his hands, and how, from hearing "the lady of the house" relate it and its companion tales to the children, he was led to put the stories into English, and then to print them. They are readable, even amusing bits of folk-lore, of a strange kinship with *Uncle Remus* and *Grandfather Æsop*, — if anything may still be thought strange in discovering the close and distant relationships of traditional tales.

—The Princess Margarethe, by John D. Barry. Illustrated by Thomas McIlvaine. (Geo. M. Allen Co., New York.) A pretty fancy of a princess who was not wanted because she could not be queen, and, left to herself, hungered for childish companionship, with the awakening finally of the king and queen to the situation, and the death of the child after all. The story has a certain grace about it, but falls between a youthful and a mature audience, and lacks the saving salt of humor. — *Garriek's Pupil*, by Augustin Filon. Translated by J. V. Prichard. (McClurg.) Among the walking ladies and gentlemen in this rather brief tale are a considerable number of the principal personages of the London of 1780, while many more are casually alluded to, a neat descriptive label being affixed to each and all. Manners and customs are also noted, and such space as remains is devoted to the history of the brilliant young actress who gives the book its title, certain religious zealots, her relatives, and her two admirers, the wicked nobleman and the virtuous poor man, who, we at once recognize, were changed at nurse; all culminating in the smoke and flame of the Gordon Riots. Naturally, the result is artificial and conventional. — *Parisian Points of View*, by Ludovic Halévy. Translated by Edith V. B. Matthews. (Harpers.) Nine short stories and sketches selected from the twoscore M. Halévy has written, and so well translated that the effervescence and sparkle of the originals are not lost in the process, nor their charming readable quality. In his excellent introduction, Mr. Brander Matthews indicates very cleverly the characteristics of M. Halévy's work, justly laying stress upon the fact that even as a story-teller the author's methods are always those of the accomplished dramatist.

Literature and Literary History. Fanny Burney's *Cecilia* has been published in three tidy volumes by J. M. Dent & Co., of London, a house that is fast engaging the affections of the lovers of English literature, especially of that of the eighteenth century, by the well-planned editions which it is bringing out. The mingling of etchings or photogravures with process cuts is to be deprecated, but the designs are good, and the general consent of type, paper, and binding heartily to be commended. The editor, Mr. R. Brinley Johnson, has been fru-

gal, and there is little to detain the reader from entering upon the sleepy delights of a novel which transports one into a world which is so far off in manners as to seem almost to have its own code of morals. — The tenth volume of the *Works of Henry Fielding*, edited by George Saintsbury (J. M. Dent & Co., London), is given up to Jonathan Wild. It needs almost a course of eighteenth-century history and literature to set one right in reading this book, but after one gets the key in which it is pitched he sees more clearly the masterly consistency. Still, it takes a pretty strong stomach to withstand some of the scenes. — The same publishers have conferred a favor on the public by bringing out, in two very pretty volumes, Charles Lamb's *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*. Lamb's own brief comments are touched with his fine critical and humorous sense, and the selections are the cream of the drama, so far as that was independent of construction. The introduction and notes by Israel Gollanez add decidedly to the value of the edition. — Two little volumes in the Elizabethan Library, edited by A. B. Grosart, are published here by A. C. McClurg & Co.: Nicholas Breton's *A Bower of Delights*, where the old title is made to cover a new arrangement of material, and *Thoughts that Breathe and Words that Burn*, a selection from the writings of Bacon. The volumes are quaintly antique in paper and print, and coquettish in their dress. — The *Ariel Shakespeare* (Putnam's) is a series of diminutive volumes, each play by itself, printed in surprisingly large and clear type when one considers the small page, without notes, but with outline illustrations reduced from those by Frank Howard, much after the manner of Flaxman's outlines to Homer. There is a general assurance that the text has been made to conform to that of the latest scholarly editions; and perhaps more is not needed, for the books will find their place naturally in Shakespeare Clubs, where the play's the thing, and not the *apparatus criticus*. — *Our Intellectual Strength and Weakness*, a Short Historical and Critical Review of Literature, Art, and Education in Canada, by J. G. Bourinot. (Foster Brown & Co., Montreal; Bernard Quaritch, London.) The full title of this book defines it so completely that it seems hardly necessary to add that it is No. 1 of the

Royal Society of Canada Series, and is a reprint, with notes, of an address by the president of the society, which was founded twelve years ago, at the instance of the Marquis of Lorne. The address is dignified and comprehensive. — Messrs. McClurg & Co. have republished Miss Sheppard's *Counterparts and Rumour* in uniform style with their edition of Charles Auchester. The first has an introduction by George P. Upton, the latter one by Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford. It is interesting to note that time has not chilled Mrs. Spofford's enthusiasm for the writer whom she so warmly eulogized in this magazine more than thirty years ago. — In a garb uniform with that of the Harper's American Essayists, two new little books are, *The Work of John Ruskin*, its Influence upon Modern Thought and Life, by Charles Waldstein, and *As We Go*, a second batch of Mr. Charles Dudley Warner's observations, mainly regarding his fellow-countrymen, in Harper's Monthly. — Two more volumes have been added to the uniform edition of William Black's works (Harpers): *The New Prince Fortunatus*, the interesting history of the rise, fall, and restoration of the popular young singer, Lionel Moore; and *The Penance of John Logan*, and *Two Other Tales*, rather good specimens of the author's shorter stories.

Minor Criticism. Essays about Men, Women, and Books, by Augustine Birrell. (Scribners.) These little papers, on topics so various as to include Marie Bashkirtseff and Book-Binding, bear rather clearly the stamp of the periodical press. Many of them, indeed, are directly suggested by new books or new editions. Mr. Birrell's rôle is always that of a sayer of good things, and here he keeps on saying them. If the result is rather less spontaneous and satisfactory than, for instance, in the first of the *Obiter Dicta* papers, may not that periodical press, at the door of which so much is laid, be somewhat to blame? — *At Long and Short Range*, by William Armstrong Collins. (Lippincott.) In the ordinary course of living, most men and women have to become possessed of a portion, great or small, of the general stock of human knowledge. The author of this book gives expression to his share of our common wisdom in a series of disconnected observations on a variety of every-day topics. In a few cases the truths are not of the more obvious sort,

and therefore are welcome; more often they are familiar. Sometimes they are rather well expressed, but more than once there are such unfortunate remarks as that "Old Dr. Sam. J. and T. Carlyle, Esq., did not preëempt the whole fair earth."

History and Biography. *Outlines of Roman History*, by H. F. Pelham, M. A., F. S. A. (Putnams.) This book is a reprint, "with many additions and alterations," of the author's article, *Roman History*, in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*; and it need hardly be said that it differs as widely as may be from the ordinary historical compendium to which the title *Outlines* is given. It is a masterly summary of the course of Roman history from its beginnings to the extinction of the Western Empire, and especially is it a well-digested and lucid commentary, in the light of the latest researches, on that history in its constitutional and administrative aspects. The volume is carefully annotated and fully supplied with references; and the work, while it will revive the intelligent reader's half-forgotten knowledge, revisiting and extending it as well, will prove an admirable incentive and guide to further study. — *In the Footprints of Charles Lamb*, by Benjamin Ellis Martin. Illustrated by Herbert Railton and John Fuleylove. (Scribners.) One need not quarrel with any lover of Charles Lamb for finding a pretext for writing a new life of him. Mr. Martin knows his London well, and chooses, as his plan of procedure in what is practically a short biography, to follow Lamb and his sister through the circumstances and surroundings of their successive places of abode. Mr. Railton's pencil is, of course, extremely useful in making these places real to the reader; and adding a distinct scholarly value to the book comes at the end Mr. Ernest D. Worth's very complete bibliography, covering not only the many editions of Lamb's own books, but all that great body of writing known by the rather foolish-looking name of *Lambiana*. — *The Days of Lamb and Coleridge*, a *Historical Romance*, by Alice E. Lord. (Holt.) Why romance, and why not biographical, we do not quite understand. The book is an attempt to follow, in a form remotely like that of fiction, the lives of Coleridge and Lamb, with something about nearly every conspicuous

man of letters at the beginning of the century. Into the mouths of all these persons a great deal of poor talk is put, so that neither as fiction nor as fact is the narrative very convincing. Poor Lamb, after all these years, has a fresh burden put upon him, — the nickname "Cholley." — The plan of the Men of Achievement Series (Scribners) permits a more satisfactory treatment of the subjects of its four volumes than is possible under the conditions of the usual biographical dictionary. A single writer treats each of the groups into which the achieving ones are divided, and the result is not only a clearer view — by reason of the space at the writer's command — of individual careers and characters, but also a cumulative force in the examples of qualities all making for success of one sort. The Men of Business are treated by W. O. Stoddard, who claims personal acquaintance with most of the men considered; the Explorers and Travelers by General A. W. Greely, who naturally shows a preference for Polar careers; the Inventors by P. G. Hubert, Jr.; and the Statesmen by Noah Brooks. As books of reference and as stimulants of young imagination, the four volumes seem to us well designed to succeed. — An Old Town by the Sea, by T. B. Aldrich. (Houghton.) An agreeable series of sketches of the town of Portsmouth, N. H., in which Mr. Aldrich's wit plays in and out among the tombstones; the best of all is to be found in those pages which deal with his own reminiscences.

Poetry. A Symphony of the Spirit, compiled by George S. Merriam. (Houghton.) The sources from which the poems of death and separation making up this volume are drawn show forth a broad field of choice, ranging from Vaughan and Herbert to Emerson and even more purely contemporary singers. The feeling of the collection is not all a feeling of sadness; indeed, the book is remarkable for its poems of courage, its strong words bidding men and women add beauty and bravery to their lives through the very sorrows that seem to leave behind them nothing but blackness. — Wayside Music, Lyrics, Songs, and Sonnets, by Charles H. Crandall. (Putnams.) Many of the verses in this book have served a good purpose in the magazines. Pleasantly and sincerely enough they express their pleasant thoughts.

Joined with them there is, unhappily, rather a goodly number of rhymes which from their very nature are ephemeral, and therefore cannot strengthen that hope of permanence to which a book is expected to aspire. — Lyrics, Idyls, and Fragments, by Joseph H. Armstrong. (Publishers' Printing Co., New York.) The editor of this book reminds the friends of the writer, who died at twenty-three, that it is intended primarily for them, yet cannot repress the hope that it "may add a few fragrant blossoms to the Southern nosegay." Some of the verses are quite good enough to be imagined as helping to fill the first pages — the Juvenilia — of a volume of positive value in its maturer portions. — Fleeting Thoughts, by Caroline Edwards Prentiss. (Putnams.) The title justifies us in regarding the verses in this book as fugitive; and the fact that nearly every one of them may be read on a page of its own — not one attaining to two full pages — points a beautiful moral of condensation for minor bards.

Travel and Nature. The Land of Poco Tiempo, by Charles F. Lummis. (Scribners.) Poco Tiempo is "pretty soon," and the land Mr. Lummis calls by its name is New Mexico. The well-illustrated articles which make up his book give an extremely clear picture of some phases of life in the Territory which has so foreign a quality that one can hardly think of it as waiting for the day, perhaps not long distant, when it shall be as fairly a State of the Union as New York or New Hampshire. Mr. Lummis's style — as such terms as "sun-lasso" for "camera" will testify — is rather Southwestern, but he has the gift of vividness, and the description of the Penitent Brothers, the New Mexican order of Flagellants, whose Good Friday rites he saw and photographed three years ago, is not easy to forget. The subject, to be sure, is memorable enough in itself. — Mineral Resources of the United States for the Calendar Years 1891 and 1892, by David T. Day. (Government Printing Office, Washington.) The series of which these are the latest volumes is planned in such a way that the reader may have definite information of the increase of production year by year, or diminution, as the case may be. The summary is very compact, and each mineral is then treated at length and in a free manner by different specialists. — In the series of University

Extension Manuals (Scribners), *The Earth's History*, an Introduction to Modern Geology, by R. D. Roberts, has recently found a place. The geology of Great Britain is taken as a specific illustration of the history of the building of the earth. The great diversity of age in the formation of the island, as well as the facility afforded students by the limited area, serves to make the illustration a convenient one. — Where To Go Abroad, edited by A. R. Hope Moncrieff (Blacks, London), deals, of course, with the continent, and is defined as "a Guide to the Watering-Places and Health Resorts of Europe, the Mediterranean," etc. — More specific in its intention is *Carlsbad*, a Medico-Practical Guide, by Dr. Emil Kleen, a practicing physician at Carlsbad. (Putnams.) — *Therapeutics of Cholera*, by P. C. Majumdár, a homœopathic physician of India, is a small book published by Boericke & Tafel, Philadelphia.

Education and Textbooks. *Dynamic Breathing and Harmonic Gymnastics*, a Complete System of Psychical, Æsthetic, and Physical Culture, by Genevieve Stebbins. (Werner.) The writer goes pretty far afield for her illustration of the principles underlying gymnastics, and the reader who has been floundering about in the philosophy of the opening chapters gets his reward when he, or more properly she, comes to the exercises of vibrating leg, waist twist, leg stretch, and trunk vibration. — *The Educational Labors of Henry Barnard*, by Will S. Monroe. (Bardeen.) A brief sketch, closing with a bibliography, of an able man who was almost a voice crying in the wilderness. — *First Course in Science*, by John F. Woodhull. (Holt.) The science is physical science, and the course is in two companion volumes: one a book of experiments, intended to be accompanied by an inexpensive set of apparatus, the other a textbook. — *Drawing in the Public Schools*, a Manual for Teachers, by Anson K. Cross. (The Author, Normal Art School, Boston.) — *The Seventh Book of Vergil's Æneid*, edited, for the Use of Schools, by W. C. Collier. (Ginn.) A step in the right direction, since it supposes that the reader wants to read Latin poetry, and not to illustrate a grammar.

Illustrated Publications. *The Book of the Fair*. (The Bancroft Co., Chicago.) The fifth, sixth, and seventh parts of this serial

publication have reached us, covering pages 161–280. Every page has several illustrations, and there are frequent full-page representations of the greater features of the Fair. The editor has done what few in his place would have done: he has skillfully adjusted his text so that the designs illustrating it appear always on the same opening. The text itself is a sort of catalogue *raisonné* of the exhibits, in which there is particularity without too tedious detail. The subjects in these parts cover some of the educational exhibits, the German, Norwegian, Swiss, and a part of the Woman's Exhibit. There is a procession of interesting facts. Unlike the Fair, the facts do the walking here across the page. — Some Artists at the Fair. (Scribners.) Now that the Fair is over, and the American people can think about it in their homes, the supreme recollection is of its art; so that this brochure, with its exquisite illustrations and its text by artists, writing of what was to them a joyous holiday of work, is a most fitting souvenir and Aid to Reflection. The Decoration of the Exposition is by Frank D. Millet, Types and People at the Fair by J. A. Mitchell, The Art of the White City by Will H. Low, Foreground and Vista at the Fair by W. Hamilton Gibson, and The Picturesque Side by F. Hopkinson Smith, an admirable grouping of subjects and writers. — The last four or five numbers of *L'Art* (Macmillan) seem, for some reason, to have less richness than usual. The etchings, indeed, include an admirable copy of Sir Joshua Reynolds's Miss Frances Harris, and there are several reproductions of portraits and subjects by John Russell. These represent English schools. There is also a striking paper on old bindings, and there are some sketchy notes on the Chicago Exhibition. A fine portrait of Gounod is given in the musical bulletin, and there are some copies of museum rarities, but the editor draws pretty freely upon current illustrated books for subject and for designs. — *The Hanging of the Crane*, and *Other Poems of the Home*, by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. (Houghton.) A little book of very attractive appearance, and excellent in its selections. The illustrations, pretty as they are, raise a question which we do not attempt to answer. Is the artist justified in presenting the young people of whose crane the poet saw the hanging as persons eminently of to-

day, sitting under a "banquet lamp" which they might have brought out of the pages of *Life* with them, and all unsuggestive of the Golden Wedding for which their board will have to be expanded in 1944? Or does a familiar poem become so broadly generalized in its relations to time that its characters may be assigned to any part of any century?

Decoration and Architecture. Indoors, by Samuel How. (Warren, Fuller & Co., New York.) The publishers of this book are dealers in wall papers and interior decorators. This handsome volume is frankly from the side of the manufacturer; but it is so interesting as a display, through abundant illustrations, of what interiors are and may be that one readily comes to regard it as a very attractive collection of designs, accompanied by a readable text which does not obtrude the shop, though it leaves the door ajar. — *Household Art*, edited by Candace Wheeler. (Harpers.) As we have already mentioned the purpose of the *Distaff Series*, to which this volume belongs, it is necessary to say of the book in hand only that the pieces of which it is composed have to do with interior decoration and kindred topics. — *Homes in City and Country*. (Scribners.) A collection of half a dozen papers on the city house in the East, South, and West, the suburban house, the country house, small country places, and building and loan associations, by Messrs. Sturgis, Root, Price, Mitchell, Parsons, and Linn. The illustrations are very attractive and effective, and the reader gets a quick perception of such differences as exist between various sections of the country, — differences which really intimate something of the local phases of life. The writers, where it is possible, point out the historical features of the subject and the development which has taken place. It may be said, in brief, that the more intelligent builders to-day overleap an intervening period, and evolve their houses from types of a century or more ago which really gave rise to a succession of new forms since that time. — *Garden Design and Architects' Gardens*, by W. Robinson. (Imported by Scribners.) We have to thank Messrs. Blomfield & Thomas and Mr. Sedding for producing books which have called out this indignant review, crowded as it is with delightful examples of English art in gardening, and with vigorous

protests against false art. Mr. Robinson is right in claiming for England preëminence in the art which expresses itself in gardens. He could have reinforced his position by a reference to the poets who have had so much to do with designs for gardens.

Economics. *Socialism, its Growth and Outcome*, by William Morris and E. Belfort Bax. (Scribners.) An interesting and readable book which will put one quickly in possession of that notion of socialism which is dominated, we may say, by the sense of beauty in living. The authors look upon England as almost hopelessly under the dominion of a dull middle class, and seek for escape in new conditions to be brought about by socialism. It is curious to see how, with all their detestation of commercialism, when they come to treat of marriage and the family in the new state, they fall back upon that conception of the relation which is implied in contract. But the sacramental idea is far profounder, more elemental, and, we suspect, more lasting; and a socialism which is based on a free contract will come very rapidly to an inglorious death. — *The History and Theory of Money*, by Sidney Sherwood. (Lippincott.) An interesting piece of conglomerate. The main structure is a dozen lectures given by the author as a part of a University Extension course. But upon the inauguration of the series of lectures various persons, like Provost Pepper, Mr. Trenholm, Mr. Joseph Wharton, and Professor James, made short speeches, and at the close of each lecture a brief discussion followed. Lecture, speech, and discussion are all pointed, and an appendix gives a syllabus of the course. The book is, besides, well indexed, and the solitary student who reads it through will certainly feel that he has been in an audience.

Philosophy and Religion. *Primary Convictions*, being Discussions, of which the greater part were delivered in the Church of the Heavenly Rest, before the President, Faculties, and Students of Columbia College, by William Alexander, Lord Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. (Harpers.) These lectures on the evidences of Christianity, though marked by a reasonable logic and an affluence of learning, make their appeal to the reader primarily through a fervor of literary expression; the themes are charged with a fine feeling, and the orator (for orator the bishop certainly is) is listened to for

the charm of his voice, the impassioned tone with which he gives utterance to beliefs which have taken to themselves, in his mind, a large measure of richness drawn from the confirmation of poetry and philosophy as seen in great literature. — An Interpretation of Philosophy, by John Bascom. (Putnam's.) This book is more suggestive than lucid. It is a discussion of prominent philosophers, with some reference to their historical and geographical relations. One chapter is headed Transitional Persons. Under this head appear the names of Bacon, Descartes, Spinoza, and Leibnitz, the fountains of modern thinking. The word "transitional" seems to be used in the sense of the German "epoch-making." As no references are given to the works of the authors discussed, the doubt arises whether the writer has studied the German or French authors in the original, or is giving interpretations from translations. Singular fig-

ures occur in the discussion. Speaking of Hume, the author says, "Nihilism is suicide, and the philosophy that sinks into nihilism should find no hand to pluck it up again by its drowned locks." Apropos of Taine and French thought we have the following: "There is not enough weight in the gymnast's body to give importance to his somersets." Sometimes it is difficult to grasp the meaning; as, for instance, when we learn of Spinoza that "this character was swallowed up in his philosophy, and bore the same simple, direct, constant impress." The book is dedicated to the graduates of the University of Wisconsin, with whom the authors were discussed. It will be interesting to them, as it is the kind of treatment that might hold the attention of the average senior when enforced by the presence of the master; but for the ordinary reader, with all its vigor and insight, it is obscure, and for philosophical scholars much too general.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Letter to a
Friend from
the Far West.

MY DEAR FRIEND, — I take this method of addressing you, first, because I have something to say to you, and when we have met you have never seemed to give me a chance; secondly, because you live in so many places, and are, as you say yourself, such a great people, and I suspect that if I addressed you an individual letter to Omaha, say, or Fargo, the part of you which lives in Fort Scott or Port Blakeley would never get it. Yet I have the same things to say to you wherever you are, for I find you always saying the same things to me, however many there are of you, and however varied our place of meeting.

Let me say first that I thoroughly believe you to be a good fellow; you are earnest, warm-hearted, and straightforward. It is encouraging to meet you, not only on account of what you show of yourself, but of the way you treat me; you offer me a voice, a hand-shake, which if I met in one of my neighbors I should say he meant to give me a hearty welcome; and I have tried to show you that I was glad to make your acquaintance, as you seemed to be to make

mine. And as I said that you always say the same thing to me, and greet me in the same way, there is one convenience about it, at all events: when I had met one of you, I had met the whole of you. If I encounter an Englishman, a New Yorker, a German, a South Carolinian, although certainly I recognize the type of the respective nationality at once, I feel I have still the acquaintance of each individual to make. I may recognize in advance the German eye and the English intonation; I may distinguish the New York dignity in every case from the Carolina reserve or the Philadelphia push: but these disposed of, there is still the man to learn, with his idiosyncrasy.

But you, my dear friend from the West, I know in any dress and under any circumstances. Tall or short, dark or light, whether living in Leavenworth or in Bismarek, whether sprung from Vermont or Kentucky, it is you, and I know beforehand exactly what you are going to say to me. And while you are saying it, the same question is always rising in my mind, — "What will you expect me to say when my turn comes? Or would you rather I did not say

anything?" I have some friends who obviously think conversation should be confined to two persons, the one always speaking, the other always listening. "I had a delightful dinner party the other day," said an old gourmand. "We had a beautiful turkey, perfectly cooked; it was just enough for us." "How large was the party?" "Only two." "Only two!" "Yes: I and the turkey." I have passed the time with friends who apparently expected me to take about as much share in the talk as the turkey did in this dinner of two. But I do not think it is quite so with you. You treat me to a variety of statements in a tone of insistence that seems to demand some reply. You inform me with almost passionate emphasis that the State of Osark is undoubtedly the most remarkable in the Union; that your wheatfields extend as far as the eye can reach; that the mineral resources of the Arapahoe Valley far surpass those of Australia and Spain combined; that you can get out of Platte City by fourteen different trunk lines of railroad (a friend of mine, who lived there, wished she could get out by all fourteen at once); that there is a dentist at Fort Buell who will make me such a set of teeth as no city east of the Alleghanies can furnish. Well, when you pause,—as you do sometimes,—what do you expect me to say? Would you care to have me deny it all, and provoke you into giving me chapter and verse, and reiterating still louder and more fiercely, as you have already done two or three times, that I do not know your country or how great you are? I do not wish to deny it; I cannot, as you truly say. Neither can I deny what Professor Holden tells me about the distance and number of the fixed stars. I am perfectly willing to take his enormous figures on his word, and so I am yours on your word. Or would you like to have me draw you out with intelligent questions, and invite you to go into details? I am not unwilling to do this, but you do not respond. I can get no details from you,—nothing but big numbers. You are ready and willing to tell me that you have the biggest cornfields, the largest hogs, the most flourishing cities, the handsomest schoolhouses, the most enterprising inhabitants, and an abundant supply of other persons and things; but the moment it comes to character instead of quantity, or to kind instead of num-

ber, I hear nothing but increased iteration of bigness.

Now, I seem to see in this no advance or progress to the great goal of a perfect humanity, but rather a retrogression. You do not tell me of anything special that you produce or make which the world has never seen before; you only tell me that you produce more of the old things: therefore your first few sentences tell me all you have to say, and after a few questions, only eliciting more figures, I find no resources for talk. To put it in the language of Herbert Spencer, you appear to differentiate nothing. If you will allow a homely illustration, I have no doubt you can raise hams larger and more numerous than any other country; but have you developed any peculiar, any choice variety, like the delicious Westphalia and Virginia hams? I remember eating, at three different dinners, these two kinds and a Western ham. The comparative flatness of the last was amazing. It was, as the boy said of half his dog's breed, "just dog,"—or rather, just hog.

And with this is connected the reason why I cannot adopt the third form of conversation, which perhaps you desire,—throwing in from time to time enthusiastic expressions of surprise and eulogy, and taking a modest second to your strain of exaltation. It is a painful fact that I am not overwhelmed with the accounts you give me. I cannot see in mere bigness anything that rises to greatness, to grandeur. Let me illustrate what I mean by a foreign instance which cannot wound the local susceptibilities of any American. When we travel in Italy, there are many cities—at least six, if not eight—which invite our study. Each one of them has its own peculiar attractions; something that it alone can show, and the lack of which is recognized not only by its sisters, but by the whole world. Each offers reasons for visiting its own illustrious precincts entirely independent of glories elsewhere. Of these half dozen cities, Florence is undoubtedly the smallest in population, and Naples and Milan are the two largest. The most progressive, the most modern, the one which is most steadily adding to its population and wealth, is Milan, and it has been emphatically called for centuries "*Milano la grande*," when other cities have had the titles of "*the beautiful*," "*the rich*," "*the proud*," etc. Yet Florence,

the smallest, is richer in everything that draws a visitor, except Rome, and not poorer than she is. At the same time, Milan, though possessing certain definite treasures, is on the whole the poorest in them; and though Naples certainly exhibits matchless beauties, they are rather outside than inside, and far the greater part of the teeming hive of humanity which properly bears that name never feels the tread of a visitor. So true is it that what is merely big is rarely interesting as such. The Yellowstone Park and the Yosemite Valley are attractive because their scenery is peculiar in character and grand in outline, as well as extensive in proportions. But a wheatfield of a thousand acres is nothing more than ten wheatfields of a hundred acres. It merely shows that agriculture is conducted in large farms instead of small ones; and I could show you historical evidence, if I thought you cared for it, that large farms have more than once proved a curse rather than a blessing to the land wherein they were found.

You furnished, the other day, in Washington, a ludicrous proof that bigness is not greatness. The repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman Act was discussed with great eagerness and force, especially by you. One of you, Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, made a very powerful speech, which no one on the other side, however strong his convictions, could possibly answer without great thought and preparation. It exhibited study, logic, and rhetoric. It took between two and three hours, but, as the subject was so important, it ought not to be called too long. Its admirers generally called it "a great speech," and even those who disagreed with it acquiesced in the name. Later on, Senator Allen, of the same State, spoke on the same subject between fourteen and fifteen hours. It was the longest continuous occupancy of the floor in the annals of Congress. It broke the record. It was a "big thing," I suppose, in the minds of such as admire a big thing; and the bigger it was, the farther it was from greatness.

If your ideas and your resources are to dominate the country, as you say they are bound to, it will be by their producing some man who, in force of character and power of influence, surpasses other men: not because he is physically big himself; no, nor even because he is morally big, in the sense of large talk and broad ideas; nor yet because

he represents States whose products run up into big figures. You surely do not think Mr. Lincoln owes his mighty fame to his being six feet four? In that generation, Mr. Alexander H. Stephens, beyond question the ablest man of his own section, was perhaps the frailest mortal in the United States. It is said that the Mamelukes of Egypt were bitterly disappointed by the utterly insignificant appearance of Bonaparte. They admired infinitely more the big, showy trooper Murat, who, as a man, in the real sense of the word, was simply nothing beside his master.

I confess, also, I am not greatly moved by what you tell me, that in fifty years the centre of population will be west of the Missouri, and then the Far West will necessarily control the Union. In the first place, what occurs fifty years hence is hardly going to affect me. I shall scarcely be here to see it; I certainly shall take no active part in it. I cannot alter what it seems to me is emphatically my duty or my pleasure now, because something is going to happen in 1944 which you see at present more clearly than I do. It appears to me that the bays of San Francisco and New York are likely to retain their paramount influence, no matter in what part of the intervening continent the "centre of population" lies. But most certainly, if I am to avert my eyes from the present, I care much more about the past than the future; and there we differ. We both, no doubt, are immensely interested in the present. But I think it my duty to study the past, of which I really may know the facts, to guide me in the present, which must be tentative. You use this experimental present as a guide to the future, which must be exceedingly visionary.

I look back fifty years. I see that the two greatest men of our race were Daniel Webster and Sir Robert Peel. Unquestionably, they lived in the past much more than you think public men ought to. Unquestionably, they had only the most indistinct vision of the future of their respective countries. Daniel Webster certainly did not dream in 1844 of what the Northwest is now. Sir Robert did not have the faintest inkling of what his pupil Gladstone would become. Each had in that day great national problems to solve immediately. Daniel Webster had to save the United States from

war ; Sir Robert Peel had to save England from financial ruin. They both did their work in direct opposition to the wishes of their closest friends, without gaining the support of their enemies, and with the immediate assurance of losing power. Yet they did it so as to avert misery not only for the time they did foresee, but for years they did not dream of forecasting, and did it in the way which enabled opponents and successors to do their special work, in their turn, by following out the lines of Peel and Webster, whom they had opposed at the time. That in 1894 Puget Sound is ours, and the Bank of England still solvent, is owing to what they did in 1844. And they did it not because they lived in a great country or a small one, but because, being naturally beyond ordinary men, they used their extraordinary powers to do the best they could for their countries as they then saw them, in the light of knowledge of what they had been,—modified, no doubt, and still further enlightened by the spirit of prophecy ; but the spirit of prophecy is nothing without the spirit of counsel and might. Moreover, they did these mighty things largely because each knew that his country, though great, was not the only one on earth, and because both recognized that every nation must act with reference to others, or it will assuredly be upset in its course.

And now I come to the remaining form of conversation, which I think perhaps you might expect me to adopt, and wonder I do not, namely, that of booming my own part of the Union, and capping all your wonderful stories about the State of Osark by as wonderful stories about the State of Norumbega. I could do so, I assure you, in the intervals when you take breath. You have already made out that I come from one of the three districts still called *New*, though they are so old. Never mind if it is New Jersey, New York, or New England,—you call us all the East. To be sure, that name used to mean India, China, and Japan ; but you have changed the English language, among other things, and these are now, in your tongue, “the Orient,” and your Atlantic brethren are “the East.” I can assure you, there is still a great deal “new” about us,—a great deal that is fresh, advancing, progressive, awake. As I say, I could boom my own section and State, if I wanted to ; I could name many good things

which we have, and which you would like to have, but do not, and never will. But I shall not take up this method of talk. I shall not try to cap you ; and for this one reason,—I do not think it is a nice way of talking. That is, my very dear fellow, in a nutshell, why you do not find me the completely sympathetic companion that you so heartily seek. You can talk of nothing but yourself, your State, your resources, your destiny. The whole range of human wit and human knowledge seems a sealed book to you, except as a brief text on which you can draw out this long tale of your own present and future glories. I went to church in one of your greatest cities. There was a very charming boy choir. I met you in the course of the afternoon, and told you what I had heard at St. Luke's. What did you say ? “Their choir does n't cost nearly as much as ours at St. Peter's ; we've one singer to whom we pay five thousand dollars.” My dear man, are not even the house of God, and the holy day, and the song of praise sacred from your brag ?

You are not the only man in the world who is proud of himself and his surroundings ; and it is to your credit that your pride is so much in yourself as a people, and so little in yourself as a person. And yet perhaps if you were a little less absorbed in your section, if you paid more attention to developing your varieties, and less to your numbers, you might be more entertaining. But one would be loath to censure such real unselfishness of person. I say, you are not the only conceited man in the world. I from the East am conceited ; so is our brother from the South ; so is the inhabitant of every European nation. But none of us all make the grandeur and progress of our community the sole and unvarying topic of our discourse. There are other interests than our own glory which have their place in our time, our thought, and our speech. Some men have elevated tastes, and can talk about them ; some seem only to know what is base ; some care for art or music, some for nothing but field sports or adventure ; some can talk about politics, or science, or history ; some can think only of business pursuits, and some only about society. There is an endless range of subjects about which men of all nations succeed in making conversation ; and they do not make them

all invariably turn on the superiority in each and every respect of their own people. They do recognize that the world is old and that it is wide, and that what happened elsewhere and at other times is not only worth talking about and thinking about, but that it is absolutely necessary, if men are to enjoy one another's company. I think very likely you will say that you have found plenty of men outside the Far West, Americans and Europeans, who talk a good deal about their own achievements of one kind or another, and bring themselves a good deal into the conversation. Undoubtedly, and some of them are liked and sought after, in spite of this self-laudation. But the vainest and most conceited man generally tells his story as something wherein you and I will find sympathy or enjoyment; he treats us as his brothers, capable of appreciating, or, if occasion were, even sharing his triumphs; he talks, that is, to exalt himself, but not to depress us. Moreover, it is individual, not national egotism which makes such talk amusing, notwithstanding its conceit. But you, my dear Western friend, do not favor us with your own striking adventures or performances as something we shall appreciate. I have already told you that when I try to get at you, to know you, I cannot find the individual friend. You only tell me about the big things you are doing as a people; and you tell them for my depression, not your own exaltation,—or at least it has that tone.

Now, my friend, this is not the way to talk; it is very tedious, and it is very uncivil. It is tedious, because, like the prairie landscape, although fertile and beautiful, it has no variety; and it is uncivil, because no man likes to have it implied incessantly that he belongs to an inferior race. I wonder if those eminent divines of yours, whose eloquence, logic, and devotion are unmatched in the East, ever ventured to preach to you from such texts as, "Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips;" "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others;" "In honour preferring one another;" and a score of the like, from both Testaments.

I think it very possible that you will draw, as the conclusion from all this, that I am envious or jealous. You are mistaken, but I could probably not convince you of

it. I have not written this letter to you on the deep matters of the heart; I should handle them in a different way. I am writing solely about our intercourse in conversation. I believe I can rely on you, as you can on me, to discharge the deeper duties of friendship and patriotism. If I were sick, or poor, or oppressed, I doubt not your hand and your purse would be at my service. But those are the exceptions; ordinary familiar intercourse is the rule; and I ask you now whether, at our next meeting, you cannot find some other subject of conversation besides the boundless glories of the Far West.

Do I hold, then, that you and I have nothing better to think of, when we meet, than how to have a pleasant talk? Very far from it, my countryman; we have got to think how we can unite to do the best for America. But in order to accomplish this end we must consider the means. We have none but mutual intercourse. If we can get to like each other and enjoy each other, we shall learn to coöperate; but I do not believe we can ever work together in our respective fields till we enjoy living together when we meet. I have tried to show you why, after encountering once or twice your hearty voice and open manner, I am not so eager to greet them a third time; for the message they bring me is too much like a challenge,—such as I should resent from a foreigner, but which from a countryman I am unwilling to regard as an offense, yet cannot take as a kindness.

Your friend and countryman,

FRANKLIN EASTMAN.

The Carpets of the Year. — We find but slight allusion to carpets in that literature which refers to the interior domestic life of the ancients; indeed, the flighty gyrations attributed to these fabrics on a certain Eve of St. Agnes would go to show their primitive character at this period. Although Virgil, in the *Æneid*, speaks of costly carpets in a way that should bring a flutter of delighted interest to the breast of a young housekeeper intent on Eastlake and Colonial bricabrac, still the subject must be considered a comparatively modern one, whose origin is wrapped in mysterious uncertainty. We have all thrilled with sympathetic horror over the murder of Thomas à Becket, a victim of his taste for sinful luxury in that he had his floor spread with

rushes, the nearest approach to British carpeting feasible in that day. Had the worthy prelate contented himself with the sentiment that the groves were God's first temples, he might have been spared so much of martyrdom as was to be fairly attributable to the alleged specification.

Walking over the fields of our native province, be that province anywhere on this fair continent, it would seem as though such decoration, such sumptuary *ameublement*, as the carpet would have been among the first suggestions that Nature would offer to Art. If we owe to pine-tree and rifted rock the Gothic shapes which impart severity to sacerdotal or ecclesiastical ornamentation, it is fair to suppose that man would be ready also to take account of the benign colors of the fields he trod, and to bring them, so far as art would permit, into the warp and woof of home decoration.

There are certain privileges vouchsafed to him whose mantle is the sky, whose "lamp yon star," and whose carpet is the surface of the broad fields, — privileges withheld from all who abide constantly in man's dwellings, be those dwellings the houses of princes. In the wide palace of Nature one luxury has always been my especial delight, — the play and blending of pale hues in the flowers that go to form the spring carpet. Every floral color-chord, foiled by the stronger tones of the vigorous grass, whispers of "youth, and hope, and gladness," spring's "wind-winged emblems." And as if to leave nothing undone to secure that unfailing consistency which is Nature's charm, the very skies stoop down to add further softness and freshness to these vernal tints. Our spring carpet presents, in places, an almost uniform diversity of recurring patterns; say, violet, buttercup, cress, claytonia. As we go along, there will be a preponderance of one line of color, deepening in hollow, lightening on hillock; calling in the aid of flowers hitherto unnoticed, but now struggling through and informing the groundwork: all which change is so subtly accomplished as to suggest to a musician the chord of the diminished ninth. The violet still accompanies us, contentedly ranging by high ground and low, through sun and shade. I know not why violets that grow upon the hillsides are so often paler than those whose abiding-place is the moister lowland, nor

why their odor is of a more delicate character, resembling rather that of the wood-violet. Yet such has been my observation of this flower.

As we descend toward the brook or the marsh, we notice how the green of our carpet deepens, and the suggestion of irrigation is borne out by the addition of small, weak-stemmed, lissom weeds that smile upon us as if yon alien element, the water, would meet us halfway to welcome us. Down and down, until the grass becomes sedge, rushes, flags; until the flowers, now amphibious, assume a semi-nautical character; until, finally, the supremacy of the liquid element is confessed in that royal combination of fragrance, richness, and purity, the water lily. Once here, we find ourselves inclined to pause, saying, This is better than the upland; surely, Nature is here the more affluent; leaf and flower are fresher, perfume is more intense; or is it that our appreciation is quickened by the pervasive coolness of the place?

Yet let us consider the carpet of the upland: the airy flame of the sorrel, the sprinkled gold of the buttercup, the dimpling laughter of the daisy patch, now implore the pausing step. Even while we pause, the high noon of ardent summer is upon us, presenting evidences of all too rapid combustion. And now an adust thread is gradually woven into the warp of our carpet. Here and there the carpet is turned to hay; giving off a perfume fainter, but more subtle, than that of the mown hay so fragrant to all the world. Such flowers only as can well resist the sun now bedeck our living floor. Yet even these, when they have borne the burthen and heat of the day, have often a frayed and weary look, like the wings of a wrecked butterfly, and recover themselves only by the dewy bath of evening. Prominent among these summer flowers is the wild rose which adorns our fields at that period the Spaniard refers to as *el sol de medio día*. There is of the gracious family of untamed roses a modest member, of paler mood, which is wont to descend from the bushy elevation of its fellows and add itself to the pattern of our carpet. Our step must needs be the daintier for this presence. If, as the most sensitive of poets avers,

"A lover would not tread
A cowslip on the head,"

it must follow that a wild rose is entitled to kindred immunity.

The autumn has come. The joyous foliage of summer is being slowly replaced by hues of russet and dull wine. With a changing of the tapestries — and what is tapestry but a hanging carpet? — there comes an altered tint in the fields below. The yearning goldenrod, the asters blonde or dark, the crimson of the sumac, the bronzed gold of the withering fern, go to form a fabric which might worthily have adorned King Solomon's temple: a congeries of dyes so mad in fantastic revel as to hint that now Nature is holding her carnival of color, in view of the approaching season of penitential sackcloth and hodden-gray "retreat." Thus reinforced as by the *purpureos flores* sprinkled in Virgil's *Æneid*, our carpet is prepared to survive the earlier frosts and outstay the fleeing birds; and there are moments when a scene of almost supra-mortal beauty is lighted up by the splendor of our autumnal sunsets, — moments in which earth and sky vie hue for hue with each other.

But now the days so melancholy to all but the nut-gathering schoolboy have overtaken us. It is no longer the pathos of departing summer, but the chill apprehension of coming winter, that pervades our spirits. The frost has penetrated the heart of the season. A soddening rain falls upon the dead leaves, blackening the trunks of the trees. Our color-chords are now of charred embers and extinguished fires. If the vernal harmony had power to waken in us a gladness and a content that were as much physical as spiritual, the color-chords of autumn bring a more than balancing degree of depression and discomfort. He whose sensitiveness makes him the slave of all fantastic impressions will often find himself almost absurdly subject to the psychic influences of color; and these influences will usually possess the quality of being inexplicable. There is surely no reason why yellow leaves scattered upon a chocolate ground should make a strong man of athletic habits dizzy almost to the extent of illness; yet so it is. There is no reason why certain other sequences of color should produce a mood exultant, hopeful; yet so it is. The dun and russet floor of the fields and woodsides seems to swim in the "charmed eddies of the autumnal wind."

The carpet and its hues no longer rest the eye. A brief interval, and the drop curtain of the snow covers all with white, echoless silence, as welcome to the disturbed sense of color as to the fields that lie wrapped in secure and soft neutrality until the dawn of a new springtime.

The Enmities of Literature. — Says Macaulay in the essay on Dryden: "At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist our political adversaries to drink with us of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities."

When he wrote, the illustration was comically false in fact, but prophetically true. It foretold a coming millennium to which the end of this century is much closer than was the beginning. For Macaulay himself was hardly a pattern observer of this pleasing sentiment. There were times when his honor's way of pronouncing sentence from the critical bench savored greatly of the urbane suavity of Jeffreys combined with the exquisite science of a Grand Inquisitor presiding over the infliction of the rack, and gauging to the breadth of a nerve the exact amount of torture which the victim could endure and live.

Take the essays on "Satan Montgomery," on Barère, on the work of Croker in editing Boswell's Johnson, and the image which is suggested to the mind's eye is rather that of the Irish infantry dashing into the ranks of the old guard of Napoleon than of the same warriors amicably exchanging canteens and cups over the rivulet of Talavera.

The late Edmund Quincy once said that the sight of brethren who agreed might be pleasant, but the sight of brethren who disagreed was infinitely more amusing. It is quite sure that the animosities of authors have lent much piquancy to the literature of the world. It is by no means certain that not a little of what seems perfectly harmless and impersonal does not owe its fire and brilliancy to spites carefully concealed under glittering generalities. In Milton's *Lycidas* and Bunyan's *Pilgrim's*

Progress, one suspects that the authors could, if they had chosen, have put names to the priests and magistrates on whom their pointed passages are sharpened. It is more than likely that Cowper had sat under the preacher who, "reading what they never wrote," "with a well-bred whisper close the scene."

In fact, the lightning of literary indignation does not waste itself in the vague immensity, but requires a point on which to concentrate and explode.

But, as a rule, the *irritabile genus* of pen-wielders will not often want a mark at which to aim. Probably some ill-conditioned Ionian who had caused old Homer's dog to wander out of the smooth way sat for the portrait of Thersites. Evidently, Aristophanes not only had a strong sense of the fitness of Socrates to figure in comedy, but also felt that to all right-thinking and conservative Athenians the husband of Xanthippe was personally obnoxious. The implied satire in making Strepsiades the disciple of the philosopher was a most skillful touch of the lash on the tenderest spot. It was as if the author of the Potiphar Papers had sent Mr. Potiphar to sit admiringly at the feet of Emerson, or as if Thackeray had pictured Charles Honeyman as a devotee of Ruskin. But, as the much-to-be-regretted Reminiscences of my Own Time, by Alcibiades, have not survived, this must remain conjectural. One need not press the point, especially since later literature gives ample illustration of the position here taken.

There can be no doubt that Horace and Juvenal freely used their dislikes and enmities to sharpen their verses. Nobody imagines that Dante was aiming at abstract personifications when he filled the circles of the Inferno with the men who had driven him to taste the bitterness of another's bread, and feel the weariness of climbing another's stairs. The story-tellers of the Canterbury Tales, the Miller, the Reve, the Frere, and the Sompnour, pay each other off in stories whereof the wit and jovial malice half condone the coarseness.

Shakespeare never forgot the bad quarter of an hour he suffered at the hands of Sir Thomas Lucy, and avenged it most thoroughly in his Justice Shallow. Who does not know how Dryden dealt with his foes, how Swift repaid the slights and disappointments of his early life? Did not Pope pillory all Grub Street, and requite

the fancied treachery of Addison with lines which cut as deeply as the knout of Russia? Did Churchill spare the men who offended him, from Hogarth down to Murphy? Was Junius merciful, was Johnson just, was Sheridan forbearing?

Turn the corner of the eighteenth century, and what a splendid tournament of the paladins and peers of literature! There is young Lord Byron, like Ivanhoe, with "Desdichado" on his shield, dashing into the *mêlée* at English bards and Scotch reviewers. There is Wilson marshaling the "Clan North." There are Sydney Smith and Jeffrey and Brougham on the one side, Lockhart and Canning and Croker on the other; Moore, with the instinct of Donnybrook, hitting a head wherever he sees it; Southey and Coleridge and Shelley, and even Hood and Lamb, ready, aye ready for the field. The English man of letters, like the English gentleman of social life, was expected to take off his coat and put up his fists whenever an opponent faced him. As the early Victorian era dawns, there is still plenty of fighting. Bulwer and Lever, Disraeli and Dickens, Trollope and Thackeray, Tennyson and Aytoun, Macaulay and Carlyle, Freeman and Ruskin, Hughes and Kingsley, are seen stepping into the ring when the challenge comes. They wear, indeed, the gloves which a more fastidious and refining age demands, but they are of the "four ounce" pattern which the Marquis of Queensbury's rules sanction, and the blows are given with right good will and sufficient science.

So, on this side the Atlantic, Irving and Cooper, Paulding and Halleck, Willis and Poe, and, a little later on, Holmes and Lowell and Whittier, were all proper men of their parts, and none the less liked and cherished because they hit fairly above the belt, and (mostly) took their punishment without flinching.

I have done little more than give suggestive names, without stopping to chronicle or criticise the particular battles in which these champions did their especial devoir and won their pugnacious fame. Every reader of general literature can recall them. But so much the more is it evident that the "delight of battle" is growing to be one of the lost pleasures which the author no longer drinks with his peers. For this there are many combining causes. Publishers are

more wary; and this, in turn, comes from the fact that readers are more indifferent to controversy. Newspapers and magazines discourage truculence. The rapid march of events, the crowding of news items monopolized by the wire and ocean cable, the faster fashion in which life is lived, all give less and less of room for the keeping up of bitter strifes.

Then, too,—and this is advanced with some hesitation,—there is perhaps a deeper feeling for the rights of others, a heightened consciousness of the pain which sharp words may give. There is less of that insensibility which lies at the root of much offensiveness. The thick-skinned nature which cannot understand small trials is less frequent. Men have learned that

“A kick that scarce would move a horse
May kill a sound divine.”

There is a wider considerateness, and a dying out of that which peoples in their childhood so recklessly display, pleasure in others' pain. There is a greater desire to relieve, as there is less of the temper which inflicts.

Another cause is the wider spread of knowledge, and the consequent weakening of the intensity of conviction. Political partisanship, religious bigotry, scientific dogmatism, have all had their once immutable lines broken through. Men who are no longer willing to be burnt alive for their beliefs are less ready to send others to the stake. The number of those who say, “I do well to be angry,” is less than it was.

So, too, the vast development of travel and intercourse has smoothed away the antipathies of nationality and the prejudices of provincialism, as it has also helped the leveling of the barriers of social rank.

It certainly seems as if men now have fewer excuses than formerly for hating one another with a clear conscience. The clever and reckless author is less disposed to ridicule his rivals, and he knows that he can no longer count on the pleasure of making the laughter of the town applaud his periods. There is also as a deterrent principle the sentiment, dear to all the men of Anglo-Saxon lineage, that it is essentially unmanly to use words of provocation for which no reckoning can be taken. To bandy ill names in public, when the aggrieved is precluded from knocking one down or calling a policeman, is justly felt

to be the course of a bully or a coward. In the elder time, it was understood that Robert Acres, Esq., was fully free to summon his maligner or mocker to the field of single combat. Or if the culprit was below the social rank entitled to the use of sword or pistol, he could be cited in the courts, which would heal the hurts of honor by the infliction of fine, imprisonment, and pillory. But for the mercenary the age of exemplary damages has passed, and public sentiment, as well as the statute book, has banished the duel. Hence, men of spirit, who shrink from giving provocation they cannot stand up to, are slower still to resent injuries where the only issue is a scolding-match.

Yet we have not lost our relish for witty satire and eloquent invective. We still delight in the combats of old, just as we enjoy reading the ballad of Chevy Chase and the story of the “gentle passage at arms of Ashby de la Zouche,” though we should hardly care to witness the actual scene, could it be reproduced in all its rough reality. We say with Emerson:—

“Why should the vest on him allure
I could not yet on me endure?”

We may admire and read till we know it by heart that unsurpassable diatribe which begins, —

“Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne;”

but hardly one in a thousand of the present writers in the English tongue would be willing to have on his conscience such a sin against a second Addison. We chuckle over Wilson's reckless fun in the *Noctes*, but not even to claim with right as our own the Ettrick Shepherd's exquisite songs would we be willing to father the coarse attacks upon Hunt and Hazlitt, and the leading literati of the Whigs.

The plain truth is that we are no longer capable of feeling toward men of different opinions from our own as we should have felt a century ago. We should hardly name upon our list of friends the man who would needlessly set foot upon a—nihilist. We have learned the lesson of separating men from their opinions. We are even tolerant, too, of whatever manifests artistic merit, though we have to put some canons of morality in our pockets. We hold it bad form to be overearnest or overconfident.

We live in an era of crumbling certainties. A science which admits the possibility of a fourth dimension, which stands ever ready to eat at need its own terms of finality, is necessarily careful not to make its words too difficult of digestion.

All this brings to pass, in literature as in most other matters, the recognition that dwellers in plate-glass-fronted mansions must not encourage "base-ballers in the public streets" in the practice of indiscriminate pitching and batting. We are all aware as never before of the fragility of our environments. One must be indeed a dunce inane not to discover that when Birnam wood is bearing down on the fortress of self-esteem, behind it are marching Macduff and Malcolm.

Whether modern literature is the gainer because of this is another question. It is fortunate, perhaps, that while human nature remains as it is, there is an outlet for those whose temperament bids them enjoy the breaking of literary lances and the unhorsing of parading knights, in studying the havoc and the splendor of the battlefields of the past, without being tempted to reproduce and rival those departed glories.

Under a Blue Umbrella. — "Sweet fields arrayed in living green
And rivers of delight,"

hummed itself in my brain, on one of those rare turquoise days which Switzerland, like a capricious gray-veiled lady, sometimes holds out to the happy traveler. All at once my attention was attracted to a quaint figure by the roadside, in front of a broad-eaved brown chalet. It was a very small tow-headed boy, in a blue shirt, under a very big blue umbrella, soberly plying innumerable lace bobbins over a cushion set on a stand before him. All about the sunshine played, but this was a little spot of sobriety in the midst of general brightness, half comical, half pathetic. There had been scores of brisk maidens and gray old women making lace by the wayside, and, as I passed, each one of them had either coaxingly displayed her cheapest bit, or run along the road by me to excite my cupidity for her finer wares. This was the first time I had seen the masculine mind applied to lace-

making; and judging by this small instance, I should say the masculine mind was steady-going. Little Blue Shirt did not lift his eyes nor try to beguile transient custom; he was making lace, and — he was likewise making a picture. There was no feminine volatility in the firm way the weather-beaten umbrella was planted at the side of the small, dumpy workman, and I am sure it was with no base eye to modern æsthetics that he had allowed his shirt to fade to that particular hue, though he could not have done better for a speculation.

A train of wonderment stirred in my idle mind. Is it his idea or his mother's? Does he feel the pride of his labor, or is his sense of male dignity bowed by the femininity of it? Does this fidgety, patient female occupation weigh upon his spirit as the garments of his seven dead sisters did upon that of "Lamentations-of-Jeremiah Johnson"? What is public opinion among the boy-world of the Valley of Springs? Does the solemn German Swiss (in the germ) ever unbend to cutting youthful jokes and derision of Blue Shirt and his lace pillow? Is it choice, chance, or fate which chains him to it? While I wonder, another footsore mile is passed, and little Hercules is hidden by the shoulder of a great mountain. Then I know that, in lazy reverie, I have lost my chance for masculine lace. My first childish love, long ago, was a china *boy* doll with a sky-blue jacket and a flaxen head. His companion, a girl in a pink dress and a speckled apron, had for me none of his gallant, peculiar charm. One day, while performing some of those fantastic persecutions (of the pink girl!) in which children secretly delight, I snapped off the head of my beloved Blue Jacket, and felt a sudden sense of disappointment and desolation which I cannot describe. That lurking weakness first roused by my small doll was waked once more in this year '93, when little Blue Shirt was lost to sight, and I realized with a pang that my lace was woven by one of the voluble pink sisterhood, and *not* by the serious-minded, wee personage under the blue umbrella.

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PHILIP AND HIS WIFE.

XVII.

"WHY, but Lyssie, it 's our last evening; we don't want to spend it with a lot of gaping people."

"Oh, are n't you ashamed to say such a thing! Miss Susan is so kind to want us."

"Well, we don't want her — I mean we don't want to go to her old party. It would be a great deal kinder to leave us out!" Roger grumbled, and tried to console himself by giving his little sweetheart a kiss; but she repulsed him with firmness.

"You 'll crush my dress; keep away, — yes, at least a yard away. There! there's my hand. You may kiss that."

Roger kissed the hand humbly, but, with it in his grasp, took base advantage of her condescension, and caught her in his arms without the slightest consideration for her dress.

"Oh!" cried Lyssie, horrified, and then ran to look in the mirror with great concern; but finding herself quite unruffled, declared that it was time to start. "And please, Roger, be nice," she pleaded; "try to talk to people, and don't look bored. Nobody can be so very nice as you — when you want to." From which it will be seen that Miss Alicia Drayton possessed a weapon used by most intelligent wives in most happy households.

Not even Mrs. Drayton's gentle resignation at being left alone had dimmed Lyssie's young joyousness. As for Roger, he had not noticed her resignation; he

had only said, good naturedly, "I have no doubt you're glad to be rid of us, Mrs. Drayton." But when she was alone, Mrs. Drayton squeezed out a few tears, and sighed, and prayed a little, and enjoyed the sense of being deserted by her child; when suddenly a pang of reality dried her eyes, and made her sit up straight, while her lip trembled in earnest. The thought had come to her of the time when Lyssie would marry Roger, and go away to be happy in a home of her own; and she, Lyssie's mother, who had done everything in the world for her, she would be left alone — alone!

"A girl never thinks of anybody but herself," Mrs. Drayton thought, with angry apprehension; then she really and truly cried, and when Esther came in to make her comfortable for the night she waved her away impatiently. "No; I must begin to learn to take care of myself. I must get used to being uncomfortable. Go away!" she gurgled.

But Esther went calmly about her various duties in the invalid's room, only saying now and then, "There, now, Mrs. Drayton, I would n't."

"I 'll never live to bear it," Mrs. Drayton sobbed. "Lyssie will have *that* to think of, — that she just killed her mother. But I don't suppose it will make the slightest difference to her; she 'll be happy."

"Turn your head a little, m'm, so I can brush the other side," said Esther.

And Mrs. Drayton turned her head,

still weeping, and saying, "Yes, I had far, far better die, — you're pulling, Esther! — and let her be happy. Ah, Esther Brown, you don't know what it is to have your child prefer some one else, a stranger, to you!"

"No, m'm," Esther agreed calmly; an assurance scarcely necessary from the sedate spinster who had served Mrs. Drayton since Alicia's birth.

"It's a little bitter to think that she's enjoying herself," said the invalid, "while I" —

Yes, Alicia was enjoying herself. For the first time in her young life she was important, and of course that is a great experience; but added to that was the new and exquisite joy of proprietorship. To follow Roger with her happy eyes, as he talked with this or that old friend; to watch him "being nice" to Miss Susan's guests; to listen, radiant and assenting, to the pleasant things which people said to her of him; and to feel that he was *hers*, that he belonged to her, was engaged to her, — ah, it was very wonderful, very uplifting. "He's being appreciated!" she said to herself triumphantly.

So far as guests went, Miss Susan's party was a great success. The library, and the two parlors on the other side of the hall, long, cheerless rooms, rarely used, and smelling of linen furniture covers, were comfortably filled. Mercer was represented, and even Ashurst; for Colonel and Mrs. Drayton, of that sleepy town, had come, in spite of the length of the journey, to make the occasion yet more distinguished. Of course all Old Chester was present. Mr. and Mrs. Dove were there, each uncomfortable for the sake of the other, and Mr. Tommy so plainly unhappy, so unconventionally unhappy, that twice his wife found him standing in front of the clock in the hall, gazing wistfully at the stretch between ten and eleven which must be gotten through before they could go home.

Dr. Lavendar had arrived full of fierce good nature and unfailing kindness.

Cecil had come; very late, to be sure, which made Lyssie anxious for appearance' sake. Mrs. Shore was superb in a gown the color of that green moss that lies deep in wet woods, — moss on which the sunshine, sifting down through the leafy darkness of lacing boughs, strikes faint glints and spangles of light. About her throat was some yellow lace, caught together on her breast by a great square topaz in an old-fashioned setting of pale gold. She did her part nobly. She talked to Mr. Tommy Dove with genuine kindness, and gave the little gentleman, who responded "Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," to her remarks, the only happy moment he knew that evening. She was elaborately civil to Mrs. Dale; the more so, perhaps, as that excellent woman's disappointment in discovering nothing of which she could disapprove in the younger woman's manner was quite obvious to Mrs. Shore. She stopped and spoke to Dr. Lavendar; a little nervously, oddly enough, for the old man always made her uncomfortable. He did so now, by his intent, half-pitiful look rather than by his words, which did not impress her, being merely, "Well, Cecilia, I hope you are a good wife? Your husband has views about marriage which are no credit to his wife." She was glad to leave him, even though it was to go and sit down by her aunt Maria Drayton. ("I touched my highest level then," she told Roger Carey afterwards, with entire seriousness.) Colonel Drayton, who never shirked the duty of letting people speak to him, gave his niece his hand, and then left her, while he proceeded to make a tour of Miss Susan's rooms.

"You must not mind your uncle's leaving us. He always tries to speak to every one, he is so considerate," murmured Mrs. Drayton.

"He is," Cecil responded gratefully; "so nice to have him go and speak to people."

"Ah well, your uncle never hesitates at any duty," said the other, with that clos-

ing of the lips and nodding of the head which means, "I wish as much might be said for you!"

Cecil was humbly silent.

"I heard in Mercer that Joseph Lavendar was very attentive to some Mrs. Pendleton," Mrs. Drayton digressed. "Who is she?"

"I beg your pardon?" said Cecil.

"Which is Mrs. Pendleton? Oh, that little body? Very nice looking, I'm sure. I hope Mr. Lavendar will be happy. She must be introduced to the Colonel; it will please her. Cecil, my dear, how is your husband?"

Cecil's pause to remember was filled by Mrs. Drayton's expression of opinion about Roger Carey, which turned her niece restless, and made her say that reminded her that she must go and speak to Mrs. Pendleton, if her aunt Maria would excuse her?

"It's the Colonel's example, you see," she said indolently; and Mrs. Drayton told her husband, afterwards, that she really believed there was good somewhere in poor Cecil. "I always felt that that child's privilege in living in your house would some time express itself in her life, my dear," said Mrs. Drayton adoringly.

Mrs. Pendleton was plainly nervous at Mrs. Shore's attentions, but, with a view to being interesting, she did her best to say pleasant things; and as it was a peculiarity of this amiable woman that she could never say pleasant things to one person without saying unpleasant things of some other person, her conversation was generally interesting. How pretty Molly was, — how much prettier than any of the Old Chester children! How charming Mrs. Shore's dress looked! What a pity that dear Susan Carr had not a handsome dress! She hoped Mrs. Shore would not mind if she told her how beautifully she walked. "So gracefully, dear Mrs. Shore. I wish our dear Lyssie had your walk. I hope you are not offended at my speaking out?

I never flatter, but I am very impulsive, and speak right from my heart; I shall outgrow it, no doubt." Cecil's involuntary smile and instant gravity made the somewhat mature widow feel uncomfortable, so she made haste, nervously, to speak of other things. She wondered when dear Dr. Lavendar was going to print his book? He had been so long about it! For her part, she thought it was not well to be too long in writing a book; there was danger in polishing it too much; did not Mrs. Shore think so?

"It is apt to make it shorter," said Cecil.

"Exactly!" Mrs. Pendleton agreed eagerly; "that's just it." And then she said, modestly, that she would like to present Mrs. Shore with a copy of her poems. "There's nothing in them that a child may not read," said Mrs. Pendleton. "Ah, I'm not like the authors of to-day, Mrs. Shore. I would never write anything that could not be put into the hands of the youngest child."

"Adults must appreciate that," Cecil told her, so cordially that Mrs. Pendleton was encouraged to patter on about her "works" for the next ten minutes. She confessed that she was about to print another book, which she had named — "so much depends upon the name," she explained — which she had named *Thoughts*.

"But whose?" said Mrs. Shore simply.

"Oh, I shall not sign my name," Mrs. Pendleton answered, not catching, perhaps, the significance of the question; "I sha'n't even put 'Amanda P.,' though that would insure the book attention from all the readers of the poems. I shall just say, *Thoughts*: by a Lady. Don't you think that is a nice, ladylike title?"

"I never heard anything more ladylike," Cecil assured her warmly; and Mrs. Pendleton told several persons, afterwards, that poor dear Cecil had a good heart, she was sure.

As for Cecil, she felt her endurance

at an end. She excused herself on the ground of wishing to speak to some one, and, unfastening one of the long French windows which opened upon the piazza, stepped out into the August night.

"Dear me," she said, "I beg your pardon!"

Alicia and Roger, standing by the balustrade, laughed: Lyssie, with pretty consciousness; Roger, with the embarrassment that is angry at being embarrassed.

"Why, Lys, Lys!" Cecil remonstrated, smiling and coming out into the shadows where the lovers stood, "is this the way you entertain Miss Susan's company? Mr. Carey, you won't endear yourself by carrying Lyssie off."

"I ought to go in," Alicia said penitently; and then, with shy authority, "Roger, you must n't — I mean, Ceci, don't say 'Mr. Carey.' Roger, it is n't 'Mrs. Shore;' it's 'Cecil.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Shore thinks me too quarrelsome for such friendliness," Roger returned, frowning.

Cecil simply ignored the suggestion; she said something about the heat and being bored to death. Poor little Alicia looked blankly at them. "Why won't they?" she thought. "Why don't they like each other more?" Lyssie was stumbling very early in her life of love upon that rock of offense, "Why do they not love each other, when I love them and they love me?" But in love two things which are equal to a third are not necessarily equal to each other, and two hands which, from opposite sides, give themselves to one friend fail sometimes to enter into a friendly clasp on their own account. Too often, with vehement futility, the middleman insists that these two hands must and shall clasp each other, and his endeavor results only in pain to all three.

"Roger," the young girl said, too straightforward to know how to keep the disappointment from her voice, and making still another exasperating effort,

"I must go in, but you need n't; stay out here with — It's cooler here. Ceci, entertain him, won't you?"

"It is Mr. Carey who entertains me," Cecil answered, and Roger felt hot. He said to himself that he would much rather go in with Alicia, but of course he must not leave Mrs. Shore alone — confound it!

"Sha'n't I get you a wrap?" he said stiffly.

"No, thank you."

She sat down on the balustrade, leaning her head back against one of the big wooden columns that supported the porch roof; the light from the house fell on her white throat.

"Did you ever know anything so stupid?" she said.

Roger frowned, and appeared not to understand.

Cecil laughed a little under her breath. "You do it very well, Mr. Carey."

"Do what very well? I'm enjoying myself, if that's what you mean. Miss Carr's kindness in planning pleasure for Lyssie of course makes it pleasant for me."

"Do you think, in contrast to my remark, that your flagrant goodness is quite polite?" she said, and turned her face away and seemed to forget him.

What was the evil thing about her that made him ashamed of his simple and obvious love-making? — for he was tingling with the embarrassment of having been, as it were, discovered. He was angry with her in a brutal way that made him feel that impulse of the very fingers to punish her.

"You don't seem to credit anybody with simple human feeling in such things," he told her, wincing at his own tone. "You may not appreciate Miss Carr's kindness, but I do."

Cecil turned and looked at him with interest. "You speak of virtue as though it were a discovery you had made," she said, in her slow voice; "but, do you know, I too, in my humble way, have

thought that Miss Susan meant to give pleasure? Only that does not prevent me from finding the occasion stupid."

If she had not been sitting there before him, the lines of her gracious figure seen faintly in the half-light, and her white throat melting into the lace that filled the bosom of her dress to her waist, his anger might have lasted; but he could not be angry as he looked at her, and he could not take his eyes away from her. His admiration began to speak in his voice, — in the warmer tone, the softer words; but he made his fault-finding raillery instead of rudeness. He teased her, and contradicted her, and laughed at her. When she defended herself, he answered with a man's good-humored contempt of a woman's opinion, which, while it made her confused and petulant and half irritated, gave her also that strange pleasure, which only strong women know, of coming, as it were, to heel.

In the midst of it Philip came along the porch, and Cecil called to him to know what time it was.

"Is n't it almost time to go home?" she entreated. "Oh, Philip, what bomb have you been exploding at the rectory? Dr. Lavendar assailed me because of your views about marriage. Really, it does seem hard that I should be held responsible for your opinions!"

"It's nearly ten. You won't go before supper, of course?"

"Ten! I thought it was two. Oh, must we stay for supper? Mr. Carey, you'll have to," she ended maliciously, "for Lys won't want to leave until the last moment. How you will appreciate Old Chester's idea of a salad!"

This time Roger Carey had no protest for the violated hospitality. "I'll try what influence can do. Perhaps we can get away right after supper."

"It is just ready, I believe," Philip said, and would have left them, but Cecil stopped him.

"What is this thing which has agi-

tated Dr. Lavendar? Do tell us. Your ideas are always so amusing."

"If I amuse you, I have not lived in vain. Carey, will you bring Mrs. Shore in?"

"No, no! You must tell us first, Philip. Come! here is Mr. Carey; he's in a most receptive state of mind on the subject of matrimony. Are you going to reform marriage or abolish it?"

"There is room for reform," he said; then, as though impatient at his own evasion, he added, "I was talking about that man Todd and his wife. I told Dr. Lavendar I thought they ought to be separated."

Cecil looked at him in genuine astonishment. "Why, really, Philip, I did n't suppose — why, but that's quite sensible!" She was so much in earnest that she had an instant's surprise at Roger's involuntary laugh. "Why, but it *is* sensible," she insisted. "I should have supposed you would say just the other thing, Philip. Of course Dr. Lavendar was dreadfully shocked?"

"Yes, he did n't approve of me," Philip answered, pulling a red carnation down into his buttonhole.

"I suppose he thought you were advocating free love," Cecil said lightly. "Fancy Dr. Lavendar's dismay! I have what might be called a respectful dislike for Dr. Lavendar, but I'm sorry for the poor old gentleman's distress. It was too bad in you, Philip."

"Upon my word, the Shore family needs a missionary!" Roger declared. "Do you remember the night you told me you thought the little Todd woman ought to leave her husband, Mrs. Shore? I did n't know that Philip shared your perverted views."

Philip looked at his wife quickly. "You think so, too?"

"Why, certainly I do. I'm sorry to shock you, Mr. Carey, but I believe the world would be much better off if divorce were easier. In fact, I think it's a pity people have to wait until they

actually come to blows before they can separate."

"There are blows and blows," Roger said, in that tone which meant, "You are charming, but you are not to be taken seriously." "Some people's fists would be luxury compared to other people's tongues."

"Ah well," Cecil commented, "the great thing is to be able to be articulate in one's woes. We are too polite, even when we use our tongues. The husbands and wives who throw dishes at each other are the really happy people. They are articulate; they have all the relief of expression."

"Might n't you call it action?" Roger suggested.

"You and Lyssie will never throw dishes at each other," Cecil went on gayly, "and you'll suffer ever so much more on account of your repression. Philip (I never saw anybody so anxious for his supper!), don't you think it's a pity that people have to come to blows before they can separate?"

"Yes, I think it's a pity," Philip said dryly.

But a certain reality in his voice touched Roger's meaningless gayety, and made him suddenly interested. "Why, Shore, do you think divorce should be easier?"

"Yes; I think it would conduce to a higher morality."

"Well, I suppose I'm rather an extremist, but I don't believe in divorce at all."

"Ah, but you've never been married," Mrs. Shore reminded him drolly.

He had turned his shoulder towards her, and did not notice her remark, even to snub her; he was launched into discussion, and he cared more for discussion than for a pretty woman. "Mind you, I think separation is desirable occasionally, but never divorce. I mean, of course, divorce *a vinculo matrimonii*, and the right to marry again."

"Oh, divorce is concession to human

nature, I admit," said Philip; "deplorable, but necessary."

"Never!" Roger declared, with the joyous dogmatism of the man whose argument has no personal bias. "It's hard on the innocent, sometimes. If the law frees a woman from a wretch, it's a pity that she can't marry some good fellow and be happy; but the individual has got to be subservient to the race. Divorce seems to me like suicide, not inherently or specifically wrong, but socially vicious; both lower just a little the moral tone of society. Besides, our progress is in direct proportion to our idea of the sacredness of marriage; and even the innocent must n't tamper with that ideal sacredness. They've got to suffer, — that's all. It's a pity, but they've got to suffer."

Philip shook his head. "The idealism of the individual is what has made progress, and that may imply a theory of marriage which necessitates divorce."

"Ah, but," cried Roger, "that's just where you make your mistake: *divorce can't be considered from the individual's standpoint*. It's a social question, a race question. If no man lives to himself or dies to himself, still less does he marry to himself; and besides, abstract idealism must always be subjugated to the needs of living."

"I don't agree with you, I don't agree with you," Philip said restlessly.

"Why, but Shore," the other persisted, "just see where your theory leads you. See what a poor, cheap sort of thing it makes of marriage, — a thing dependent on mood."

"It is dependent on love," said Philip Shore.

"But is n't duty to be considered? Is n't there to be any effort to hold love?" Roger protested.

Philip and Cecil both began to speak, and each stopped for the other, both with a certain astonishment in their faces that they thought alike.

"Love has nothing to do with effort," said Philip.

"It is absurd to talk about the duty of loving," Cecil declared; and then there was the look at each other, and Cecil laughed. "Love is as unmoral as art; you can't talk about the duty of loving."

"Love may have nothing to do with morality," Philip broke in, "but it has everything to do with spirituality. When love has ceased, marriage has ceased, and separation should be permitted."

"It would certainly be more agreeable," Cecil said. "But do you think a man and woman, even in our class, should part if they are tired of each other?"

Roger Carey made some flippant remark about "theories." He was exceedingly uncomfortable, without quite knowing why.

Philip's face, in the dim light on the porch, looked drawn and pale. "I don't know what you mean by a husband and wife being 'tired of each other.'"

"Excellent Philip! I mean bored to death. Were you never bored? Being bored takes the place of having dishes thrown at you in that state of life where it has pleased God to call us. Well, do you think such people ought to part? Heavens! society would tremble to its base; it would be a sort of puss-in-the-corner, would n't it? Everybody would run in every direction. Is that what you think, Philip, really?"

"I think a man and woman have no moral right to remain together when they no longer love each other."

"Well, I believe I agree with you," Cecil said thoughtfully, — "if only for the interest which it would impart to one's immediate circle." Then she took Roger's arm, while he, conscious and uncomfortable, declared, in a tone artificial even to his own ears, that they were both wrong.

"Absolutely wrong! Come in and have something to eat. Come down to earth, Shore, and teach your wife better sociology. By Jove, though, would n't the lawyers thrive if your views became general!"

XVIII.

"When you get home, Cecil, I'd like to speak to you, if you'll be so good. I won't detain you very long."

Philip said this as he helped his wife into the carriage, at the close of Miss Carr's festivity.

"Very well," she said crossly. Her tolerance of his scrupulous politeness failed her for a moment. In that talk upon the porch, she had had, under her careless gayety of argument, a sudden passionate realization of the dreariness of her life. How tired she was of Philip, but how impossible — for she never dreamed of applying the theories she advanced for Eliza to herself — how impossible was any escape from such dreariness! She had a bleak vision of the years before her: the years of hearing him talk to Molly; the years of seeing his face every day at the opposite end of the table; the years of dull, necessary household questions, — shall this horse be bought? shall that servant be discharged? — long, level, horrible years! She had a swift, angry remembrance of his "ways," — those harmless, unconscious habits of the body which go so far towards making the individual, and which love finds half touching and wholly dear. She recalled his way of cutting open the pages of his stupid quarterlies and reviews; of absently twisting his mustache while he read; of pressing his lips together as though to taste his wine, while putting down his wineglass: all the little mannerisms of the Human suddenly filled her with disgust. Oh, how tired she was of him! Yes, plates as missiles would be far more bearable than this expanse of arid virtue, this monotonous faultlessness. His very courtesy at the carriage door gave her a feeling of irritation.

"Get in!" she said impatiently.

But he shook his head. "I'm going to walk. I'll be at home almost as soon

as you are. Will you wait for me in the library, please?"

Then he shut the door, and turned on his heel into the darkness. An hour before, the difficulty of telling a woman (for Philip, before he was an idealist, was a gentleman) what he thought of their relation — or, to put it crudely, the difficulty of telling his wife that he did not wish to live with her any longer — had appeared to him almost insurmountable. But as he listened to her there on the porch, a sudden determination came to him. Perhaps it was because her carelessness and superficiality seemed absolutely unendurable; or perhaps it was because she chanced to say, "I agree with you." Of course he knew that her agreement with his proposition went no deeper than the effect, and never touched the cause. It indicated no conviction of hers, but it made it easier for him to express a conviction of his own. He went home through the darkness, too absorbed to notice the soft, fine rain that pressed against his face in a steady mist. He carried his stick behind him, gripping it with both hands; his head was bent, and his lips were hardened into a stern line; his whole body stooped forward, as though his will and haste out-ran his hurried stride.

"Will she consent to a separation?"

Over and over he asked himself the question. Not that he expected to put his fate to the touch that night; he only meant to see how deep this flimsy and obviously selfish opinion of hers might be. Would it be strong enough to break down the bars of convention, and give him freedom? He had never a moment's hope that it would have in it the strength of any spiritual desire for freedom for herself. He had long since ceased to hope anything like that for her. No; his only thought was that he might use her unworthy impulse as a means of escape for his own soul.

When Philip Shore opened the door of his library, he found his wife await-

ing him. Her face had cleared in that drive home, — it had been so comfortable among the cushions of her carriage; and after all, life cannot be absolutely dreary when one has plenty of cushions! She had sent upstairs for a box of candy when she came in, and then she went into the library, and sank down upon a lounge, half reclining, half sitting, her strong white fingers clasped behind her head, and her half-shut eyes full of lazy good nature. Yes, things might be worse; and besides, everybody else was in the same trap. It was the old miserable but mighty consolation of unhappy souls: every one else is involved in the same calamity; so bear it, make the best of it, — in fact, be as comfortable as you can.

"And things are pretty comfortable," she said to herself. "Oh, what a soup that was at dinner! Jane must never leave me if she can make such soups. She reconciles me to my lot." Then she heard the door open, and knew that Philip had entered. "Well?" she said, without turning her head.

Philip pushed up a chair, and sat down; he looked at her in silence. Cecil opened her eyes, and took a piece of candy.

"It's about John, I suppose? Is n't it a nuisance to have him leave? Don't give him a character; it's the only way we can retaliate. Have you any one else in mind?"

"I have spoken to him; he will stay," Philip said briefly, and then stopped, and looked down at the floor a moment, and drew in his lips in a hard line. "I want to speak to you of what you said to-night."

"Of what I said?" Cecil frowned, and tried to remember. "Why, what did I say? Oh, you mean about divorce? Oh, Philip, now don't be argumentative at this hour!"

She rubbed her foot softly against the lounge, and one slipper dropped with a clatter to the floor; then she yawned, and stretched herself lazily, and un-

fastened the square topaz upon her bosom, loosening the yellow lace a little, so that she might feel the cool air upon her throat. Her *abandon*, her comfort, her look of enjoying her body, strangely disgusted him. He wanted to say to her, "Sit up; remember you are not alone!" He pushed his chair back, and frowned, with lowered eyes.

"Your — dress?" he said, with a gesture.

"No, I never take cold," she answered. "Yes, Philip, I supposed for once we agreed; but don't, for Heaven's sake, try to prove anything to me now." She laughed a little, and rubbed her eyes. "I'm nearly dead with sleep," she declared.

"We do agree," he returned quickly. "Only, it seems to me more than a pity that a man and woman must wait until they come to blows, before they can separate. It seems to me a sin."

"Oh well, that's as you look at it," said Cecil, with a yawn. "When one says it's unpleasant, one says the whole thing. If that is all you wanted to tell me, Philip, I'm going to bed. I wish there was anything very good to eat in this house, — anything interesting, like mushrooms and aspic, perhaps. I think I'll wake Jane and tell her to find something for me; I'll take bread and cheese, if there's nothing else."

She sat up, and moved her foot in its thin silk stocking about upon the floor to find her slipper; then a sparkle of laughter flew into her eyes. "Put it on for me, Philip," she commanded, and thrust out a charming foot; and as he, his very fingers shrinking, touched the warm, lithe ankle and put the slipper on, she gave him a little poke with the green satin toe. "You goose!" she said drolly; but there was contempt as well as amusement in her voice.

He understood it, but he replied, quietly enough, "There is something more than unpleasantness in a marriage where the husband and wife don't love each

other;" and then he gave her a look that made the color sweep into her face. But she was too sleepy to lose her temper.

"If you knew how perfectly ridiculous that sounds! Love! What do you mean by love? Exchanging locks of hair and vows of eternal constancy?"

"Hardly."

"Well," she answered slowly, "I don't believe in love, — except in maternal love. The other kind is nothing but selfishness."

"It need not be."

"But it is — while it lasts," she said, sighing, and rose, and stood silent a moment, looking down at the floor; then she said abruptly, "You wanted to say something, Philip? I don't know how we got off on to this subject; it's disagreeable enough! What was it?"

"It was of this I wanted to speak," he answered, rising also; then he took a turn about the room, his hands in his pockets, and came back to her. "It has been in my mind a very long time."

"What has been in your mind? Marriage or love?"

"Marriage without love."

"At least that is more respectable than love without marriage," she said lazily. "Well, what about it?"

"I doubt if it is more respectable."

"Good heavens, Philip," she remonstrated, with good-natured amusement, "what on earth have you got hold of now! Is it some plan for abolishing marriage? You love to reform things, don't you? But do undertake something a little more reputable. Now I must go to bed; I can't keep my eyes open a minute longer. Do you want some money, to print pamphlets about reforming marriage? or do you want to start a fund for free divorce, for the unhappily married? Take it, take it, — only let me go to bed!" She turned away, her hand on the door-knob.

"Good-night," she said.

But he stopped her. "We've begun to speak of this, let us go on. I might as well say now — I ought to have said

it long ago — that this is a very real and terrible question to me.”

“Oh, Philip, must you be ecstatic? Consider the hour.”

“For God’s sake, drop your flippancy!” he said, with such sudden passion that she looked at him apprehensively. Was he going to have an attack of soul on the question of marriage? “I think the time has come when we must talk this out. You and I have failed as husband and wife. Of course we both know that perfectly well. Where the greater blame lies does n’t matter now. The fact is the important thing.”

“Failed?” Cecil repeated, with that surprise which is uncertain whether or not to be anger, — “failed? Do you mean we don’t love each other? Why, Philip, you are letting truthfulness get the better of politeness. Well, I don’t know; you may not love me, but I — I don’t mind you, Philip.” Then it occurred to her that he wanted her love; was this what he had been leading up to? She felt the color come into her face; she was very much amused. But his next words enlightened her.

“You and I can’t talk of love. Forgiveness is all I can ask you for. But there’s the fact, — we’ve failed; the question is whether our failure involves any duty.”

She was standing with her hands behind her, leaning back against the table; the light from the lamp beside her gilded the long line of her moss-green gown from her shoulder to her heel; the topaz caught it, and gleamed suddenly, like a watchful eye. Her face was full of delicate color, and her neck and bosom were as white as down; about her forehead, warm still from the cushions of the sofa, her hair broke into shining rings. She caught a shadowy glimpse of herself in the long mirror between the windows, and she thought, with whimsical contempt, that Philip would have been just as indifferent to the beauty imaged there had it belonged to some other woman in-

stead of to his wife, — his wife, to whom he was so rude as to comment upon an obvious enough fact: that he and she did not love each other.

“Well,” she said scornfully, “you are perfectly absurd about some things, Philip. So long as you seem to be saying disagreeable things, I might as well tell you that you are perfectly absurd. We get along as well as most people. I don’t know what you mean by a duty that may be involved. The only duty I know anything about is to have good manners, even though you bore me to death. And you do, you know, Philip, — I’m sorry to seem rude, but you have introduced truth, — you do bore me very much, sometimes. What do you want me to do? Try and take up love’s young dream? Why can’t you reconcile yourself to the fact that every marriage is a failure, in the sense you mean?”

“Other people’s marriages are not our affair,” he answered harshly; “and it is n’t true, anyhow. But because we are miserable we need not blaspheme.”

There was something in his voice that made her turn and face him. For a moment there was silence; then she said, in a very low voice, “Are you — are you — making this question of divorce *personal*?”

“How can it be anything but personal, when you and I talk of the immorality of a marriage without love?”

Cecil made no reply.

“You said, — I don’t know how deeply you meant it, — but you said that you thought that when a husband and wife did not love each other they ought to part.”

Cecil, her head bent upon her breast, watched him closely, but did not speak.

“I, also, think they ought to part; because a marriage without love is legalized baseness, or else it is a lie.”

Cecil, looking up at him, said distinctly, “Who is the woman, Philip?”

He looked at her, with a broken word of disgust, and turned away.

A flame leaped in Cecil's eyes; she stood upright, and struck the table violently with her clenched hand. "You come to me," she cried, her voice tingling with passion, "to *me*, to prate about the sanctity of marriage and the duty of separation! You want to be free, for reasons of your own, — illegal baseness, perhaps? But no! You? You have n't blood enough in your veins for that. I know you! Good heavens, you are not a man! But there is some reason under this fine talk, some ulterior motive. What is it?"

"You know better," he said, between his teeth.

She laughed loudly. "I know there's no woman, because you have n't it in you! But when you come here and whimper about morality, I know there's some cold-blooded reason behind it all. I'm not a fool, Philip Shore. You put off our marriage on the ground of duty, — you wanted to go to Paris to study. You gave up your art because of duty, — you wanted to dabble, in your dilettante way, in politics. Now you come and talk of the duty of divorce! *What do you want?*"

It was terrible to see flash out through the refinement of tradition and training this loud vulgarity of soul.

"Well, answer, answer! Can't you? Of course we don't love each other; how could I love you? But I don't see what you want. I don't see how we can be any more separated than we are. You are perfectly free; you can go to Paris and study again, if you wish!"

Philip looked at her, and looked away for very shame of what he saw; under his breath he said, with sudden passionate pity, "Oh, you poor soul!" For an instant the tears stood in his eyes. "But I can't talk to her," he thought desperately. Yet when she said again, furiously, something of this separation which had existed in fact for three years, he tried to tell her, curtly, with averted eyes, that such a condition was a lie.

"We pretend to be married," he said, — "we are separated; we both know it, but no one else knows it."

"And you want it known?" she cried, — "you want to take the world into your confidence?" She was so amazed that she forgot her anger.

"You and I are living a lie" — he began; but she interrupted him.

"Be explicit, be explicit," she said sternly; "don't rhapsodize. You offer me an insult. At least state it plainly."

"I think we ought to separate, openly."

"Do you mean be divorced?"

"There is no such thing as divorce in anything but a legal sense. I admit its propriety, its necessity, even, for some people. But I don't think we need concern ourselves with that. Our business is, whether we shall continue to profane a sacrament."

He seemed to her so absolutely preposterous that her anger broke into a laugh.

"Sit down; there's no use standing here as though we were on the stage. You use fine words, Philip; I don't, though I know the jargon. I prefer the stupid truth: we're tired of each other. But there is one thing you overlook: we are so unfortunate as to have been born in a class where a prejudice exists against publicity. We don't talk of our diseases or our infelicities; yet we have our doctors, and though we don't 'separate,' we 'travel,' — like my dear papa."

It was a curious scene: these two, the woman in her lace and jewels, the man with the red carnation in his button-hole, with every suggestion about them of the reserves, and dignities, and conventions of living, standing there face to face, speaking passionately the primitive realities of life! Cecil sat down opposite her husband at the library table; a shaded lamp burned between them; except for its soft glow, the room, with its book-covered walls, was full of shadowy dusk. One window was open, a black oblong of rainy night, and through it the smell of wet leaves wandered in

from the garden, and sometimes a faint, cool breath of air, although there was no wind; there was no sound, either, except for Philip's voice and Cecil's playing with a paper cutter, — lifting it and letting it drop between her fingers, and then lifting it and dropping it again. She was perfectly calm; she rested her chin in one hand, and watched him closely; only, when he came to speak of Molly, her eyes blazed. He told her that the existence of the child made their duty greater in this matter. And then he said that, under circumstances such as theirs, neither father nor mother could claim the right to the child, and therefore, if they should decide to separate, the only thing to do was to divide Molly's time; they should each have her for half the year.

When he said this, his wife flung her head back and laughed silently. He saw it; he sat there speaking from the depths of his soul, speaking with terrible restraint, speaking as a man speaks for his life; he saw the laugh, and knew what it meant. The hopelessness of the situation took him by the throat. What was the use? He had no words; he and she spoke a different language.

Cecil tapped her lip with her paper cutter thoughtfully. "I can take Molly abroad to school, I suppose, though she's rather young for that." She did not even notice his concession; then she looked over at him, and laughed angrily. "You hypocrite! you have n't told me the truth yet."

He looked at her with a kind of terror. "My God! she *can't* understand!" he said, almost in a whisper.

"Oh, you need n't doubt my intelligence. I merely want to know the object of all this. What is at the root of this passion for duty? You know. Philip, I have seen it in you before. I tell you that I am willing to travel, — so drop that; now tell me the meaning of it all."

"Cecil," he said, with great gentle-

ness, "you know that I have never lied to you, and" —

"Never!" she agreed dryly; "you would have been so much more attractive if you had."

— "so believe me, even if you can't understand me: your proposal of a secret separation has no bearing on the purpose in my mind."

"It is, however, the only ground on which I will consent to your suggestion," Cecil answered calmly. "I am quite willing to travel. In fact, if it were not impolite, I should say that I would be glad to travel. Oh, and about Molly. Of course that is perfectly absurd. I should n't think of giving her up, — I should n't think of such a thing!"

The blood rushed into Philip's face. "What! do you think I will allow you to have her?"

The threat in his eyes made her shrink back, as though he were going to strike her.

"I am responsible for Molly's soul!" he said; and then into the moment of tingling silence between them came the sudden banging of the front door, and Roger Carey's step in the hall.

"Hello, Eric, old man! Don't knock me down!" they heard him say. "Shore! Philip! what are you burning the midnight oil for?" He whistled, and shoved the library door open, and came in and saw them, the husband and wife: Philip, ghastly pale; Cecil, crimson and panting, her lips parted for some furious word. But in a flash the vision was gone. He heard, in his embarrassed dismay, his hostess murmuring something about Lyssie and the rain, and the voice of his host declaring that Eric ought to have been locked up in the barn. For his own part, he was able to observe, sleepily, that it was funny how late twelve seemed in the country; and then he said good-night with careful unconcern, and went out and left them, saying under his breath, "Good Lord!"

They heard his door close; they heard

the clock in the hall begin to strike twelve. Cecil suddenly drew the lace together across her throat; her breath caught in a sob; she leaned both hands upon the table and bent over towards her husband; the light shone up upon her trembling lip, upon the fierce tears in her eyes, upon the anger and terror in her face.

"Oh, Philip Shore, Philip Shore!" she said in a whisper, "can you never think of anything but yourself? Yes, we'll separate. I agree, I agree!"

XIX.

Roger was to go away the next day, but he did not have to start until late in the afternoon, so he and Lyssie had planned to take a long walk in the morning. They were to go over to the hills on the other side of the river. There was a road there that Lyssie knew, — a road where the grass grew tall between the wheel ruts, and the wayside bushes pressed close upon the passer-by, and the trees dropped pleasant shadows all along the grassy track; a road where two might walk very close together, and know that no eye more curious than a squirrel's would be apt to pry upon them; the very road for a long talk, the very place for endless variations upon three noble words, "*I love you!*"

The thought of having Lyssie all to himself for a whole, still, sunshiny morning enchanted Roger Carey, and he was, not unnaturally, annoyed to have her come downstairs and say that her mother was so fatigued by the party that she had a bad headache. "And of course," Alicia ended, "I must sit with her; so I can't go out to walk. I'm so sorry!"

"Why, but Lyssie!" said Roger blankly. "Why, this is our last chance for a month. Your mother fatigued by the party? How can she be fatigued by the party? She did n't go. It's just a headache, and" —

"Yes, that's all; my going excited her, you know."

"Can't Esther take care of her? You seem to forget that I'm going away this afternoon!"

"Esther? Esther can't take my place. Or perhaps you think anybody can take my place, sir!"

To contradict this gave Roger some pleasure; and when Lyssie, with glowing face, slipped out of his arms, he supposed he had gained his point. But she shook her head, and sighed. "Oh, Roger, don't encourage me to be selfish. I'd like to go; that shows you how selfish I am. Selfishness is my besetting sin," she informed him sadly; "you ought to help me to be good."

"You selfish?" Roger cried. "You are an angel!"

"I? I am not good at all — if you only knew! Why, Roger, I can't imagine what you ever saw in me to love."

"Bless your little heart! It was your goodness that made me love you. For me, I'm like a crow beside you."

Thus and thus the regal humility of love! What a pity it is that so often, when marriage has given two perfect beings each other, admiration should be exchanged for criticism.

"You know, Lyssie" (confession is delightful when one's sweetheart is the priest, and her absolving, unbelieving, happy eyes look up and smile denial of the fault confessed), "I don't pretend to any great goodness, and I have a nasty temper; but there is one good thing about me, — I am reasonable; I don't insist on having my own way, unless, as a pure matter of reason, I know I'm right."

"Of course," Alicia agreed eagerly. "But then you always are right, Roger."

Roger whistled. "Lys, the king can do no wrong. But is it prudent to let him know you think so?"

"Yes!" said the girl proudly. "I'm not afraid to tell you all I think of you. I think nothing but what is true. And

I see all your faults. No one is more critical of you than I."

"Well, you shall tell me all about them," Roger assured her. "We'll talk of my faults all the morning; it will take all the morning. Now go and get your hat; it will be too hot soon to climb the hill."

"But Roger — mother?" Alicia's smile vanished.

Roger looked annoyed. "Well, I'm sure she would n't want you to stay at home on her account?"

"I know she would n't; but it's my duty, don't you see?"

"No. I think you have some duty to me; though that does n't seem to strike you."

"Oh, Roger!" said poor little Lyssie, her eyes full of reproach. "Mother is ill, and you know that is very different from just a mere walk."

"Well, of course, — just a mere walk with me," he began crossly. "You don't care about it as I do, that's plain enough."

"Roger!"

"Then come. Don't be foolish, Lyssie." But he was beginning to lose his interest; insistence, after a certain point, does lose its interest.

"Please don't urge me!"

He drew back stiffly. "Oh, certainly not. I suppose I may come in after dinner and say good-by?"

She looked at him, and her lip shook. "Oh, *please!*" she said despairingly.

But Roger turned on his heel, with a concise though unuttered epithet in his own mind, coupled with the name of Mrs. Drayton.

"All right; I've nothing more to say. I think you are wrong; but never mind. I'll come in this afternoon and say good-by before the stage starts. I suppose you can leave your mother long enough for that? There! I'm a brute, Lyssie, I'm ashamed of myself; but you are all wrong, darling."

Then, still irritated in spite of being ashamed of himself, he left her, and

Lyssie, after she had swallowed some tears, went up and spent the morning in the darkened bedroom, where the air was heavy with the sickly scent of cologne, and where she listened to feeble sobbings of reproach that she had stayed downstairs so long. In the afternoon it all came right, of course. Roger was repentant and Lyssie forgiving, but somehow the parting was less perfect than it should have been. A bewildered dismay still lingered in Alicia's eyes, and Roger was dully unhappy, with a self-reproach which took no definite form; he only knew it had nothing to do with his unreasonable temper in the morning.

Now, the stings of conscience are bad enough, as everybody knows, when they are definite; but when the still, small voice only mutters, when the stings are wandering pains which refuse to localize themselves and be treated, remorse is a little more unbearable by the addition of an irritated bewilderment.

Roger's self-reproach was connected with his manner of spending the morning after he left Alicia. Yet he could not say why he was dissatisfied with himself. When he tried to analyze his conduct, he found nothing definite; only a vague uneasiness, an intangible disapproval. Smarting at Lyssie's slight, — for so he chose to consider it, — he had gone back to the Shores', meaning to make his host entertain him. Philip had not appeared at breakfast, which Roger had taken early, so that he might be at Alicia's door by nine; and now he was shut up in his library, — "very much engaged," John said.

Roger wondered, moodily, if he had not better have taken the morning stage.

"I've stayed one day too long in this place," he reflected. He wished Mrs. Shore would appear; he wanted to talk to her of Lyssie's foolish self-sacrifice; not that he meant to complain of Alicia, but it would be a relief to say how, for Mrs. Drayton's own sake, he wished Lyssie were wiser in her devotion to her

mother. It is strange how rarely we recognize in ourselves the meaning of this impulse to find fault with those we love to a third person. We call it sincerity, sometimes, — sometimes, duty: we are mightily serious in our task of justifying to ourselves our disloyalty.

Mrs. Shore did not appear, however. The day seemed to Roger to stretch interminably before him. He had really nothing to do but think how badly he had been treated; he even said savagely, "Very likely I've been a fool to think she cares for me at all. I don't know why she should, of course." This with that angry humility which is so amusing to the persons who do not feel it.

A little later he went out into the garden, for want of something better to do, and walked down to the stone seat by the pool. It was very still here. There was a sleepy blur of sunshine on the meadow opposite, where the grass was scorched into fading yellow and bronze by the August droughts; here and there, a patch of intense, vivid, almost wet green held its own under the shadow of an apple-tree or along the edge of the water. There was the drone of bees in a little border of sweet alyssum, whose faint, clean perfume came to him in hot, wandering breaths; the shimmering haze on the water was laced by the noiseless zigzag of dragonflies; sometimes a yellow leaf floated slowly down through the still air, to make a silent anchorage on the silent water. The warmth and the play of shadows from the faintly moving leaves above him soothed him, so that, in spite of his injured feelings, Roger would no doubt have taken a nap, if Eric, with Molly pulling at his collar, had not walked majestically down the path, and, catching sight of his friend, poked a cold nose under his relaxed hand; at which Roger was instantly awake and good natured. "You rascal," he said affectionately, taking the great, anxious, friendly face in his two hands, "you scoundrel, how dare you wake me up?"

"He would do it," Molly explained. "I was coming to fish for crayfish, an' he came. He lets me hang 'em on his ears by their pincers. He does n't mind."

"Do you suppose the crayfish mind?" Roger asked. But that did not interest Molly. Instead of discussing the feelings of the crayfish, she climbed up on the seat beside him.

"Tell me a story."

"Don't know any," said Roger, beginning to get sleepy again.

"Everybody's so unobliging," Molly assured him: "mamma's awfully cross, and father won't let me talk at all. It is n't very pleasant for me," she ended sadly.

"Well, perhaps you'd better go and make it pleasant for the crayfish," Roger suggested, yawning. Then he looked at his watch, and discovered that it was only ten minutes past eleven. "Confound it!" he said. "Molly, where is your father? In the library still?"

"I don't know. Maybe he is. Father was out of doors all last night, walking and walking around in the rain. Rosa told me so. John told her. And I told mamma, and she said" —

"Never mind!" Roger broke in hastily.

And Molly, with great cheerfulness, changed the subject. "I'll show you something, Mr. Carey, — something I've got in a box in my pocket. Want to see it?"

"Oh, very much," said poor Roger; but did n't Molly think she'd like to catch some crayfish? And then, with an eye to the interrupted nap, he made several suggestions for her diversion: Rosa? The nursery and her paper dolls? "That would be delightful," he said, with insidious enthusiasm. "Just think! playing with those nice dolls in the nursery. Dear me! how pleasant that would be!"

"It's pleasanter with you," Molly informed him, hugging him with much affection; and Roger sighed, and said,

"Well," and submitted to many caresses, and showed his watch and Lyssie's picture, and yawned a good deal.

"What's in the mysterious box?" he asked.

And Molly, her little face very serious and eager, took a small ring-box from her pocket and shook it close against his ear. "Guess!"

"A rocking-chair?" said Roger.

"Why, there could n't be a rocking-chair in this little box, Mr. Carey. Guess again."

"Can't imagine. Show us."

Molly, twinkling with excitement and the pleasure of giving pleasure, opened the box a very little way. "Look! it's my tooth. Rosa pulled it yesterday."

"Great Cæsar's ghost!"

"I thought I'd keep it for the Resurrection," Molly explained shyly.

"Oh, you'll have nice false teeth by that time, Molly," Roger told her gravely.

"Well, but God will know where this is, if I keep it in my pocket," the child said simply, and grew red and resentful when Roger laughed long and loud. He was so wide awake now that he suggested they should hunt somebody up.

"Come and see if your mother is downstairs yet. Have you told her about the Resurrection?"

Molly replied coldly, "No; father knows." But her little anger burned out in a moment, and she was eager and confidential again. "Let's go up to the porch. I guess mamma's on the porch by this time. Mamma said maybe she'd take me to Europe in a ship; but father is n't coming. Father is going to stay at home."

"By Jove!" Roger thought, with real concern, "has their squabble gone as far as that?" He found himself thinking what Cecil must be in a passion; and his eyes brightened a little and his jaw set.

When he and Molly reached the house, and found Mrs. Shore on the porch, he was full of interest in her. It is very

subtle, but it is very real, that interest which a man feels in a woman who is quarreling with her husband. Perhaps it is because, when a woman marries, she shuts the door of her possibilities; but when she quarrels with her husband, she opens it a little, and archly peers out again into men's faces, if only for a moment.

Cecil hardly looked at Roger when he came up the steps, Molly dragging at his hand, and Eric close to his heels. She was sitting in a big reclining-chair which was full of yellow cushions; the old bamboo, smooth as golden lacquer, yielded to every movement, and was as absolutely comfortable as even Cecil could desire. Generally, when she sat thus on the porch, with, very likely, some deeply fragrant flowers at her elbow, she had an air of absolute, delicious comfort, the luxurious satisfaction one sees in an animal basking in the sunshine. But to-day she was unconscious of her comfort, apparently; a dull anger was smouldering in her eyes, and there was a heavy look about them as of fierce, unshed tears. Now, in a weak woman a man finds the hint of tears repulsive; but in a strong woman they rouse only a consciousness of his own strength, or a leaping impulse of tenderness. Her sullenness bites into his thought like some teasing, stimulating, exquisite pain. He would like at once to comfort and to hurt her.

Roger, sitting down beside her, had no longer any inclination to resent Alicia's slight. In Cecil's presence it seemed too small, too silly. He half smiled at himself for having felt it. Alicia, with her droll little obstinacy, was only a child, after all, so ignorant, so foolish, and so sweet! He felt that he loved her very much, and might therefore say to Mrs. Shore this and that of her sister's fantastic idea of duty.

Yes, yes, it was a great pity that Mrs. Drayton should have had a headache that morning!

Cecil made but little response. Roger, disappointed, but desiring sympathy, found himself inviting it by a hint of his conviction that "*votre belle mère*" — this with a hesitating look at Molly — was very — he supposed it was the result of illness, but she was not what one might call unselfish?

"Scarcely," said Mrs. Shore.

Roger felt, resentfully, that he had been encouraged to express an unworthy sentiment, and now his instigator stepped from under, as it were, and declined responsibility. "At least, you have given me that impression," he added.

"The woman tempted you?" Cecil commented.

"It's a way she has had from the beginning," Roger declared more good naturedly, and added frankly, "It was shabby in me to say that; the fact is, I suppose, I am out of temper because I lost my walk."

Cecil showed no interest in his penitence. She looked sullenly straight in front of her; she answered shortly, "yes" or "no," when he went on talking; she seemed to shrink a little when he brought his chair to her side, as though she were half afraid of him. But after a while, quite suddenly, and with a curious fierceness, she turned, and began to talk with a recklessness which Roger had never before seen in her; it was as though she had slipped some leash which had been holding her back. She said she was sorry he was going away; that Lyssie had been very foolish not to walk with him; that Mrs. Drayton was really "impossible." In fact, she condoled with him so warmly upon his prospective mother-in-law that he grew uncomfortable.

"Mrs. Drayton has a talent for tears," she said, "and Lyssie believes in them. Isn't it funny?"

"Well, weakness is a great bully without knowing it," Roger defended Alicia's mother, "and she's in wretched health, you know."

Molly, lounging on Roger's knee, announced that mamma said that grandmamma was as well — oh, as anybody, if she just would n't pretend to be sick. At which Cecil laughed, but Roger said abruptly, "You ought n't to let that child know how you feel!" and Cecil, sobering, winced at his tone.

"I suppose I ought n't," she acknowledged. "Molly, never say anything about grandmamma that mamma has said. Will you remember? I'm very fond of her."

"You're making fun," Molly said.

"You naughty little girl!" cried Cecil, much amused. "Of course I love grandmamma, and so must you; remember you've only one grandmother, so you must make the most of her, and love her very much."

"Oh, she's only a step," said Molly, with contempt. "Step-grandmothers don't count."

"What shall I do with her?" said Cecil, in despair.

"Your sin has found you out!" Roger commented significantly.

But his reproof annoyed her, and she dropped the subject of Mrs. Drayton.

"Is n't it funny how they understand the things we don't say?" she remarked. "Really, we ought to converse in another language after children are five years old."

"Would n't it be just as well to let the Young Person have a reforming effect upon our conversation?" he suggested.

"It would be a little dull."

"Perhaps so," he admitted, and added that then, probably, slander and impropriety would become extinct.

"That *would* be dull!" Cecil said.

Roger looked at her thoughtfully. "Why do you say things like that? You don't mean them. And" —

"Well?"

"Well, I think they are rather silly," he explained cheerfully. "Would you mind if I lighted a cigar, Mrs. Shore?"

Again, as a dozen times during these last six weeks, his indifference touched her like some fine and stinging lash. She colored, and defended herself gayly, but with an undertone of eagerness. She was full of that spirited docility which is so flattering to a man; she wanted to know his opinion on a dozen topics, and yet she had her own opinions, and held them with a charming and feminine insistence, which, however, was always based upon intelligence, and which put her companion on his mettle. He grew keen and interested. He overlooked his grievances. He did not have to forgive Lyssie; he forgot her. Perhaps the spiritual as well as the material world has its spring and autumn, its summer and winter, its seasons of alert life, its time when virtue hibernates. It would seem so when one watches the hardening of a sensitive honor, the wavering lassitude of a hitherto robust conscience.

But to the vigorous soul the approach of such torpidity is attended with more or less discomfort. Roger, thinking this talk over afterwards, was vaguely uncomfortable; he could not put his finger on any one thing that he wished he had not done, unless indeed it were his first impatient speech about Mrs. Drayton. But he had apologized for that, and defended her; he had overcome, yes, even forgotten, his resentment at Alicia. To be sure, he had seen with a fierce appreciation the whiteness of Cecil Shore's

throat, the color of her lip; he would have been a fool, or blind, not to have seen them; and they certainly had not prevented him from giving her a piece of his mind, once or twice, in good, hard words. She had looked tired and unhappy, and he had been sorry; it would have been brutal not to be sorry. Lyssie would have been the first to wish him to be sympathetic. No, he had not a thing with which to reproach himself; yet he felt dull and irritable; he was inclined to blame everybody about him, which is a state of mind characteristic of an uneasy conscience. He looked back, in his thoughts, to the disappointment of the morning, and wished that Alicia had just a little less of that feminine obstinacy in the matter of duty which is so aggravating to the masculine mind, — unless indeed the feminine idea of duty and the masculine idea of comfort chance to be synonymous. He said to himself that he hoped she was not going to be like her mother. Now, this is a most significant wish in an engaged man, and one which, if he is wise, will turn him to examining the quality of his love.

When he went, later in the day, to say good-by to Lyssie, Roger was very penitent for his crossness of the morning, and confessed it humbly enough; for even the reasonableness of his position did not excuse crossness, he said. But his penitence did not lighten his conscience of an uncommitted fault.

Margaret Deland.

A SUMMER IN THE SCILLIES.

It is notoriously unsafe to lay out one's summer holiday on the recommendations of friends, however intimate or similar in tastes. The personal equation which enters into all the problems of life is here predominant. Unfortunately, and for the same reason, one's most

respected authorities are equally unsafe as guides for summer travel, whatever they may have proved themselves in the domain of art, or literature, or morals. Perhaps, with Pleasure at the prow, Folly is at the helm oftener than we know or would be willing to acknowledge. At

any rate, and as a matter of fact, I have often found the best finger-posts for days of leisure in works of fiction.

While Miss Edwards's *Untrodden Peaks and Unfrequented Valleys* has led us into a village with accommodations for fifty, and a tourist population of five hundred, and Miss Muloch's *An Unknown Country* has taken us into regions with no accommodations at all, we owe to Thomas Hardy a never-to-be-forgotten summer in Dorset, Baring-Gould has helped us to see and appreciate the Cornish coast, Kingsley has added a new charm to Clovelly and Bideford, and Blackmore has given to Devon and the Doone Valley a living interest that equals their natural attractions. The Scottish Highlands, the Lakes, the Derbyshire Peak, even Kenilworth, owe as much to Scott as to history; Rochester without Pickwick and Edwin Drood would be melancholy; and even Ainsworth has succeeded in putting a keener edge on the pleasure of a first visit to the Tower of London.

That there may be exceptions to the rule the recent differences of opinion between the Pennells and William Black would seem to show, but the last word has not yet been said in that controversy. Without risking further generalization, however, Mr. Walter Besant is responsible for our visit to the Isles of Scilly; and if, after having spent a summer there, I were asked to recommend the best guidebook, I should name *Armored of Lyonesse*. The opening chapters of that story made it clear that, to any one fond of the sea; of sailing and bathing and fishing; of seeing new faces, but not too many of them; of escaping temporarily from the accustomed routine of talk and thought and work; in a word, of changing one's whole atmosphere, physical, social, and intellectual, these islands offered at least a possible opportunity.

They sound remote, but if, for any reason, the transatlantic trip has been made, they will be found as accessible

as St. Augustine or Bar Harbor from New York or Philadelphia. A nine-o'clock evening train from Paddington, with excellent sleeping-carriages (if I had the courage of my convictions, I should say that they are far preferable, in privacy, ventilation, and genuine comfort, to our Pullmans), reaches the most westerly town in England, Penzance, at eight o'clock the next morning. Four days in the week a commodious steamer leaves for the Scillies on the arrival of the train, and lands its passengers in the harbor of Hugh Town, on St. Mary's Island, before noon. If Penzance is not reached on a steamer day, it may be said, *en passant*, that there are worse places in which to spend twenty-four hours. The tradition which locates the scene of the Arthurian legends in the district between the Land's End and the Scillies, Lyonesse, divided by the old chroniclers into one hundred and forty mythical parishes, and now submerged, lends a tinge of romance to the short voyage, and acquires an air of probability when the granite cliffs of Menawethen are sighted, and their geological identity with the rocky spines of Devon and Cornwall becomes apparent.

The harbor of Hugh Town is, in appearance, almost an open roadstead, but is sheltered by so many low islets in so many directions that it is really landlocked. It has only the beauty which belongs to the meeting of sea and shore and sky wherever it occurs, and which gives a charm even to the sands of our New Jersey coast. The picturesque quality of such bays as those of Acapulco, Rio Janeiro, Naples, and Stockholm is lacking here, as it is, indeed, in most of the harbors of Great Britain; and it may be said at once that the first impressions of the Scillies will be disappointing, as will perhaps the later ones for travelers who follow the guidebook routine and visit only the places and points therein recommended.

To begin with, while the entrance to

Hugh Town from the quay, through an old gray stone gateway into a narrow corner between the end of a crooked street and a high sea-wall, has a certain mediæval quaintness, the town itself will be found to consist of two rambling streets of small stone or stucco houses, old enough and stained and weather-worn enough to have lost the charm which, for example, perfect order and spick-and-span neatness and cleanliness give to some otherwise uninteresting Holland villages like Broek, and yet without the artistic flavor that comes with genuine antiquity and decay. It can, however, scarcely be described as a modern town, as it is said that it "began to be of importance" during the reign of Elizabeth.

To live here comfortably for any time (and a short visit will be found unprofitable), it is well to have one's own house, and to be final arbiter as to meal hours, provisions, wines, and general supplies. In this way only, here or elsewhere, can what should be regarded as a fundamental principle of restful holidays be complied with, the maximum remoteness from ordinary civilization with the minimum deprivation of its comforts.

Such a house, with three bedrooms, a servant's room, a drawing-room, a dining-room, and two kitchens, was obtained at the price of three pounds per week. This included the services of the worthy proprietress, her grown-up daughter, and a small handmaid. Only a narrow road, protected by a low stone embankment, separated us from the sea, which at high water was almost on a level with our front hall, — doorstep we had none, — and not more than twenty feet distant. Back of us were a low hill, a modern but pretty gray stone church, and then, not very far off, the sea again.

One essential of life here must be mentioned. A boat and boatman are as necessary as a gondola and gondolier in Venice, and much more care should be exercised in their selection. It is truly the land of tides and currents and ed-

dies; of "races" and whirlpools and breakers without end; of shoals and bars and ugly jagged sunken rocks; of mysterious "draughts" of wind, sudden gales sweeping in from over the western ocean, or, more dangerous still, stealthy fogs creeping up, and in a moment blotting out everything in the universe beyond the tiller or the bowsprit. It is no place for amateurs or strangers to practice navigation on any scale. Fortunately, there is no lack of competent boatmen, and we secured an ex-pilot and fisherman, the descendant of unnumbered generations of Scillonians, who, notwithstanding his seventy years, was still as competent and as vigorous as in the days of his youth, and who, despite a praiseworthy tendency to taciturnity, was an easily tapped fund of local information. The countless rocks and shoals and ledges, the intricate channels, the twists and turns of tides and currents, were to him as Piccadilly or Broadway at noon-day to us; and all this knowledge, together with a large, roomy sailboat and a comfortable punt, was put at our service for two pounds a week.

Thus equipped, sight-seeing becomes a matter merely of individual fancy; dependent upon wind and tide, to be sure, but far less so than in ordinary seaside localities. Calms are rare in Scilly, which is more often storm-swept than any other part of this meteorological district, the average being twenty-two gales yearly. But in summer storms are uncommon, and there is much advantage to the seeker for health or pleasure in the fact that every breeze is a sea breeze, and every wind a fair wind. No matter from what quarter it may blow, there are to be found to leeward fishing of some sort, new islands to visit, rocks to climb, caves to explore, and coves to bathe in.

The ordinary guidebook attractions of the islands, while far inferior to those that are scarcely mentioned, are by no means to be despised. On St. Mary's, the coast scenery at Peninis Head,

Giant's Castle, Clapper Rocks, Normandy Gap, and elsewhere is extremely fine, and all these points can be reached in a half-day's walk.

The rocks are granite, and resemble those of the Cornish coast, with which they are probably continuous. The lines of decomposition in this granite follow certain minute "joints," which as a rule run either horizontally or perpendicularly. Where these are about equal in numbers, the rocks are broken up into immense irregular cubical masses, rounded at the edges and angles; if the perpendicular joints predominate slightly, the granite is left, in the course of ages, in enormous columns resembling basaltic pillars; while if the horizontal joints are almost entirely absent, the rocks still stand as great slabs, almost upright, and often mistaken for Druidical remains, with genuine examples of which the islands abound.

As a result of these factors, the headlands and rocky coasts of Scilly have a charm peculiarly their own, due to the chaotic confusion, fantastic forms, and never ending variety of their gigantic boulders. What they lack in height and coloring is compensated for by boldness of outline, by the endless surge of the breakers at their feet, by the miles of sea and sky that form their background. They have, on a smaller scale, the great advantage possessed by the mountains which encircle the Norwegian fjords or skirt the shores of the Strait of Magellan. They are seen at a glance in their entirety, from base to summit. It is this that often makes heights of three thousand feet in Norway or Patagonia more impressive than mountains of quadruple that altitude in Switzerland or the Tyrol. As Besant says, though Nature "raised no Alpine peak in Scilly, she provided great abundance and any variety of bold coast-line, with rugged cliffs, lofty cairns, and headlands piled with rocks. And her success as an artist in this *genre* has been undoubtedly wonderful."

It is astonishing what a multitude of devious and intricate ways may be discovered in and between the boulders of these granite headlands by any one fond of rock-climbing. On Peninis Head, for example, only one hundred and nine feet in height, there is a maze of rocky passages, all far beneath the surface, through which, by squeezing and crawling, sliding and jumping, now ascending, now descending, one may clamber for hours without once appearing above the level of the ground; while at one place, by going many yards down a perpendicular shaft or chimney, just large enough to admit the hips and shoulders, a cavern is reached, where no ray of light penetrates, and which extends inland a considerable distance. This spot, which rejoices in the euphonious name of Issicumpucker, was once the resort of smugglers and wreckers, and can even now be found only after their "marks" on the summit of the Head have been pointed out.

On St. Mary's, a short walk leads to the "Garrison," a fortified inclosure above Hugh Town, surmounted by a picturesque old building, Star Castle, which was erected by the first governor of the islands, Sir Francis Godolphin, in 1593, during the reign of Elizabeth. It is still in good repair, and is inhabited. From the weather-beaten ramparts, about sunset, a wonderful panorama is spread out in every direction. To the westward and southward, Mincarlo, Great Minalto, Annet, Crebawethen, and dozens of other islets in the track of the sun glow in an orange and crimson haze; while to the north and east, Samson, Bryher, Tresco, St. Martin's, and Great Ganilly stand out in bold silhouette, first purple and then black against the sky. As the sun disappears, the lanterns in the lighthouses, which stand guard on every hand over this land of shipwrecks, begin their nightly duty, and on a clear night the lights from St. Agnes, Round Island, the Bishop, the Wolf, and Longships can all be seen. They are certainly needed.

To call Scilly a land of shipwrecks is no mere form of words. The place is replete with their traditions, their history, and their relics. At every turn one is met with reminders of them. The bells that ring in the churches once struck the time on a man-of-war or a merchantman; the churchyards are filled with monuments to the drowned; the gateposts are often parts of old prows or bits of timber; the fences are pieced out with ships' beams or planking; the shores are strewn with wreckage; and an island on which one or more ships and many lives have not been lost is scarcely to be found. After a time one comes to have a strange sort of familiarity with some of these dead-and-gone people. We felt, for example, as if we had more than a passing knowledge of Sir Cloudesley Shovel when we recalled the elaborate but hideous monument in Westminster Abbey which marks his present resting-place, visited the spot on the shore of Porth Hellick where his body was washed ashore (and on which no grass has grown from that day to this!), and sailed around the solitary southernmost rock of the Scillies, the Gilstone, on which his ship, the *Association*, was lost in 1707. It was rather reversing the usual order of acquaintanceship, but it undoubtedly awakened an interest in this unfortunate gentleman, whose obstinacy in refusing advice from one of his seamen was, according to tradition, the cause of the loss not only of his own ship and life, but of three other large ships and nearly two thousand men.

In more modern times, the wreck, in 1875, of the steamship *Schiller*, a German mail boat bound from New York to Hamburg *via* Plymouth, on the Retarrier Ledges, not more than a mile from the Gilstone, is perhaps the most noteworthy. Three hundred lives were lost, and for weeks dead bodies were found floating in the channels between the islands, stranded on the beaches, or caught in the rocks on the shores. One

hundred of them lie in the churchyard at St. Mary's.

A mere list of the intervening shipwrecks would be tiresome, but a certain ghastly interest attached itself to each new island as we sailed up to it, and learned from our skipper and our guide-book of the fatalities associated with it. The whole world seems to have contributed. On *Rosevear* was wrecked, in 1784, the *Nancy*, an East Indian, with Mrs. Ann Cargil, a successful actress returning from India with her accumulated fortune. She lies in St. Mary's churchyard, and her fortune fathoms deep off the Western Islands. On the *Rags*, a French schooner was lost in 1685; on *Meledgan*, a Dutch vessel in 1760; on the *Ponds*, a Portuguese steamer in 1869; on *White Island*, in 1875, a Russian steamship, the *Aksia*: and this remarkable mortuary record might be continued almost indefinitely. It is evident that during the centuries Scilly has been no respecter of either nationalities or persons; and although it is said that she is behind the Goodwin Sands in the actual number of shipwrecks, she has certainly, by virtue of her jagged reefs which impaled some, and of her irregular, deeply indented shores which held others in their clutches, preserved and kept in evidence more relics of marine disaster than any other part of the world I know of.

Visits to some of the lighthouses should not be omitted. The most accessible, but the least interesting in its surroundings, is that on St. Agnes, which is one of the oldest in Great Britain. It was first lighted in 1680, and in the gardens of Tresco Abbey may still be seen the antiquated coal-burner which then, and for a century afterwards, held the flickering flame that at the best could scarcely be seen at St. Mary's, two miles away, and at the worst, it is strongly suspected on the authority of Heath, was allowed to go out at times when it was most needed by storm-driven vessels.

Round Island, to the northward, a bold

mass of rock crowned with its lighthouse, has an approach which, in the picturesqueness of the surroundings, recalls Gibraltar. A rope leading from the summit across a narrow, deep chasm to the shore of a neighboring islet answers for the mooring of visiting craft, and as a cable by which supplies are hoisted when stormy weather renders landing impossible. A staircase cut in the solid rock, and leading in zigzags up the face of the precipitous cliff, conducts to the base of the lighthouse, which has the duty of protecting the northern approaches to the Scillies. From its lantern, perhaps, the best general view of the northern and eastern islands is obtainable, though here each succeeding view-point seems better than its predecessors.

The visit to the Bishop, however, is an experience not to be classed with anything else. The lighthouse rises from a rock far out to the westward, four miles from any inhabited land, and stands guard over the so-called "Western Isles," probably the most fatal in their past history, and the most menacing in their possibilities, of any of the group. Besant, in *Armored*, has picturesquely described their dangers: the hidden rocks, the long ridges of teeth that tear and grind to powder any boat caught in their devouring jaws, the currents which run swiftly and unexpectedly to dash the boat upon the rocks, the strong gusts which sweep round the headlands and blow through the narrow sounds. For these reasons, but chiefly because otherwise a landing could not be effected, an exceptionally calm day must be selected for the visit. Only on approaching the Bishop closely can its remarkably exposed, solitary, and perilous position be fully realized. The rock on which it is built is just sufficient to give support to its base. There is literally and absolutely nothing beyond it. A penny held at arm's length from the lantern and dropped falls into the sea. On the very quietest day the waves wash up to, and

often over, the summit of the rock. In rough weather they beat against the brass door, sixty feet above the sea, which closes the lowest opening in the side of the tower; in severe storms they wash clear over the lantern, at a height of one hundred and forty-three feet. Not many years ago, a fog-bell, strongly fastened one hundred feet above the sea, and weighing five hundredweight, was broken off and carried away by the waves, as were a ladder and flagstaff, twenty feet higher. Men who have served their time at the Eddystone, the Wolf, the Longships, and other outlying lighthouses say that at the Bishop both the wind and the sea are fiercer than at any other station. The process of landing, although probably unattended by any real risk, is not without some elements of excitement. A portion of the party disembark from the larger boat into a punt. This is rowed as near the base of the rock as the sea will permit. In very quiet weather, a rope cast from a little platform at the foot of the lighthouse permits the cautious approach of the boat to the slippery steps cut in the side of the rock, green with algæ, and either dripping with the foam of a receding wave, or many feet under the crest of an incoming roller. With the help of the rope and by careful watching for an opportunity, a quick jump while on the summit of a wave may land the visitor where he can scramble up out of the reach of the next breaker, but on most days this would be altogether impossible. The only method of landing safely the few ladies or children who venture to pay such a visit (and all persons in moderately rough weather) is by casting to the boat a loop of stout line leading over a pulley near the summit of the lighthouse and down again, to be rolled over an iron windlass fastened to a little stone ledge, or set-off, thirty-two feet from the sea. One person at a time is tied in or sits within this loop, to which a second line is made fast, the other end

being held in the boat, so as to keep the visitor clear of the rocks and the sides of the lighthouse during the process of hoisting. The windlass is manned, and the occupant of the rope seat is swung into the air, inwards across the foam and boil of the breakers (a space varying from three to thirty yards, according to the weather), and then upwards, until the stone ledge is reached and a secure footing is obtained. The sensation during the transit is novel, as is the view of the surf over which one swings. In the history of the lighthouse no accident has ever occurred; but, after all, there have not been many opportunities for accident. We had the curiosity to count over the names in the Visitors' Book, opened in 1864, five years after the completion of the building. In the three decades which have elapsed, two hundred and twenty persons had visited the lighthouse, or less than eight persons annually.

After reaching the ledge, a giddy perch only a couple of feet in width, a brass ladder, with steps about two inches wide, each step riveted into the stonework, must be climbed for another thirty feet before access to the building is gained, and then an inside spiral staircase leads upwards through the storeroom, the kitchen, the bedroom, and the service-room into the lantern. Four men are on duty at a time, and are relieved every three weeks; but it is not uncommon, in heavy weather, for the relief to be delayed from a month to six weeks, owing to the impossibility of landing. The men at this station are said to become neurasthenic after about a year's service; and it is not difficult to divine the cause, if one but recalls the twenty-two annual gales that they weather, and pictures the loneliness and isolation of their lives during these periods, when the waves of three thousand miles of Atlantic are dashing themselves against the lighthouse, or flying over it in sheets of foam, and making even the seven feet of masonry at its base tremble and vibrate.

If one seeks a respite from the almost uninterruptedly marine occupations of the islands, a visit to the gardens of Tresco Abbey cannot fail to give pleasure. They are unique in Europe, if not in the world. I have never seen an open-air garden to compare with them, unless perhaps the Botanic Gardens of Rio Janeiro, and I do not recall even there so remarkable a variety of vegetation as that which flourishes here in the mild and equable temperature produced by the Gulf Stream. Side by side with the firs and pines and evergreens of northern Europe are found the palms and aloes and cacti of the tropics, the Cape fig of South Africa, the *Puya Chilensis* (said to be the only plant of its kind that has flowered in the open air in Great Britain), ferns from New Zealand, azaleas from India, cedars from Lebanon, rhododendrons from the Himalayas, magnificent eucalypti, and fuchsias, hydrangeas, magnolias, and myrtles growing to the height of trees, and filling the whole place with color and fragrance. The present lord proprietor, a very courteous and hospitable gentleman, universally respected in the islands, which he practically governs, has given great pleasure to hundreds of visitors by the free access to these gardens which he permits under proper restrictions. A fresh-water lake, fringed with silver-plumed pampas grass, at the foot of a lawn stocked with Egyptian geese, American ostriches, white ducks, and other fowls, adds to the attractiveness of the picture. The ostriches were very small as compared with those I had seen on Patagonian plains, but it may be that they were young ones.

The special and characteristic Scillonian tinge is given to the gardens by a collection of grotesque figureheads from wrecked vessels; a capstan surmounted by a Mexican eagle; an ancient anchor, the iron of which has been not merely covered, but actually replaced, by silicates and lime salts during the ages which have passed since it saw the vessel which had borne it go into splinters on the

rocks. Even a garden, in Scilly, must savor of the sea and of shipwrecks.

A picture quite as striking in its way, and little less beautiful, may be obtained on any quiet day by watching the panorama of the sea-bottom, while drifting slowly in a boat over places where the depth does not exceed two or three fathoms. I have never seen, except in the West Indies and off the Brazilian and Chilian shores, such extraordinary luxuriance in submarine vegetation, such brilliant coloring, and such abundance of animal life. There is no end to the variations in the browns and greens and yellows of the seaweeds, and in their sizes and shapes: some as delicate and feathery as maidenhair fern, swaying to and fro with every ripple of the water; others with stalks as thick as one's arm, and great spreading branches, like subaqueous trees, but with an unpleasant way of surrounding, and clutching, and even of drowning the swimmer who gets in their midst. The zoöphytes are no less numerous and variegated, while beautiful flower-like anemones, purple and green and white sea urchins, yellow starfish, and brown sea cucumbers can be seen by thousands. Frequently a graceful jelly fish, or possibly a half dozen, will float across the field of view, with fringe outspread and undulating; or a scorpion crab or sea spider or enormous lobster will sidle across the bottom; or the water will suddenly be absolutely filled with pilchards, darting hither and thither, or swimming quietly, with their noses all turned in one way, in obedience to some imperceptible current.

The fishing is, on the whole, excellent, and is varied enough to keep up the interest of the most unenthusiastic angler. The pollock fishing, a sort of slow trolling; the chadding, with the boat anchored in a tideway; the pilchard fishing, with nets after dark; and the fishing for plaice and bream and gurnard and sole and cod, are worthy of description by some one more learned

than I am in piscatorial ways and methods.

But there is yet other fishing to be had here, which deserves more than passing mention. About three miles southwest of the Bishop there is a shoal, several acres in extent, rocky, sandy, or weedy in patches, and known as "the Pol." Here the depth of the ocean decreases to from sixteen to twenty fathoms at low water. This shoal, the top of a submerged islet, is now, as it apparently has been for centuries, the favorite feeding-ground of some extraordinary marine animals, notably the great conger eel, from four to six feet in length, in girth the size of one's thigh, and from forty to one hundred pounds in weight, living among the rocks and weeds, and fearing, according to Besant, "nothing that swims except the calamary." Here, too, is the ling, a snakelike fish, often outweighing the conger; and the skate, even larger and more hideous, favoring the sandy spots, and when hooked coming up on the end of the line as a dead, inert mass of ugliness. Sharks are constantly found there at all depths, doubtless attracted by the abundance of animal life in the vicinity. For hundreds of years this place has been known to the Scillonian fishermen. Our boatman told us that his great-grandfather could not remember having heard of a time when it was not resorted to, under proper circumstances, and some of the oldest books on Scilly allude to it. Then, as now, however, those circumstances occurred with comparative rarity. The conditions absolutely necessary for a successful visit to the Pol are many. It must be on a neap tide, and at the slackest part of it, or there will be too much current on the shoal for anchorage. This at once strikes out of every fortnight all but three or four days. The sea must not be very rough, or again anchorage becomes impossible. If the wind is too strong, the same result follows; while if there is a dead calm, it is dif-

ficult to reach the ground. Finally, "thick" weather or a fog, by obscuring the "marks," — that is, the cross-bearings, the alignment of certain far-distant rocks and islands, — renders it impossible to find the shoal at all.

When all the favorable conditions are present, however, the visitor to the Scillies, who is not subject to seasickness and is of fair bodily vigor, should by no means miss a trip to the Pol. Freedom from seasickness is desirable, as on the very quietest day there is sure to be a great ocean swell coming lazily in from the westward, and imparting considerable motion to the boat; bodily strength is necessary, since to haul in from fifty to sixty fathoms of stout line, a lead weighing from five to ten pounds, and a fish that will turn the scales anywhere from forty to one hundred and fifty pounds will severely test the angler's muscles and endurance, especially as it must probably be done in a rolling and pitching boat, swinging around with wind and tide, and slippery with fish slime. The same care should be exercised in the selection of the boat and men as was advised in the matter of pleasure-boat-ing. The choice will in all likelihood fall on a Hicks, or a Jenkins, or a Legg of St. Agnes, who will call for you at an unearthly hour, and convey you in a roomy but not overclean lugger to the fishing-ground.

On arrival in the supposed vicinity of the Pol there is sure to be an animated consultation of the boatmen anent the "marks" which are to determine the exact position to be selected; the top of this shoal, from ninety to one hundred and twenty feet beneath the surface, being mapped out into separate districts with as much precision as if it had been done by a New England town surveyor. To the landsman, at this time, the landscape consists of the sky, the sea, and the Bishop, whose top may sometimes be seen when the lugger rises on the summit of a wave. Far off to the eastward,

an occasional dull, cloudlike spot showing above the huge Atlantic rollers suggests land. That is all that the most persistent, eye-straining gaze will reveal, and it gives an almost ludicrous tone to the excited discussion about the relations of unseen points of land on invisible islands. The peculiarities of the Scillonian dialect and grammar are marked enough to add still further to the interest of the occasion.

When it is finally determined that "the Crebinacks are on a line with the northern Cuckoo, and Pednathias with the Rags," and that neither Maiden Bower nor Biggal, islands which for a time had seemed unaccountably dislocated, has left its moorings, it is agreed to drop the anchor and begin to "fishee." As a matter of fact, if the lantern of the Bishop had not now and then shown itself over the tops of the intervening surges, we might have supposed ourselves anchored in the middle of the broad Atlantic. But it is not long before the result justifies our boatmen's procedure. On our last visit to the Pol the tide permitted about four hours' fishing. In that time three lines brought up over two thousand pounds of fish of the kinds already mentioned. This included eleven sharks, the largest of which was between eight and nine feet in length, nearly three feet in girth, and weighed over one hundred and fifty pounds. It was an interesting sight to watch the shark bait, which consisted of a large fish-head, and was kept at a depth of about three fathoms. It was never long without a visitor, and the exceeding clearness of the water permitted a careful inspection of his every movement. Usually, a smell or two, or perhaps even a touch with the rounded snout, a quick whisk of the powerful tail sending him off like an arrow, and a slower return, with a few graceful curves around the centre of attraction, would constitute the performance. Then the really beautiful lilac and blue of his shining back would dis-

appear, and the dirty-white belly turn uppermost, while the bait vanished as though drawn into a cavern. After that, the haul to the surface, the struggle at the gunwale, while the water was in a lather about the boat from his lashing and writhing, the gaffing, and the lifting him inboard made a few moments of intense and very pleasurable excitement.

But, after all, I have left the very best of Scilly to the last. The great charm of the place, the supreme attraction, is in the visits to the outlying islands; the long days spent idling on their shores, or clambering over their rocky summits, or bathing in their bewitching bays, each one seemingly more secluded and picturesque and fascinating than the others.

Annet, the few acres of its soil undermined by the puffins, so that at each unwary step one sinks to one's knees; strewn with the eggs and the fledgelings of gulls and cormorants, guillemots and gannets, shags and hern, oyster-catchers, kittiwakes, and shearwaters; with no signs of human life, past or present, except those afforded by an excavation traditionally referred to a Phœnician tin mine perhaps one thousand years before Christ, and some immense ship's timbers left high up above the rocks when the vessel went to pieces, years ago; with no trace or record of having been in touch with humanity during the intervening centuries, — Annet is unlike anything else I have seen in this hemisphere. In geologic chronology, its underlying granite makes the volcanic tops of the Galapagos Archipelago in the Pacific (an equally strange and unusual place) seem modern in comparison. The soil of Elizabeth Island, near the Atlantic end of the Strait of Magellan, is similarly undermined (by penguins instead of puffins); but its traditions begin — and end — with Drake and Hawkins, and its history, in comparison, seems only of yesterday.

Menawahr, with its rugged head cleft

by two chasms running far below the sea level, is among the more imposing and gloomy and solitary of the Scillies. The view from the very edge of one of these chasms, when, pushed by wind and tide, the waves are boiling through it like the rapids below Niagara, is little short of sublime. About halfway to the difficult summit, a profound vertical gap extending down to the ocean is partly roofed in by some enormous boulders, which have fallen so that their apices meet, and make a rude, irregular arch. As one peers into the crevices between them, nothing is revealed but inky and impenetrable blackness, filled with the roar and grinding of the surf far below. A fall here would be as hopeless as if it were into a crevasse of the Matterhorn.

Rosevear, with gulls and cormorants so tame that they sit almost within arm's length, and watch with curious eyes the proceedings of the unaccustomed visitors; with seals almost as tame, who sun themselves on the rocks near by, or follow the boat with doglike patience and pertinacity, has also a fascination of its own. A pathway over huge rocks leads to a cove, the wall of which is penetrable at one point, where the masses of stone have worn away so as to leave an arch that can be entered quadrupedally. On assuming the erect posture, one finds one's self in a place which brings back stories of shipwreck and adventure from Robinson Crusoe to Treasure Island. Indeed, from the merely scenic standpoint, I found the genuine Selkirk's cave in Juan Fernandez less impressive than this nook in Rosevear. We visited it more than once, and always with the feeling that it was about as out-of-the-world a spot as could be reached anywhere. At low water it is a romantic and picturesque cleft in the rocks. During a flood tide it becomes an amphitheatre, with granite ledges for tiers of seats, looking down upon the seething foam and the never ending rush and

roar of the combat between the waves of a thousand leagues of ocean and the walls of this rocky outpost of Great Britain.

In a westerly storm, the north end of Bryher, separated from the great mass of Shipman Head by a chasm only ten or twelve feet in width, but impassable by all ordinary methods, presents a scene not to be forgotten. Hell Bay, to the westward, always a spot deserving of its name, becomes a veritable caldron, as the tremendous breakers are shattered on the tops of the dozens of sunken reefs and spurs of rock; while farther out the waves come up in great green mountains, rush up the steep sides of the Head, and shiver into spray and foam which rise far above the topmost peaks, and then descend in long graceful sheets, recalling the Staubbach or the Syve Söstern.

As for the remainder of the islands that mark the outer limits of the archipelago, on which even now it is rare for human foot to tread, which are alone with wind and ocean, seals and sea-birds, from one year's end to another, they offer an infinite variety of scenes of the same description. Besant again is the best guide: "Some of them are close together, some are separated by broad channels. Here the sea is never calm; at the foot of the rocks stretch out ledges, some of them bare at low water, revealing their ugly black stone teeth; his swell of the Atlantic on the calmest days rises and falls, and makes white eddies, broken water, and flying spray. Among these rocks they rowed: round Maiden Bower, with its cluster of granite forts defying the whole strength of the Atlantic, which will want another hundred thousand years to grind them down; about and among the Black Rocks and the Seal Rocks, dark and threatening; they landed on Ilyswillig, with his peak of fifty feet, a strange, wild island; they stood on the ledge of Castle Bryher, and looked up at the tower of granite which rises out of the

water like the round keep of a Norman castle; they hoisted sail and stood out to Scilly himself, where his twin rocks command the entrance to the islands. He consists of two great mountains rising from the water, sheer, precipitous, and threatening: each about eighty feet high, but with the air of eight hundred; each black and square and terrible of aspect; they are separated by a narrow channel . . . through which the water raced and rushed, boiling into whirlpools, foaming and tearing at the sides."

The history of the islands, traced traditionally from idyllic periods by the remnants of hedges and stone walls, and even of houses, which according to Troutbeck and other old chroniclers are to be seen far down on the sea-bottom on calm days; through the Phœnician period by the gaps and excavations said to have been made for the mining of tin; through the early British and Danish centuries by the barrows and tumuli, the kistvaens and Druidical altars and cromlechs; through the wars of England by the picturesque ruins of Cromwell Castle at Treseo, and the pointed peak of Hangman's Island, said to have served the Protector as a place of execution, — all this must be passed over.

So, too, with the industries of the islands, from the times when the men were pilots or smugglers or wreckers, or all three; then, successively, kelp-makers, ship-builders, potato-growers; until now, when, all the other occupations having failed, they are enjoying a period of comparative prosperity as flower-farmers, and annually supply the markets of Great Britain with tons of the narcissus and the daffodil.

The people themselves are kindly, pleasant folk, with a certain sturdy independence that commands respect, but polite and courteous withal. They are strong and vigorous, and are exceptionally healthy and long-lived. They would be more so had not long-continued intermarriage intensified the tendency to

tuberculosis among them. In times past it has been the source of a heavy mortality; and even at the present day it much increases the labors and anxieties of the very competent medical man, who has under his sole care these eighteen hundred people, living in several communities, separated by miles of water, often rough, and sometimes impassable.

This same custom of intermarriage has resulted in the persistent predominance of a few family names for hundreds of years. In the old books and documents which have come under my notice, the names of the islanders of the beginning and middle of the last century are practically those of to-day. Besant says of Doreas, Armorel's old servant, that she was a St. Agnes girl. "That's the reason why her name was Hicks; if she'd come from Bryher, she'd have been a Traverse; if from Tresco, she'd have been a Jenkins." Those families, with the Thomases and Penders, the Mumfords and Woodcocks, the Tre-garthens and Leggs, and a few others, were conducting the affairs of the islands (in a very humble and subordinate capacity) during the times of the earliest Godolphins, and many of them are doing so to-day.

That I may not by any chance mislead some possible reader, let me repeat that a holiday in the Scillies is essentially a marine holiday. For full enjoyment there, one should love to hear the rippling of waves on a beach, or in stormy weather the thunder of surf

against rocky shores, as the last sound at night, the earliest in the morning. It should be agreeable, on drawing the bedroom curtains, to see Tresco and Bryher and Samson and Hangman's Island looking you in the face across miles of blue water; or, in another part of the town, to find that a trim yacht, a clumsy collier, or a broad-beamed fishing-boat has anchored during the night almost within touch from the back garden. It must be regarded as a pleasant experience to land, after a day's fishing or sailing, at the rear of one's own house, and step from the boat directly into the premises, almost as if in Venice. An occasional "ancient and fishlike smell" must not be regarded as offensive, neither must the presence of seaweed as the chief constituent of the dust of the streets, instead of the less salubrious forms of organic matter to which most of us are accustomed. That the few street loungers should always wear jerseys and sea-boots, and smell of tar and of fish; that perhaps the most conspicuous object in the town should be an indicator of barometrical change, thirty feet in height; and that the smallest children should be able to put one to the blush in matters of tides and currents, and shoals and ledges, and wind and weather, can scarcely be thought objectionable by any one. If all this be fully understood and accepted, it is safe to say that though there may be better places than the Scillies for a summer holiday, there cannot be many of them.

J. William White.

THE GRAVEDIGGER.

OH, the shambling sea is a sexton old,
And well his work is done.
With an equal grave for lord and knave,
He buries them every one.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
He makes for the nearest shore;
And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
Will send him a thousand more;
But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
And shoulder them in to shore,—
Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
Shoulder them in to shore.

Oh, the ships of Greece and the ships of Tyre
Went out, and where are they?
In the port they made, they are delayed
With the ships of yesterday.

He followed the ships of England far,
As the ships of long ago;
And the ships of France they led him a dance,
But he laid them all arow.

Oh, a loafing, idle lubber to him
Is the sexton of the town;
For sure and swift, with a guiding lift,
He shovels the dead men down.

But though he delves so fierce and grim,
His honest graves are wide,
As well they know who sleep below
The dredge of the deepest tide.

Oh, he works with a rollicking stave at lip,
And loud is the chorus skirled;
With the burly rote of his rumbling throat
He batters it down the world.

He learned it once in his father's house,
Where the ballads of eld were sung;
And merry enough is the burden rough,
But no man knows the tongue.

Oh, fair, they say, was his bride to see,
And willful she must have been,
That she could bide at his gruesome side
When the first red dawn came in.

And sweet, they say, is her kiss to those
She greets to his border home;
And softer than sleep her hand's first sweep
That beckons, and they come.

Oh, crooked is he, but strong enough
 To handle the tallest mast;
 From the royal barque to the slaver dark,
 He buries them all at last.

Then hoy and rip, with a rolling hip,
 He makes for the nearest shore;
 And God, who sent him a thousand ship,
 Will send him a thousand more;
 But some he'll save for a bleaching grave,
 And shoulder them in to shore, —
 Shoulder them in, shoulder them in,
 Shoulder them in to shore.

Bliss Carman.

THE END OF TORTONI'S.

TORTONI'S has closed, — on the last June day of 1893, — before the century's end.

The spirit which drove the glass of Paris fashion and the mould of literary form to this central point of the Grand Boulevard, there to admire themselves at the green hour over their absinthe, has grown weak and failed before its hundred years are over. It had its strength from an atmosphere alternately cleared and troubled by the winds of the Revolution; and it has become powerless only with the dead calm into which have subsided the Republican children of the Second Empire. Fashion, literature and art, and the green devil continue to exist; but they are not as they were, and the putting up of the shutters at Tortoni's is the sign of an age that has passed.

I.

Tortoni was not the founder of the café-glacier so long known by his name; he was but the Amerigo Vespucci of Velloni, who was the real Columbus.

It was in the first years of the nineteenth century, when all Europe was finding it necessary to use for its own purposes of respiration the air which

had already served for Napoleon's deep breathing. Velloni, a maker and vender of ices, from Naples, was led, by the spirit which was breaking down the barriers of race and nation, to transport his little trade to Paris, the city of the First Consul. Parisians had now been shocked many times over out of the grooves of their old provincial routine. Some of them would be ready to appreciate his Italian ways and ices.

He found a convenient house for his purpose on the Boulevard de Gand; it was the name given to a part of the *contre-allée* occupying the former fosse of the ramparts, on the site of which the Boulevard had originally been made. It was to the present Boulevard des Italiens what the Rue Basse du Rempart — that puzzle of the tourist — still is to the Boulevard de la Madeleine. The place was near enough to the houses which the city was already beginning to push out in this direction; and it was not too far from the part of the Boulevard leading east toward where the Bastille had been, which was still bordered by what were the palaces of nobles and princes before the upheaval of the Revolution. A few steps away was the Pavillon de Hanovre,

the house of the terrible Maréchal de Richelieu, into whose aged veins Cagliostro infused his elixir of youth. Alexandre Dumas the elder has recounted the fact and its event; and any one may still see for himself the round corner salon, with its Renaissance ornament, now serving to show off the goldsmith work of the Maison Cristofle. In the Chaussée d'Antin, just above, Mirabeau had died a few years before. Straight across the Boulevard was the Salle Favart, built for the Opéra Comique, and burned down in our own day with fearful catastrophe. The Théâtre des Variétés was further down the street; and behind, the road climbed up to the villages which clustered round the mills of Montmartre, with their harvest feasts to attract the blasé Parisian. The situation could not be better. It was on the border of city amusement and country pleasure.

Prosperity soon came. Napoleon's marshals, with scarred faces and breasts slashed with gold, rode out for a stirrup cup of the Neapolitan's aqua vitæ before galloping off across Alps and Pyrenees, or beyond the Rhine to Russia. Fine ladies and the few cavaliers left in Paris came, on warm afternoons, to sit at the little tables, with their black marble tops heavily rimmed with brass, on the terrace raised a few feet above the shaded roadway.

Velloni's ideas grew with success. The Emperor was of Italian blood, — a Bonaparte, — and he had become the master of France. Why should not a Neapolitan reign imperially over the cafés of Paris the capital? He had already shown how much better things there were than Procope's, once the scene of Voltaire's gibling, and now the type of all that was dull and old-fashioned in French cafés. His ices and sherbets, made from the juices of choice and varied-fruits, gave a subtle flavor to life in a generation so keenly alive to novelties and delicate distinctions. In truth, the fashion he set soon crossed land and sea.

A score of years later, Fitz-Greene Halleck, the bard of the ancient Tammany Hall with its barrel of porter, hailed the advent of Parisian daintiness amid the primitive aristocracy of New York, whose traditional heavy wines and cherry bounce were giving way to these sherbets,

"Sublimed (see Lord Byron) with snow."

Accordingly, Velloni opened, in different parts of the city, a score of new glaciers. But there were not enough Parisians who cared for his ices and liqueurs, which were a distinction for the fine flower of life, and not for the commercial *bourgeois*. The one place by the aristocratic promenade was quite sufficient; and Velloni was soon forced, by stress of business weather, to put his original venture under the name of his head waiter and fellow-countryman, Tortoni. Things went on from bad to worse, and in 1809 he hanged himself in his cellar.

Then Tortoni began a twenty years' career of wise and liberal progress. On his first floor he opened a billiard-room, where he installed Spolar, who had left the profession of law in provincial Rennes to become the champion player of the capital. The game was a presentiment of the fascinating *poule* of later days, and betting ran high. Talleyrand became one of the most assiduous frequenters of the place, and the little blue salon *au premier* kept his name for many years. He reposed a mind weary of the game of diplomacy by fixing his twinkling eyes on the *carambolage* of Spolar's play. Grave members of the Academy did not disdain the relaxations of the place, — Jouy, who wrote *The Hermit of the Chaussée d'Antin*, and Lacretelle, who said to an idling young *élégant*, "Give me your twenty years, if you have nothing to do with them."

Napoleon passed, and Tortoni remained. With the Bourbon Restoration his place came into greater vogue than ever. The returned *émigrés* and the king's officers were ashamed not to be up to date with all that was latest in Paris,

and they crowded Tortoni's smoking-room, — for society had abandoned the snuff of the old régime. But the men who had conquered half Europe under Napoleon would not give up their favorite resort so easily; and over the billiards and the pipes many a quarrel broke forth, to end in a bloody duel. It was easy to ride out to the secluded Mare d'Auteuil (whose peaceful waters are now a part of a far different resort of fashion, the steeplechase course in the Bois de Boulogne). There they could kill each other picturesquely, and according to the full requirements of the code of honor.

This supreme point of finished elegance, this fine, exquisite flower of the *flânerie* of the Boulevard gods, has marked Tortoni's to the end. If it is all over and past, it must be because the gods are dead, or else have fled before a democracy that brings all down to a dull, earthy level. But for three quarters of a century the place remained the rendezvous of the serene upper ten, — first, of the *gratin* of elegance, adding afterwards the fortunate in literature and art. It was but gradually that the military spirit ceased to lead, subsiding before the ideals of a generation that had not drunk gunpowder with its milk in the days of the Terror.

Meanwhile the city grew out to the Boulevard, and pushed beyond. Little by little the Boulevard itself was lined, behind its rows of trees, by tall houses, having shops with shining windows below. Then the street of the old fosse was leveled up with the Boulevard of the ramparts, and with it the terrace of Tortoni disappeared, — all but in name. For the space reserved for the little tables on the level pavement in front of all cafés has kept the title. "Voyez, terrasse!" will long startle the heedless waiter to attend to the customers on the sidewalk. It was this first age of Tortoni's which gave the word to the Parisian language, whence it has spread to the provinces. To the end, the house

itself remained a last relic of the old Boulevard de Gand, which, with it, has now vanished utterly.

To the ices and billiard pools and tobacco of the new order of things, with its leveling of society and of streets, another element was added. This was the newspaper, shaping politics and diplomacy; and it found due place on the little tables at Tortoni's. Its triumph was coming when Tortoni died, about the time when Charles X., the last king of France, with the haughty grace of the old school, was retiring before his pear-headed cousin of Orleans, Louis Philippe, whose commercial spirit fitted him to be "the king of the French," then the newest formula of government.

But the clicking of swords was still heard in the distance. Chocquart — the Chocquart of Dumas — was one of the faithful to the little table and the daily *Constitutionnel*. Tall, hatchet-faced, with long mustaches waxed straight out at right angles to his nose, he was the link between the old courtliness and the new revival of intellect. One day he sat down, as usual, and demanded his paper of the *garçon*.

"Monsieur, it is in hands."

A quiet gentleman in the corner sat reading the only copy impassively.

Five minutes passed silently by. Then Chocquart spoke again: "Garçon, I have asked for the *Constitutionnel*."

"Monsieur, it is still in hands."

With his most terrible air Chocquart arose, marched straight on the quiet gentleman, and snatched the paper from him. The next day there was a duel, which sent a sword full into the breast of Chocquart, and kept him in bed for a month. No sooner was he up than he came back to Tortoni's. The quiet gentleman was there again, reading the newspaper as before.

"Garçon," cried Chocquart, "the *Constitutionnel*!"

"Monsieur, it is in hands."

Again five minutes of silence, and

Chocquart planted his full height before the gentleman.

"Ah, then, do you wish for another lesson?"

II.

With the change in the spirit of the times, the Anglomania which had preceded the Revolution appeared once more. Then it had been said that the head of the house of Orleans, lately back from England, and rising high in his stirrups as he rode English fashion, boded no good to the French state. Under the Orleans king, the English themselves appeared notably — men like Thackeray's Lord Steyne — on the terrace at Tortoni's. But chiefly it was the English spirit which was being copied, — Chesterfield by the French "dandies," and Byron by the fashionable poets.

The word "dandy," transplanted spelling and all, has from the beginning had a meaning in French quite different from its English sense. It came just in time to label a thing new-born of the ages, — the Frenchman who replaces in modern society the courtier of the old régime. Like the dwellers on Olympus, sung by Lucretius, he has all the indifference of the gods for his neighbors of level earth. So great is his indifference that he does not even scorn the ordinary mortal; and his self-satisfaction amounts to satiety. These dandies form a select inner circle, until this day, amid the widening eddies of what were then called *les fashionables*, and are now the Parisian *élégants*.

In those years, the Comte de Mont rond was the recognized king of the dandies, and he held his court at Tortoni's. His successor, the Comte d'Orsay, who was even more absolute in his sway over the male world of fashion, followed his example. Each morning he drove in his tilbury to the terrace, and alighted amid the chosen few who dared to admire and aspired to imitate. It was for the public ceremony of his midday lunch; for lunches, delicious *déjeuners*, had now

been added to the ices and liqueurs, to the billiards and smoking, and to the attractions of the daily newspaper.

The young Thiers, whose large ambitions, political and social, were already piercing through his small body, had long been content to gallop up on horseback for an ice. He was attired irreproachably, with soft leather boots and *culotte mastic*, the putty-colored material then used for a professional rider's breeches. His adoption of what was latest in dress did not prevent his saying with decision, when he saw the first railways in operation in England, "That may do for you English, but it will succeed in France — never!" However, the dandy of the Restoration came to have a more accurate conception of the real world in which he lived. It was he who chiefly helped to shape the Third Republic, in whose practical atmosphere the ideal life of Tortoni's has expired finally.

At the start, when these dandies were still too Olympian to be human, their patronage — like Anglomania to France — boded no good to Tortoni's. Perhaps the Neapolitan's successor, Provost, was not a good business manager. In any case, during the six years of his rule the café-glacier went so near the top of the social pyramid that it threatened going off the apex. Still, the poets of the day wrote in their songs, which were sung by the favorite tenor, that of the glacier of Tortoni and the glaciers of the Alps, Tortoni's was more admirable by far.

Of the spirit of these days the memoirs which illustrious Frenchmen delight in writing are full, and for some years the time for publishing them has been upon us. The Englishman in Paris has rescued many of their anecdotes, big with verisimilitude; but it is Alfred de Musset's prose — his Confessions of a Child of the Century — that gives, by incidental lapses from its general vain sensualism, the most veracious impression of the Parisian intellect which now began thrusting itself into the company of birth and rank.

Of these men of letters, Byron was, for some years, the model and the muse. They were at the same time men of would-be fashion; there was as yet no room on the aristocratic terrace for Bohemians like Henri Mürger or for the new lights of Romanticism. At most, Balzac, and a few like him, — aristocrats by birth and at heart, and Bohemians only through their general impecuniosity, — appeared there on the occasion of some unusual windfall of author's or artist's luck. Alfred de Musset was the finished type of this middleman between fashion and letters. As a boy he had been nicknamed "mademoiselle" by his schoolmates, and he became a dainty and intensely morbid sensualist when a grown man. He alternately made love to and quarreled with that other lawless genius, George Sand, and cried melodiously between whiles over the hopelessness of his present earthly life and his despair of any heavenly life to come. A divinely gifted trifler and sot, he disdained the common herd, and vainly tried to look with Voltaire's cynical glance through the weak and watery eyes of Rousseau. His brother Paul, who was of more wholesome make, remained faithful to the old rendezvous at Tortoni's until his death, toward the close of the Second Empire.

This lack of seriousness in life, this engulfment of existence in elegant pleasures, must always be a mark of the highest fashion, which is by nature both selfish and sensual. But not all who passed by Tortoni's aimed at a permanent residence on these Olympian heights. Moreover, at this very time a reaction in the sense of Christian faith was springing up against Rousseauism. It was led by Lacordaire and Ravignan from the pulpit; by Berryer, Ozanam, Montalembert, and others high placed in the world of social rank and letters. It was a movement of thoroughly distinguished men. It was also far too much in earnest to give sign of life among the triflers of the Boulevard.

With the next change in the management of Tortoni's, room was made for a new class of celebrities, who might be neither "lions" nor dandies. Whether it was the result of the breaded outlets of the *déjeuners*, which had now become a choice feature of the place, or of some hidden process of evolution, it is certain that men little known to fashion, yet always distinguished for something which separated them from the material crowd, now became familiar with Tortoni's.

Véron — the doctor who was at once Director of the Opéra and of the Constitutionnel, the patron of the new music of Rossini and Auber and of constitutional government, which was quite as new in France — must have been responsible in part for this change. He was the soul of hospitality, and would have his friends with him from all the different worlds in which he figured so long and bustlingly. He lived in the quarter, and was an *habitué* of Tortoni's corner as well as of the new Maison Dorée, a door away, at the corner of what was then the Rue d'Artois. This short street, running up to the new Church of Notre Dame de Lorette, — from whose easy neighborhood the *lorettes* came into French literature, — was already taking on itself that individual air which it has never yet lost. The great banker Laffitte had his house in it, and it soon took his name. Then the Rothschilds' house was planted there, where the bank still remains, though the great gardens are now empty of the courtiers of money who flocked thither when this was a palatial residence.

Here Beugniot, who has died since Tortoni's was closed, began that picture-dealing for which the Rue Laffitte is still famous. He has willed to the National Museum his own peculiar collection of fifty years, — the palettes of one hundred and sixteen noteworthy French painters who had dealt with him, each with its special mingling of colors as the artist left it. In those early days, Delacroix and Ingres and the luckier brethren, hav-

ing "touched" their money after some sale in the Rue Laffitte, let it slip freely from their fingers' ends in a moment's glory over their cups at Tortoni's.

By some chance, Louis Blanc, by this time at work on his social philosophy, and then publishing the five volumes of his *Histoire de Dix Ans* (1830-40), had his home in the upper regions of the house toward 1842. The first morning cup of coffee was for him. It was his brother Charles who afterwards became a notable historian of art. Already, as has been said, when a book had been successful or a painting sold, and money for a day was flush, the occasion was commonly fêted by a friendly meeting at Tortoni's. Sometimes this was done when there was money without success, in order to strike envy into the breasts of less fortunate rivals. Until the end, all who desired to pose as men of distinction ascended to Tortoni's glacier.

III.

Days golden with the glint of coin had already begun when Girardin, the second French proprietor of the place, fearful that they might not last, sold out to the Percheron brothers, in 1847, for what was considered the enormous sum of three hundred and twenty-five thousand francs. It is the younger of these two brothers who has now put an end to the place, regretfully, because of the *débâcle* of a society then only blossoming into full life.

"Then I gained one hundred thousand francs a year; now I have only the glory for my work. I am sixty years old, and for forty years I have been at the trade. I am *le doyen de la limonade*, but I am not willing to end my career by a fall." And he added, with a sigh, that he had not slept for a week through thinking of the change. "It is such an event in my existence."

It is also the closing of a page in the existence of Paris and modern France.

Long before this the Boulevard had become the crowded and cosmopolitan

promenade unique in the world's history. Until the next great change in French society, after the break-up of the Second Empire, Tortoni's welcomed to its tables every celebrity, royal or not, that came to taste, *incognito*, the intoxication of Parisian life. King Leopold I. of Belgium, and Victor Emmanuel, who was to be king of an Italy not yet born, and many another one, equally royal, left behind them golden memories of princely *pourboires* for the waiters in the *cabinets particuliers* where they had supped sumptuously. Louis Napoleon, before he made himself Emperor, was seen there, and there were at all times such men as the Comte Walewski and English noblemen, drinking and spending like lords, from Lord Seymour, in the early days, down to Lord George Hamilton, who broke his neck while tumbling out of the *Maison Dorée*.

Under the new régime — Percheron at Tortoni's, Napoleon III. at the Tuileries — things grew with successive splendors. The morning was now almost given over to *boursiers*, money-kings lunching lavishly, and, with their bottomless purses, leaving only the eventide of absinthe and ices to the more limited means of dandies and men of letters. Late in the night carriages came rolling up to the side entrance on the Rue Taitbout. Ladies of the *grand monde* descended, and mounted the stairs, with their escorts, for a *consommé* and sandwich, a cup of chocolate and a picking of cold meat, and for the inevitable ices and liqueurs which nowhere could be found as at Tortoni's. They were just from the Opéra, two streets below, or perhaps from a garden party in the Rue Laffitte, patronized by the Empress Eugénie. Their costumes, which were the envy of a whole civilization infatuated with the philosophy of clothes, expanded into wonderful crinolines, and became daily uglier, and more essentially vulgar and ridiculous, and more costly.

It was not, however, the mere costli-

ness of Tortoni's wares that made the place a favorite rendezvous for those to whom the ostentation of lavish expenditure had well-nigh become a substitute for all distinction. Tortoni's was the only night resort where the fine ladies of a world still wishing to be "correct" might enter without danger of meeting the finer ladies of a *demi-monde* caring only to live pleasantly.

It was impossible that a simple corner like Tortoni's, with the dozen tables of its terrace and café below, and its few private salons above, should suffice to the refreshment of the most exclusive, even, from these two worlds of fashion and of letters. A torrent of luxury and ostentation, such as the world had not seen since the brilliant decline of the Roman Empire, rolled in waves down the Boulevard, in these flush times of another empire, whose highest brilliancy was also mingled with decay. Besides, in those days Paris had not become the vast agglomeration which it now is, where life eddies and pours in a hundred distinct whirls and channels. The court alone, by centralizing the ambitions and the expenditure of wealth, turned the tide in well-defined courses. Sooner or later, it flowed noisily and without stagnation between the banks of the Boulevard.

Across the Boulevard from Tortoni's and the Maison Dorée, the Café Anglais now sprang into notoriety. It was just round the corner from the Rue de Grammont, where the Jockey Club then had its seat. It soon became one of the most undoubted glories of imperial Paris. Turgénieff knew the Paris of the end of the Empire at least as well as anything else, except the Russian life from which he drew his wonderful tales. Until his death, the Café Anglais represented to him the acme of Western civilization, with its brilliancy and its essential defects. The proprietor of the new resort laid down a principle from the beginning: "A man must be very rich to say that he is a daily customer of my house."

It was essentially an eating-place in the style of Heliogabalus. There was no long bill of fare, there were no *plats du jour*. It was for the guest to know what he wanted; it was the proprietor's business to supply him with it. What should be paid afterwards was of slight consequence.

The life which developed here was not as correct as that across the way, but it was far more dazzling in the splendor of its sensations. The café was for men mainly, as may be supposed; and in spite of the expense and the twenty cabinets at its disposition, it was often necessary to engage places days in advance for a seven-o'clock dinner — that was the hour in those days — or an after-midnight supper. Prince Demidoff, who had married the Princess Mathilde, the daughter of Jerome Bonaparte and Miss Paterson's successor, remained a devotee of Tortoni's. But his Tartar magnificence could not neglect the new life, and more than once he telegraphed from St. Petersburg the date of his arrival at the Café Anglais. Cabinet No. 16, in the bevel-angle overlooking the Boulevard, was the most famous of the supper-rooms. It was here that another Russian welcomed his friends at five hundred francs a head. The tradition of heavy drinking of champagne began here, through love of lavishness rather than of the wine. It has died out of French ideas of good living, to which it was always essentially foreign. It remains, perhaps, only in American fashions ill copied from the high living of Paris under the Empire.

The great ladies of the day were emancipated enough to be curious of this new side of life, and the cabinet of the *femmes du monde* is still shown. Perhaps they were satisfied when they heard from No. 16, with its forty guests, the voice of La Belle Alsacienne calling imperatively through the corridor, "Taniel!" It was only M. Daniel Wilson who was wanted, the son-in-law of the austere

and reforming politician Grévy, whose presidency of the Republic, after the Empire's fall, he was destined to illustrate dubiously. Sometimes quarrels arose here between jealous cavaliers. One night, after a ball at the Tuileries, a prince fought at sword's point with a rival in the corridor. Ernest, the omnipresent *maître d'hôtel*, was, luckily, a model of discretion; and his lips never breathed a word of what might have provoked scandal in dozens of families of note.

Meilhac and Halévy have tried to catch, in the lilting strains of their *Vie Parisienne*, the spirit of this spasmodic and too often factitious revelry. In the main, the librettist's verses are accurate in their description of a place which supplemented, rather than supplanted, Tortoni's, in those heavily gilded days.

"Rires éclatants, fracas de champagne,
On cartonne ici. L'on danse là-bas,
Et le piano qui grince accompagne
Sur des airs connus d'étranges ébats.

"Ils s'en vont enfin, la mine blafarde,
Ivres de champagne et de faux amour,
Et le balayeur s'arrête, regarde,
Et leur crie : 'Ohé ! les heureux du jour !'"

Men of letters and art could not lag behind in this movement of boulevardiers. Even with them there were secessions, at least where there was question of uniting letters with solid food and drink. In 1857, Henri Mürger was repudiating his earlier Bohemian life in company of a few choice spirits : Baudelaire of pessimistic verse, and the artistic Goncourt brothers, and Mario Uchard, who has just died, and who was then in the midst of his matrimonial trouble with the actress Madeleine Brohan. These, with several others, found an independent rendezvous at the Café Riche (unromantic juxtaposition), in the New York Life Insurance building. But even these continued to gather at the green hour before Tortoni's; and there, too, all that was newest and most Parisian sought a first sanction.

A new Parisian literature was just beginning, belonging essentially to the newspaper and the passing world of high life. This was the *chronique*, imagined by Villemessant for his weekly *Figaro*. He and his little circle of writers formed, perhaps, the first of the many literary coteries which have been fond of displaying themselves at Tortoni's. It comprised, among other Parisian notorieties of the late fifties, Manet, the apostle of impressionist art; Charles Monselet, who sang melodiously of the place; Henri Rochefort, a young count, but already revolutionary enough to give foretastes of that *intransigence* which has driven him into his London exile; Albert Wolff, the nephew of Offenbach, and, like him and Heine, a German Israelite who had become more Parisian than the Parisians; and Aurélien Scholl, now the last of the boulevardiers, and faithful to the old trysting-place until the end.

Their Parisianism was destined to modify deeply the form and spirit of modern French journalism. Albert Wolff was its best representative. He was a veritable Athenian, always on the lookout for something new, — new, that is, to Paris. Living at the club, in places of public amusement, on the street, he was an observer of life rather than of society, — of the life whose stream flows back and forth through the Boulevard. He scented, as it were, the coming of its least changes; and his knowledge of art, which allowed of his reforming the old long-winded criticism of the Salon into sparkling instantaneous views, helped him to look on life as a united and never ending vaudeville. "The truths of his criticism," said Ernest Renan, "are the flashes from a revolving beacon-light." He gave full utterance to that "Parisian Opinion" which he proclaimed queen of the world, in its cynical refusal to attend to aught else than the passing moment, in the yet more cynical common sense with which it criticises all that comes to pass. It was a new de-

velopment of Olympian loftiness as sung in the Greek Anthology: —

"All is but dust, and all is but laughter, and all is but nothing."

The chronique, day by day, which was the most perfect embodiment of this opinion, has all but disappeared from the columns of the Paris press. Like Tortoni's, it has given way to a bourgeois development which is more serious only in its worship of money, and is not a whit less sensual, while it is far less serene. Among the waning number of Renan's disciples, who are already a generation that is passing away, these smiling and sublimely indifferent Olympians may still be found. Albert Bataille, in his law-learned but most illegal *Gazette des Tribunaux* of the daily *Figaro*, and Anatole France, in his weekly reviews of literature, still show the kindly irony of men who stand aside to watch the comedy of human life. But there is no longer before Tortoni's that heroic session, from five to seven in the evening, of those who dreamed that men of art are essentially distinct from the money-making bourgeois, and who sat there expressly to be envied of them.

"Art for the sake of art" has definitely yielded to "art for the sake of life," however commonplace. Even the daintiest symbolist, one of the original set which took its *thé chez Miranda* round Tortoni's little tables, could not now imagine the bourgeois crossing himself, as he passes with wife and daughter along the Boulevard, in superstitious terror of the orgies of these men of the higher art. Yet this was the refrain of Monselet's sprightly wit, when he addressed the Parisians of thirty years ago: —

"Quand deux plats et quatre bougies
Composent tout notre dîner,
Les bons bourgeois rêvent orgies,
Femme nue et luxe effréné.
On voit les pères de famille,
Passant, après le jour fini,
En se signant, dire à leur fille :

'La Maison d'Or . . . et Tortoni !'"

IV.

Tortoni's under the Third Republic has had but a long story of failing fortune, of the old spirit growing weak and expiring before the breath of the new. "With the tastes of the new public," says M. Percheron, who has full experience of both Empire and Republic, "I prefer simply to withdraw rather than keep up a business that ends in a yearly loss."

The story has none the less meaning because, from its material side, it has to tell of vulgar details, — of the reduction of Parisian expenditure in eating to a democratic dead level, and of the steady advance of cheap exotic drinks. There are less important events in history than the victories of the English bar and German brewery in Paris, — the triumphal march of American mixed drinks and Bavarian beer. They connote something else than the cosmopolitan and democratic air which has come to pervade the French capital. They correspond with vital changes in the ideals of social life.

The gods who sat at drink on Tortoni's terrace had until now been feared and respected. Their divinity was chiefly critical, not to say cynical. They had themselves succeeded; they knew what was correct, and what was fit only for laughter. Would-be dandies and artists and men of letters sighed as they passed, and longed, if only for a day, to take their place among these *heureux du jour*.

But now, with the abolition of the court, society suddenly turned bourgeois, or retreated into haunts exclusive of the new Republican noblesse. Practical politicians were not likely to have time for an evening rendezvous of superfine wit and elegance. Worst of all, literature and art itself became a matter of commerce, and the buyers were the successful bourgeois. It was the age of shopkeepers with the money to pay for their likings, and with a strong dislike for all the fastidious Olympian ways. They would have what they liked in the pleasures of the mind, —

and their virgin minds were full of all curiosity. They would also have what their healthy animal appetites demanded in food and drink. Both desires were fatal to Tortoni's. Perish elegance, and *vive le comfortable anglais!*

All this was quite apart from the really serious life of the nation, whose deeper currents never flowed through the Boulevard: not with Lamennais and Guizot under the kings; not with Thiers become a grave statesman, and Lamartine turned politician; not with the three Jules, Favre and Simon and Ferry, in their opposition to the Empire. The little circle at Tortoni's — there were scarce a dozen tables in all — was never anything but that *haute gomme* which reflected the sunlight of a life running in a narrow groove. With the break-up of the Empire, life dashed into a hundred new channels; and the triumphant bourgeois only laughed at the idea of a controlling circle of wits. It is his money which must pay for the absinthe of the men of letters; and he gives his money for his own pleasure, and not at the dictation of Olympians who stand apart. The chronique of fashionable life died from the Boulevard press. Its place was taken by the *reportage* of the scandals of Tout-Paris, and by the literature of decadence, erotic, blasphemous, aping by turns the dandies and Bohemians of other days, and abject in its worship of the *chic*.

Guy de Maupassant is a bright instance of the qualifications for success under this new régime, joining with his superb talent an unerring scent of all that makes popularity and brings a material reward. Yet it was Flaubert, of the older school, who wrote loftily: "The chief thing in this world is to keep one's soul on the heights, far from the bourgeois and democratic mire." He lived to see the literary supply carefully adapting itself to the bourgeois demand, in quantity as well as in quality. The Olympian days are over. Muses that are but

nine may sit apart in a narrow circle round some spring of Helicon; but a whole army of ballet dancers must needs dabble its feet from banks spacious as those of the river Lethe.

The bourgeois, because he has become the chief patron of art and letters, does not on that account mingle the ideal with his food and drink. The *gramolata* and the *sorbet à l'orangeade* peculiar to Tortoni's entice him but moderately. The dainty ices do not agree with his ruder build; and he cannot but feel the supercilious glances with which he is visited by the select few still lingering round the little tables. He has developed a liking for beer, which is cheap and cold, and given out on little tables, equally fine and far more numerous, in front of the great *brasseries*. The world, too, is heartier there and less critical, acknowledging the advent of democracy.

In Napoleon's time, a countrified beer was known under the pompous name of *bière de Mars*. It was sold in bottles, and had a vapid sparkle when tossed off hastily. It was looked on askance at Tortoni's; and the bocks, as they grew in favor, had to be drunk at humbler and more Bohemian cafés. After the débâcle, when the Prussian cannonades had ceased, the Parisian suddenly became cosmopolitan in his thirst, receiving aid and comfort from the strangers who now flocked again to his City of Light. Bavarian beer is now sold all along the Boulevard, and the *tavernes* and *brasseries* have been decked out with a gaudy magnificence that appeals to the bourgeois mind. The wooden ceilings are carved and gilded, and the walls are paneled in shining tiles. Everywhere clusters of the electric light hypnotize the sight; and the beer is pumped up, foaming, from the ice. Tortoni's, gray and narrow and thinly correct, in the presence of all this was but an antiquity of pale rococo splendor.

One by one, its compeers of the olden time fell away. Imoda's, which was

started several régimes back to run competition with Tortoni's uniqueness, disappeared; and in its place an English bar was seen, with a boy, in the red coat and chin-strapped tilted cap of Britannia's men-at-arms, hovering round the open door. Another frankly converted itself into a brasserie, where the *demis* and *quarts* of beer took the place of the *sorbets* and *granits* introduced by Veloni. In the last days, even Tortoni's showed some faint irresolution. On the printed leaflet of its ices there appeared, painfully written in by hand, with a spelling that protested, the "cherry gobbler" and the "coketel." There was also the *bière de Pilsen*, and even a *bock comète*; and then, in fine disdain of all this commonalty, there was a new triumph of the old elegant art in the *bock champagne*.

All was of no avail. The world for which Tortoni's had existed was ceasing to be. Its *déjeuners* and its after-theatre suppers were still unrivaled; but the multitudinous clubs and elegant *cercles* furnished their members with an attractive substitute, cheaper and better served, — such is the power of organization. The catering to fine society in the town also met with serious competition; and moreover, the Paris season of these later years lasts scarcely from January to June. The *névrose* of the Wandering Jew has seized on the rich of to-day; the sea in summer, the hunt and vintage through the autumn, and the search for sunshine all the winter long are not favorable to the methods of the First Empire.

As to the bourgeois, they frankly preferred worse fare for less money. Now and then, some rich American, mindful of the legend of other days, treated himself to the sensation of dining by night at Tortoni's. But his lavishness in champagne too often befuddled his intellect noisily, to the damage of all reputation for elegance and literature. The absinthe of the habitués, mellow

with the aroma of the same barrel refilled for forty years, was not for this, but to clear and animate the mind to an ideal state.

Even the occasional and ceremonious conviviality of men of letters no longer found any proper centre. For a time it lingered round the salons of Papa Brébant, the *restaurateur des lettres*. He was the founder of those *bouillons Parisiens* in which the minute cheapness of the establishments of Duval the butcher is joined with a more æsthetic *cuisine* and environment. In his chief house, farther down the Boulevard than the tide of fashion flows regularly, he welcomed for many years the masters of learning and literary style. Renan often presided; Taine, the "executioner of work," was persuaded to be present; and the young Melchior de Vogüé sat beside, believing in war and earnestness, and already beginning that "Neo-Christian" movement which would fain withdraw the French youth altogether from the intellectual cynicism and physical degeneracy of the idling Boulevard. The Goncourt brothers came hither, also, fresh from the gossip of Tortoni's, and went away to recount ruthlessly, in their terrible Journal, all the inappropriate talk they had heard.

But the higher letters have been unable to keep a common rallying point in this new Paris. Paul Bourget travels abroad, Maurice Barrès goes in for politics, and so on with the rest of the younger men. And then all the world and his wife have taken to the brasseries. Sarcey is seen at Montmartre. Catulle Mendès, — poet, playwright, story-teller, and idol of the bourgeois Boulevard, — although faithful to the end to Tortoni's green hour, with its assembly of decadent wits of Rambouillet, is a no less faithful sharer in the night refreshment of the Taverne Pousset. It is there, on the full Boulevard des Italiens, when the cafés have already put up their shutters, that the cabs stand three deep in the street,

while the long rows of little tables still swarm with all sorts and conditions of men — and women. The male world of distinction can no longer centralize itself. As well look for a Grub Street of poets in London as for another Tortoni's in Paris. Its glacier, which once shone like the Alps, has been leveled down and out of existence by the melting sunlight of democracy.

The clique of new wits and old chroniqueurs which, in these last days, has continued to give its final distinction to Tortoni's would have been ranked as provincial in a smaller city. In Paris it was narrowly Parisian. There were painters, like Gervex and Alfred Stevens and the *fin-de-siècle* Béraud, who translates the Christ of the Gospels into the customs and costumes of the workingmen of Montmartre; Forain, who designs the contemporary Comédie-Parisienne more frankly and pitilessly than Gavarni in the thirties; Charpentier, who has published half the Parisian thought of the last decades; poets, like Octave Pradels and Mendès, who speak of the unmentionable (which is also proper to Paris); the representatives of the newest Boulevard literature, like Abel Hermant and Courteline of the Théâtre-libre; Paul Arène, the *feuilletoniste*, who dates back to Sainte-Beuve; and others more or less known to the ever dwindling Boulevard world of music and art and letters.

"Venit summadies et ineluctabile tempus!" It was seven o'clock, and the talk languished before the final separation. Aurélien Scholl, last of the classic boulevardiers, in violet cravat, sat gloomily amid the circle, throned like a patriarch in irreproachable correctness.

"Where shall we find Scholl, for arbitration and counsel, before the six o'clock duels?" said one; for he made the art of the duel his own, in the days of elegant honor.

"And where shall we get the news

after the encounters? Where will Mendès make his entrance with his following, when he has an affair again?"

Nowhere. Olympus has dropped out of the universe.

"Adieu!" Scholl cried, arising. "We shall see each other no more!"

"All is over!" groaned Stevens.

"As well throw one's self into the water!" answered the veteran sadly; then, standing, "Come, one cup more, — the last!"

As he walked away, Stevens whispered, "To-morrow you'll see Scholl seated here at a little table, alone, before the closed door."

He has done better; in a column of unwonted earnestness he has written his farewell to the place.

He has a deserved compliment for the last proprietor, who has yielded only to the Zeitgeist: "He yields blamelessly. He has defended butter against margarine, the consommé of beef against Liebig's extract, early vegetables against the canned, wine against beer, *eau de vie* against rectified spirits. But the struggle became impossible. *Apéritifs* the most preposterous *vie* with each other for the favor of a blasé public."

Such is all life to-day. "Everything is passing away. The great restaurants, with prices inaccessible to the fastidious bourgeoisie, are vanishing one by one. In their stead are opened the bouillon and the brasserie.

"And you will see, it will be the same for the theatres. Fifteen years from now all the theatres will be replaced by cafés-concerts. Ah! the public will not be difficult either for the prose or for the verse. A school of poets has already substituted assonance for rhyme. The times draw near!"

To Aurélien Scholl the proprietor presented one of the three black-marble-topped tables remaining from the time of the First Empire. "Tempora mutantur, nos et mutamur in illis."

Stoddard Dewey.

BEHIND HYMETTUS.

IN TWO PARTS. PART TWO.

III.

A BRAURONIAN HOLIDAY.

It is Christmas morning when we leave Athens for our next Midland ramble, and ten o'clock finds us at Markopoulo. It is a large village in the plain, seven miles below Liopesi, with vineyards stretching to the south, and a fine environment of hills in the near distance on all sides save one. We stop here, because it is the best starting-point for Brauron and Porto Raphti; but first inquiries for guide or beasts are fruitless. At last a village publican offers himself and his cart — two wheels and one horse — at twelve drachmæ for the day, and while he is harnessing we look about the place. Its most striking feature, as one notes in passing after the harvest, is the vast area devoted to threshing-floors; after that the winepress, for Markopoulo sends to Athens at every vintage some twelve hundred barrels of must. The town fattens on its own corn and wine, and has altogether a comfortable air.

For antiquity it takes little thought, though the first court we enter* offers one good and significant inscription on a tombstone, namely, *Telesinos son of Telesinos of Agnous*. That the deme of that name was in this vicinity is pretty well attested, and this is one of its credentials. The first Agnousian in history or legend was probably the herald Leos, who betrayed his Midland folk, with their king Pallas, to Theseus, up yonder at Pallene (Charvati), and so inaugurated an era of bad feeling between Pallene and Agnous, which for aught we know may continue to this day.

The rain overnight has given an exceptionally bright atmosphere even for

Attica, but the roads are none the better. The currish-looking pony is off like the wind before we are fairly settled in the cart, and the mud flies about our ears; but once in the open, we would not exchange cart or track for a royal carriage on the Athenian boulevards. "To Brauron!" is the word, and that means a straight-away three miles to north, half the time over unfenced wheatfields; for highway or furrow is all one to our cart-er, and he has a perfect understanding with the brute. A jovial soul is this cart-er, and sings all the way, when not expatiating on the local sights and stories. In no time to speak of, he lands us on the slope of a round knoll green with young wheat, and topped off with a Frankish tower. This is built partly of ancient temple blocks, and still stands at its full height (sixty feet) and little the worse for wear, except that the stairway is gone, and the two upper stories are thus out of our reach. The spot offers an enchanting prospect in contrast with the average Attic brownness, for it is a prospect of abounding verdure. Fir-clad knolls and green slopes of wheat diversify the nearer scene, while farther off the Attic ranges lift their heads, and below you catch the merest glimpse of sea where it breaks through the rugged coast-line at Livadhi. Round the base of the knoll we stand on, an old flume carries pure, sweet water from the Erasinos to a large basin where two barefooted washerwomen are at work, whence it descends to turn a mill, a quarter mile below. There we find the miller, singing as he grinds. Above, in the firs, is a tiny chapel, and across the stream a farmstead, but village there is none in sight. There may be sweeter rural solitudes in Attica or in Arcadia, but I have never found one.

Such is and should be Brauron, where once rose the famous shrine of Artemis, and Iphigeneia ministered at the altar. After the perils of Aulis and the savage Tauric land with its savage sacrificial rites, Agamemnon's daughter could have found no serener peace than Athena promised her in this lovely vale : —

"But thou, Iphigeneia, where
Climbs the Brauronian sacred stair,
The goddess henceforth makes it thine
To be the keeper of her shrine.
There, too, at death shall be thy grave
All decked about with garments brave,
For woven raiment shall they bring
Of women dead in travailing."

Ages before Euripides produced this most faultless of his plays, Iphigeneia among the Taurians, the cult of the archer goddess had been kept on these Brauronian terraces, the sylvan slopes that rise so picturesquely from the winding stream. And as in the play Athena speeds the little company escaping from the Tauric shore, so we may fancy Artemis welcoming them hither. Where the glint of blue sea breaks through the hills, yonder, their bark is beached, and forth comes Iphigeneia, radiant with heavenly peace. Orestes follows, bearing the ancient *xoanon*, pledge of atonement at last accomplished; then Pylades, pattern of all faithful souls; and last of all, — if Thoas has kept his word and sent them after, — the choir of captive maidens rejoicing to "tread once more with merry feet the dancing lawns of Hellas." So the stage is set for an Iphigeneia in Brauron, which Sophocles should have written; a softened, serener, heavenlier Œdipus at Colonus. May the poet yet come, or painter, worthy the subject and the scene, — the Vale of Brauron and the Return of the Pelopidæ. Every element of pastoral loveliness and heroic association is ready to his hand, but he must be a great artist indeed who shall equal the theme.

When Pisistratus flourished here, — for his native seat, Philaidai, seems to have included the Brauronian territory, — the

local cult and the Homeric associations were still in full vigor. And so we do not wonder that it was the Tyrant and his sons who inaugurated at Athens the epic revival which at least stimulated the collection, and went far to assure the transmission, of the great poems. The Tyrant's younger son, Hipparchus, doubtless owed his literary-archæological turn to the Brauronian atmosphere in which his youth was nurtured. It was he, Plato tells us, who first brought Homer's poems to Athens, and compelled the rhapsodists to recite them in an orderly way at the Panathenaic festivals; and that, as we know, in the Brauronian precinct on the Acropolis, where still lies the inscribed pedestal that once supported the Wooden Horse as it was wrought in bronze by Strongylion. Nor did the young Brauronian stop with Homer: he sent a penteconter all the way to Teos to bring Anacreon to Athens, and Simonides of Keos he had long time with him, holding him with large pay and gifts. While doing so much for the town, he remembered the country folk as well, and for their edification he set up Hermæ on all the roads, midway between Athens and the demes; and on these he had chiseled wise saws of his own and others, "that so the people might not prefer the Delphic γῶθι πάντων and μηδὲν ἄγαν to the oracles of Hipparchus, but, passing up and down, and reading and enjoying a feast of his wisdom," they might go home and profit by it. Some of these roadside texts have come down to us in the pages of Plato and Plutarch, and in particular we are quite able to restore and set up again the middle milestone on the Steirian Way, some part of which we are traveling to-day. It read on the left and right respectively : —

Halfway from the city to Steiria.

Memorial this of Hipparchus: don't deceive a friend.

Had the young man's practice been up to his precept, the family might have had a longer lease of power, and Har-

modius and Aristogeiton found no place in history.

One would fain linger here and follow the winding streamlet to the sea. But delay now would be to miss Porto Raphti and our Athenian train, — perhaps to find Brauronian hospitality as coy as did an old traveler some ninety years ago. Dodwell relates that on his approach, with an escort of Turks, the Brauronians shut up all their fowls, and protested that there was not a pullet in the place. Even the Hegoumenos — there was a monastery here then — solemnly assured him that not a fowl was to be found in a circuit of many miles. "He had hardly finished his assertion when a treacherous cock within the sacred walls betrayed the holy ecclesiastic by crowing aloud, and was immediately answered by all the cocks in the village," — whereupon, by paying double price, Dodwell got a supply of poultry. During our visit not a cockerow has broken the Sabbath stillness, and about the only inhabited place we have seen is the old mill.

The carter urges, and we are off on a bee-line for old Prasîæ. At first there is a fair road through the fragrant pines, and then we emerge on a most desolate, stony tract, untilled, and untenanted save by a single shepherd with a lot of savage dogs and a flock in which black sheep abound. This sterile stretch was well named Steiria, and it could never have done much in corn and wine; but barren it was not when it came to breeding men. At any rate, it bred, if not a race of tyrants, as did Brauron, a master hand at turning tyrants out. What schoolboy has not followed Thrasybulos the Steirian from Thebes to Phyle, from Phyle to Munychia, from Munychia to the Acropolis, and thrown up his hat at every well-aimed blow till the Thirty were down,

and the people on top again! Recalling the fight on Munychia, and how the *petroboloi*, joining him on the spot, found their ammunition at their feet, one notes here on his native heath that Thrasybulos came honestly by his tactics. Steiria is still an exhaustless arsenal of stones (*χερμάδια*), so that even the shepherds' dogs have little terror for the passer-by.

Beyond this waste lie some vinelands, sparse and thirsty, and then we reach the sea, where heads one of the finest harbors in Greece. The rocks are sprinkled with myriads of bright anemones, red, white, blue, and purple, whereas in all the verdure of Brauron we had seen not one, — only daisies and dandelions. It is the warm sun rising early over the smiling sea that wooes them out of these rocks, and gives our eyes this rare Christmas treat. We jolt around the harbor head, where the fishermen are preparing their nets for the night's work, and pull up at the petty hamlet of Porto Raphti, which stands on a little cape, and looks northward across the harbor on the noble bulk of Mount Peratia. The cape runs far out and divides the harbor in two; while still farther out, like a harbor bar, rises an island rock supporting a colossal figure which the rustic fancy has taken for a tailor at his bench, and so imposed the vulgar name of Tailor's Haven (Porto Raphti) on a place which deserves better things.

For this was old Prasîæ, a deme that boasted a temple of Apollo and the tomb of Erisychthon. He was the son of Cecrops, and, so says Pausanias, died on the return voyage after conducting a sacred mission to Delos, and was here entombed. So the colossus on the harbor bar might well be his monument.¹ Apollo's temple here at Prasîæ was the last station on the long way by which the

¹ The rock is very difficult of access even on a calm day, and we could get no boatman to row us out. The monument has been variously taken for a Roman emperor (Leake), an Apollo, and a female divinity. Ross examined

it closely (1841), and was sure it was a female figure, "possibly personifying the sacred Theôry which the Athenians used to send from this port to Delos" (Inselreisen, ii. 9 ff.).

Hyperboreans forwarded their firstfruits to the god's great Delian festival. Here the Athenians received them, and carried them across to the Holy Isle; and so out of this fine harbor, in early times, their own splendid *theôries* set forth, "singing as they sailed to Delos."

The sacred legations sail no more, but there is yet commerce between Prasiæ and Athens. The fisherman's cart standing by the café, where we lunch and talk with the fisher folk, — this well-built covered cart, with two lamps, — loads every midnight with the day's catch, and before daybreak is delivering fresh fish in Athens. It is a six hours' drive over the Steirian Way, whereon Hipparchus' finger-post ought to be set up again to break the journey and inculcate honest dealing; for the fluctuations of the Athenian fish market are past finding out under any economic laws.

A Christmas bath in the divine sea, and we are off again straight across country through the old deme of Myrrhinous, which has given the overhanging mountain the name of Merenta. On our way we rest at a little hilltop convent, untenanted to-day, but with a well-kept flower garden attesting the taste and fidelity of its solitary keeper. May the blessedness of Iphigeneia abide upon her! Strawberry-blooms on an exposed hilltop at Christmas, — that is the story of Attica.

At Markopoulo the telephone is talking to Athens, and a Greek drummer is showing off American sewing-machines to a lot of Albanian women. Two hours more, and we are dining by electric light under the Acropolis.

IV.

A SABBATH STROLL IN SPHETTOS.

On the 19th of February — a perfect Attic winter day — we again seek the Midland. Leaving our train at Koropi, midway between Liopesi and Marko-

poulo, we follow a party of villagers, in bright apparel, to the town, which lies under a rocky spur of Hymettus, a short half-mile southward from the station. It is a very considerable place, substantially built, decently kept, and boasts a population of three thousand souls.

The first old tombstone that turns up here, in the litter of a stable-yard, is that of Nikias son of Mnesiphilos of Lampra.

A company of decent Albanians listen with great interest as we expound the writing, and then respond with *resinato*, which the early hour compels us to decline. They tell us of other old stones and letters at the schoolhouse, and show the way to the demarch's, where the key is kept. That dignitary's residence is a pretty New England sort of cottage, with the inevitable high-walled court, garnished with ovens and outbuildings. The demarch was not at home, but his wife met us with a hearty welcome. Beside the door stood some fine old gravestones, in particular an urn of beautiful Pentelic, with the usual parting scene in good relief: Glaukias, seated, clasps the hand of Archagora (husband and wife, no doubt), while Nikomache and Diotimos stand in sympathetic attention. Every figure is perfect, and the names are written above them. I have seen few better examples of the monumental urn, one of the most pleasing developments of the art which made the old Greek street of tombs so different from our doleful burying-grounds. Several other *stelæ*, with and without reliefs, were ranged about the demarch's door, all of them as early as the fourth century.

After spelling out the inscriptions we follow the demarch's wife into her tidy little parlor; not bare, as usual, but prettily furnished, and relieved by some excellent photographs of Queen Olga and other persons of quality. There is also a striking portrait of our hostess herself in all the splendor of Albanian attire. The demarch is a native of the place, and a physician, like so many of the provin-

cial mayors, but his wife is proud of being a *xene* from Leonideion. With all her politeness, she offers no refreshments, — an omission that could hardly be paralleled in the poorest cottage of Andros, our hospitable island retreat.

On our way to the schoolhouse we meet the demarch, surrounded by a crowd of his constituents. He looks the rustic in "store clothes;" without the wife's civility, yet good natured enough, and with none of the insolence of office. In his company is the scholarch, a superior young man, who opens the little museum under his schoolroom with an air, and displays to us (so far as display is possible, in the dim light and under accumulated dust) the archaic treasures of Koropi: a number of funeral reliefs, one excellent in grouping and expression; divers inscriptions, including what seems to be a demotic register, probably of the *ephebi*, or "first voters," as we should call them, though the heading of the stone, which should give the deme name, is quite rubbed out. Still, some good names remain legible, — Aristophanes, Antiphilus, and Lysimachus, for example. We note also several epitaphs of the early Christian centuries.

There was both lack of light and excess of people, — for all the town seemed to have followed us in, — so bidding adieu to the scholarch and the crowd, with a Koropian guide we set out countryward. To the east, we know, stands a chapel, with an inscription worth seeing, though no one can tell us just where. Our guide, zealous to show us a "great stone with letters," leads us to the brand-new cemetery, with a brand-néw chapel of modern polygonal masonry, very beautiful, though unfinished. Behind this, sure enough, stands the ancient slab, with the genuine Parthenon tint of a myriad sunsets; but lo! it is inscribed with the name of a youth dead only three years. However, a closer scrutiny reveals at the very top the lower half of the ancient letters spelling the word *θυγάτηρ*

(daughter), — all above broken off. Well, the Romans used to chisel out the old Hellenic names, heroic or divine, and chisel in their own, thus turning Hellenic gods and heroes into monuments of Roman vanity: why then may not an Albanian shepherd purloin an old Greek tombstone for his son?

A charming spot, this new cemetery, with its environment of mountain and plain, and its setting of olive woods, blossoming almonds, and scattered oaks. Right in its midst, behind the chapel, stands a tree of noble girth and spreading top, and at its root a tomb with an epitaph worthy of the Anthology, though dated 1888: *Here lies Georgios, — after living seventy-five years, — buried under his own wondrous oak.*

Farther on and up, a series of mediæval chapels, four of them in the view at once. The nearest, quite deserted, stands on ancient foundations. The second, about a stone's throw beyond, is the Church of the Transfiguration, better kept. About it lies a litter of old marbles; the floor is composed in part of ancient tombstones, and the roof is supported by ancient Ionic columns. The bright new painting of the Transfiguration relieves the gloom within, and without the rocks have burst into a very bloom of anemones, — a riot of color in contrast with the quiet beauty of the daisies, pansies, betonies, and speedwells which have carpeted our pathway hither. A stiff climb above this, and then a hilltop chapel overlooking all the Midland. Again the same riot of brilliant anemones, as if seeking these holy solitudes to waste their sweetness on. Still no inscription. We descend again, and the fourth chapel rewards our search. Over the rude doorway is a marble lintel, itself but a sliver of some great marble slab, and, as usual, upside down. But the precious letters that remain are as clear as when chiseled on it five hundred years or more before our era. *For thou wast faithful.*¹

¹ Corpus Insc. Atticarum, No. 483.

That is all. Names have perished. Who slept beneath that stone, whether humble or great, we know not. But the three words have outlasted all the centuries with all their catastrophes, — typifying the permanence of character against the evanescence of fame. Above all forces, fidelity! Paganism could write no nobler epitaph, and Christianity could hardly choose fitter words to set above its humble portal. Choice there was none, however; the marble splinter lay near, and answered for a lintel all the better when turned upside down. The Midland rustics of the early Christian centuries, to say nothing of their successors of the Middle Ages, could hardly read the archaic Greek of Solon's time, if they could read at all.

On this east side of Koropi all the chapels date far back; on the west, toward Hymettus, is another chain of them, and in these Ross found numerous Christian inscriptions dating from the third to the fifth century, some of which we have recognized to-day at the schoolhouse; and he concludes that this region was one of the earliest seats of Christianity in Attica. In these rural solitudes behind the mountain walls the followers of the new faith would find security long before it was safe to show their colors openly in the strongholds of the old gods at Athens.

This impression deepens as we look down from the rocky height above Koropi upon the shut-in valleys stretching southward to the sea, and westward to the mountain. There is hardly a sign or sound of living thing; a true Sabbath stillness, broken only by the tinkle of sheep-bells, our only neighbor on the rocks the barefooted shepherdess tending her flock. One can almost imagine those early confessors back again, and the ruined shrines reopened. But we know less of the Christian centuries here than of the pagan; and it is much easier to gather up the classical associations of the place.

The first monument to meet our eyes in Koropi was that of a Lamptrian. And

on this rocky perch we must be near the meeting-point of three demes: one of little note, Kikynna; two of great importance, Lamptra and Sphettos. Sphettos has the elder and greater fame, for it was one of the free towns of Attica before Athens had a name, — one of the twelve cantons welded by Theseus into the larger Attic commonwealth. But it had to be conquered first, for Pallas did not propose to surrender his fourth of the kingdom — “rugged breeder of giants” that it was — to the young man from Trœzen without a struggle. So he marched up the Sphettian Way you see winding northward under the mountain, but through the treachery of his Agnousian herald — townsman of our Christmas carter — suffered a fatal defeat at Pallene.

As a deme Sphettos produced its crop of great names, — still to be found sprinkled through the pages of the orators and historians, — but only one appeals to us on the spot. That is Chærephon, the familiar of Socrates, and the butt of Aristophanic wit. “You know Chærephon,” says Socrates to his judges. “He was my comrade from youth up, and he was your comrade in democracy, and shared your exile [under the Thirty, two or three years before], and returned with you. And you know what manner of man he was, what an enthusiast in everything he put his hand to. And so once on a time he even ventured to go to Delphi, and asked this question of the oracle, — now don't you be making a racket when I say this, gentlemen, — he asked if any one was wiser than I. And so the Pythia said there was no one wiser.”

That was the beginning of the wise man's trouble, for it turned him into a universal quiz, and Chærephon of Sphettos was at the bottom of it all. The master loved him, patronizingly; and Plato gives him a good rôle in the *Gorgias* and *Charmides*, while in the *Haleyon* Socrates and he have the talk all to themselves. In the *Clouds*, he is a sort of usher in his master's thinking-shop: it is he who

has to wrestle with the problem of measuring a flea's leap in terms of the flea's feet, and who in turn propounds the famous dilemma concerning the musical end of the mosquito. Both questions must have been familiar to the Sphettian mind.

It is not a little curious that the clown of the Clouds also hails from this vicinage, — "Pheidon's son Strepsiades of Kikynna." The old rogue affects ignorance of the names of the excellent *merimnophrontistai*, but young Pheidipides knows them well, "the chalk-faced, barefoot vagabonds, with that evil genius Socrates and Chærephon at their head." Strepsiades was doubtless as real a character in all but the name as Chærephon, and they may have been next-door neighbors here in the country, until war drove the one, and philosophy drew the other, into town. If we had the original Clouds, in which Chærephon clearly had a leading rôle, we should no doubt get more light on this local motive.¹

Chærephon was a true democrat, and stood with Thrasybulos against the Thirty. He was an enthusiast in his master's cause, but we miss him in the court and prison. He was already dead, but he had a brother, Chærecrates, present at the trial, and Socrates calls on him to testify to the facts about the Delphi mission. Two other Sphettians appear with Socrates in court, — Lysanias and his son Æschines, who, like Xenophon, afterwards wrote down notes of conversations. But it is Chærephon, impulsive, eccentric, devoted to the master, who stands for old Sphettos in our imagination to-day; and were it not a century too old, one would fain refer to him the legend on the lintel, *For thou wast faithful*.

We had intended to walk under the mountain to Liopesi, but as we went down into the plain the sound of festal music drew us to the village square. On this

carnival Sunday afternoon, it is the old Greek *orchestra* over again and in full swing. Some five hundred villagers are assembled, and there are nearly a hundred women in the inner dancing-ring, all in a splendor of costume reminding one of Easter at Megara. But the dance is very different, and more classical, — not the chain, but the circle, and the largest circle I have seen. Only two European costumes in the ring, — that of the demarch's wife, who of course leads, and that of her gossip, whom we had met with her in the morning; all the rest full Albanian, with breastplates and headdresses of silver coin, — women dancing in their dowries. The brilliant colors and the bright metal lose nothing in the rays of the sinking sun, and we could watch the scene for hours; but between four and five the bell of the great church adjoining begins to ring, the circle breaks up, and the people flock from one service to the other, — just as in the old days, when the orchestra lay before the temple and had an altar for its centre. Only yesterday we had listened to Dr. Dörpfeld at the Dionysiac Theatre in Athens, and here to-day we realize that there is nothing new under this Attic sun. We follow the crowd, and soon the great church is measurably full of worshipers, as absorbed now in their devotions as a moment ago in their dancing. They prostrate themselves, with foreheads touching the cold stone floor, as a priest passes with swinging censer, and other priests intone the litany, while the youngsters clatter up and down the gallery stairs.

But day declines, and in a dash of rain we seek the station, stopping on the way to drink our scholar's health in a drop of resinato, which deserves a better fame than the Sphettian *oxos* of old enjoyed. The station master lights a fire to warm us, prepares delicious coffee for our com-

where the speaker claims a lien on two (apparently) neighboring properties, — one in Sphettos, the other in Kikynna.

¹ On other considerations, Milchhofer maps the two demes side by side, and the deme centres close together. This neighborhood is further suggested in one of Lysias' orations (xvii.),

fort, presses flowers upon us at parting, and utterly refuses a "tip" even for his baby boy. All aboard for Athens, and off we go; and at 7.30 we sit down to our regular Sunday evening *dîner-con-*

cert at the Grande Bretagne hotel, in the midst of a brilliant company; reminding one more of Paris than of Koropi, with its orchestra circle, its sky-roofed parterre of rustic Albanian beauties.

J. Irving Manatt.

THE NOONING TREE.

THE giant elm stood in the centre of the squire's fair green meadows, and was known to all the country round about as the "Bean ellum." The other trees had seemingly retired to a respectful distance, as if they were not worthy of closer intimacy; and so it stood alone, king of the meadow, monarch of the village.

It shot from the ground, for a space, straight, strong, and superb, and then burst into nine splendid branches, each a tree in itself, all growing symmetrically from the parent trunk, and casting a grateful shadow under which all the inhabitants of the tiny village might have gathered.

It was not alone its size, its beauty, its symmetry, its density of foliage, that made it the glory of the neighborhood, but the low growth of its branches and the extraordinary breadth of its shade. Passers-by from the adjacent towns were wont to hitch their teams by the wayside, crawl through the stump fence and walk across the fields, for a nearer view of its magnificence. One man, indeed, was known to drive by the tree every day during the summer, and lift his hat to it, respectfully, each time he passed; but he was a poet, and his intellect was not greatly esteemed in the village.

The elm was almost as beautiful in one season as in another. In the spring it rose from moist fields and mellow ploughed ground, its tiny brown leaf buds bursting with pride at the thought of the loveliness coiled up inside. In

summer it stood in the midst of a waving garden of buttercups and whiteweed, a towering mass of verdant leafage, a shelter from the sun and a refuge from the storm; a cool, splendid, hospitable dome, under which the weary farmer might fling himself, and gaze upward as into the heights and depths of an emerald heaven. As for the birds, they made it a fashionable summer resort, the most commodious and attractive in the whole country; with no limit to the accommodations for those of a gregarious turn of mind, liking the advantages of select society combined with country air. In the autumn it held its own; for when the other elms changed their green to duller tints, the nooning tree put on a gown of yellow, and stood out against the far background of sombre pine woods a brilliant mass of gold and brown. In winter, when there was no longer dun of upturned sod, nor waving daisy gardens, nor ruddy autumn grasses, it rose above the dazzling snow crust, lifting its bare, shapely branches in sober elegance and dignity, and seeming to say, "Do not pity me; I have been, and, please God, I shall be!"

Whenever the weather was sufficiently mild, it was used as a nooning tree by all the men at work in the surrounding fields; but it was in haying time that it became the favorite lunching and "bangeing" place for Squire Bean's hands and those of Miss Vilda Cummins, who owned the adjoining farm. The men congregated under the spreading

branches at twelve o' the clock, and spent the noon hour there, eating and "swapping" stories, as they were doing to-day.

Each had a tin pail, and each consumed a quantity of "flour food" that kept the housewives busy at the cook-stove from morning till night. A glance at Pitt Packard's luncheon, for instance, might suffice as an illustration, for, as Jabe Slocum said, "Pitt took after both his parents: one et a good deal, 'n' the other a good while." His pail contained four doughnuts, a quarter section of pie, six buttermilk biscuits, six ginger cookies, a baked cup custard, and a quart of cold coffee. This quantity was a trifle unusual, but every man in the group was lined throughout with pie, cemented with buttermilk bread and riveted with doughnuts.

Jabe Slocum and Brad Gibson lay extended slouchingly, their cowhide boots turned up to the sky; Dave Milliken, Steve Webster, and the others leaned back against the tree-trunk, smoking clay pipes, or hugging their knees and chewing blades of grass reflectively.

One man sat apart from the rest, gloomily puffing rings of smoke into the air. After a while he lay down in the grass, with his head buried in his hat, sleeping to all appearances, while the others talked and laughed; for he had no stories, though he put in an absent-minded word or two when he was directly addressed. This was the man from Tennessee, Matt Henderson, dubbed "Dixie" for short. He was a giant fellow, — a "great gorming cutter," Samantha Ann Milliken called him; but if he had held up his head and straightened his broad shoulders, he would have been thought a man of splendid presence.

He seemed a being from another sphere instead of from another section of the country. It was not alone the olive tint of the skin, the mass of wavy dark hair tossed back from a high forehead, the sombre eyes, and the sad mouth, — a

mouth that had never grown into laughing curves through telling Yankee jokes, — it was not these that gave him what the boys called a "downcast look." The man from Tennessee had something more than a melancholy temperament; he had, or physiognomy was a lie, a sorrow tugging at his heart.

"I'm goin' to doze a spell," drawled Jabe Slocum, pulling his straw hat over his eyes. "I've got to renew my strength like the eagle's, 'f I'm goin' to walk to the circus this afternoon. Wake me up, boys, when you think I'd ought to sling that scythe some more, for if I hev it on my mind I can't git a wink o' sleep."

This was apparently a witticism; at any rate, it elicited roars of laughter.

"It's one o' Jabe's useless days; he takes 'em from his great-aunt Lyddy," said David Milliken.

"You jest dry up, Dave. Ef it took me so long to git to workin' as it did you to git a wife, I bate this hay would n't git mowed down till crack o' doom. Gorry! ain't this a tree! I tell you, the sun 'n' the airth, the dew 'n' the showers, 'n' the Lord God o' creation jest took holt 'n' worked together on this tree, 'n' no mistake!"

"You're right, Jabe." (This from Steve Webster, who was absently cutting a *D* in the bark. He was always cutting *D*'s these days.) "This ellow can't be beat in the State o' Maine, nor no other State. My brother that lives in California says that the big redwoods, big as they air, don't throw no sech shade, nor ain't so han'some, 'specially in the fall o' the year, as our State o' Maine trees; 'assiduous trees,' he called 'em."

"*Assidyus* trees? Why don't you talk United States while you're about it, 'n' not fire yer long-range words round here? *Assidyus*! What does it mean, anyhow?"

"Can't prove it by me. That's what he called 'em, 'n' I never forgot it."

"*Assidyus* — *assidyus* — it don't sound as if it meant nothin', to me."

"'Assiduous' means 'busy,'" said the man from Tennessee, who had suddenly waked from a brown study, and dropped off into another as soon as he had given the definition.

"Busy, does it? Wall, I guess we ain't no better off now 'n we ever was. One tree 's 'bout 's busy as another, as fur 's I can see."

"Wall, there is a kind of a meanin' in it to me, but it 's turrible far fetched," remarked Jabez Slocum, rather sleepily. "You see, our ellums and maples 'n' all them trees spends part o' the year in buddin' 'n' gittin' out their leaves 'n' hangin' 'em all over the branches; 'n' then, no sooner air they full grown than they hev to begin colorin' of 'em red or yellor or brown, 'n' then shakin' of 'em off; 'n' this is all extry, you might say, to their every-day chores o' growin' 'n' cirkerlatin' sap, 'n' spreadin' 'n' thickenin' 'n' shovin' out limbs, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother; 'n' it stan's to reason that the firs 'n' hemlocks 'n' them California redwoods, that keeps their clo'es on right through the year, can't be so busy as them that keeps a-dressin' 'n' ondressin' all the time."

"I guess you 're 'bout right," allowed Steve, "but I should n't never 'a' thought of it in the world. What yer takin' out o' that bottle, Jabe? I thought you was a temperance man."

"I guess he 's like the feller over to Shadagee schoolhouse, that said he was in favor o' the law, but agin its enforcement!" laughed Pitt Packard.

"I ain't breakin' no law; this is yarb bitters," Jabe answered, with a pull at the bottle.

"It 's to cirkerlate his blood," said Ob Tarbox; "he 's too dog-goned lazy to cirkerlate it himself."

"I 'm takin' it fer what ails me," said Jabe oracularly; "the heart knoweth its own bitterness, 'n' it 's a wise child that knows its own complaints 'thout goin' to a doctor."

"Ain't yer scared fer fear it 'll start

yer growth, Laigs?" asked little Brad Gibson, looking at Jabe's tremendous length of limb and foot. "Say, how do yer git them feet o' yourn uphill? Do yer start one ahead, 'n' side-track the other?"

The tree rang with the laughter evoked by this sally, but the man from Tennessee never smiled.

Jabe Slocum's imperturbable good humor was not shaken in the very least by these personal remarks. "If I thought 't was a good growin' medicine, I 'd recommend it to your folks, Brad," he replied cheerfully. "Your mother says you boys air all so short that when you 're diggin' potatoes, yer can't see her shake the dinner rag 'thout gittin' up 'n' standin' on the potato hills! If I was a sinikitin feller like you, I would n't hector folks that had made out to grow some."

"Speakin' o' growin'," said Steve Webster, "who do you guess I seen in Boston, when I was workin' there? That tall Swatkins girl from the Duck Pond, the one that married Dan Robinson. It was one Sunday, in the Catholic meetin'-house. I 'd allers wanted to go to a Catholic meetin', an' I declare it 's about the solemnest one there is. I mistrusted I was goin' to everlastin'ly giggle, but I tell yer I was the awedest cutter yer ever see. But anyway, the Swatkins girl — or Mis' Robinson — was there as large as life in the next pew to me, jabberin' Latin, pawin' beads, gittin' up 'n' kneelin' down, 'n' crossin' herself north, south, east, 'n' west, with the best of 'em. Poor Dan! 'Griinnin' Dan,' we used to call him. Well, he don't grin nowadays. He never was good for much, but he 's hed more 'n his come-uppance!"

"Why, what 's the matter with him? Can't he git work in Boston?"

"Matter? Why, his wife, that I see makin' believe be so dreadful pious in the Catholic meetin', she 's carried on wuss 'n the Old Driver fer two years, 'n'

now she 's up 'n' left him, — gone with a han'somer man."

Down on Steve Webster's hand came Jabe Slocum's immense paw with a grasp that made him cringe.

"What the?" — began Steve, when the man from Tennessee took up his scythe and slouched away from the group by the tree.

"Did n't yer know no better 'n that, yer thunderin' fool? Can't yer see a hole in a grindstun 'thout it's hung on yer nose?"

"What hev I done?" asked Steve, as if dumfounded.

"Done? Where 've yer ben, that yer don't know Dixie's wife's left him?"

"Where 've I ben? Hain't I ben workin' in Boston fer a year; 'n' since I come home last week, hain't I ben tendin' sick folks, so 't I could n't git outside the dooryard? I never seen the man in my life till yesterday, in the field, 'n' I thought he was one o' them dark-skinned Frenchies from Guildford that hed come up here fer hayin'."

"Mebbe I spoke too sharp," said Jabe apologetically; "but we 've ben scared to talk wives, or even women folks, fer a month o' Sundays, fer fear Dixie 'd up 'n' tumble on his scythe, or do somethin' crazy. You see it's this way (I 'd ruther talk than work; 'n' we ain't workin' by time to-day, anyway, on account of the circus comin'): 'Bout a year 'n' a half ago, this tall, han'-some feller turned up here in Pleasant River. He inhaled from down South somewheres, but he did n't like his work there, 'n' drifted to New York, 'n' then to Boston; 'n' then he remembered his mother was a State o' Maine woman, 'n' he come here to see how he liked. We did n't take no stock in him at first, — we never hed one o' that nigger-tradin', secedin' lot in amongst us, — but he was pleasant spoken 'n' a square, all-round feller, 'n' did n't git off any secesh nonsense, 'n' it ended in our likin' him first-rate. Wall, he got work in the can-

nin' fact'ry over on the Butterfield road, 'n' then he fell in with the Maddoxes. You 've hearn tell of 'em; they 're relation to Pitt here."

"I would n't own 'em if I met 'em on Judgment Bench!" exclaimed Pitt Packard hotly. "My stepfather's second wife married Mis' Maddox's first husband after he got divorced from her, 'n' that 's all there is to it; they ain't no bloody-kin o' mine, 'n' I don't call 'em relation."

"Wall, Pitt's relations or not, they 're all wuss 'n the Old Driver, as yer said 'bout Dan Robinson's wife. Dixie went to board there. Mis' Maddox was all out o' husbands jest then, — she 'd jest disposed of her fourth, somehow or 'nother; she always hed a plenty 'n' to spare, though there 's lots o' likely women folks round here that never hed one chance, let alone four. Her daughter Fidelity was a chip o' the old block. Her father hed named her Fidelity after his mother, when she was nothin' but a two-days-old baby, 'n' he did n't know how she was goin' to turn out; if he 'd 'a' waited two months, I believe I could 'a' told him. Infidelity would 'a' ben a mighty sight more 'ropriate; but either of 'em is too long fer a name, so they got to callin' her Fiddy. Wall, Fiddy did n't waste no time; she was nigh onto eighteen years old when Dixie went there to board, 'n' she begun honeyfuglin' him 's soon as ever she set eyes on him. Folks warned him, but 't wa'n't no use; he was kind o' bewitched with her from the first. She wa'n't so han'some, neither. Blamed 'f I know how they do it; let 'em alone, 'f yer know when yer 're well off, 's my motter. She was red-headed, but her hair become her somehow when she curled 'n' frizzed it over a karosene lamp, 'n' then wound it round 'n' round her head like ropes o' carnelian. She hed n't any particular kind of a nose nor mouth nor eyes, but gorry! when she looked at yer, yer felt kind as if yer was turnin' to putty inside."

"I know what yer mean," said Steve interestedly.

"She hed a figger jest like them fashion-paper pictures you've seen, an' the very day any new styles come to Boston Fiddy Maddox would hev 'em before sundown; the biggest bustles 'n' the highest hats 'n' the tightest skirts 'n' the longest tails to 'em; she'd git 'em somehow, anyhow! Dixie wa'n't out o' money when he come here, an' a spell afterwards there was more 'n' a thousand dollars fell to him from his father's folks down South. Well, Fiddy made that fly, I tell you! Dixie bought a top buggy 'n' a sorrel hoss, 'n' they was on the road most o' the time when he wa'n't to work; 'n' when he was, she'd go with Lem Simmons, 'n' Dixie none the wiser. Mis' Maddox was lookin' up a new husband jest then, so 't she did n't interfere" —

"She was the same kind o' goods, anyhow," interpolated Ob Tarbox.

"Yes, she was one of them women folks that air so light-minded you can't anchor 'em down with a sewin'-machine, nor a dishpan, nor a husband 'n' young ones, nor no namable kind of a thing; the least wind blows 'em here 'n' blows 'em there, like dandelion puffs. As time went on, the widder got herself a beau now 'n' then; but as fast as she hooked 'em, Fiddy up 'n' took 'em away from her. You see she'd gethered in most of her husbands afore Fiddy was old enough to hev her finger in the pie; but she cut her eye-teeth early, Fiddy did, 'n' there wa'n't no kind of a feller come to set up with the widder but she'd everlastin'ly grab him, if she hed any use fer him, 'n' then there'd be Hail Columby, I tell yer. But Dixie, he was 's blind 's a bat 'n' deaf 's a post. He could n't see nothin' but Fiddy, 'n' he could n't see her very plain."

"He hed warnin's enough," put in Pitt Packard, though Jabe Slocum never needed any assistance in spinning a yarn.

"Warnin's! I should think he hed. The Seventh Day Baptist minister went

so fur as to preach at him. 'The Apostle Paul gin heed,' was the text. 'Why did he gin heed?' says he. 'Because he heerd. If he hed n't 'a' heerd, he could n't 'a' gin heed, 'n' 't would n't 'a' done him no good to 'a' heerd 'thout he gin heed!' Wall, it helped consid'ble many in the congregation, 'specially them that was in the habit of hearin' 'n' heedin', but it rolled right off Dixie like water off a duck's back. He 'n' Fiddy was seen over to the ballin' alley to Wareham next day, 'n' they did n't come back for a week."

"He gin her his hand,
And he made her his own,"

sang little Brad Gibson.

"He hed gin her his hand, but no minister nor trial jestic nor eighteen-carat ring nor stificate could 'a' made Fiddy Maddox anybody's own 'ceptin' the devil's, an' he would n't 'a' married her; she'd 'a' ben too near kin. We'd never 'spicioned she'd git 's fur 's marryin' anybody, 'n' she only married Dixie 'cause he told her he'd take her to the Wareham House to dinner, 'n' to the County Fair afterwards; if any other feller hed offered to take her to supper, 'n' the theatre on top o' that, she'd 'a' married him instid."

"How'd the old woman take it?" asked Steve.

"She disowned her daughter *punctilio*: in the first place, fer runnin' away 'stid o' hevin' a church weddin'; 'n' second place, fer marryin' a pauper (that was what she called him; 'n' it was true, for they'd spent every cent he hed); 'n' third place, fer alienatin' the 'fections of a travelin' baker man she hed her eye on fer herself. He was a kind of a flour-food peddler, that used to drive a cart round by Hard Scrabble, Moderation, 'n' Scratch Corner way. Mis' Maddox used to buy all her baked victuals of him, 'specially after she found out he was a widower beginnin' to take notice. His cart used to stand at her door so long everybody on the rout would complain

o' stale bread. But bime bye Fiddy begun to set at her winder when he druv up, 'n' bime bye she pinned a blue ribbon in her collar. When she done that, Mis' Maddox allers hed to take a back seat. The boys used to call it a danger signal. It kind o' drawed yer 'tention to p'int's 'bout her chin 'n' mouth 'n' neck, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother, in a way that was cal'lated to snarl up the thoughts o' professors o' religion 'n' turn 'em earthways. There was a spell I hed to say, '*Remember Rhapseny! Remember Rhapseny!*' over to myself whenever Fiddy put on her blue ribbons. Wall, as I say, Fiddy set at the winder, the baker man seen the blue ribbons, 'n' Mis' Maddox's cake was dough. She put on a red ribbon; but land! her neck looked 's if somebody 'd gone over it with a harrer! Then she stomped round 'n' slat the dish-rag, but 't wa'n't no use. 'Gracious, mother,' says Fiddy, 'I don't do nothin' but set at the winder. The sun shines for all.' 'You 're right it does,' says Mis' Maddox, 'n' that 's jest what I complain of. I'd like to get a chance to shine on something myself.'

"But the baker man kep' on comin', though when he got to the Maddoxes' doorsteps he could n't make change for a quarter nor tell pie from bread; an' sure 's you 're born, the very day Fiddy went away to be married to Dixie, that mornin' she drawed that everlastin' numhead of a flour-food peddler out into the orchard, 'n' cut off a lock o' her hair, 'n' tied it up with a piece o' her blue ribbon, 'n' give it to him; an' old Mis' Bascom says, when he went past her house he was gazin' at it 'n' kissin' of it, 'n' his horse meanderin' one side the road 'n' the other, 'n' the door o' the cart open 'n' slammin' to 'n' fro, 'n' ginger cookies spillin' out all over the lot. He come back to the Maddoxes next mornin' ('t wa'n't his day, but his hoss could n't pull one way when Fiddy's ribbon was pullin' t'other); an' when he found out she'd gone with Dixie, he

cussed 'n' stomped 'n' took on like a loontic; an' when Mis' Maddox hinted she was ready to heal the wovnds Fiddy 'd inflicted, he stomped 'n' cussed wuss 'n ever, 'n' the neighbors say he called her a hombly old trollop, an' fired the bread loaves all over the dooryard, he was so crazy at bein' cheated.

"Wall, to go back to Dixie — I'll be comin' right along, boys." (This to Brad Gibson, who was taking his farewell drink of ginger tea preparatory to beginning work.)

"I pity you, Steve!" exclaimed Brad, between deep swallows. "If you 'd known when you was well off, you 'd 'a' stayed in Boston. If Jabe hed a story started, he 'd talk three days after he was dead."

"Go 'long; leave me be! Wall, as I was sayin', Dixie brought Fiddy home ('Dell,' he called her), an' they 'peared bride 'n' groom at meetin' next Sunday. The last hundred dollars he hed in the world hed gone into the weddin' tower 'n' on to Fiddy's back. He hed a new suit, 'n' he looked like a major. You ain't got no idea what he was, 'cause his eyes is dull now, 'n' he 's bowed all over, 'n' ain't shaved nor combed, hardly; but they was the han'somest couple that ever walked up the broad aisle. She hed on a green silk dress, an' a lace cape that was like a skeeter nettin' over her neck an' showed her bare skin through, an' a hat like an apple orchard in full bloom, hummin'-bird an' all. Dixie kerried himself as proud as Lucifer. He did n't look at the minister 'n' he did n't look at the congregation; his great eyes was glued on Fiddy, as if he could n't hardly keep from eatin' of her up. An' she behaved consid'able well for a few months, as long 's the novelty lasted an' the silk dresses was new. Before Christmas, though, she begun to peter out 'n' git slack-twisted. She allers hated housework as bad as a pig would a penwiper, an' Dixie hed to git his own breakfast afore he went to work, or go off on an empty stomach. Many 's the time he 's got her meals for

her 'n' took 'em to her on a waiter. (Them secesh fellers 'll wait on women folks long as they can stan' up.)

"Then bime bye the baby come along; but that made things wuss 'stid o' better. She did n't pay no more 'tention to it than if it hed belonged to the town. She'd go off to dances, an' leave Dixie to home tendin' cradle; but that wa'n't no hardship to him, for he was 'bout as much wropped up in the child as he was in Fiddy. Wall, sir, 'bout a month ago she up 'n' disappeared off the face o' the airth 'thout sayin' a word or leavin' a letter. She took her clo'es, but she never thought o' takin' the baby; one baby more or less did n't make no odds to her s' long 's she hed that skeeter-nettin' cape. Dixie sarched fer her high an' low fer a fortnight, but after that he give it up as a bad job. He found out enough, I guess, to keep him pretty busy thinkin' what he'd do next. But day before yesterday the same circus that plays here this afternoon was playin' to Wareham. A lot of us went over on the evenin' train, an' we coaxed Dixie into goin', so 's to take his mind off his trouble. But land! he did n't see nothin'. He'd walk right by the lions 'n' tigers in the menagerie as if they were cats 'n' chickens, an' all the time the clown was singin' he looked like a dumb animile that 's hed a bullet put in him. There was lots o' side shows, mermaids 'n' six-legged calves 'n' spotted girls, 'n' one thing 'n' 'nother, an' there was one o' them whirligig machines with a mess o' rockin'-hosses goin' round 'n' round, 'n' an organ in the middle playin' like sixty. I wish we'd 'a' kept clear o' the thing; but, as bad luck would hev it, we stopped to look, an' there, on top o' two high-steppin' white wooden hosses, set Mis' Fiddy an' that dod-gasted light-complected baker man! If ever she was suited to a dot, it was jest then 'n' there. She could 'a' gone prancin' round that there ring forever 'n' forever, with the whoopin' 'n' hollerin' 'n' whizzin' 'n' whirlin' soundin' in her ears, 'n' the

music playin' like mad, 'n' she with nothin' to do but stick on 'n' let some feller foot the bills. Somebody must 'a' ben thinkin' o' Fiddy Maddox when they invented them whirl-a-go-rounds. She was laughin' 'n' carryin' on like the old Scratch; her apple-blossom hat come off, 'n' the baker man put it on, 'n' took consid'able time over it, 'n' pulled her ear 'n' pinched her cheek when he got through; an' that was jest the blamed minute we ketched sight of 'em. I pulled Dixie off, but I was too late. He give a groan I shall remember to my dyin' day, 'n' then he plunged out o' the crowd 'n' through the gate like a streak o' lightning. We follered, but land! we could n't find him; an' true as I set here, I never expected to see him alive agin. But I did; I forgot all about one thing, you see, 'n' that was the baby. If it wa'n't no attraction to its mother, I guess he cal'lated it needed a father all the more. Anyhow, he turned up in the field yesterday mornin', ready for work, but lookin' as if he'd hed his heart cut out 'n' a piece o' lead put in the place of it."

"It don't seem as if she'd 'a' ben brazen enough to come back so near home," said Steve.

"Wall, I don't s'pose she hed any idea o' Dixie's bein' at a circus over at Wareham jest then; an' ten to one she did n't care if the whole town seen her. She wanted to git rid of him, 'n' she did n't mind how she done it. Dixie ain't one of the shootin' kind, an' anyhow, Fiddy Maddox wa'n't one to look ahead; whatever she wanted to do, that she done, from the time she was knee high to a grasshopper. I've seen her set down by a peek basket of apples, 'n' take a couple o' bites out o' one, 'n' then heave it fur 's she could heave it 'n' start in on another, 'n' then another; 'n' 't wa'n't a good apple year, neither. She'd everlastin'ly spile 'bout a dozen of 'em 'n' swaller 'bout two mouthfuls. Doxy Morton, now, would eat an apple clean down to the core, 'n' then count the seeds 'n' put 'em on the

window-sill to dry, 'n' get up 'n' put the core in the stove, 'n' wipe her hands on the roller towel, 'n' take up her sewin' agin; 'n' if you 've got to be cuttin' 'n'ials in tree bark an' writin' of 'em in the grass with a stick, like you 've ben doin' for the last half-hour, you're blamed lucky to be doin' *D*'s, not *F*'s, like Dixie there!"

It was three o'clock in the afternoon. The men had dropped work and gone to the circus. The hay was pronounced to be in a condition where it could be left without much danger; but, for that matter, no man would have stayed in the field to attend to another man's hay when there was a circus in the neighborhood.

Dixie was mowing on alone, listening as in a dream to that subtle something in the swish of the scythe that makes one seek to know the song it is singing to the grasses.

"Hush, ah, hush, the scythes are saying,
Hush, and heed not, and fall asleep;
Hush, they say to the grasses swaying,
Hush, they sing to the clover deep;
Hush, — 't is the lullaby Time is singing, —
Hush, and heed not, for all things pass.
Hush, ah, hush! and the scythes are swing-
ing

Over the clover, over the grass."

And now, spent with fatigue and watching and care and grief, — heart sick, mind sick, body sick, sick with past suspense and present certainty and future dread, — he sat under the cool shade of the nooning tree, and buried his face in his hands. He was glad to be left alone with his miseries, — glad that the other men, friendly as he felt them to be, had gone to the circus, where he would not see or hear them for hours to come.

How clearly he could conjure up the scene that they were enjoying with such keen relish! Only two days before, he had walked among the same tents, staring at horses and gay trappings and painted Amazons as one who noted

nothing; yet the agony of the thing he saw at last lit up all the rest as with a lightning flash, and burned the scene forever on his brain and heart. It was at Wareham, too, — Wareham, where she had promised to be his wife, where she had married him only a year before. How well he remembered the night! They left the parsonage; they had ten miles to drive in the moonlight before reaching their stopping-place, — ten miles of such joy as only a man could know, he thought, who had had the warm fruit of life hanging within full vision, but just out of reach, — just above his longing lips; and then, in an unlooked-for, gracious moment, his! He could swear she had loved him that night, if never again.

But this picture passed away, and he saw that maddening circle with the caroling steeds. He heard the discordant music, the monotonous creak of the machinery, the strident laughter of the excited riders. At first the thing was a blur, a kaleidoscope of whirling colors, into which there presently crept form and order. A boy who had cried to get on, and was now crying to get off. Old Rube Hobson and his young wife; Rube looked white and scared, partly by the whizzing motion, and partly by the prospect of paying out ten cents for the doubtful pleasure. Pretty, modest Hetty Dunnell with that young fellow from Portland; she too timid to mount one of the mettlesome chargers, and snuggling close to him in one of the circling seats. Then, good God! Dell! sitting on a prancing white horse, with the man he knew, the man he feared, riding beside her; a man who kept holding on her hat with fingers that trembled, — the very hat she "'peared bride in;" a man who brushed a grasshopper from her shoulder with an air of ownership, and, when she slapped his hand coquettishly, even dared to pinch her pink cheek, — his wife's cheek, — before that crowd of on-lookers! Merry-go-round, indeed!

The horrible thing was well named ; and life is just like it, — a whirl of happiness and misery, in which the music cannot play loud enough to drown the creak of the machinery, in which one soul cries out in pain, another in terror, and the rest laugh ; but the prancing steeds gallop on, gallop on, and, once mounted, there is no getting off, unless . . .

There were some things it was not possible for a man to bear ! The river ! the river ! He could hear it rippling over the sunny sands, swirling among the logs, dashing and roaring under the bridge, rushing to the sea's embrace. Could it tell whither it was hurrying ? No ; but it was escaping from its present bonds ; it would never have to pass over these same jagged rocks again. " On, on to the unknown ! " called the river. " I come ! I come ! " he roused himself to respond, when a faint, faint, helpless voice broke in upon the mad clatter in his brain, cleaving his torn heart in twain ; not a real voice, — the half-forgotten memory of one ; a tender wail that had added fresh misery to his night's vigil, — the baby !

But the feeble pipe was borne down by the swirl of the water as it dashed between the rocky banks, still calling to him. If he could only close his ears to it ! But it still called — called still — the river ! And still the child's voice pierced the rush of sound with its pitiful flute note, until the two resolved themselves into contesting strains, answering each other antiphonally. The river — the baby — the river — the baby ; and in and through, and betwixt and between, there spun the whirling merry-go-round, with its curveting wooden horses, its discordant organ, and its creaking machinery.

But gradually the child's voice gained in strength, and as he heard it more plainly the other sounds grew fainter, till at last, thank God ! they were hushed. The din, the whirlwind, and the tempest in his brain were lulled into silence, as

under a " Peace, be still ! " and, worn out with the contest, the man from Tennessee fell asleep under the grateful shade of the nooning tree. So deep was the slumber that settled over exhausted body and troubled spirit that the gathering clouds, the sudden darkness, the distant muttering of thunder, the frightened twitter of the birds, passed unnoticed. A heavy drop of rain pierced the thick foliage and fell on his face, but the storm within had been too fierce for him to heed the storm without. He slept on.

Almost every man, woman, and child in the vicinity of Pleasant River was on the way to the circus, — Boomer's Grand Six-in-One Universal Consolidated Show ; Brilliant Constellations of Fixed Stars shining in the same Vast Firmament ; Glittering Galaxies of World-Famous Equestrian Artists ; the biggest elephants, the funniest clowns, the pluckiest riders, the stubbornest mules, the most amazing acrobats, the tallest man and the shortest man, the thinnest woman and the thickest woman, " on the habitable globe ; " and no connection with any other show on earth, especially Sypher's Two-in-One Show now devastating the same State.

If the advertisements setting forth these attractions were couched in language somewhat rosier than the facts would warrant, there were few persons calm enough to perceive it, when once the glamour of the village parade and the smell of the menagerie had intoxicated the senses.

The circus had been the sole topic of conversation for a fortnight. Jot Bascom could always be relied on for the latest and most authentic news of its triumphant progress from one town to another. Jot was a sort of town crier ; and whenever the approach of a caravan was announced, he would go over on the Liberty Road to find out just where it was and what were its immediate plans, for the thrilling pleasure of

calling at every one of the neighbors' on his way home, and delivering his budget of news. He was an attendant at every funeral, and as far as possible at every wedding in the village, at every flag-raising and husking and town and county fair. When more pressing duties did not hinder, he endeavored to meet the two daily trains that passed through Milliken's Mills, a mile or two from Pleasant River. He accompanied the sheriff on all journeys entailing serving of papers and other embarrassing duties common to the law. On one occasion, when the two lawyers of the village held an investigation before Trial Justice Simeon Porter, they waited an hour because Jot Bascom did not come. They knew that something was amiss, but it was only on reflection they remembered that Jot was not indispensable. He went with all paupers to the Poor Farm, and never missed a town meeting. He knew all the conditions attending any swapping of horses that occurred within a radius of twenty miles, — the terms of the trade and the amount paid to boot. He knew who owed the fish man and who owed the meat man, and who could not get trusted by either of them. In fact, so far as the divine attributes of omniscience and omnipresence could be vested in a faulty human creature, they were present in Jot Bascom. That he was quite unable to attend conscientiously to home duties, when overborne by press of public service, was true. When Diadema Bascom wanted kindling wood split, wood brought in, the cows milked, or the pigs fed, she commonly found her spouse serving humanity in bulk.

All the details of the approach of the Grand Six-in-One Show had, therefore, been heralded to those work-sodden and unambitious persons who tied themselves to their own wood-piles or haying fields.

These were the bulletins issued : —

The men were making a circle in the Widow Buzzell's field, in the same place

where the old one had been, — the old one, viewed with awe for five years by all the village small boys.

The forerunners, outriders, proprietors, whatever they might be, had arrived and gone to the tavern.

An elephant was quartered in the tavern shed !

The elephant had stepped through the floor ! !

The advance guard of performers and part of the show itself had come !

And the "Cheriot" ! !

This far-famed vehicle had paused on top of Deacon Chute's hill, to prepare for the street parade. Little Jim Chute had been gloating over the fact that it must pass by his house, and when it stopped short under the elms in the doorway his heart almost broke for joy. He pinched the twenty-five-cent piece in his pocket to assure himself that he was alive and in his right mind. The precious coin had been the result of careful saving, and his hot, excited hands had almost worn it thin. But alas for the vanity of human hopes ! When the magnificent red-and-gold "Cheriot" was uncovered, that its glories might shine upon the waiting world, the door opened, and a huddle of painted Indians tumbled out, ready to lead the procession, or, if so disposed, to scalp the neighborhood. Little Jim gave one panic-stricken look as they leaped over the chariot steps, and then fled to the barn chamber, whence he had to be dragged by his mother, and cuffed into willingness to attend the spectacle that had once so dazzled his imagination.

On the eventful afternoon of the performance the road was gay with teams. David and Samantha Milliken drove by in Miss Cummins' neat carryall, two children on the back seat, a will-o'-the-wisp baby girl held down by a serious boy. Steve Webster was driving Doxy Morton in his mother's buggy. Jabe Slocum, Pitt Packard, Brad Gibson, Cyse Higgins, and scores of others were riding "shank's mare," as they would have said.

It had been a close, warm day, and as the afternoon wore away it grew hotter and closer. There was a dead calm in the air, a threatening blackness in the west that made the farmers think anxiously of their hay. Presently the "thunder heads" ran together into big black clouds, which melted in turn into molten masses of smoky orange, so that the heavens were like burnished brass. Drivers whipped up their horses, and pedestrians hastened their steps. Steve Webster decided not to run even the smallest risk of injuring so precious a commodity as Doxy Morton by a shower of rain, so he drove into a friend's yard, put up his horse, and waited till the storm should pass by. Brad Gibson stooped to drink at a wayside brook, and as he bent over the water he heard a low, murmuring, muttering sound that seemed to make the earth tremble.

Then from hill to hill "leapt the live thunder." Even the distant mountains appeared to have "found a tongue." A zigzag chain of lightning flashed in the lurid sky, and after an appreciable interval another peal, louder than the first, and nearer.

The rain began to fall, the forked flashes of flame darted hither and thither in the clouds, and the boom of heaven's artillery grew heavier and heavier. The blinding sheets of light and the tumultuous roar of sound now followed each other so quickly that they seemed almost simultaneous. Flash — crash — flash — crash — flash — crash; blinding and deafening eye and ear at once. Everybody who could find a shelter of any sort hastened to it. The women at home set their children in the midst of feather beds, and some of them even huddled there themselves, their babies clinging to them in sympathetic fear, as the livid shafts of light illuminated the dark rooms with more than noonday glare.

The air was full of gloom: a nameless terror lurked within it; the elements seemed at war with each other. Horses

whinnied in the stables, and colts dashed about the pastures. The cattle sought sheltered places; the cows ambling clumsily towards some refuge, their full bags dripping milk as they swung heavily to and fro. The birds flew towards the orchards and the deep woods; the swallows swooped restlessly round the barns, and hid themselves under the eaves or in the shadow of deserted nests.

The rain now fell in sheets.

"Hurry up 'n' git under cover, Jabe," said Brad Gibson; "you're jest the kind of a pole to draw lightnin'!"

"You hain't, then!" retorted Jabe. "There ain't enough o' you fer lightnin' to ketch holt of!"

Suddenly a ghastly streak of light leaped out of a cloud, and then another, till the sky seemed lit up by cataracts of flame. A breath of wind sprang into the still air. Then a deafening crash, clap, crack, roar, peal! and as Jabe Slocum looked out of a protecting shed door, he saw a fiery ball burst from the clouds, shooting brazen arrows as it fell. Within the instant the meeting-house steeple broke into a tongue of flame, and then, looking towards home, he fancied that the fireball dropped to earth in Squire Bean's meadow.

The wind blew more fiercely now. There was a sudden crackling of wood, falling of old timbers, and breaking of glass. The deadly fluid ran in a winding course down a great maple by the shed, leaving a narrow charred channel through the bark to tell how it passed to the earth. A sombre pine stood up, black and burned, its heart gaping through a ghastly wound in the split trunk.

The rain now subsided; there was only an occasional faint rumbling of thunder, as if it were murmuring over the distant sea; the clouds broke away in the west; the sun peeped out, as if to see what had been going on in the world since he hid himself an hour before. A delicate rainbow bridge stretched from the blackened church steeple to the glittering weather-

cock on the squire's barn ; and there, in the centre of the fair green meadows from which it had risen in glorious strength and beauty for a century or more, lay the nooning tree.

The fireball, if ball of fire indeed there were, had struck in the very centre of its splendid dome, and ploughed its way from feather tip to sturdy root, riving the tree in twain, cleaving its great boughs left and right, laying one majestic half level with the earth, and bending the other till the proud head almost touched the grass.

The rainbow was reflected in the million drops glittering upon the bowed branches, turning each into a tear of

liquid opal. The birds hopped on the prone magnificence, and eyed timorously a strange object underneath.

There had been one swift, pitiless, merciful stroke ! The monarch of the meadow would never again feel the magic thrill of the sap in its veins, nor the bursting of brown bud into green leaf.

The birds would build their nests and sing their idyls in other boughs. The "time of pleasure and love" was over with the nooning tree ; over, too, with him who slept beneath ; for under its fallen branches, with the light of a great peace in his upturned face, lay the man from Tennessee.

Kate Douglas Wiggin.

INGONISH, BY LAND AND SEA.

UNDER the northern shadow of Cape Smoky there is a double bay, cut in two by a rocky peninsula called Middle Head. Into the half of the bay next to Smoky, and chafing restlessly against the foundations of its richly colored cliffs, runs the Ingonish River, which comes from the almost impenetrable forests and morasses of the interior of northern Cape Breton to pour its clear waters into the ocean. No bridge crosses the stream, and the traveler who descends from the heights of Smoky towards the fishermen's hamlet of Ingonish South Bay, which he sees scattered upon a sandy spit at his feet, finds himself halting upon the edge of deep, swift water, with cove on his left and bay on his right, and never a sign of a way across. If his voice is strong and clear, he may waken the fishermen's dogs on the other shore, and, what is more to the purpose, bring a red-haired, blue-eyed lad to the flatboat on the sand, and to the big sweep which will presently urge it across to the foot of the red cliffs. The people

of Ingonish are in part of Irish parentage and in part of Scotch, but they are almost all members of the Roman communion, and made of different stuff from the blue Presbyterian Highlanders who dwell along the coast between Cape Smoky and the head of St. Anne's Bay. In the best of the houses which stand one beyond another on the South Bay beach lives Mr. Baker, whose hospitality makes a journey beyond Smoky a possibility, and more than that, a pleasure. Here may be laid aside the stoicism needed to sustain life during the journey up the north shore, and here, in the midst of restless ocean, tawny sands, red cliffs, undulating forests, and brooks alive with trout, can be found all that nature can give to stimulate happiness or to lull the troubled mind, and all that the reasonable wanderer can expect to find to make his weary flesh comfortable. In the days which we spent at Mr. Baker's we learned to love Ingonish more and more, as we explored it by land and by sea.

I.

BY LAND.

The breath of fire floated in the air, making it hazy, softening the mountain contours, giving a wicked look to the sea, and filling me, through its perfume, with the same feeling of unrest that the moose and caribou have as they feel the smoke of burning forests tingling in their nostrils. Looking inland, I saw the hills marshaled along the river, rank behind rank, with their relative distances clearly defined by the smoke. The mercury was above 90° Fahrenheit, and mountain climbing was not to be thought of. Middle Head, seen across the waves, suggested cool breezes, and towards its lean, half-grassy, half-rocky finger, pointing ever eastward, we took our way. From Mr. Baker's, half a mile of sandy road runs northward parallel with an ideally beautiful beach. Then the road bends to the left, inland, while the beach curves to the right, seaward, rising soon into sandy banks, which in turn change to sculptured cliffs at whose foot the sea murmurs.

Terns with black-tipped wings skimmed close to the restless waves, and over the fretted sand where the ripples had left the marks of their lips. No one walked upon the road where man had scratched together badly the same sand which nature had made perfect by the tides.

When I looked at Ingonish beach as it was, silent, lonely, serene, and pure, I thought what it might some day be made if fashionable men and women, on pleasure bent, chanced to discover it and to feel the thrill of its sun-tempered tide, which is as mild as that of their favorite but more southern shores. Now, at least, the absence of hotels where such men and women might be fed and put to bed, if by chance the sea or their own feet cast them upon these distant sands, makes it certain that they will not come to banish Eden by their presence.

Between the sand beach and the road there rises a massive wall of rounded stones, varying in size from a goose egg to a human skull. Can waves alone have raised such a dike? The same question came to me as I studied a similar wall running along the seaward side of the bar which well-nigh makes St. Anne's Bay a lake, and Torquil McLean's ferry a superfluity instead of a somewhat malodorous joy. Perhaps the fact that often, in winter, the ice comes stealing across from Newfoundland and the seas that lie beyond it, and packs itself against St. Anne's bar and all the north coast of Cape Breton, may explain these walls. The thrust of the ice could scour the shallows for miles, and bear along loose stones to the first beach whose sloping face would receive them. The density of the arrangement of these stones, and the abruptness of the front which they present to the sea, point to ice action rather than to that of waves alone. The wall is so high that those walking or driving along the road cannot see the beach, while those bathing cannot see the country inland. Shut in between shingle and sea, we walked the length of the sand, and then climbed to the top of the bluffs of Middle Head.

The evening before, while watching meteors from the beach, we had seen the sky above Middle Head suddenly lighted up by a bright fire. It lasted ten or fifteen minutes, then died away so quickly that we felt sure no building could have been destroyed. Now, on the narrow path leading along the edge of the cliffs we met three men. They bowed and touched their caps with the smiling politeness characteristic of most of the natives, Gaelic or Irish. I asked them what and where the fire had been; and in a few words they said that Rory This had bought the right to cut grass on Sandy That's land, but that after the hay was made a dispute arose as to the price; so the hay had been burned to quiet the trouble. I confess I could not reason

out the process by which either Rory who had labored, or Sandy who had owned the grass, could find comfort in putting match to the hay.

Some of the rock which supported Sandy's scorched hayfield, and which formed portions of the cliffs of Middle Head, contrasted strikingly with the prevailing red syenite of the Ingonish region. It was white; not however like newly fallen snow, but like that which this world has somewhat soiled. Gypsum, or "plaster," as Cape Breton calls it, occurs in many places on the Bras d'Or and along the north coast. It suffers much more from the action of water and frost than the harder rocks surrounding it, so that where it appears on the surface there are sure to be odd depressions in the soil, "sink holes," into which earth and trees have settled; or, in cliff faces, deep hollows, coves, or caverns. The path along Middle Head follows closely the trend of the shore, and from it we found ourselves looking down into the most suggestive little cove that smugglers would care to own or story-writers to dream over. Its opening to the sea was narrow, and all its walls were high and steep, yet it had a tiny sand beach where a boat could land easily even if storm waves beat angrily on the stern cliffs outside.

About halfway out on the Head we came upon a spring, — a cup-shaped hollow in the mud, filled with sun-warmed water, — which tempted us to rest near it under the low pines and spruces, where Cape Smoky could be seen across the bay, its richly toned cliffs wonderfully worn by waves, and its lofty head resting in the haze that gives the mountain promontory its name. Its outer point, which cuts in twain waves unchecked from the Grand Banks, is called "the Bill of Smoky." From this point back to the Ingonish light the syenite crags rise supreme above waves or ice. Near the lighthouse the lines of Smoky grow more gentle. The forest, which above the Bill

is but a narrow line next the sky, slopes downward to the placid water inside the bar, and rolls on westward to join other expanses of spruce and birch, hemlock and maple, which clothe the mountains and fill the river valley with soft foliage. While dreamily watching this fair northern picture, as it quivered in the heat of a half-tropical day, we were startled by a sudden cry which came from the waves far below. Then a man, with a coil of rope on his arm, passed us, and went cautiously to the edge of the precipice, over which he peered and made signals. Thoughts of smugglers, of hidden wines brought by night from St. Pierre, of a discovery by the smugglers that we knew of their landing-place, and finally of the consequences of their discovery, floated through our minds, already saturated with the romantic elements of Ingonish scenery and life. Then more men came, and passed. They too crept to the edge and looked into the dizzy waves beneath. One of them lowered the rope over the cliff, and seemed to be trying to lasso something many feet below. Our curiosity prevailed over our timidity, and we drew near to the edge of the rock. The vision of smuggled champagne faded, and in its place was put the truth: that a sheep had gone over the cliff to a narrow shelf more than halfway down to the sea, and that these men were trying to rescue him alive, while a boy in a boat tossed by waves below shouted advice to them.

Middle Head, and many a mile of coast north of it, is the home of the raven, or "big crow," as the Ingonish people call him. Close to the smuggler's cove a long, ragged point juts out from the cliffs. At its extremity huge masses of broken rock lie in the wash of the tide. As we passed this point, I saw an uncanny shape squatted upon its outer rock. It was a bird, web-footed, gaunt, black, vulture-headed, yet with a sac, a hideous skinny object, fitted like a pelican's pouch beneath its beak. A native passing said it

was a "shag," which meant nothing to me until I found that "shag" and "cormorant" were two equally expressive names for this same nightmarish bird of rock and wave. I crept out upon the point, first skulking behind wild rose bushes and goldenrod, and then coasting down a sandy slope, out of sight of the spectre I was stalking. Gaining the water's edge, I clambered along among huge rocks upon which seaweeds grew and trailed their fingers in the tide, and so came nearer and nearer to the shag. Suddenly I looked up as a huge shadow swept over me, and saw, black and big against the hot sky, a passing bird which watched me with keen eyes. Growing from the rocks which overhung me was a hunchbacked pine, the sport of every mocking wind that harried this rough coast, and in its bent branches sat five ravens. They croaked, but did not fly, satisfied to watch me as I squirmed over the rocks towards the black beast with a throat sac. In coloring and shape they were like crows, yet I knew they were not crows; something in the shape of the head was different; they did not treat me as crows would have done. I felt that they were strangers.

When I reached the last rock which could by any chance shield my body from the cormorant, I raised my head very slowly until my eyes came upon a level with the rock's upper surface. About twenty feet away, clasping with its hideous feet the last rock left naked by the tide, sat the shag. It seemed to me that it might be a bittern which, having offended against the gods, had been condemned to leave its beloved meadows and thickets, whispering rushes and perfumed grasses, in order to pass ages upon the shores of a sobbing ocean in which it should find no peace and no abiding-place. Its garb looked as sackcloth and ashes might well look after a thorough soaking in salt water. When it craned upwards its skinny neck and panted, it reached the climax of its loathsomeness,

for the livid sac pulsed under its distressed breathing. I had watched the horrid fish-eater long enough, so, rising to my full height, I had the satisfaction of seeing the monster shrink into itself with fear, turn its ugly countenance seaward, and then flap away over the hot, sparkling waves until almost out of sight. When half a mile out, it turned and flew slowly along the crest of the waves towards the rocky cliffs of Middle Head, and then dropped suddenly into the water, upon which it remained bobbing like a duck.

Free from this incubus, I looked once more upon the home of the ravens, — the hunchbacked pine, the shattered rocks, and, far above them, the cliffs upon whose inaccessible ledges young ravens first see light. The surroundings were those of a sturdier bird than the crow. There were no gently sighing forests, waving cornfields, or placid lakes here, but instead the stern crags, rude sea, and broken rocks, — makers of deep, angry music, harsh discords, and wild, sorrowful refrains. The crow boasts from the moment his loud voice first comes back to his ears from the echoing hillside, he steals from the time he sees the corn blades start from the furrow, and he shuns danger as often as the tread of man or deer snaps a dry twig in the forest. The raven's croak can wake no echo to match the sea's chorus, his food is not won by theft, and dangers which come from sky and tossing wave are not such as to stimulate craft or to inculcate wariness.

II.

BY SEA.

All day long heat had quivered in the air and sparkled on the sea, but now, at evening, there was coolness creeping in from the ocean, past crag and sand, banishing ennui and tightening strong muscles as they tugged at the oars. The

coolness and the wind seemed to have little to do with each other; for the wind was westerly, and came down river from the forest-clad mountains, while the coolness came in from the east under the deep shadow which the red cliffs of Smoky cast upon the bay. Thump, thump, the oars pounded forward and back upon the tholepins, and the boat moved slowly forward inside the bar towards the gut. The heavy sail did us no service; merely made me more alone in the twilight, as I sat in the bow, with my back to the mast, and watched the waves heave under us.

We were turning our backs to the hills now, and heading straight out through the gut. On the right was the lighthouse with its newly lit red star glowing inside the polished lenses. Above it towered the beginning of Smoky's cliffs, still deep red in the twilight, or green where the forest far above caught the last rays of a fair sunset glow. On the left, the long beach and bar ended in a pier, with fish-houses and boats, men smoking, cod drying on the flakes, lobster pots piled up for the season, and collie dogs watching life go by on the tide, or dreaming as they lay on the dry nets. Dead ahead, a fisherman's boat was coming in close to the pier, its oars splashing in the choppy sea where inner and outer waters wrestled in the narrow pass. Our oars thumped louder, and we shot through the swirl, and out past lighthouse, pier, boats, rocks, and the residue of land and life, towards where the sea, the sky, and Smoky lived in a great dream together. Surely this place was beautiful, and to-night, as I sat in the bow alone, the flapping sail behind me, the rise and fall, the heave, surge, and wash of the sea lent a magic joy to the voyage we were taking out to the Bill of Smoky. I looked far ahead and strained my eyes to see what was beyond; and then I thought, what matters it to look, to strive to see an end, a goal, when there is no end, no goal, to see? This is no mountain, with

ridge after ridge to surmount, and an ultimate peak to conquer, with all its prizes of prostrate earth and nearer clouds to look upon. This is only the sea with its monotonous level, having in its endlessness no incentive to action, no stimulus to struggle. Still I kept gazing out into the distance, and wondering whether some dim sail would not appear in the gloom, or some rock rise from among the billows for our boat to break itself against.

As we glided on our undulating path across the restless water, the dark mass of Cape Smoky attended us on our right like a shadow. The waves splashed incessantly upon the broken rocks at the foot of the cliffs, and sometimes in the hollow of a wave not far from us a jagged mass of rock flashed menacingly for a moment before the water slid over it again and hid its threat from our eyes. The hand of time falls heavily upon the red sandstone, and every year huge pieces of rock drop into the sea and become the sport of the tide. At one point a buttress of rock protruded into the bay, and through it I could see light. The busy waves and frosts had carved an arch in the stone, through which birds could fly and storm winds blow. Far up the cliff, a brook, which had worked patiently downward from the soil on the summit of the mountain, appeared in a circular opening, and dashed its small spray seaward. Most brooks must fight their way over boulders and fallen trees, through dark ravines, by hot waysides and sleepy meadows, at last to win only a right to merge their lives in the greater life of the river. This brook had gone straight to its mother ocean, unchecked, unturned, and when its clear, cool drops fell towards the sea they were as pure as when they left the sky. The brook seemed symbolic of some lives, which, though living out their appointed time, go back to the source of life without ever having been polluted by society, or lost in its sullen and ill-regulated current.

Thump, thump, thump; the oars worked with their clumsy rhythm, urging us eastward, and out towards the line of rough water beyond the Bill. The swell grew stronger, and now and then the boat rose so high or fell so low that my dream was interrupted by the emphasis of the motion. Far behind us the red eye of the lighthouse glared at the mouth of the harbor, and marked upon each wave's edge the path by which we had come, close under the shelter of the cliffs. A few strokes more and we were abreast of the Bill, that ultimate wedge of rock which Smoky thrusts into the northern sea, piercing the cold waves, and dividing the fierce storm currents beating down from Newfoundland. The wind was fresher in the unprotected sea, and the lighthouse with its nestling lights upon the bar seemed much further away than it had a moment or two before. A sense of loneliness, almost of danger, crept over us, and by common consent the boat was turned backward into the shelter of the great rock, and the homeward voyage begun.

It was now my turn at the oar, and a thrill passed through me as I grasped the great sweep and wrestled over it with the waves. Night had fallen. All color had died on the red cliffs of Smoky. Stars had burned their way into the dark blue sky, and among them stray meteors fell seaward, or glided athwart the constellations. A year before, I had spent the long hours of the night on the peak of Chocorua, watching these wayward waifs of space as they danced behind the cloud curtains of the storm. Now, with all a Viking's zeal, I tugged at my big oar, pounded my tholepin, made deep eddies chase each other in the dark water, and breathed joyously deep breaths of the salt northern air. What contrasts man may make for himself, in his life, if he yields to the spirit of restlessness within him! The Vikings yielded to it, and swept the northern seas, and I felt in my weak arms

something of their strength and wantonness as I urged the boat homewards under Smoky's shadow. Black rocks, placid sea, bright stars, dancing meteors, and breath of the northern ocean, — I had them all, even as the Norsemen had them.

A faint protest came from the other side of the boat. We were not rowing a race; there was no hurry; and if I cut inshore any farther we should go on the rocks. So I eased my frantic stroke, and watched the phosphorescence play in my oars' eddies. In the sky, bright masses ploughed their way through our air, impelled by an unknown force, driven from an unknown distance, and aiming for an unknown fate. In the sea, bright atoms ploughed their way through the water and glowed in soft splendor. The meteors are inorganic, dead mysteries. The phosphorescence is an organic, living mystery. Yet it is no more impossible to imagine the history and future of a body perpetually traveling through endless space than to try to count the numbers of these phosphorescent myriads. Generally I have the feeling that science is bringing us nearer to a perception of what the vast creation is which surrounds us, but at times the greater truth flashes before my eyes, — that what we are really learning is not more than a drop in the limitless ocean of fact.

The row back to the lighthouse seemed shorter than the voyage out, partly because we really went faster, and partly because we had less detail to look at, now that the night had covered the beauties of the many-toned cliffs and the distant mountains. When we shot through the gut from the bay to the inner basin, the air became damper and the darkness more intense. With caution and frequent peering ahead we rowed towards the creek in which we were to land. Here a shoal had to be avoided, there a fisherman's boat passed by.

Now, in the gloom we could discern a

mass of willows in which the kingfishers had been sounding their loud call during the day, and beyond them loomed up the timbers of the old mill whose wreck was to be our pier. Poor old mill, it had been starved to death by tariffs, a grim punishment for its slaughter of many a good king of the forest. We landed, and in the soft stillness made our stumbling way across field and pasture to the cosy Ingonish parlor, where, in strange contrast to rugged coast, and stern mountain, and the general simplicity of the fishermen's houses on the shore, we had found refinement, comfort, and open hospitality.

Beyond the great wall of rounded stones, raised by ice and storm, lay the

beach. The rippling waves played softly upon the firm sand, making dainty lines across it. We could hear the murmur of those waves and the faint rustle of the breeze in the shrubbery. All was peace and gentleness, yet under that kindly music those who knew Ingonish Bay could hear other voices. High in the air the powers of the storm were holding council, and deep in the sea the tides were planning to hurl themselves upon the shore. It is always so by the northern ocean; and when the waves break most lovingly upon Smoky, the old mountain and his children the fishermen are most alert for the tempest which is to follow.

Frank Bolles.

HAMBURG'S NEW SANITARY IMPULSE.

THE experience of 1893 made it seem probable that the cholera could never again prevail in uncontrollable epidemic form in western Europe or America. The kindred sciences of bacteriological medicine and public sanitation have, in the last two years, grappled most brilliantly and effectively with the frightful monster. Berlin, Paris, London, and New York have learned that they can hold the cholera firmly in check. And now the cities that have suffered most in the last ten years, such as Naples and Hamburg, are prepared to meet the scourge on its appearance, and prevent it from becoming widely epidemic or from interfering seriously with business. The unspeakable fright, therefore, which has until now attended the outbreak of cholera in western Europe and America is likely to pass away with the present decade; so that a sporadic case now and then will have no paralyzing effect upon the environing community.

It is clearly fortunate, however, that Europe should have suffered these recent

pangs of awful fear. The cholera is a sensational disease. Other maladies, preventable to a large extent by public hygienic measures, are far more destructive of life than the cholera. But their ravages are more insidious and more commonplace; and the warning cry of sanitary science acts tardily and feebly upon municipal purse-strings. A high average death rate, due to bad sanitary conditions, is not ordinarily seen to disturb the course of trade, or to lessen greatly the life-chances of the burghers who pay the heavy taxes and control the public funds. But a cholera epidemic ruins business, impoverishes the comfortable burghers, and threatens to invade their domiciles and rob them of their first-born. It acts as the effective tenth plague, and the municipal Pharaoh bestirs himself mightily. Naples had long intended, in a languid way, to reform its sanitary arrangements; but not until the cholera epidemic of 1885 supplied the motive force was anything of much importance undertaken. The im-

provements set on foot as a result of that epidemic have revolutionized the city, and will have resulted in the saving of many thousands of lives every year; for the principal effect of efforts to guard against cholera is to abolish, or greatly diminish, mortality from various other causes. That epidemic at Naples led, further, to the enactment of a new sanitary code for the Italian kingdom, and to many excellent improvements in other Italian cities and towns besides Naples.

Far more widespread throughout Europe, however, will have been the improved sanitary arrangements resulting from the cholera invasion of 1892-93. It is in Germany, doubtless, that the most important effects will appear. The German cities have not, until lately, been largely impelled by the sanitary motive, in their municipal activities. They have done wonderful things, and have shown a splendid capacity and business thrift. But while the public health has been the dominant motive in the development of the municipal functions of some of the British cities, good financial results have seemed to be the chief criterion of success in German municipal government. The broad generalization is too sweeping, yet it is upon the whole a safe one. While taking the lead of all nations in the scientific study of the problems of the public health, the Germans have not been the most eager people in the world to spend millions of money in the application of hygienic principles. Fortunately for them, they have the best scientific leadership that any country can afford, and at the same time they have by far the best administrative mechanism. All that had been needed, therefore, was the motive strong enough to open wide the public purse-strings. The cholera appears now to have supplied it. All over Germany the learned doctors and bacteriologists are dictating terms to the awakened municipal authorities.

The most interesting centre of this new sanitary activity is stricken Hamburg. There is very much in its conditions and in its plans and undertakings that ought to interest the intelligent people and the officials of our American cities. Let it be said in preface that Hamburg was most unjustly treated by the major part of our press during the summer and autumn of 1892, and that most Americans have an entirely erroneous impression of it. Until late years it has received comparatively few American visitors; and of course for two seasons it has been shunned. Even the travelers who patronize the fine steamers of the Hamburg-American Company hurry on to Berlin, and learn nothing of this noble old Free Hansa city and magnificent port. In America it is chiefly known as the place from which so many undesirable emigrants take shipping, and has the reputation of being indescribably filthy, overcrowded, ugly, and uninteresting, — a place, in short, to be avoided. No impression could be further from the truth. The emigrants go from Hamburg for the same reason that they land at New York: the one, like the other, is without rival as the greatest port of its continent. Ships go everywhere from Hamburg. Its dock and harbor arrangements excite the enthusiastic admiration of every visitor. There is no such sight elsewhere in the world. The boasted Liverpool arrangements are far inferior. Within a decade there has been expended by the German Empire and the city of Hamburg a sum approaching forty million dollars in the construction of this vast shipping terminal, the modern conveniences of which make everything along the New York docks seem absurdly effete and obsolete.

Hamburg is an infinitely more attractive and picturesque city than Berlin. The dull and somewhat cheap monotony of the huge new imperial capital is almost painful after a few days of Hamburg's variety and charm. The city's

architecture combines the modern with the mediæval in the most delightfully unexpected ways. Many whole streets of the high-gabled, timber-framed, quaint-windowed houses of the old sixteenth and seventeenth century Hanseatic merchants remain in good condition; and yet the city as a whole is distinctly modern in its architecture. Far from being hopelessly congested and void of breathing-spaces, there are a number of tree-lined thoroughfares, much broader than are to be found in leading American cities, and in the very heart of the city there are large water spaces and park areas, with extensive girdling promenades, and every facility for healthful outdoor recreation.

A dignified and splendid city is Hamburg, with its 600,000 inhabitants, its immense commerce with all parts of the world, its unusually intelligent merchant body, its suburbs of handsome villas, its modern growth and enterprise, and its fine traditions and history that bind it to a noble past. And its very life has been the great river Elbe. But the Elbe, which has been its commercial mainstay, has brought death as well as life. The river has always supplied the city with water for drinking and domestic uses, and its unwholesomeness has long been fully confessed. But many things have prevented, until recently, the firm attempt to solve the paramount sanitary problem of the city's drinking-water. Early in the seventies an elaborate investigation resulted in a report advising the filtration of the entire Elbe supply. But opposition arose, the discussion was protracted, and nothing was done. The inclusion of Hamburg in the new German Empire, and its accession at last to the German customs-union, led to the concentration of the municipal energy upon the development of the port facilities. The abandonment of Hamburg's status as an independent port, and its inclusion in the tariff system of Germany, took practical effect in 1888, and the in-

fluence upon the city's traffic and growth was both immediate and very important. Meanwhile, the scientific consideration of the water supply had not been altogether suspended, and the city's enhanced importance furnished a new reason for action.

In 1890, it was actually determined to proceed at once with the construction of an extensive plant for the filtration of a supply of Elbe water equal to the entire demand upon the water system for all purposes. Expert investigations, with reinvestigations and all sorts of cross-examinations, had resulted in a plan that was adopted with confidence. It was pronounced feasible by the municipal engineers to have the filtration plant ready for use in 1894. The cholera emergency led to prodigious efforts, and the new system was put into operation in May, 1893, nearly a year ahead of time.

The last seventy-five miles of the Elbe form an estuary of the North Sea, and the tidal movement up as far as Hamburg is considerable, amounting to several feet on the seaward side of the city. The Elbe flows northward; and the old waterworks were situated on the southern edge of the city, the intention being that the water should be pumped from a point in the stream that lay above the brackish and polluting influences of the flood tide. The "intake" was in the middle of the river, just opposite the large pumping station, high water tower, and adjoining reservoirs which constituted the old waterworks that served the whole city. As a matter of fact, the intake was not far enough upstream to escape serious contamination from the recession, at flood tide, of the polluted water of the harbor and lower stream. One must remember that the Elbe carries off the entire sewage of Hamburg; and that the stupendous aggregation of ships, of wharfs and warehouses, and of manufacturing establishments makes the water of the port about as filthy as possible. The sewer system of Hamburg is

by no means a bad one. The houses are all connected with well-built street mains, which empty into several large *collecteurs*, or sewage canals. These principal conduits in turn converge and join in one huge discharging sewer tunnel, which is carried well out into the channel of the river, and empties at the lower edge of the city. The discharge is dammed in and held back during the hours of inflowing tide, so that the main harbor, and the numerous branching navigable *Fleete*, or canals, that make Hamburg something like Venice, may not be fouled and gradually filled up by subsidence from the immense volume of liquid filth. The sewer gates are opened only when the ebbing of the tide joins with the ordinary flow of the river to give a sweeping current out to sea. This, at least, is a far better arrangement for sewage disposal than certain American cities lying on tidal water possess, which dispense with *collecteurs* entirely, and discharge their sewage at numerous points all along the river frontage.

But it is far from being a perfect system. For although the Elbe estuary is a broad stream, the cities of Hamburg and Altona have become so great that the combined volume of their refuse material is enormous; and the plan of discharging at ebb tide alone cannot wholly prevent the subsequent backflow of pollution from the sewers. Quite apart from any and all local sources of contamination at Hamburg, the Elbe water is by no means pure, for the river drains a populous valley, and has many large towns and villages on its banks. Hamburg ought long ago to have extended its intake far enough upstream to make perfectly sure that its citizens would not receive again through their water-pipes the fouled effluent of their drains. But at the time of the cholera visitation of 1892 the old intake was still in use, and was undoubtedly within the sphere, at flood tide, of harbor refuse and city sewage. An essential fea-

ture of the new water system, therefore, has been the extension of the receiving tunnel up the river to a point some miles above the now abandoned intake. This work involved very large expenditure, since the new tunnel had to be constructed under the bottom of the river.

The filtration system, however, is the interesting feature of the new Hamburg water supply. It is by far the largest and most successful "plant" for the removal of impurities from drinking-water that any city has yet instituted. It happens that Hamburg is so situated that it is practically compelled to draw its water supply from the river. There are no mountain sources accessible. Naples, like Vienna and Munich and Glasgow, has been able to secure abundant water from high and uncontaminated mountain regions. But Hamburg lies in the lowlands, at the mouth of a broad valley. We have a number of cities in the United States that seem to be under the necessity for all time of drawing their water supplies from the much-polluted rivers on the banks of which they are situated. For these cities the question of an effective method of filtration has the very highest consequence. From Minneapolis to New Orleans the cities of the Mississippi Valley are concerned. Cincinnati, Indianapolis, Louisville, Omaha, Sioux City, Kansas City, and many other cities must continue to drink river water. If the Elbe and the Rhine can be completely filtered, there will be no question about American rivers.

A general description of the Hamburg system can easily be given. The city was fortunate in owning two large islands in the Elbe, which have been connected by a narrow embankment, and which extend from a point near the old water-works upstream for a distance of about two miles. The uppermost of these islands, the Billwärder Insel, is the larger of the two. Somewhat further up the river is the new intake, with its well screened and guarded opening. The re-

ceiving tunnel is perhaps ten feet in diameter. On this upper island have been constructed four large reservoirs, or sedimentary basins, as it might be better to call them, each of which has a capacity approximately equal to the supply of the city for one day. A new pumping plant on the island lifts the water into these basins. The four are used in rotation. It has been found by experiment that the best results are attained by allowing the water to stand undisturbed for about twenty-one hours. Sluices and valves enable the basins to be used separately and successively. Thus, while Basin I is engaged in feeding the filters that supply the city, Basin II is full and closed for a day's deposit of sediment, Basin III is being pumped full from the intake, and Basin IV, which is quite empty, is in process of being scraped and cleansed. When Basin I's supply has been drawn off, it in turn is closed for removal of sediment, Basin II is put into connection with the filters, Basin III is full and closed, and Basin IV, having been cleaned out, is again in receipt of a supply from the river. And so the rotation is complete. Each of these sedimentary basins has a superficial area of perhaps twenty-five acres.

The screens at the intake mouth of course keep out all large extraneous objects. The settling process in the great basins further disposes of fine sand, and of very much of the mud and silt that discolor the water as originally received. But from the hygienic point of view, it is obvious that nothing of very radical importance has been gained by the mere fact of a day's rest in a settling basin. It is in the filtering basins that the revolutionizing results are attained.

The lower island, the Kalte Hofe, lying just above the old waterworks on the east bank of the Elbe, at the Rothenburg suburb, presents a sight best seen from the top of the waterworks tower, and one quite worth the climb of 365

steps. One looks down upon an island perhaps three fourths of a mile long and one fourth of a mile wide, the greater part of which is covered with even rows of rectangular basins, each of which has a surface of 7500 square metres, or about two acres. There are twenty-two of these open filter basins. To describe their mechanism in detail would be to attempt an engineering article. It will be enough to tell in a general way how they are made and how they work. In principle they are not original. Sand filtration has been in use to some extent for many years. Altona, the flourishing manufacturing city of 150,000 inhabitants that lies solidly against Hamburg on the side towards the sea, and is virtually part and parcel of the larger city, has for thirty years used sand filtration to make Elbe water potable. Berlin also filters through sand-lined basins a considerable part of its drinking-water. The London water companies have made successful use of the same system, and other cities have had some experience of this mode of water purification. The Hamburg plant on the Kalte Hofe is notable, therefore, not for the introduction of a new principle, but rather for the utilization of an old principle in a far more complete and successful working plant than any other city has yet established.

The filter basins on the Kalte Hofe, like the large sedimentary basins on the Billwärder Insel, are constructed with the utmost care, being lined very solidly with clay, concrete, hard brick masonry, and cement plaster. Across the floor of each filter basin are many large pipes perforated with countless holes. The basin itself being ready and the punctured pipes being in place, the process of filling begins. First comes a layer of small, well-selected stones, covering the floor to a depth of about eight inches. Then is spread, to a like depth, a layer of gravel; that is, of stones smaller than those forming the bottom stratum, but much coarser than the layer of coarse

sand, also eight inches deep, that is next placed above it. Upon these three foundation layers is deposited the principal material of the filter, namely, a layer of fine sand, one metre (nearly forty inches) deep. When the filter is in use, the water stands exactly one metre deep on the metre of fine sand. Ingenious automatic regulators so control the inflow and outflow as to keep the water at an unvarying depth of one metre. It would be superfluous to attempt a detailed explanation of the admirable adjustment of all the parts of the water system to one another. It is enough to say that the pumping facilities are well adapted to the requirements of the sedimentary basins, that the filter basins are nicely adjusted to receive and dispose of the quantity discharged from the Billwärder Insel, and that the arrangements of the old water station on the mainland at the Rothenburgs-ort are fully equal to the reception of the purified effluent of the filters, and its distribution throughout the entire city.

It must not be supposed that this system, when once established, needs no further care or attention. The filters are all under constant inspection, and one by one they are cut off temporarily from active service in order to be emptied into the river and cleansed. Adjacent to the group of filter basins is an establishment fitted up with facilities for cleansing the sand and small stones. Ordinarily, it is found quite sufficient to remove a few inches of the fine sand for purification, leaving the rest of the filter undisturbed. It is not, indeed, desirable to take away all the deposits that the sand retains from the water as it trickles through. A certain amount of "scum" must be collected before the filter is at its best. It must be remembered that the chief purpose of the filter is the removal of microbes, whose existence can be ascertained only by bacteriological tests. These bacilli are so small that some millions of them would not feel

crowded on the point of the finest needle. A yard or two of ordinary sand and gravel could therefore hardly be expected to filter out the microbes as if they were so many crawfishes. The experts tell us that it is the scum, collecting on the sand and filling the interstices between the stony particles, that somehow manages to detain the microbes, while the water passes on purified and wholesome.

Let no one suppose that this is a mere matter of conjecture, or of an occasional test with dubious results. The effect of the Hamburg filtration upon the bacteriological condition of the Elbe water is now a subject of constant examination and precise knowledge. The whole system has, during and since the summer of 1893, been operated with reference to the fact that the Elbe has been discovered to contain cholera germs, and that Hamburg proposes to give its people a water free from those germs. To this end, the director of the city's hygienic laboratory has been accorded an almost dictatorial authority. At the time of the epidemic in 1892, the distinguished authority Professor Geffke, of the University of Gießen, came to Hamburg to assume temporary charge of sanitary arrangements. He brought with him from Gießen, as his assistant, and left behind him in control of the Hygienic Institute, a young and rising bacteriologist, Professor Dunbar. Dr. Dunbar very rapidly and effectively developed the Hamburg municipal laboratory into one of the most important in the world, and gave it a practical relationship to health conditions that the authorities of Hamburg could not fail to recognize. Dr. Koch came later from Berlin, on behalf of the imperial government, to aid and advise in the struggle to subdue the epidemic, and he was surprised and delighted to discover the rare scientific quality and the comprehensive scope of the work Dr. Dunbar had already accomplished. Dr. Koch thereupon acquiesced very heartily in

the proposal that Dr. Dunbar should be given the permanent post of director of the Hamburg institute, and thus made the authoritative expert in control of the health conditions of the principal German port, and the first commercial city of the Continent.

Dr. Dunbar is a native of St. Paul, Minn.; and when he went to Germany, some years ago, at the age of twenty-one, he could speak English only. He has won his place very early in the scientific world. In order to accept the official post he now holds, he was obliged to become naturalized as a German citizen.

Dr. Dunbar commands the services of a staff of expert assistants, and his Institute is conducting experiments of extraordinary interest. A new method for the discovery of cholera germs in water has been devised by Dr. Dunbar, and accepted by Dr. Koch and the other bacteriologists as a great improvement. During the summer and autumn of 1893, the Hamburg institute tested the Elbe water from day to day, the specimens being taken from widely separated points, and found cholera germs all the way from the mouth to places far in the interior of Germany. It seems probable that Dr. Dunbar will succeed in proving effectually, what has hitherto been much doubted and denied, that cholera is propagated by means of water rather than air.

In the filthy water brought up to Hamburg by the flood tide Dr. Dunbar and his group of experts were quite regularly finding from thirty thousand to one hundred thousand cholera germs to each cubic centimetre (about one sixteenth of a cubic inch) of water. As many germs were found in the season of 1893 as in the previous year, although Hamburg was kept almost free from fresh outbreaks of cholera. The water of the river above the influence of flood tide was found to contain from four hundred to twelve hundred germs. In July, 1893, the imperial health authorities at Berlin

issued a warning to the municipal governments of the country not to supply their citizens with a drinking-water containing more than one hundred germs to the cubic centimetre. It was considered that water infected to no greater extent could be used without serious danger. It is highly instructive, therefore, to note the fact that the purified water of the new Hamburg filtration works, as examined from filter to filter and from day to day, was found sometimes to contain no germs at all, and more commonly to contain from four to ten per cubic centimetre. Only by the most refined methods, never employed until the summer of 1893, could these few scattered germs be discovered, isolated, and accurately counted.

Here, then, is the great triumph of the Hamburg filter works. The citizens know absolutely that the new system has given them a safe supply, and feel that science is now equal to any emergency that may arise. The purified Elbe water is used for all city purposes, including street washing, lawn and garden sprinkling, and sewer flushing. It is of excellent quality for all industrial purposes, and as a drinking-water it is agreeable as well as safe.

An indirect evidence that the cholera epidemic was induced through the use of Elbe water was furnished by the fact that the parts of Hamburg which use wells instead of the river supply were almost or quite exempt from the disease. There are perhaps eight hundred or a thousand wells in use within the city limits. On general health principles wells are to be condemned, and their extermination by most city governments has been fully justified; but, as a choice of evils, the Hamburg wells were better than the unfiltered river water, and so they were tolerated. Some of the large breweries have very productive artesian wells. At the time of the epidemic their water was piped to many neighboring houses, and the service continues. At that time, also,

in the fall of 1892, more than a hundred new "driven" wells were made; but many of them could not be used, on account of the mineral constituents of the water. A part of the work of Dr. Dunbar's Institute, in the fall of 1893, was the thorough examination and testing of all the wells of the city. About half of them had been examined up to the middle of September, with generally satisfactory results. The health authorities were, of course, empowered to close all wells found to be yielding unwholesome water.

The Hygienic Institute has a new branch laboratory, with every needed convenience, immediately adjacent to the filtration works; and one of the large filters is used exclusively for the Institute's tests and experiments. One of Dr. Dunbar's chief assistants is stationed constantly at the waterworks. There has now been constructed for Dr. Dunbar's use, upon plans of his own, a novel steam craft, to ply on the Elbe as a floating bacteriological laboratory. The boat is not far from forty feet in length, and its remarkable equipment will make it possible to study far more fully than has yet been done the actual extent and nature of the influence of flood tide in the Elbe, and also to give frequent attention to the health conditions of the great stream in its upper courses. All these new projects and devices will have cost a good deal of money; but shrewd, commercial Hamburg has come to the conclusion that improved sanitary services are a highly profitable investment, and that it would be as unwise to spend large sums upon such services without expert scientific direction and experimentation as to erect public buildings without good architects, or invest heavily in docks and harbor facilities without the aid of civil engineers. Dr. Dunbar is evidently determined to make the largest possible use of the city government's new impulses towards the generous support of hygienic inquiry and reform.

The circumstances under which cholera again appeared in Hamburg about the middle of September, 1893, only serve to illustrate the value both of the filtration works and of the Hygienic Institute. Tests made at that time showed the alarming increase of germs in the filtered water as conveyed for consumption. It was further discovered that the water was pure as it left the filters, and that the contamination was the result of a bad leakage from the Elbe into the tunnel which conveys the supply from the Kalte Hofe to the pumping works on the mainland. The leak was at last suppressed, but, unfortunately, a number of cases of illness and death occurred, clearly traceable in origin to this infusion of unfiltered water into the purified supply. The fact that Hamburg had been exempt from cholera all summer, while the river was laden with such deadly infection, speaks volumes for the filtered water which had been in use since May; and the prompt discovery of the leakage was a new demonstration of the practical usefulness of an efficient bacteriological laboratory.

I have already commented upon Hamburg's sewers and its disposal of sewage. It remains to speak somewhat of the scavenging and cleansing of the city. As yet, the cholera outbreak seems to have led to no radical changes of system or administration, but it has resulted in a vast increase of energy in the conduct of the work. Street cleansing, under the general control of the police authorities, is managed upon a good system with admirable effect. No American city, so far as I am aware, can compare at all favorably with maligned Hamburg in the matter of clean streets. Good paving is the rule, and this of course facilitates the constant washings and sweepings to which the streets are subjected. Asphalt and smoothly laid square stone blocks are the prevailing material of the street surface. Besides the thorough night cleansings, there is a

day force of sweepers regularly at work on the principal thoroughfares to remove horse manure, etc., quite in the approved manner of Paris and Berlin.

The fright to which the cholera subjected the population has been of inestimable aid to the sanitary police in their efforts to compel the people to maintain domestic cleanliness. There remain in Hamburg many of the very narrow, badly lighted streets of the Middle Ages, with small-windowed old houses, ill arranged for subdivision into tenement apartments and for the occupancy of numerous families. Obviously, it is no easy task to keep these streets free from conditions favorable to the spread of infection. But a wonderful improvement has been made, under rigidly enforced sanitary regulations, in the average wholesomeness of domestic life among the working people. An elaborate code governing the construction and occupancy arrangements of tenement houses had been drawn up, and was expected to receive approval and go into effect early in 1894. It brings the sanitary housing of the people under the auspices of the municipal authorities to an extent never before dreamed of in old-fashioned, *laissez-faire* Hamburg.

The city has also laid energetic hands upon the question of the disposal of domestic refuse. Garbage has hitherto been carted out and dumped upon land in the vicinity of the city, some kinds of refuse, however, being carried out to sea in barges. Henceforth the garbage is to be burned, large municipal crematories having been constructed. There is no reason why Hamburg should not undertake large works, such as one finds in various European cities, for the preparation of a marketable fertilizer, and of other salable commodities, from the collected garbage, street sweepings, ashes, and waste material in general of so great a city. This will probably be done in the early future.

The epidemic of 1892 found Ham-

burg ill prepared with facilities for the isolation of cases, and for the disinfection of contaminated articles and houses. Ordinary hospitals had to be used for cholera patients, and extra accommodations had to be provided by means of hastily erected emergency barracks. Meanwhile, a vast new epidemic hospital on the pavilion plan was projected, and it is now completed and in working order. It is one of the largest and best appointed hospitals for infectious diseases to be found anywhere; and it will play an important part in the future suppression at the very outset of threatened epidemics.

The disinfection stations, also, are a new feature of Hamburg's sanitary administration, and they are excellent specimens of establishments of that sort. Two central ones were fitted up in existing buildings adapted for the purpose, while a much larger and more complete one has now been made ready for use. They are equipped with large ovens, for the disinfection by heat of bedding, clothing, draperies, carpets, etc., and have facilities for the detention and personal disinfection and cleansing of the unattacked members of a family whose house is undergoing disinfection after the stricken members have been removed to hospital or to cemetery. The disinfection station is headquarters for the closed vans that are sent to remove persons and infected articles, and also for the disinfection officials, whose task it is to take charge of a house and put it in good sanitary condition. Each one of these officers is supplied with a compact, portable metallic box, in which there is a curiously complete collection of scrubbing-brushes, chemicals, and implements and devices for the thorough cleansing of a condemned habitation.

Food examination lies within the scope of Dr. Dunbar's municipal laboratory, and a staff of assistants is steadily engaged in this branch of the work, which is to take on some important develop-

ments in the early future. The milk supply of Hamburg, in particular, is now to be brought under the close municipal oversight that is so desirable in all large towns, a very elaborate law to that end having been drafted. The active inspection of food in the markets is in charge of the general police authorities. It is now arranged that a special force of police inspectors shall be put at the service of the Hygienic Institute, and shall bring samples for analysis to the food department of the laboratories.

It is as yet quite too soon to attempt a presentation in conclusive statistical form of the results of Hamburg's new sanitary régime. But the evidence afforded by a comparison of the death rate month by month is highly significant, and it would have an importance even sensational in its character if the improvement it indicates should, happily, continue permanently. Thus, the average January death rate of Hamburg for the past decade has been 23.10 per thousand of population. For January, 1892, the rate was 21.61, while for January, 1893, it was

only 16.59, and for January, 1894, it appears to have been somewhere between 18 and 19. Comparing succeeding months, it would seem that the death rate has declined fully twenty per cent from the average of the past decade since the extraordinary precautions of the cholera summer of 1892 were put into effect. It is quite possible that the completion of the current year may show for the twenty-four months of 1893 and 1894 an average decline in the total death ratio of not less than twenty-five per cent as compared with the statistics for the preceding ten years. It is not to be forgotten that a great epidemic almost always sweeps away so many very old, very young, and otherwise specially susceptible persons that a subsequent lowering of the death rate would result without any aid from better hygienic surroundings. But when due allowance is made for this very important factor, it would still seem reasonable to attribute a considerable part of the reduced death rate of Hamburg to the city's improved sanitary condition.

Albert Shaw.

LIMITATION.

BREATHE above me or below,
Never canst thou farther go
Than the spirit's octave-span
Harmonizing God and man.

Thus, within the iris-bound,
Light a prisoner is found;
Thus, within my soul, I see
Life in Time's captivity.

John B. Tabb.

AT THE OPRA DI LI PUPI.

HERE in Palermo there is a certain curve of one of the streets which has for me a singular charm. There a piazza, opening from the wide, modern Via Cavour, narrows itself all at once with a cordial pressure, as if to say, Welcome to the heart of the city! It is an entrance to the real Palermo; not the city as it is known by the tourist studying historic monuments under guidance of Baedeker, nor by the golden youth and large-eyed beauties who pass along the Via Macqueda or amid the myrtle paths of the Giardino Inglese, but instead as it is characterized by the great *rioni* where four fifths of the population live in their own way, which was also that of their fathers centuries ago. The lieutenant (it is no small advantage to have as escort a relative who is also that liveliest of beings, a young officer of the Italian army) joins me in affection for the warm-hearted, serious, prejudiced, industrious, generous, superstitious, courtly Sicilian populace. We are always ready to turn aside from the principal streets, which resemble those of all the other Italian cities, in order to lose ourselves in a maze of *vicoli* and *viuzze*, and of research concerning the life, physical and psychical, of the inhabitants.

One memorable morning, we went forth to find Don Achille Greco, — an heroic name, as is fit for a man whose business is all of paladins and their deeds. To come to facts, Don Achille is proprietor of one of the best marionette theatres of Palermo, the Opra della Vuciria. The father of Don Achille was the famous Don Gaetano Greco, with whom, at least according to the opinion of his sons and heirs in the profession, began the glories of the wire-drawn drama. The lieutenant and I hoped to be able to arrange with the *oprate* for a private representation; because, at an

ordinary performance, a woman in the audience would be a rarity, the mark for the wondering stares of the young men and boys who fill the benches and galleries. Not that the plays would offer any offense to feminine modesty; on the contrary, they are always unexceptionable in action and language; but so it is, women are almost never present. Perhaps I might have ventured to infringe the etiquette of the place, for nice customs curtsy to persons in search of copy. But a sufficient restraint was the idea of that crowded, unventilated room, where every cry of "Bravo!" would be as strong of garlic as of enthusiasm.

The audience, however, would have been almost as well worth seeing as the play. The lads are thoroughly acquainted with the personages and deeds of the legendary history of Charlemagne and his paladins, which forms the material of a cycle of plays running without repetition through the evenings of more than a year. The dramas, which ignore the unities of time, place, and construction, are founded chiefly upon the popular book *I Reali di Francia*, the chronicles of Archbishop Turpino, the Orlando of Ariosto and of Boiardo, the Morgante of Pulci, with excursions into the kindred story of Guerino il Meschino or other texts. Sometimes farces and ballets are interspersed, and now and then a sacred representation, notably a Passion Play.

The marionette theatre, called in Sicilian dialect *opra di li pupi*, is here much more important and characteristic than it is upon the Italian peninsula. On the miniature stage of upper or of central Italy, the performances are more sophisticated, and, a far more significant difference, they represent detached episodes or modern plays; while in Sicily the epic cycle of Charlemagne and his knights moves with stately sequence to

its tragic close in the defeat of Roncesvalles.

The eminent Dr. Giuseppe Pitrè, whose studies of the Sicilian people are unsurpassed for verity, patience, and affectionate insight, finds that the Carlovingian theatre "has an historic reason in the spirit of the southern population of Italy, and is kept alive by reasons at once psychological and ethnical, and wholly in relation to the nature of our people. . . . In order for a poem to become a song, a story a legend, they must have in themselves the conditions favorable to diffusion and popularity. Were certain fables of chivalry welcomed as soon as they were known by our storytellers and opranti? Did they find listeners to the former, spectators to the latter? Then they must bear, as they do, in themselves the elements which suit the vivid fantasy, the imagination of the Sicilian populace."

"The passion for mediæval chivalry dovetails also with a religious fact. The eternal struggle of the personages of the chivalrous epic always is between Christians and infidels. Religion is always in the front rank, or at least is apparent amid the loves and the profane undertakings. This is no small matter for a people deeply religious and devout as ours. When we remember that the virgin patron of Palermo, the daughter of Sinibaldo, lord of Rose and of Quisquina, St. Rosalia, is said to have descended in a direct line from Charlemagne, it is no wonder that the Sicilian people, tenacious in its beliefs as in its traditions, should hold in such honor the Carlovingian epic cycle, speak with such enthusiasm of Rinaldo and of Orlando, and remember with something like national pride

"The dames, the cavaliers, the arms, the loves,
The courtesies, and deeds of bold emprise." ¹

The Sicilian lads have an insatiable

¹ G. Pitrè, Biblioteca delle Tradizioni Popolari Siciliane, vol. xiv. pp. 278, 279.

passion for the opra di li pupi; they will eat dry bread in order to save the little copper coins that would buy the *companatico* of onions or cheese, spending them instead at the box office of Don Achille in the Vucciria, or of his brother, Don Niccolò, in the Piazza Ballarò. They thrill at the sight of the examples of courage and honor; they take sides with one or another of the paladins, Rinaldo, Orlando, Oliviero; they discuss, award praise and blame, lament for the fallen and shout for the victors. If, in the course of history and legend, a paladin discredits himself ever so slightly, he is suspended from popular favor until, by means of a fine action, he is able to rehabilitate himself.

By this time the lieutenant and I have threaded the Via Gagini and crossed the Piazza San Domenico, and now we take heed to our steps on the slippery round stones of a steep viuzza which leads into the Vucciria Nuova (so called, not, as some philologists opine, from the vociferations that rend the air there, but, like the *boucherie* of the French, because of the provisions sold in it). The centre of the piazza is occupied by stalls full of every known and conjectural fish, flesh, and vegetable. Around the stone basin of the fountain, men are busy washing bunches of *finocchi*, with threadlike leafage and white bulbs; donkeys wait, with the sufferance of their tribe, until their loads of cabbages shall be bought; vendors carry about baskets of fruit or bread, trays of sweetmeats, cheap trinkets, stay-laces, fans woven of cane fibres, to be used to kindle fires. The shouts are very confusing, until the ear, somewhat accustomed, learns to distinguish them. It is a system of individual *motivi* that would have pleased Richard Wagner. The seller of fish has his traditional cry, quite unlike that of the lemon-vender, who in his turn is not to be mistaken by an intelligent hearer for him of the cabbages or of the crockery. At one side of the piazza is the theatre of Don

Achille Greco. Its sign is a cartel, on which are painted, in water colors, with much effectiveness, some principal scenes from the plays to be represented during the week. The lower half of the wide door is closed; the upper part is ajar, in order to admit air. The little ticket office, the rows of benches, and the stage are half seen in the twilight of the windowless room.

At the moment, we were told, Don Achille was not in the theatre. A stout *comare*, who sat near by in the sun, encouraged us to seek for him; the meat seller, next door, said that the oprante was gone to his house, and sent a little boy to show us the way there. We turned into the narrow street upon which opens the iron-barred window of the green-room of the marionettes. An assistant of Don Achille was inside, busy with polishing the armor of a paladin.

"Which of the royals of France is this?" I asked of the little guide; who, with perfect acquaintance with facts, replied, "He is Orlando."

If the child had been asked concerning the identity of any one of the hundred men of valor who populate the stage of Don Achille, he would not have been once at fault. Each paladin has his distinctive mark: Charlemagne is known by his closed fist—tradition choosing to represent him as rather unroyally economical—as well as by his regal mantle and crown; Oliviero has upon his shield the sun and the moon, and is portly of person; Rinaldo wears the lion as sign; the strong-minded heroine, Bradamante, is distinguished from her brothers-in-arms by her long hair. Don Achille does not spare expense; the metal armor, the cloth and tinsel, of the poorest of his paladins would cost twenty to twenty-five lire, while Charlemagne represents a money value of more than one hundred and fifty lire. The enemies, if Spanish lords, are also finely attired; but if pagans, custom and religion will have them meanly clad, in or-

der to show contempt for those renegade dogs of Turks.

The lieutenant and I were invited to ascend to the apartment of Don Achille, who, with his family, received us very courteously. The open sesame to his favor was the mention of the name of Dr. Pitrè, who, as fellow-citizen and physician, possesses the perfect confidence of the Palermitans. Don Achille is a very dignified person, fully persuaded of the historical and artistic value of his profession, and an untiring student of the somewhat extensive library of the literature of chivalry, including a valuable old manuscript copy of the Chronicle of Archbishop Turpino, from which he selects and combines the material of his plays. It was easier to talk with him about paladins than about prices; confronted with his seriousness worthy of an impresario,—not Mr. Henry Irving is more deeply in earnest,—we hardly liked to make moderate offers of so many lire. Yet that was needful; because, gracefully veiled by the ideal, Don Achille has practical views. He would have wished to give us a magnificent *serata particolare*, with all the paladins at their best, combats unlimited, illuminations, ballet, an orchestra of trumpet, flute, and violin, cushions for the benches,—worth forty-five lire, for it would be fine to see!

"Ah, too much elegance, Don Achille! Rather, let us see things as they ordinarily are. In fact, what we desire is a sample, a little hour, in order to know how the Reali di Francia move and speak."

"And since that is so, truly I do not know what to say. Let madame suggest her own terms."

"Imagine! 'T is an art, yours, Don Achille, and I should not know how to set a price on it."

"And if you should say to me, 'I make you the compliment of such a flower,'—"

"Eh, in short, say something your-

self, Don Achille!" interposed the lieutenant. And it was arranged that a sample of the representation would cost twenty lire. But the performance proved so delicious that we voluntarily added a few more "flowers to the compliment."

At eleven o'clock, one morning, — an hour chosen in order not to interfere with Don Achille's engagements with the public, — our little theatre party stood before the door of the opra. It may be permissible to mention the distinguished names of Dr. Pitrè and Professor Salomone-Marino, who illuminated with their explanations every part of the performance, so that it was a most valuable lesson upon the nature and mind of the Sicilian people. Don Achille met us at the door, and ushered us into the theatre; his sons brought some pillows in clean linen slips, in order to mitigate for the ladies the hardness of the wooden benches. The theatre is merely one of the ground-floor rooms, called *catodì*, used as shop and dwelling, or both at once, by the poorer classes of Palermo. But in its arrangement and decoration it surpasses the rival establishments of the city. A neatly painted ticket office is at the door; near by, a few ladder-like steps lead up into the very narrow galleries which extend along the sides of the room. The parquette is full of benches, very close together, a real martyrdom for the knees of the audience. A strait passage at the left hand of the benches is the sole aisle of the theatre, which might contain a hundred persons. In a stage-box is a piano-organ, presided over by a young son of Don Achille, who turns the crank, and also plays the cymbals, for the marches and dances of the marionettes. The drop curtain represents the combat of Rinaldo with Agramante; but this, be it noted, is an innovation, the earlier opranti contenting themselves with a simple cloth and a few touches of paint.

With a joyous expectancy, such as

one recalls among the impressions of childhood, we waited while a march was ground out from the organ and the cymbals rang. A little bell tinkled; the curtain gave promising starts and quivers, then rose to show an empty stage set with a scene in Charlemagne's palace of "Paris of France." The scenery is astonishingly effective, in its ingenuous designs and small dimensions. The proscenium is about eight feet wide by eleven high; the stage, five and a quarter feet in width by five in depth. The perspective and proportions are so good that the little paladins seem not to lack dignity.

The marionettes enter with a portentous stride, so much to the taste of the public that in some theatres a personage who should appear without this conventional gait would be reproved by shouts of "*Il passu!*" (the step), and must retreat into the wings to make his entrance all over again.

But the paladins of Don Achille did their duty. Not one failed of the noble strut, the pirouette in the centre of the stage, the salute to the audience, and the provisional jiggle upon his wires, before he subsided into quiescence, and the next man of war took the stage. The glittering ranks were arranged, with their pink, innocent wooden faces fronting the audience. A few eminent paladins had glass eyes, which rocked from side to side, emphasizing still more the immobility of their countenances. The march became more fervid as Charlemagne entered, exchanged compliments with his lords, and embraced at a right angle his nephews, the valorous Rinaldo and Orlando, not less worthy. The dialogue was stately, with occasional lapses into the vernacular. Whoever spoke moved incessantly; the others stood still. The voices — all from the mouth of Don Achille himself, who, with assistants, was pulling wires behind the scenes — were amazingly well differentiated. The virile notes of the pala-

dins; the deep voice of Charlemagne, which appeared compounded of equal parts of majesty and laryngitis; the boyish treble of the messenger page; the clucking discords of the Turks; the fierce roar of the Sultan of Babilonia, — all these were a real triumph of tonal variation. Charlemagne was extremely unhappy. He wept, rubbing his hands alternately across his face, with elbows raised and sharply bent. When the paladins had inquired the cause of his tears, and had learned that the Turks and Spaniards, allied, were about to besiege the walls of Paris, they expressed themselves more than ready for a fight. This consoled Charlemagne. Don Achille's boy wreaked himself upon the crank of the organ and clashed the cymbals, while the knights, one by one, after an obeisance, a twirl, and half a dozen strides, made their exit.

The second scene displayed the bulwarks of Paris, below which were encamped the tents of the wicked. The infidels filed in: the Turks very ill clad and awkward, the Spaniards richly cloaked in velvet and satin. The Sultan of Babilonia was magnificent in scarlet and vair, with the silver half-moon of Islam wrought upon the back of his mantle. What a great white beard he had, and how ferociously his arms threshed the air as he incited his warriors to the siege of Paris! He was an enemy worth fighting. But when we heard him laugh — ha, ha, ha! — at the Christian religion, it was evident that he would come to a bad end, dog of a Moslem!

The final act had its scene in a solitary field near the walls of Paris, whose casements and towers were illuminated. The moon began to brighten, — a softly radiant disk of oiled paper; then was darkened, before the pink dawn appeared and flooded the battleground with light. Orlando and Rinaldo entered, discussing the situation in the true style of the paladins, who always speak in rounded

periods, often repeating the phrases to which they reply. They went off together to summon the warriors to fight. The combat was according to the best traditions of the marionette stage. With sound of music entered two or three paladins, and were met by a corresponding number of infidels. There were duels, *mêlées* of six or eight men, defenses and attacks. At first the combatants were of the rank and file; later appeared the distinguished heroes. The more notable the paladin, the more protracted were his signs of life after having fallen. Certain elbows and knees, projected into the air with the angular impulses of a grasshopper, proved that a royal of France lay there, conquered, not subdued. Some of the Moslems had detachable heads, which, being sliced off by the Christian swords, bounded and rolled over the stage. There was a tremendous stamping of mailed feet and clatter of weapons, noises produced behind the scenes; and lacking which, an audience with understanding of its own rights would be seriously offended. As new relays of warriors met and clashed, the fallen were piled up like firewood on the stage. The living hopped nimbly over the slain; sometimes, in the ardor of challenge or of battle, the feet of the paladins disdained to touch the stage, and the laws of gravitation appeared to be annulled in their favor while they swung and quivered on their wires, uplifted by the idea of glory. Lastly came the Sultan of Babilonia in person to fight the flower of chivalry. Some one — perhaps it was Orlando, famed for his strength more than human — caught up that lord of heathenesse and bore him off into captivity, kicking and screaming to Mahomet. When the field was won, Charlemagne entered, took possession, and congratulated the victorious paladins. It is to be suspected, however, that they received nothing but words, for the royal fist was tightly closed, as usual!

After the epic play Don Achille gave

us a ballet, in which a Moor, wearing a blouse, a turban, and full trousers of red-and-white-striped cloth, danced to lively music. Then from the skies descended another pair of legs, likewise in red-and-white-striped integuments, and danced on their own account. Next, the legs of the Moor detached themselves, and reveled independently, while he, undismayed, continued to dance. Even when his head hopped off from his shoulders, and took its own steps, his trunk went on contentedly gyrating. There never was a more adaptable person of color! The turbaned head made a sudden somersault, turned inside out, and appeared as a dreadful little necromancer in a black robe, with a wand. He postured and made passes, until, one by one, those pairs of striped trousers billowed and fluttered, and were transformed into four small witches with scarlet gowns and black bat-wings. The ballet grew madder, — such a *ridda* as is danced under the nut-tree of Benevento to celebrate the infernal Sabbath. Of course the decapitated and limbless person of the Moor was not there for nothing; under the wand of the wizard it shook and shuddered, and went up in the air, and came down again in the form of a sort of caldron, from which issued four little red devils. These (hung upon elastic cords instead of wires) had impish movements all their own, and were, moreover, tossed back and forth by the witches as if in a game of ball. From the caldron came next a throng of hissing snakes, which writhed and slipped over the stage. Then the caldron itself had a convulsion, and became a roc, — a fowl too familiar to readers of the literature of fantasy and fable to need description. The necromancer sprang astride the bird, and, to the admiration of witches and imps, was about to ride away, when sulphurous flames burst from the ground,

and the whole unblessed crew — and good enough for them! — went up in flame and smoke.

Don Achille's boy gave a final turn to the handle of the organ; and the select audience applauded heartily as Don Achille himself came out from the hole under the proscenium, wiping from his brow the moisture of honest labor, and ready to be congratulated upon the ingenuity and the good will of his performance. The praises were cordial, as they were well deserved.

Ingenuous, even childishly absurd, as are some features of the marionette theatre of Sicily, the spectator who should find in it only matter for derisive or indulgent laughter would do it much wrong. Viewed with an affectionate wish to understand it as a manifestation of the spirit of the people, — and this is the sole disposition of mind by which facts can be made to reveal their meaning, — it recalls the time of the Norman rule, from which Sicily derives its passion for the chivalrous legends. An historic phantasmagoria suddenly rises in front of the humble little stage of the opra; there blooms again the courtly reign of Emperor Frederick, — a strange blending of the East and West: with temples of Christian faith and Moslem workmanship; massive marbles and jeweled and golden mosaics; royal troubadours who wandered in the perfumed nights, singing poems in the Sicilian tongue, which might have been, but for the rival Tuscan ennobled by Dante's cares, the *lingua aulica* of Italy, — a period wholly inspired with the ideals of Carolingian romance; fanciful as a dream, yet potent to impress itself upon the successive history of Sicily down to the present date. For the student of the Sicilian character and popular problems, a treasury of indications can be unlocked by the door-key of the opra di li pupi!

Elisabeth Cavazza.

AMERICAN RAILWAYS AND AMERICAN CITIES.

THE practice of regarding railways as purely private property has, in the public mind, greatly obscured the perception of their essentially public character, and the right to equality in their enjoyment. The enormous benefit they have conferred upon the people of this country, the consciousness that they have largely made the country what it is, prevent us from considering sufficiently the evils of an unfair and unequal division of those benefits. Yet there is no instrumentality of human industry whose equal enjoyment is more essential to the general welfare. All the great and small interests of modern life are vitally concerned in this. The cost of railway service is a far greater direct tax upon industry than the entire expense of government, as is seen in the fact that the gross earnings of the railroads of the United States for 1892 were nearly a billion and a quarter dollars. The very existence of cities depends upon transportation, of which the railroad is the principal vehicle. It links the world together, abolishes at once national boundaries and national prejudices, and will produce universal brotherhood if anything can. It is the great inheritance of the race, — a birthright long withheld, and only lately fully enjoyed. It has utterly revolutionized all the conditions of human life, transformed the world, and set before mankind a series of lessons as gigantic, as novel, as perplexing, and as imperatively demanding study and solution as those which faced primeval man when he confronted nature with bare hands.

When this marvelous agency came into perfect use, in the present century, in the form of steam railways in this country, its boundless utility was but dimly perceived by the people. They knew but little how to direct its growth.

They had, as a nation, their heads and hands full of the problems of national existence, the first trial of the experiment of free self-government on a large scale; and it was only natural that they permitted a set of clever adventurers to get possession of this Aladdin's lamp, and with it the genii who are its slaves. In other countries, a long-established and powerful central government took measures looking to the orderly and systematic development of the railway, and in France, for example, the subsequent growth has been almost entirely on the lines at first laid down. Provision was everywhere made for the future purchase of the railways by the government, and a careful supervision was exercised to prevent unnecessary lines becoming a perpetual tax on the resources of the people, as well as the wild and violent fluctuations in charges which have been such an intolerable burden upon our industries. But in America almost the same freedom was allowed to lay down railways as to engage in any other kind of business, and no effectual check upon the construction of useless lines was ever attempted. The business of transportation over these new lines was regarded by railway men, if not by the public, as purely a private money-making business, to be regulated by self-interest, and nothing else. This magnificent engine of civilization, therefore, which should have been jealously guarded for the common and equal enjoyment of all the people, passed even from its infancy into the control of private corporations.

But it has not, by its appropriation to private profit, lost its public character, even in the eye of the law; and this notwithstanding the law has been administered by courts and lawyers very generally sensitive to railway influence. The doctrine that the railway is a com-

mon carrier was derived from the common law, and is the underlying principle of railway law. It is equally well settled to-day by judicial determination that a railway is a public highway, and subject to most of the rules applicable thereto. The public character of railroads is uniformly, boldly, vigorously asserted by every court. "The railroads are for the people, not the people for the railroads," said Rufus Choate; and while to-day railroad managers sometimes grow very indignant when grievance committees from labor organizations wait upon them, and marvel much that "any one should undertake to tell us how we shall run our business," even the railways have long ago admitted that it is not *their* business, but the public's business. The accredited representatives of the railway interest are as ready as anybody to admit that, theoretically, the railway is only an arm of the public service. The universal adoption of measures intended to control and regulate commerce, the establishment of state and national commissions clothed with more or less extensive power, the fixing of maximum and minimum rates for freight and passengers, — all are so many attempts to bring the public power to bear upon this public agency.

The right, therefore, of the people to equality in the enjoyment of the benefits of the railway system is everywhere conceded in theory. In the administration of the post office this is not only recognized, but carried into perfect practical operation. The man who sends one letter a year pays for the service at exactly the same rate as the corporation that sends thousands. The smallest country village is served at the same charges and with the same impartiality as the largest city. Here and there it may happen that grounds for dissatisfaction exist, as must always happen as long as human inventions are imperfect; but with the postal system as a whole the people are perfectly content. By so much as the

railroad system is greater than the post, by so much more must its practical administration fall short of perfection. But there is one cardinal principle which lies at the basis of its operation, and upon which the people have a right to insist. Neither person nor place should be allowed the slightest preference. It is safe to say that this requirement has never been met on a single railroad in the United States.

By absolute equality in the enjoyment of railways is not meant, necessarily, a uniform rate per hundred pounds per mile, though there are reasons for that rule; no rule could or should be adopted which would have the effect of shutting out of the great markets of the world the products of the Western prairies, or deprive the half-starved populations of the great cities of Europe and America of the necessities of life, or prevent the cheap transportation of fuel and building materials from mines and sawmills to the remote habitations of the people. That the rates on such articles are now, in general, marvelously low cannot be denied; to raise their level materially is an impossibility, and any scheme which contemplates such a change could be carried into execution only by an absolute despot or an absolute monopoly. These low rates, however, do not constitute an infringement of the principle of equality except where they are so unreasonably low for through traffic as to compel the exaction of unreasonably high rates on local business; for their benefits are diffused throughout the whole community. The thing needed, and which seems so impossible at present, is the establishment of through rates on the articles named, which shall be determined by a thorough study of the interests of the whole people rather than by wild and unscrupulous competition in the supposed interests of the individual railways. It will scarcely be contended that such rates exist at any single point in the United States. So long as the roads are

run on the principle that they belong exclusively to their owners, without any public responsibility and for the sole purpose of making money, and each separate road tries to draw to itself the greatest possible amount of business, it is simply inevitable that every imaginable motive will govern the fixing of rates except the general welfare of the whole people. These motives lead to various forms of discrimination, which, by reason of the narrow margin on which the business of modern times is conducted, have put every kind of industry at the mercy of the railroads, and decided, often upon false, unjust, and dishonest principles, the fortunes of many men and most communities.

If an individual be given a fair field and no favors, his failure in business can be attributed, as a rule, only to his own unfitness. But when his ruin is brought about by secret railroad rates granted to his competitor, the evil is great and serious, and one which affects the whole community. When the dry-rot strikes a town, and its industries shrivel from lack of enterprise of its people, it cannot complain; when the inscrutable laws of trade leave its wharfs to decay and its warehouses to the tenancy of the rats, though the spectacle is a melancholy one, the blame lies only with nature. But when, in spite of enterprise and public spirit, a community sees its shops closed, its mills silent, its streets growing up to weeds, its capital and its best talent insensibly drawn away to some neighboring city which enjoys better rates from the railroads, here is an evil as monstrous as it is insidious. Yet these things are occurring continually, in all parts of the country; they are so common that the thoughtless and the indifferent regard them as natural and right. They are neither right nor natural. They are due to the use and management of a mighty public function as if it were nothing but private property, and they are inseparable

from such use. The country is covered with dying villages and towns whose expanding life has been stifled by railway discriminations. Who knows what proportion of the ninety per cent of business ventures that result in failure is to be traced to the unfair and unequal distribution of the burden of railway taxation!

This destructive activity is patent to the ordinary traveler, as to the student of economic conditions; and it is no less obvious to the more philosophical and fair-minded among the railway men themselves, who, however, in general, look to a perfection of the pooling system as a solution of the difficulty. To this effect is the testimony of Charles Francis Adams, ex-president of the Union Pacific Railway, before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce:—

“Railroad competition, as necessarily practiced, causes for the time being the wildest discrimination and utmost individual hardship. That is, under its operation you will always find certain points, where there is a war of rates going on, which have enormous advantages conferred upon them, which advantages are not and cannot be extended to other points. The point, therefore, which is not influenced by the war of rates suffers terribly. Its business is destroyed. How the business community, under the full working of railroad competition, can carry on its affairs I cannot understand.”

The evil effects of personal discrimination are moral as well as financial, and pervade the whole atmosphere of the business of the country. The system is simply one gigantic falsehood, whose ramifications have penetrated to the very foundations of society. Often this discrimination is made by means of overcharges, followed by special rebates to favorites of the officers, to companies or firms in which officers are interested. Sometimes a shipper will find it impossible to get cars at the time they are wanted; sometimes it will happen that

one grain or cattle buyer at a given point will be selected out of several and granted a special private rate, with a view to enabling him to cut into the business of a rival line a few miles away. The one so selected gets all the business, and the others are driven out. The system of secret preferences is as impossible of eradication as any other species of fraud, and it assumes an almost infinite variety of forms. It has its roots in the dark; it grows rank and poisonous in the field of legitimate industry; its fruits are ruin unmerited and success undeserved; it introduces false business methods, false standards of business honor. It becomes known in the town that the published rates are only for the general public who do not know how to evade them. Finesse and collusion, not integrity and enterprise, become the conditions of success. There are not many apologists for this well-nigh universal though generally forbidden practice of personal discrimination. The high officials discountenance it, but the mere prohibition of such a practice is not sufficient to root it out. It is too deeply ingrained in the methods of the railroads to be abandoned at the many thousands of freight offices through the country, simply because it is forbidden. In all but one case out of a thousand it would cost the victim more to invoke the protection of the Interstate Commerce Commission or the federal courts than he could hope to recover, and he knows that he would thereby incur the enmity of an agency which has the power to destroy him.

Railroad officials almost unanimously approve, and quite unanimously enforce, the rule of granting special concessions to large shippers. This practice is rapidly concentrating the business of the country in a few hands. The advantage in freight charges alone is often sufficient to enable a shipper to drive a small competitor out of business. Thus, the railroads, which profess to be the servants of the people, and which ought to

know no difference between large and small, rich and poor, are made the most active agency in that mighty movement whereby, yearly, thousands of small enterprises are crushed out of existence by concentrated capital. It is a gross violation of that rule of equality which should govern the administration of the railroads. For this the public is largely to blame, for the public mind is still confused as to the true nature of a railroad, and is not yet fully aware that it is not a private business, but a public business, and ought to be operated as such. The larger the volume of business offered by the shipper, the easier it is to keep secret the rebates granted; and even aside from secret rebates, the magnitude of the business of some shippers enables them to dictate terms to the roads. The railroad officials are much more likely to have a financial interest in the great city mills than in the feeble and struggling enterprises of the country villages; and whatever a road loses by carrying for the great manufacturers below cost can be made up by raising a notch or two the already overburdened local traffic. Open and avowed discrimination in favor of the rich and powerful in the use of the public highways is one of the marvels of the time. We have already progressed far beyond the point where, for discriminations of this kind, any redress is afforded by the courts. The evil is patent enough, but how many times has a judicial remedy been either asked or granted?

Personal preferences and privileges are bad enough, but they may be forbidden, though not prevented by law. There has grown up on all the railroads a practice, very generally defended by railroad men, of "charging what the traffic will bear." A very common form of this may be shown by an example: The business of a company is done at a rate which covers all expenses and leaves a profit. At a certain point where there is a rival line it is possible to get a large amount of

extra business, provided the rate is made one fourth of that for the same class of goods at other points on the road, or even at any rate whatever which is more than sufficient to cover the bare cost of handling and transportation. The excess over such bare cost is clear profit, but the road would be bankrupt if compelled to carry all its freight at the same rate. The railroads justify the practice by saying that if it were not for the small profit made on this through business the local tariff would have to be higher. But the consequence is that the inhabitants of the towns along the line of this road, having to pay four times as high a rate as the people of the competing town, close up their stores and mills, trade dies away, the atmosphere of the tomb pervades the streets, and every man who can sell his property moves away. The townspeople wonder why their town does not thrive. They hold meetings, and offer inducements to strangers to come and locate manufacturing industries there; the strangers come, ascertain what can be done with the railroads, and decide to locate somewhere else. The soil is rich, the inhabitants are industrious, but nothing can give prosperity to a town that is strangled by a railroad. The evil done by the one-fourth rate is not confined to this road. The rival road at the competing point is compelled to put its through rate down to a corresponding figure, and a string of dying towns along its line is the result. At the end of the year the railroad officials publish statistics showing how low their average rates have been, but they do not state that the average has been brought down by hauling its through freight at less than cost, by charging some of its patrons four times as much as others, or that the policy of getting business at any price at competing points has resulted in the ruin of scores of promising villages from one end of the road to another. Such a policy, defended with any amount of ingenuity, is pernicious to the last degree. It is a

violation of the principle of equality, and, however much it may seem to benefit certain localities, results in evil when the general interest is considered.

Occasionally the town realizes that as long as it has but a single railroad it can be nothing but a wretched way station. The fever for building railroads sometimes pervades a whole State, as it did, a few years ago, the State of Kansas. The people think that if two roads are such a fine thing, four roads must insure their greatness. The railroads cleverly take advantage of this mania; emissaries visit every town, stimulating the inhabitants to bid for a new road. Neighboring towns are played against each other; all sorts of iridescent promises are made, and prospects of machine shops and division headquarters held out; bonds are voted; right of way is donated; maps are made, showing all the great railroads of the country centring at the favored spot. The roads are built out of the proceeds of the bonds, and the community wakes up to find itself hopelessly swamped with railroad bonds and faced with the necessity of repudiation, and has to support four railroads where one would have been amply sufficient to do the business. The people have simply jumped out of the frying-pan into the fire. To complete their troubles, the four railroads form a pool, or an "agreement," rates are put up in order to enable the companies to recoup themselves for their losses on through traffic, and the more discouraged inhabitants, racked with taxes and hopeless of the future, move to the nearest big town and begin life over again.

But whatever the process, the practice of discrimination in favor of certain points draws to the great towns and cities the life and wealth and enterprise of the entire surrounding district. What is more common or more melancholy, throughout the whole extent of the country, than the "dead towns"? They encumber the rich and smiling prairies, hide among the mountains filled with

mineral wealth, moulder away on the banks of great rivers. Their streets were once thronged with buyers and sellers, the hearts of the citizens were full of hope and courage, projects of enterprise and improvement were in the air. All this life has vanished, and gloom and dejection brood everywhere. The principal factor in this dilapidation has been the railroad, upon which they built all their hopes, but which has made it practically impossible to do business except at terminal points.

Mr. George W. Parker, vice-president and general manager of the St. Louis & Cairo Short Line, testified before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce, in 1885, as to the necessities and the conditions of through and local freight rates on his line between St. Louis and Cairo. The following excerpt from his testimony will be of interest as representing the views of a gentleman thoroughly well informed, and certainly not hostile to the railroads:—

"The Chairman. Suppose that you were to carry the freights that you gather along the line of your road for the same rate that you carry through freight to Cairo, or wherever it is going, what would be the consequence?

"Mr. Parker. Bankruptcy, inevitably and speedily.

"The Chairman. Do you carry freight from St. Louis to Cairo, or from Cairo to St. Louis, at less than it costs you to run the trains or to pay the current expenses of those trains?

"Mr. Parker. Yes, sir; sometimes we carry through freight at less than the expense of performing the service. I shall have to answer in the affirmative, though we do as little of this as possible. Circumstances force us to work for nothing, occasionally.

"The Chairman. Does that help you, or help anybody else any, except the man who owns the freight?

"Mr. Parker. Yes, sir; it frequently helps us in the distribution of our cars,

so as to get them to the points where the demands of trade require them without pulling them empty. Very frequently, also, it occurs where this contest between trade centres comes in. My own line is occasionally used by its patrons as an instrument of warfare to protect their territory and their business. We are dependent upon St. Louis for a large share of our patronage, and we must join the army and fight when war is declared.

"The Chairman. What do you mean by your patrons? The patrons along the line, inland?

"Mr. Parker. No, sir; not so much as I mean my patrons at the terminal points. . . . It sometimes happens—I wish it were more seldom—that a combination of circumstances arises, by which, in order to protect our patrons here, we are compelled to accept a shipment from them at less, perhaps, than it would cost us to do that particular service."

When it is considered that in the State of Iowa, for instance, the local business constitutes only about twenty per cent, and the through business about eighty per cent of the total, and the losses on the four-fifths traffic must be made up by overburdening the one-fifth, it is easy to imagine what must be the effect on the business of the small places, and how slender must be their chance when the industrial war is on, and the mighty influence of the railways is thrown wholly on the side of the big cities.

A glance at the census figures shows that some kind of blight has fallen upon the country districts, from which the cities have been exempt. The astounding growth in the population of the cities has been in great measure directly at the expense of the rural communities. While the city of Indianapolis increased 32,389 between 1880 and 1890, or forty-three per cent, forty-nine counties in the State remained practically stationary, and twenty-one counties actually lost

population, some of them quite heavily. It is absurd to imagine that there was in 1880 any surplus population in those twenty-one counties; the mere natural excess of births over deaths should have added materially to their numbers. This exodus has not been peculiar to Indiana. Twenty counties in Michigan, between 1884 and 1890, exhibited the same decline, while Detroit, the principal terminal point in the State, showed a steady and rapid advance. It is not difficult to see whence came the hundreds of thousands who have poured into New York and Chicago during the last decade. The map of Michigan illustrates in a striking way the wasting effects of railway discrimination against the rural districts. Of the twenty counties which actually retrograded during the period mentioned, nearly all lie in the southern portion of the State, and Cass, St. Joseph, Branch, Hillsdale, Lenawee, and Monroe constitute one black streak of decaying communities from Detroit to Chicago. It cannot be doubted that the railroads have been the most potent factor in the economic life of the people of these counties. What is it in railroad management which has laid such a heavy hand upon them?

It is not, of course, fancied that the inequality of railroad facilities is the only force driving people cityward. Ambition, the monotony of rural life, the fascinations of the city, the American spirit of restlessness and desire for change, the cheapness and universality of travel, — all these impel the farmer's boy to leave the farm for the village, and the village boy to long for the metropolis. These tendencies are in the air, in the conditions of the times, and in the character of the people; and when to all these we add that every enterprising village tradesman finds himself handicapped by high railroad rates, and trampled upon in every railroad war, and if he is really ambitious soon transfers his business to a large city, and that in every small town

there is literally no opening for young men, and no alternative but to go away, it is manifest that the railroads are greatly aiding the cities in drawing to themselves the best and the worst from the country, and every moment are increasing the magnitude of the municipal problem, which is already one of the most alarming and formidable questions that confront us.

This process has been steadily building up great cities to be the menace of free institutions; the confluence not only of wealth and business, but of pauperism and misery, of political rotteness and industrial slavery. Here labor toils in great prison-pens, and lodges in tenements reeking with disease; here the enemies of society gather, and in the midst of filth and hunger plant seeds of anarchy; here poverty breeds crime, and crime poverty. The mighty centripetal force has sucked into this maelstrom millions of human lives that are daily growing more wretched and helpless. Every neighboring village sends its delegation of exiles, the defeated and broken down, to swell the wretchedness of New York, where one in ten of all the funerals is said to go to the potter's field.

People have been so long accustomed to "point with pride" to the wonderful growth of our cities that they have failed to note sufficiently the cost at which it has been effected; at most they have regarded it as an inevitable tendency of the times, analogous to the centralization so manifest everywhere. That it is very largely the result of an universal denial of equal transportation privileges; a gross injustice to thousands of isolated communities; a wrong which, if perpetrated by government, would lead to revolution, has been too often overlooked. The refusal of simple justice to a thousand villages in a matter vitally affecting their every interest is the charge now laid at the door of the railroad system. That this injustice has aided the growth

and wealth of fifty cities is not an admissible answer.

The part the railroads play in the rush of population to the cities is well worth serious investigation. The problem of our cities is urgent. The control of our largest cities seems to have passed definitely into the hands of their worst citizens. Occasionally things become intolerably bad, and then the better elements combine, and a temporary improvement is effected; but the deep and muddy stream of immigration pours in from Europe; the suction from the country, drawing good and bad alike, continues unabated; and in a year or two a new voting population has come in which has to be educated. The vicious principle of allowing partisan politics to govern in municipal affairs throws the reins once more into the hands of the bosses, and the old shameful round begins again.

The rural districts and the small towns still hold three fourths of the votes, but they do not hold one fourth of the power. The vote of New York city determines nearly every national election. Still, if the small towns and the country could see that the present policy of railway discrimination is powerfully contributing to the influences that are concentrating the national life in the great cities, and immeasurably adding to the burdens of business in every rural community, it is possible that an awakened public opinion would demand such changes in the laws and in the railway practices as would give every locality an equal chance. The home, which is to the workingman of New York as unattainable as a throne, would be possible in a village. The small independent workshop, granted the same access to the public highway as the great factory, would struggle up into life and activity; the industrial population, finding it possible to obtain work elsewhere than in crowded cities, would build up thousands of thriving villages, and the hum of busy

and contented toil would fill the streets of towns that are now deserted.

The evils of discrimination are no new thing. They have occupied the attention of Congress and the state legislatures for many years. The existence of the evils cannot be denied. How to remove them is the great problem. Some twenty States, as well as the general government, have tried to control them by means of commissions. They have all undoubtedly done some good; but the States are, by the Constitution, expressly shut out from interfering with interstate commerce, and the larger part of the evils felt have pertained to commerce crossing state lines. The railroads of the country made a grand pretense of trying to prevent the passage of the Interstate Commerce Law and the establishment of the Interstate Commerce Commission; but these few years have been abundantly sufficient to prove that the law was a railroad measure, the chief effect of which has been to enable the railroads partially to suppress the great abuse of free passes, to collect an important body of information, and to attract the attention of many students to this gigantic and difficult problem. The hope of making the commission anything more than a bureau of statistics seems very faint. The law has doubtless been of benefit in securing some publicity of rates, but the inveterate evils of discrimination, especially against localities, remain untouched. As long as freight agents are full of zeal and enterprise, through freight will be captured at whatever it will pay, local traffic will have to pay for itself and through traffic also, and village communities will have the breath of life squeezed out of them in a hopeless struggle with terminal competitors. Both the managers and their critics seem to be coming rapidly to the conclusion that only by operating the railroads as a single organic whole will these evils ever be removed. The railroads have long contended that competition makes discrimination unavoidable;

experience appears to be showing every day more conclusively that this is true, and at the same time proving that competitive private ownership means combination alternating with war, accompanied by discriminations, personal and local, of

every kind, uncontrollable and destructive, or else a coalition so gigantic and so omnipotent as to hold all the industries of the nation in its grasp. The alternative is nationalization or a universal pool.

Henry J. Fletcher.

THE SCOPE OF THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

It would seem strange to hear any reasonably well-informed man of our time assert that teachers cannot be aided in their work by special training; and yet it has not been so long since the most intelligent and observing men have come to hold this opinion. Not so many years ago, an English schoolmaster, Richard Mulcaster, first promulgated the then unheard-of doctrine that teaching, like the practice of medicine or law, was an art that could be acquired and perfected by familiarizing one's self with the peculiar conditions and characteristics which distinguish it from other arts. In our own country, the stormy times during the first years of the normal school illustrate the notion, then prevalent, that skillfulness in teaching depends upon a sort of instinct which will show itself at the appropriate time, without any special attention being paid to it. It seems that our early forefathers held stoutly to this, for the first note in favor of special training for teachers in the colonies was sounded in the *Massachusetts Magazine* for June, 1789, by one supposed to be Elisha Ticknor; but it was not until a number of years afterward, about 1824, that a school was established whose avowed purpose it was to train teachers. This school was opened at Concord, Vt., by Samuel R. Hall, who, a little later, published the *Lectures on Teaching*, which constituted the only book literature on this subject for a number of years, and which was very widely circu-

lated among the teachers of the country. Another school for the training of teachers was opened at Lancaster, Mass., in 1827, by James G. Carter, sometimes called the "father of the normal school;" but it was not until Horace Mann took charge of school matters in Massachusetts that the normal school idea took substantial root in the school system of our country. By his efforts three normal schools were opened in Massachusetts, about 1840: one at Lexington, one at Barré, and one at Westfield, with "Father Pierce," Samuel J. May, and C. B. Tillinghast, respectively, as principals; and although a very vigorous attack was made on these schools by the legislature of Massachusetts in 1840, still they are all in existence at the present time; the location of the schools at Lexington and Barré, however, having been changed several times, until they are now permanently situated at Framingham and Bridgewater.

The report of the committee appointed by the legislature of Massachusetts to investigate the work of these new institutions is very interesting, as showing what the law-makers of that period thought about the art of teaching and the way it is acquired. "Academies and high schools," they said, "cost the Commonwealth nothing; and they are fully competent, in the opinion of the committee, to furnish a competent supply of teachers. . . . It appears to your committee that every person who has

himself undergone the process of instruction must acquire by that very process the art of instructing others." But these were not the opinions of the most eminent men of that period, for at the opening of the first normal school at Lexington President John Quincy Adams said: "We see monarchs expending vast sums establishing normal schools throughout their realms, and sparing no pains to convey knowledge and efficiency to all the children of their poorest subjects. . . . Shall monarchies steal a march on republics in the patronage of that education on which a republic is based?" And Daniel Webster said on the same occasion: "This plan of a normal school for Plymouth County is designed to elevate our common schools, and thus carry out the noble idea of our Pilgrim Fathers. . . . Now, if normal schools are to teach teachers, they enlist this interest on the right side; they make parents and all who [in] any way influence child-hood competent for their high office."

The normal school idea had become too firmly implanted in the minds of those familiar with educational needs to be uprooted by the hostile report of a committee, and so the founding of normal schools, public and private, pushed forward, although with some opposition, in all parts of our country. It was not, however, until the normal school at Oswego, N. Y., had been in operation for several years that the American public agreed that this sort of school had a rightful and useful place in our system of education, — if indeed it can truly be said that our people have even yet become thoroughly convinced of this. True it is, at any rate, that people interested practically in educational work flocked to Oswego from all parts of the country to witness the wonders to be seen there; and they generally went home to establish normal schools in the States and cities from which they came, until at the present time there are upwards of one hundred and thirty-five public normal

schools, and many others under private control; and in many States, as Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Kentucky, where normal schools have long been in existence, there is a constant demand being made for the establishment of others. Nor is this all, for chairs and departments of pedagogy have been founded in many colleges and universities, and several normal and teachers' colleges have been opened in different parts of the land.

In the foundation of teachers' seminaries and normal schools, both in this country and abroad, one main purpose has been kept in view; and that is the training of teachers for the common schools, such as are usually supported in whole or in part at public expense. It is a very natural inference that if the State supports a certain grade of schools, and compels attendance upon them, it should go further, and provide competent teachers for them; and this is what the public normal school system of this and other countries is expected to do. It is a well-known fact, however, that a large percentage of the common schools of our country do not get their teachers in any considerable numbers from the normal schools; yet it is these schools that the State is chiefly interested in, and that it maintains, free of expense, for the benefit of all its citizens. But at present the State not only supports elementary instruction in the common schools; it also aids secondary education by its substantial encouragement in a financial way of the public high school system; and it naturally follows that if the State gives aid to secondary education, it should be anxious, or at least it should not object, to have its contributions made good use of in the high school by the employment of good teachers, such as the normal school is expected to produce. This leaves the normal school free to fit teachers for the secondary as well as the elementary schools; or rather, it gives normal school graduates liberty, and even

encouragement, to seek secondary as well as elementary school work. In many States, too, a certain kind of elementary school work, principally found in the common ungraded schools, but also in many cases in the primary and grammar grades, is so very poorly remunerated that a normal graduate cannot afford to undertake it, and teachers are drawn from high schools, or even from the elementary schools themselves. Hitherto, also, the high schools have not been offering such inducements as to attract college-bred men and women to fill all their positions, and this has left many places for normal school graduates, who have naturally sought after them rather than after the less desirable places in the elementary schools.

It must be acknowledged that the mission of the normal school in our country is still a matter of uncertainty in regard to some of the particulars of its work, although it is perhaps definitely settled that it has a great, useful, and legitimate field in preparing those who are to have the direction of our public school work to undertake this vast responsibility in an intelligent and competent manner. But who are to partake of its privileges, and for what grade and class of work it is to prepare instructors, are still questions upon which schoolmen and the people at large disagree; nor are these difficulties confined to our own land, although they are not so formidable in those countries where the different parts of the school system are closely articulated, and the work of each part is definitely known. W. T. Harris, in his report of 1888-89, says of the normal schools of Austria: "It is the intention of the law that these schools should prepare teachers by means of purely professional training, but the minister states that many of them are still burdened with academic studies, from want of preparation on the part of candidates for admission;" and a similar statement might be made concerning the work of

the normal schools in most other European countries. This is, perhaps, the most serious problem that is before the normal school in our country to-day; for, on the one hand, the people in many localities where it has been newly established cry out against it as a needless extravagance, attempting work which can as well be accomplished by the high schools already in existence; and, on the other hand, it is found to be impossible to get students who have sufficient academic preparation to qualify them to undertake intelligently strictly professional work. This apparent overlapping of the provinces of the high and normal school has engendered a great deal of strife between them in the past, and in some localities this antagonism is still very annoying. Theoretically, the normal school is a strictly professional institution; it is established to lead its students to become acquainted with the nature of the child to be educated, and to understand how the subjects of instruction in the schools must be adapted to develop that nature in the best, broadest, and most speedy manner possible. It presupposes on the part of those who seek its instruction a knowledge of the different subjects upon which the child's mind is to be exercised in the school; but this knowledge has reference only to the facts of any subject arranged in a logical order, which constitutes it a science, and not to these facts in their relation to the growing, developing mind. In other words, the normal school expects its prospective students to have an academic or scientific knowledge of the branches of instruction, and its business will be to give them a *teaching* knowledge of the same subjects, — to lead them to reflect upon, and become masters of, the best methods of stimulating the child's mind in order to achieve any desired result. It further expects to lead its students to become intelligently critical of all the conditions in their future schoolrooms which will affect the activity of their pupils' minds

either favorably or unfavorably, and it will enable them to become skillful in so ordering the environment as to make all work toward the more ready and complete attainment of the wished-for end. This work is spoken of, generally, under the heads, psychology, pedagogy, methods of teaching the various branches, school economy, history of education, ethics, and apprenticeship, or practice teaching under criticism. Strictly speaking, this is all the normal school should attempt to do, and it is all it would do in a well defined, closely articulated school system. With high school or college graduates it would take perhaps two years to complete this work in proper fashion, although very much good could be gotten from it in one year. But, as is well known, there are few normal schools in our country that do only this professional work, most of them offering two or three years of distinctly academic or high school work; which the majority of students are obliged to take because of insufficient previous preparation. It is not usually the choice of the normal school that it does this high school work; on the contrary, it has generally striven to get along without it, but it has rarely been successful.

That there is often a just complaint against a waste of educational energy, while the normal school is doing what can and ought properly to be done by the high school, must certainly be acknowledged; but the blame must not be heaped upon the normal school alone, for it is but striving to adapt itself to the various needs of the school system of which it is a part. There is, in some instances at least, a justification for its offering academic courses; for it is often located in communities where the high schools cannot give the preparation needed, or are not numerous enough to accommodate all who would be obliged to attend them if graduation were necessary before entering the normal. This is especially true in many of the Western States, but

it can scarcely apply to many of the older Eastern States, where the normal schools offer about the same amount of academic work. In a community where there are abundant opportunities for academic preparation, as in Massachusetts or New York, it seems to many people to be wasteful of educational energy for the normal school to spend the better part of its strength in duplicating these opportunities; and yet, upon closer examination, it will not appear so wasteful, for it is known to all schoolmen that the academic work in the normal schools in these States is of a much higher character, from a pedagogical standpoint, than that done in the high schools, and illustrates to prospective teachers in a much sounder and better manner how the various subjects must be taught in their own schools; and the environment of the normal school is much more healthful and stimulative to the candidate for pedagogical insight and ability than is that of the academy or high school. In the one case the novice is surrounded constantly by conditions that indicate to him what will be essential for the most complete success in his future work; good illustrations and suggestions of the art of teaching are ever before him, and these cannot but have an influence, unrecognized though it may be, in preparing him the better for his work; and this, too, when he is busily engaged in his academic studies. In the other case he has no such surrounding influences; his associations in no wise suggest to him the character of the work he will be called upon to do in his own schools, and are no help whatever to him in preparing for it: there is no practice school, no experimental work in teaching all about him, — in short, no *teaching* atmosphere that the high school student continually inhales, as does his more favored normal competitor. This teaching environment has certainly a most beneficial influence upon the thousands of youth, all over our country, who remain

in the normal schools for a year or two, doing only academic work, and then go into the ordinary district schools to labor. They have seen somewhat of things pedagogical, and will have some star, of lesser magnitude though it may be, that will keep them looking forward and upward.

There are other reasons why the normal school has found it expedient to do academic work, and chief among them is this: that a great many who are now helped by the normal would never receive its benefits if they had to wait until they could first pursue a course in the high school. It is well known that it is in the main those who have become dependent upon their own efforts for a livelihood who look forward to securing such positions as the normal school can prepare them for; and, consequently, it is this needy class of students that the normal school receives. And again, the positions which these normal-trained teachers will fill do not offer such financial returns as will encourage them to make elaborate and scholarly preparation for their work. If they take places in the elementary schools,—and it is with tacit understanding that they will do this that the State has given them their education,—they will receive little more, and in some States no more, than the ordinary unskilled laborer working on the farm or in the woods. The average wages paid to elementary teachers in sixty-nine of the principal cities given in Commissioner Harris's last report does not exceed sixty dollars per month, and in many cities it falls considerably below this, for positions such as the ordinary normal school graduate can fill; while the average wages paid to district school teachers in most of the Eastern States does not exceed twenty-five dollars per month, and in some of the Western and Southern States it is appreciably less. Most of the cities that pay good wages have private normal schools now to prepare their own teachers, so that

this leaves only the poorly paid positions in elementary and some secondary schools for the graduates of the state normal school.

If, then, the normal school is to prepare teachers for the common schools, it cannot exact a very high standard of preparatory training from them, and at the same time give them such professional instruction as it now attempts to. It feels that it cannot ask them to spend four years in the high school before they can enjoy its privileges; but instead it must give high and normal school training combined, in two, three, or four years, as the case may require. If the normal school should refuse to accommodate itself in this way to the common schools, the result would be, as has been shown in two or three notable instances, that, on the one hand, it would get few students,—those only who are looking toward the higher positions in secondary schools; and on the other hand, the common schools would employ only those who have had very little, if any professional training, and the purpose of the normal school would thus be frustrated. It is not true as yet, at least in most parts of our country, that the normal school can set the standard for the common school by raising its own requirements for admission and graduation. The normal is at present being conditioned by the common school, instead of setting it a standard. And this seems eminently proper, in a certain sense; for while in matters pedagogical the normal school should be authority, yet in matters financial and in the general subject of common school education the voice of the people should be heard.

Is the normal school, then, doing just what is best under the circumstances? And, in the general evolution of our school system, will it always take and hold its rightful place? From its history it would seem that it has had to get its present place by more or less of violence, and it is not to be believed that

its future is to be free from struggles in attaining the ideals that have long been before it. In order that the normal school shall attempt only professional work, or more advanced work of any kind than it is attempting now, it must first have some assurance that its teachers will find such places in the schools as will warrant them in spending the required amount of time and money in preparation. Legislation must ordain that no teacher shall be employed in any school, toward the maintenance of which public funds are appropriated, unless he shall have a certain amount of professional training; this amount to be determined by the character of the school he is to teach, and the ability of the people in the community to compensate him for his work. This would have a most salutary effect upon the common schools themselves, making them far more efficient than they now are, and enabling them to accomplish more fully the purposes for which they are established and supported at public expense. In his report of 1891-92, as secretary of the Board of Education of Massachusetts, John W. Dickinson says: "It is a great misfortune to the schools that about fifteen hundred new recruits annually enter the corps of public school teachers. The time has long passed when it should be possible for a person to enter the ranks without special training, successful practice under searching criticism, and certification for the work by proper authorities. When such requirements are made imperative, the supply will no longer exceed the demand; then wages for teaching will rise to the level of those paid for clerical work and other professional service." When this is done, the work of the normal school will be more clearly defined. It can demand of its students such an amount of preparatory training as will enable them intelligently to undertake its professional work, and it can organize its instruction so as to prepare teachers for the com-

mon schools, feeling sure that they will be needed.

Looking at the work of the normal school in some of the European countries, we find a somewhat different, and in many respects more favorable condition of affairs. In Prussia, at the close of the year 1889, there were one hundred and sixteen normal schools under the direction of the government, all of which were preparing teachers solely for the people's, or elementary schools. No teacher can find a permanent position in these people's schools unless he possesses a diploma from one of the normals; and the effect of this is to draw into the schools only those who have had professional instruction. It must be granted that the work of the normal school, wherever found, and its relative position in a school system, must be determined by the character of the rest of the system, since it is not properly an institution of learning in itself, but a *training* school, designed to give healthy and wholesome direction to the schools that are concerned with learning in literature and in the arts and sciences. Now, in Prussia, teaching is a life business, and the teacher is a state officer, who receives a pension when he becomes incapacitated by age for profitable labor. The Prussian government is able to determine approximately how many teachers will be needed for the schools each year, and it can so order the normal school work as just to supply these needs. In our own country, of course, there is no such certainty; for no one has any idea how many new teachers will be needed at any given period, since very many of those employed at any time are only working under a sort of compulsion, looking forward to some fortuitous circumstance, such as marriage or a favorable business opportunity, to release them from their captivity. Our elementary schools, too, it seems, are not regarded so highly by the people at large as are the people's schools

in Prussia, and consequently the social position of our elementary teachers is not so favorable in comparison; and this does not encourage teachers of talent to go into our common schools, but leaves the places instead to persons with scanty preparation and culture as well as a lack of native strength and ability. In France, there are now about one hundred and seventy normal schools, or "training colleges," that prepare teachers for the elementary schools only; while several higher training colleges, such as the well-known *École Normale Supérieure* at Paris, in the Sorbonne, and chairs of pedagogy at Lyons, Bordeaux, and Toulouse, afford the teachers in the higher schools whatever professional training they get. In Prussia, the departments of pedagogy in the universities afford opportunities to prepare for the higher positions. In Scotland, the seven training colleges and the chairs of pedagogy at St. Andrews and Edinburgh prepare teachers for all grades of the schools; and here, as in Prussia, the state gives such protection and encouragement to its teachers as to lead all who enter the profession to remain there. In England, the efforts of the forty-four training colleges are spent mainly in supplying the elementary schools with teachers, although work of a higher grade has been encouraged; and now Oxford and Cambridge are making provisions to prepare teachers for the higher positions. The normal school work in Austria and Hungary is much like that in Prussia, being made very definite because of the definiteness of the different phases of the school system as a whole.

In comparison with these countries, it can be seen that the normal school with us has as yet a rather uncertain field of work, so far as the preparation of teachers for any particular grade of school instruction is concerned. The place which its originators in this country expected it would fill is being filled now, in some States, by teachers' classes for a term or

so in the academies and high schools; in other States, by summer schools and teachers' institutes; while in a few the field is still vacant. The normal school in our country has ever been ambitious to do work of a higher character than would fit its students to labor contentedly in the humble institutions that correspond approximately to the people's schools in other lands; and that this is a worthy ambition need not be denied here. But as our educational facilities have increased, and our school work as a whole has aimed toward higher standards, there has been a growing sentiment that the higher positions in teaching should demand a broad general as well as professional education, and it has never been seriously maintained that the normal school could or ought to give the first of these. So the colleges and universities have risen to the occasion, and have added chairs and departments to their regular curricula, designed to afford opportunities for some professional instruction for such college students as intend to become teachers. A few universities, such as De Pauw, Hillsdale, the University at Nashville, Tenn., and others, have established veritable normal schools, which do work much like that of the ordinary public normal school, except perhaps that they are enabled, because of their environment, to maintain more scholarly standards. In addition there have been founded independent normal colleges, such as the New York College for the Training of Teachers and the college at Albany, N. Y., which do strictly professional work of a high character; aiming to fit their students for positions in training schools, for principalships, superintendencies, etc. They are, properly speaking, post-graduate professional schools. There has been a strong desire felt of late, also, by many of the better class of the state normal schools, to found post-graduate departments, where work like that of the independent normal colleges can be done, admitting to

this course only college graduates; and such courses are now being offered by some of the normal schools in Massachusetts, and by several in other parts of the country. This very naturally suggests the question, Shall then all positions in the secondary schools be closed to the ordinary trained teachers? As at present arranged, a considerable number of teachers in secondary institutions have had only normal school training, and the normal schools have been very ambitious to prepare at least some of their teachers for such places. But, as has been said, the opportunities for a college and university education have multiplied so rapidly that there has been developed a strong sentiment in favor of college-trained persons taking the secondary positions; and this is being carried into effect as rapidly as the schools can afford the increased expense. It may be questioned, however, if the colleges can as yet prepare teachers for the secondary schools as well as the normal school. They can and do give broad scholarship and technical knowledge; but these are ineffective instruments in the hands of the average college man or woman, with no professional training or experience. As between good professional training with ordinary scholarship, and good scholarship with no teaching knowledge, circumstances and personality will usually decide which is the more serviceable, although it may with reason be held that the art of teaching can be readily acquired by one who has had good scholarly discipline; but it must be remembered that the college-trained person generally sticks to teaching only long enough to acquire this art, and during his years of apprenticeship the normal school graduate will be even in the race, and in many cases ahead. If the college man had had good examples of teaching set him at his Alma Mater, he would not be so utterly at sea at first; but it is a well-known fact that college instructors and professors are not in

any considerable numbers *teachers*, and they look down with a feeling akin to contempt upon all efforts to acquire the art. When pedagogical courses were first offered in several of the universities of the country, the professors in other departments generally advised their students to keep out of them, and this attitude is still held to some extent; and while perhaps there was not much to be gained from the usual university course in pedagogy, yet there was, and is, hostility to it on general principles.

There is, no doubt, some justification for this attitude on the part of college men toward the art of teaching, for in all their work with students they emphasize the spirit of independence and research; while those who have been engaged in the training of teachers have been, in the main, impressing upon them their own individuality and methods of teaching, and have laid little store by independent investigation on the part of their students. We have heard in past years, and do hear still, a great deal about "cut-and-dried methods of teaching;" and as the normal school has been the chief dispenser of these, it has gained an unenviable reputation in college circles, and as a consequence the whole system that has to do with the making of teachers has come to be looked upon with suspicion. It is true that a majority of those who have been at the normal schools have been getting mainly cut-and-dried methods and devices of teaching, and the philosophical and psychological principles underlying these have been neglected. The practice departments of many of the normal schools have been places where the prospective teacher could get such devices and methods as those at the head of the departments had found useful, but where it would be possible for him to make but little original investigation. We need not search far to find the reasons for this state of affairs. In the first place, the students who have sought these schools

have not had the culture and training that would enable them to investigate and understand abstract principles of education, and apply them in original research and discovery in the practice schools. Most of them have had to be imitators, for they have not had the intellectual discipline that would make them intelligently independent; and the normal schools have held that they might better be followers of those who have had conspicuous success in teaching than go on in their own crude way for the sake of the mere sentiment, in their cases, of independence. Again, students have gone to the normal schools for a definite, practical purpose; they have been anxious to get something which they could use in their schoolrooms at once, rather than wait several years to work out into serviceable application the philosophical and psychological principles which they might get in their preparatory study. For the ordinary untrained mind, one that has not become skillful in tracing the delicate thread of cause and effect in mental activity, there is a great gap between psychological theory and the actual organization of work in the classroom so as to attain in the most speedy and safe manner possible the desired end of educational processes. The normal schools have, perhaps, emphasized too much the side of organization, and have thus not allowed enough freedom for the development of personality in the teachers they have trained; but this condition is gradually changing according as students are having better opportunities for broader mental discipline before they enter the school. The practice schools are becoming the educational experimental stations of our country, and are, with a few exceptions, making whatever advances are being made in educational practice. They are no longer closely bound to past or even to existing methods of teaching, but are investigating along all lines looking toward improvement; and already much has been done

in proving the value of new subjects of study, and introducing them into the common school course; and also in a more definite study of child nature, and the adaptation of school instruction to that nature. But of course the normal school is a practical institution, and must do practical work; it must have certain methods of school organization and teaching in which it believes, and it must ever impress these upon its students, so that they will have something in hand when they go into their own schools. It is supposed to be, and most often is, the abiding-place of all the best that has been worked out in the past toward an art of teaching; and there is certainly no one who has ever tried his hand at the art who will not acknowledge that there is a considerable body of information concerning it that may profitably be acquired from those who have had successful experience, just as is the case in any of the arts which men practice. A teacher will not deal most wisely with a child's mind in the school, any more than a physician will deal most wisely with its body, without study and apprenticeship. It has been the failure of the universities to recognize the importance of this study and apprenticeship in the art of teaching that has made them so slow in giving it a place in their curricula; and the consequence is that college-trained persons who teach have, in most cases, to work out *de novo* their art, — very poorly, too, sometimes, and at a great disadvantage to themselves and to the pupils under their direction.

But there are some signs that this difficulty is passing away, and that the secondary schools can get competently prepared teachers who have had the advantages of training in the higher institutions. In the first place, as we have seen, higher normal schools are being established that aim especially to give instruction in the history, theory, and art of education to college graduates; and attempts are being made also to have

college-graduate departments in the public normal schools; but most of these are not yet ready for this step, for they cannot support a faculty of such scholarship and attainments as will attract college men and women. Again, a number of universities, such as Harvard and Cornell, have established summer schools designed particularly to aid teachers in service in secondary schools, and these have already proved to be of value. University extension has also done something for the better class of teachers, but it has been more along the line of general culture than of systematic training in any of the branches, either on the academic or professional side. More important than any of these, however, is the comparatively recent establishment of departments and chairs of pedagogy, and the offering of teachers' courses in a number of colleges and universities in all parts of the country. The first step in this direction was taken by Brown University in 1851, but the University of Iowa was the first to establish a permanent department of pedagogy, graduation from which was indicated by the degree of bachelor of pedagogy. In several of the universities, as Harvard, the University of Pennsylvania, Leland Stanford, and in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, there are special courses offered for teachers in service, these dealing mainly with the methods of teaching subjects in the secondary schools; but Harvard offers several courses for primary and grammar teachers as well.

An examination of the work done in these universities shows that instruction is given mainly in the *science* or *theory* of education; for while in all of them courses are offered in the history, science, and art of teaching, yet this *art* consists almost wholly of the theory as to how the different subjects should be taught, there being no opportunity for testing and applying this theory, which, it must be granted, is an essential condition in order that the art of teaching

may be serviceably acquired. As these departments of pedagogy are at present organized, it is impossible to do any such work in the art of teaching as is required in the normal school, for there are no practice or experimental schools where the student can test his ability to work out theory into practice. The most that is attempted in this direction is to send the student into the public schools in the vicinity and have him observe what is being done there; but even observing another's work is hardly acquiring the art for one's self, although it certainly may be an aid toward it. In some of the universities, of which Clark University at Worcester, Mass., is an example, very little attention is given to the art of teaching as compared with the science of education, the purpose being "to give instruction and training to those who are preparing to be professors of pedagogy, superintendents, or teachers in the higher institutions," and "to make scientific contributions to education." The work in education at Leland Stanford, as Professor Earl Barnes says in a recent number of the *Educational Review*, "is not intended primarily to fit students for the grammar grades and lower high school positions in California. . . . Our aim is, instead, to turn out a few thoroughly trained men and women with a scientific knowledge of children, with some experience in examining educational problems at first hand, with a good knowledge of the development of the human mind in the past, and fairly well acquainted with the best thought and practice in educational matters at present." In Cornell, Michigan, Minnesota, and other universities, practical lecture courses are given in the art of instruction and school management in general, methods of teaching the various branches, school economy, and school hygiene; and some observation of school systems and class work in the vicinity is required. It is worthy of note here that the colleges for women, with two or three exceptions, offer no

courses whatever in either the science or the art of education, though of course all pedagogic work in coeducational institutions is open to women as well as men.

It can be seen from this brief review that our higher institutions are not yet ready adequately to train teachers for positions in the secondary schools; nor can they expect to be able to do this until they have connected with their pedagogical departments model and practice schools where candidates can see good teaching done, and can themselves attempt to teach under the care and guidance of some skilled critic. In Germany there are practice schools connected with the universities, where all students of education try to apply their theory; and this is true in some measure in Scotland, for there are training colleges in connection with some of the universities, such as Edinburgh and St. Andrews. The need of practice schools as an aid to the work in our own universities has come to be generally acknowledged, and in a recent number of the *Pedagogical Seminary* President G. Stanley Hall outlines a plan for such a school at Clark University, and urges its immediate establishment. Until this step shall be quite generally taken by the universities, either the normal schools must continue to give professional instruction to those seeking positions in

secondary schools, and even instructorships in colleges, or else these positions must be filled by incompetently prepared teachers. In his last report, Commissioner Harris says in this connection: "It may be said that an intelligent graduate of a thoroughly taught high school, who had attentively read Compayré's *History of Pedagogical Ideas*, a book on methods and management, and Sully's *Psychology*, for example, might graduate immediately and with honor from the great majority of the normal departments or teachers' courses of our colleges and universities."

As a last word, then, it must be said that the true function of the normal school, while yet impossible to be fully realized because of the character of our school system as a whole, is still being gradually approached as the duties of the several parts of this system become more clearly defined and accomplished. It should be emphasized again that the normal school must adapt itself to the other parts of our school system; it must wait for them to determine in a large measure its field of usefulness. That it has come to stay there can be little question, and it is only a matter of time when it shall attain its ideal, that of purely professional instruction in the preparation of teachers for the elementary schools.

M. V. O'Shea.

SOME LETTERS AND CONVERSATIONS OF THOMAS CARLYLE.

THESE letters were, with one exception, written to me. In four of them are a few short passages which have already been printed. I print them again, to make the context complete. The allusions to my health will be explained by my saying that for some years I was confined to crutches, couch, and invalid carriage.

The notes of Conversations were writ-

ten down the day after the talks took place, in letters to my aunt, Lady Louis, then at Malta, where Sir John Louis was Admiral Superintendent of the Dockyard. The first two conversations were at my lodgings in Albert Terrace, and the third at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Buller in Queen Square Place, where I was then on a visit.

I give so much of my own share in

the conversation as is required to make that of Carlyle clear; but I would not now be made responsible for any opinions which I may have held fifty-six years ago.

Edward Strachey.

LETTER I.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Saturday, June, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR, — I could come to you, with great pleasure, any night *after* Monday, the 11th; but till then I am delivering a course of extempore lectures which keeps me in continual nervousness and fret, and obliges me to decline all invitations whatever, — unfortunate dyspeptic as I am!

Some day next week, now that I know your address, I will see you, with the additional hope of seeing your good mother also, to whom, as to a friend now of many years, I beg to commend myself with all manner of good wishes.

Along with this I send a small pamphlet, promised to Lady Louis, which arrived only the night before last. I recommend you to read it in passing.

Believe me ever,

Yours very truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER II.

CHELSEA, Monday, June 18, 1838.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am not rightly well this week, having met with a little accident, or *tumble*, the other day, and fear I must not venture out so far to dinner. I hope to call some morning (Friday or sooner) and have a little speech with you; unless the *rain* go very contrary indeed, I will make this out.

Your surgeon's order precisely agrees with my ideas. Salt water and sea air, — these are of all things to me the wholesomest. I do hope they will do you good in this fine season.

Believe me always,

Most truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

CONVERSATION I.

June 8, 1838.

Carlyle dines with me next week. He called here the other day. I forget whether I mentioned that he was lecturing on literature in general. His course is nearly complete, and Sterling told me he would get £250 by it. Carlyle said to me that nothing but necessity should make him lecture or write; for he had said all he had to say at present, and he wished to remain in quiet and silence. He has written an article on Sir Walter Scott, which I hear is very good. Sterling has lent it to me.

CONVERSATION II.

(On Friday, June 22, 1838, Carlyle, my cousin John Kirkpatrick, and my friend Samuel Clark dined with me.)

E. S. Do you go out of town this summer, Mr. Carlyle?

T. C. Yes; but we have n't yet fixed where it will be. Living in London is very bad for the health, but not so much from the climate as from the excitement and stimulating state of every man's mind. Every man that you meet seems in a fever: he sees you for a minute, and knows you will then go your way and meet some one else; so he comes out with some remark which is pungent and shall make an impression, that it may not easily be effaced by the next comer. When I return to London, after any absence, I feel in a strange, unnatural element for some time, and don't know how to accustom myself to it.

(Enter Kirkpatrick, followed by a leg of Welsh mutton, fish curry, green peas, and, later, macaroni and tartlets, etc.)

T. C. (to J. K.) Are you of the family of the Closeburn Kirkpatricks?

J. K. A distant branch, but we came through Ireland.

T. C. Sir Thomas Kirkpatrick is a man much looked up to in the county, but he lives now in a little appanage of the Closeburn estate, which he has parted with.

(Then we proceeded to discourse of sheriff deputes, procurators fiscal, coroners, lord advocates, trial of a boy by jury for stealing a jackass, at which Mr. Carlyle, one of the men summoned, but not impaneled on the jury, corrected a proof sheet, etc.)

E. S. Who signs "F" in the London Review?

T. C. Can you tell me the subject of the paper? Then I may be able to say.

E. S. An article on the Statistical Society.

T. C. No, I do not know; but I was going to ask, for he is a man of some intellect.

E. S. I was particularly delighted with his idea that facts are toads with jewels in their heads, and that the Statistical Society carefully collected the toads, and carefully rejected the jewels.

All. Hear! Hear!

T. C. Yes; that's just the way with all the societies in London, from the Royal Society downwards; they are of no use for anything except eating dinners and drinking tea. And they are now beginning to discover this, and to apply the whole energy of the Body Corporate to these more important affairs. The Royal Society have now got the best establishment for tea-making that is to be found anywhere on the same scale. When I was at one of their meetings, there was some sort of a paper being read with an infinite deal of tedium; but then they all rose up with great alacrity and proceeded to the library, where there was most excellent tea prepared; and this they evidently felt to be the real business of the evening.

E. S. The article on Fra Paolo Sarpi is an able one; who is that by?

T. C. He is a foreigner, — some such name as Montanzi; a man of some talent, but a furious radical, one who has no notion except of pulling down; but he is a young man, and may get wiser.

E. S. I suppose it is unreasonable to expect that an Italian, when he opens

his eyes, should be anything more than a mere destructive, since he has never seen anything of any kind in the form of good institutions.

T. C. Yes.

E. S. Lady Louis gives me an interesting account of Mrs. Austin's proceedings at Malta. She is setting up schools everywhere, and the priests are coöperating. It would be a fine thing if they were really to begin to reform their religion.

T. C. Yes; but I fear there is no chance of it.

E. S. The papacy seems to be on the eve of breaking up everywhere.

T. C. From all I hear, things in Italy resemble a ripe pear, ready to drop with the first touch: the whole is ready to be removed, only there is nothing to put in its place; no one is prepared with anything.

E. S. Mrs. Austin is, I suppose, now on her way home?

T. C. And the commission is recalled. It seems to have been just appointed to give Austin something, and also there was a sort of clamor among the people; the fact is, they are all starving.

E. S. Yes; and the remedy is a newspaper to create a public opinion, which being at present non-existent, the government meanwhile is to support the paper.

T. C. I do not know how a newspaper will remedy the evil. If you were to have a newspaper for every man in the island, it would not fill their bellies; and till you feed them it is no use trying to give them education. It would be even better to kill them, just to blow them away from your cannon, than to let them linger on in this miserable way, which is death to the soul as well as to the body.

(We then turned to my brother in India, then to Sir Henry Strachey, then to the Somerset M. P.'s.)

T. C. The counties seem to be becoming more and more Tory, but the towns more Radical; and I think it is

quite a mistake to believe you will ever bring the towns back again to Conservatism. It's all very well for Sir Robert Peel to talk about it. He probably thinks that the best of all things — the main end to be aimed at — is that he, Sir Robert Peel, should be Prime Minister, and hopes things are tending to that.

E. S. I hope Peel will never be in office again. He has no political principles, though I do not doubt his individual and private integrity.

S. C. He is certainly a most poor creature.

T. C. I think the constituencies are beginning to see through him: they are beginning to see that he is a sham, and that the time for shams is past. It did very well for Canning, but Peel is too late, and we must now have realities. The Duke of Wellington seems to me the only man in the present day who is anything of a good statesman; I have said so ever since he was Minister. People said he could not speak, but whenever he got up he always had something he *meant* to say; there was a real meaning, and that seems to be the main thing in speaking.

E. S. Maurice says that if the duke has not his head in the clear sky, yet his feet are firm on the ground; whereas these wretched creatures are merely in the clouds, with no footing at all. What would the men at Conservative dinners, who sing "The pilot that weathered the storm" after Peel's health, say to us?

T. C. Are these your books in these shelves?

E. S. Yes, such as I have room for; but I am obliged to stow away lots in cupboards and places.

T. C. The *Odyssey* and *Iliad* are remarkable for the simplicity and truth with which they exhibit human life; but all this Pope has lost in his translation.

E. S. I think Cowper has succeeded in making very fine poems.

S. C. Do you know Sotheby's translations, Mr. Carlyle?

T. C. No; but I think the best thing he could do would be to translate them into prose; he would give more of the spirit than in any other way.

S. C. And the order of the words in Greek would be as much as possible preserved.

T. C. Look at our translations of Hebrew poetry; they are in prose, but there can be nothing finer or more poetical than this literal translation into the good old Saxon.

E. S. I have just been reading Lowth on Isaiah; his dissertation is most interesting, and his translations are most spirited.

T. C. Yes, it is an excellent book; have you got it?

E. S. I have borrowed it from Mr. Dunn.

S. C. It is remarkable, in comparing the older translations, — the Bishop's Bible, that of Tyndale, and that of Coverdale, — how often our version has left them for the worse as regards language.

T. C. I do not know any of those translations you mention, but ours is still very fine, a noble specimen of Saxon English. Lowth says it is the best specimen in the language.

(Then we talked about American humor: of the man who was so tall that he got a ladder to shave himself; of the man who put his coat to bed, when he came home on a wet night, and then hung himself on the back of a chair to dry; of the man — the last new one — who, to avoid the expense of coach horses, put himself into his carpet bag, and then, taking it in his hand, passed himself off as luggage.)

T. C. These things show a great deal of intellect floating about in America, and not knowing what form to put itself into.

J. K. I suppose Channing is one of their ablest men.

T. C. He never thoroughly raises himself above the commonplace. I often think he is just going to take some fine poetic flight, but, to my disappointment,

he never fairly gets on the wing. He should either soar altogether above the earth, or be content to go on in his splay-footed course.

E. S. But is not that the consequence of his being a Unitarian?

T. C. Yes, I think it is. If he were to rise any higher than he does, he must give up his Unitarianism. I think the author of that pamphlet I sent through you to Lady Louis is about the man of most mind in America.

E. S. There are striking things in it, but he does not seem to have thought out his views.

T. C. No; only glimpses of truth.

E. S. Was it not strange that such plain, practical men as the Americans should have adopted the Rousseau theory as the foundation of their Constitution?

T. C. They just wanted to express their feeling that they had a right to freedom; and they were determined, as all our colonies have been, that they would not be taxed without their own consent. But when you come to put down a theory about freedom, you find that your words are just nonsense; there is no meaning in them. People seem to think that the great thing is to have a vote for a member of Parliament; but I do not myself feel that this is essential to my freedom, or enough to make me free to have the five hundredth part of a whole goose talking nonsense in the House of Commons. I want something else, although I cannot define what it is. I think the principle of government must be *carrière aux talents*, but the difficulty is to find out the proper men of talent. Yet if there were not some real men in public, but above all in private life; if there were none but your Peels, shams, things would break up altogether, and we should have the French Revolution over and over again, till the whole world was in ashes.

E. S. Does not our Constitution provide better than any other for bringing forward the ablest men?

T. C. I don't know. Look at Robert

Burns, a man fit for anything (for his poetry was but an accident, just when he found opportunity for it), and at a time when, of all others, we wanted men, and he spent his life gauging beer casks. Look at Sir Robert Peel, the head of the country, and Dr. Johnson living on fourpence a day. Our representative system is useful as showing how much the people will submit to, and what a wise governor may do without bloodshed; but the will of the majority is usually, if not always, in the wrong for the first fifty years. When they cried out, "Crucify him! Crucify him!" that was the will of the majority; when the most frightful crime ever committed, the most lamentable mistake ever made, was enacting, it was by the will of the great majority of all classes. I must wish you good-night; I will soon call on you again.

CONVERSATION III.

October 11, 1838.

Carlyle and his wife dined with us last night. She is a very pleasing woman. She appears to have a good deal of humor; and though she seems very gentle, I hear that she has a sharp wit when she chooses to exercise it. Aunt Buller told me that Sterling wrote Mrs. Carlyle a severe lecture on her proceedings in this line. They were at a party, when Sterling, in a very solemn manner, pronounced the world to be a mere sepulchre, adding, "But there are martyrs' crowns for some of us." To this Mrs. Carlyle rejoined, "Yes; but I don't think any of us seem much inclined to try for them." A laugh was immediately raised against poor Sterling's oracular declaration, and the next morning Mrs. Carlyle got the letter.

Carlyle was as interesting as usual. I think he is second to no one but Maurice in the depth and earnestness of his humanity. Would that, like Maurice, he could see what is the only means and method of delivering man from all evil, and restoring him to perfect bliss! He is just returned from Scotland, and says

that all over the north there are indications of a fearful storm gathering among the people and artisans. In one place where he was staying he used to hear a loom at work till twelve o'clock at night, and it used to wake him before seven in the morning; and when he inquired what it was, he was told that there was a weaver next door, — a man with a wife and six children, — earning six shillings a week by his seventeen hours of daily work. And while ministers and all public men in Parliament and in the newspapers are declaring that the condition of the workingman is very prosperous, such misery as this is too common all over the country. And when men, instead of earning six shillings, are earning two guineas a week, their condition is really no better. Whether we pay them ill or well, we treat them equally as mere machines for providing us with selfish indulgences; and we have utterly neglected and abandoned all duties towards them, till they have sunk into a brutalized state which is becoming quite intolerable to themselves. In many places they are forming societies for purchasing rifles by a subscription of a penny a week. They are desperate men, who say it is better to shoot or be shot than to endure this any longer; and, says Carlyle, "we shall soon have insurrections, and these poor creatures must be put down by sabre and gallows, and then perhaps thinking men will be roused to seek for a remedy." He observed that the Duke of Buccleugh has about fifty thousand men working for him, and giving up to him two thirds of the fruit of their labors; and yet it never occurs to him (though he is by no means a bad man) that he has any duties to perform to any one of this multitude. They may live on their six shillings a week, while he imports his cartloads of foxes from Ireland as the best mode of employing his great wealth. Truly did he add that such a state of things is what the old priests would have called a damnable heresy.

(Mrs. Phillips [Blumine] had asked me to inquire how the late governess of her daughter might find employment in translating from the German, and the following is Carlyle's reply.)

LETTER III.

CHELSEA, August 27, 1841.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — You judge rightly that it would at any time give me very high satisfaction could I be of the smallest service to the lady now named Mrs. Phillips, the remembrance of whom, under what name soever, is always pleasant to me! I have, unfortunately, however, no connection at all with any publisher of German things; nor do I know in the least how they manage that business now, except, perhaps, that as there is greatly more demand for German ware in these days than gold, some wages *may* now, by wise methods, be derivable from it, which was hardly the case in my days. Mrs. Austin seems to be the established hand at present; Mrs. Jameson, too, works in it. I rather fancy the chief difficulty is to *fix on some book* likely to succeed, — which of course is the translator's own task. There is seldom any offer of a given book to be translated; or indeed, if there were, I suppose hundreds are ready for it on bread-and-water terms. Translation, I doubt, is no very good resource; indeed, literature in any shape, without some express vocation and necessity, is a thing not to be recommended to any one, — to a young lady least of all. My own prosecution of it was entered upon only by the severest compulsion, and has been a life-and-death wrestle all along. Whosoever does not think lightly of *starvation*, in comparison with several things that he will see practiced, ought to keep aloof altogether from that province.

However, if the young lady so decide on trying the enterprise, I should think her best plan would be to *prepare* some actual translation and write it out in a legible hand, — some promising book, if she know of one, not of great extent, —

whereby it could be judged what faculty she had fit for this business, and whether there were any hope in prosecuting it. I could show Mrs. Jameson such a performance; ask her advice about it; she is a reasonable, energetic, and very helpful woman. This is all very light; little other, as you see, than darkness visible.

You are very kind to sympathize so heartily with my books; the response of an honest, natural human heart is precious to whomsoever speaks. The tolerance of men is very great; I might say, the rarity of every word honestly spoken, and the growing desire for such, and for such only, is very notable in these times, — with deep sorrow, yet with hope that cannot die!

You should have come to see me. But indeed my wayfarings have been a little will-o'-wispish this season, and even still liable to be; for I feel I must soon be out of this Nebuchadnezzar furnace of a London, and know not in the least whitherward. Will you offer my loving remembrance to your good lady mother, from whom it is very long since I have heard anything? For yourself, be of good hope; and what is perhaps almost better, be a good patient in the interim, resigned to the will of One who knows better than we.

Yours always affectionately,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER IV.

5 CHEYNE ROW, CHELSEA,
Friday night, *August 26*, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — I have, as you know, a most kind message from your mother; the answer to which is still in a state of earnest adjudication, the pleadings *pro* and *contra* not yet completed.

Your great distance and my limited power of walking in this hot weather form a great obstacle to our meeting. It strikes me that if you could drive down hither some day, and would consent to wait five minutes till I put on my coat, I would cheerfully go out to drive with you, and we might make a

pleasant visit of it without trouble. Any day till two o'clock, and generally till near three, I am to be found here.

Or, alas! perhaps your carriage holds only two, the servant and yourself; that did not strike me till now. If so, pray never mind it farther; we will meet some other way.

Yours always truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER V.

CHELSEA, *September 21*, 1842.

DEAR STRACHEY, — About a week ago I addressed a note to you at 11 Mount Street. Going yesterday to call upon you there, I found that it was a wrong address; that you were not discoverable there! Rather unwisely, I had left your last note with Mrs. Buller, to keep her in mind of your address; I fancying that I could carry it safely in my head. The worst will be if the note have mis-carried, for it contained a small letter to your mother on a subject that could ill afford to wait longer for an answer. My hope is that the postman of your street had sagacity and memory enough to correct the number from his own resources. Trusting partly to this, I send you a new note with the old address, but with a supplement or *pis aller*. When you answer me, I will pay better heed to the cipher.

The main purport of my visit yesterday was to say that my wife, who is a chess-player of some eminence, like yourself, will be very happy to come and play a game with you whenever you can send to give her warning, and fetch her up and down. She is, unfortunately, no walker, but very well affected to chess and to you.

My brother seems to be about Beaumaris, with intent to continue some weeks in that neighborhood, and pass over into Scotland for a few days.

Believe me always, dear Mr. Strachey,

Yours most truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER VI.

CHELSEA, September 26, 1842.

MY DEAR SIR, — Thursday 1st stands fixed for the chess game, unless you say No. The lady will be ready to start at one o'clock.

I meant to have called and *said* this to-day; but alas! could not.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

(In the autumn of 1842, my old school-fellow, Mr. [now Sir] Charles Hutton Gregory, told me that a friend of his, Mr. — by name, wished me to inform Carlyle that he was in possession of the head of Oliver Cromwell, and invited him to go and see it. I have applied to Sir Charles Gregory to confirm my recollection, and he now writes as follows: —

"I believe it is a matter of history¹ that Cromwell was embalmed before his burial, and that his body was exhumed and beheaded, and that the head was stuck upon a pike and set up on the top of Westminster Hall, from which it disappeared one windy night.

"Years after this, the reputed head was in the possession of the Russell family, from whom its descent to the possession of the late Mr. — was never disputed.

"When I saw it, the head was in a very old box; it was stuck on a pike, which had been broken off from its lower part; upon parts of it there was hair of a chestnut color. Experts stated that it had evidently been embalmed, and the head cut off from the body long afterwards, and that it bore such a re-

semblance as might be expected to a cast of Cromwell's face taken after death.

"The legend which connected ancient history with modern was as follows: —

"It was said that a sentry who was on guard when the head was blown down picked it up and hid it, and subsequently sold it to a member of the Russell family.

"From what I saw and heard more than fifty years ago I was quite convinced that the head was genuine, which is more than can be said of a small head which was at one time shown as the head of Oliver Cromwell when a boy."

In reply to my report to the above effect Carlyle wrote the following letter. I learn that he never went to see the head.)

LETTER VII.

CHELSEA, November 3, 1842.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — The head must evidently have belonged to some son of Adam who lived a good while ago, and went through strange vicissitudes after burial. Though I doubt there is next to no chance of its ever having belonged to Cromwell, yet merely as an anatomical specimen and envious "product of the *arts*" it seems well worth a journey to Camberwell, especially to such a courteous host's as Mr. —'s. Pray let my thanks be conveyed to him. I hope also to see your friend Mr. Gregory by and by. But at present I am too weakly with a dirty, sneaking sore throat, the fruit of easterly winds; and indeed, through winter generally I am unequal to a *night* adventure so far as Camberwell. Perhaps Mr. — would

¹ Pepys writes on December 4, 1660, that "this day the Parliament voted that the bodies of Oliver, Ireton, Bradshaw, etc., should be taken out of their graves in the Abbey, and drawn to the gallows, and there hanged, and buried under it." On the 30th of January, 1660-61, that he had seen "Cromwell, Ireton, and Bradshaw hanged and buried at Tyburn," and on the 5th of February, in the same year, that he had seen "the heads of Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton set up at the further end

of the hall." The present possessor of the head does not wish his name to be given; but from the information which he has obligingly sent me, I can say that if the one link of the sentry is granted between the disappearance of the head from Westminster Hall and its reappearance in the possession of one of the Russell family, — and this seems as good as most other historical traditions, — the rest of the chain is clear and complete with names and other details of authenticity. — E. S.

see me some time by daylight on a Sunday or holiday? I should like to look on this notable piece of Anak-Reality (supposing it to be only such), and hear what account it gives of itself. The history of poor Oliver, from his cradle to his grave, and even beyond it, is such a mere mass of stupid fables as never, or hardly ever, elsewhere clustered themselves round the memory of a great man. In other times and conditions he would have been sung of as a demigod, and here Tyburn gallows was in all ways the lot of him! It is really painful to consider such depth of sheer thick stupidity, and total want of sense for the godlike in man is very sure to punish itself; as, alas! we find it now in these quack-ridden generations everywhere too fatally doing. But the poor leather head at Camberwell is not to blame for much of this, surely. Let us leave it, therefore.

My wife is out of her cold, but hanging, as her wont is through winter, on the verge of another.

When your good mother approaches this country, I pray you give me notice.

You, I think, will be wise not to stir much out at present. I hope to see you again soon. Ever truly yours,

T. CARLYLE.

My wife wants Mrs. Buller's address at Lady Louis's. I have settled with her that she shall write her letter, and that I will inclose it to you, with merely "Mrs. Buller" on it, that you may do the needful.

(The "little book" referred to below was written as a wedding gift to my sister.)

LETTER VIII.

CHELSEA, March 21, 1843.

MY DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — I have received your beautiful little book, and am far indeed from "thinking less of you" for writing it. The little book is the product of a generous, pure, loving heart, and will speak good only, and not evil, into other hearts. Thanks to you

for writing it; thanks to you for sending me a copy of it.

I have been exceedingly busy with printers, with copyists, and other confused persons and things ever since I saw you, or I should have been in Mount Street again. In a week or so I hope to be freer, and then —

With many thanks, with constant good wishes, Yours most sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER IX.

CHELSEA, Monday morning,
March 20, 1843.

MY DEAR SIR, — I wrote on Saturday to my Russian; he called yesterday with his answer. I, unfortunately, had gone out, and he had to leave it with my wife. Still more unfortunately, the answer itself proved to be entirely negative, and very little better than zero.

He does not think that there is on sale in any shop in London a single Russian book. Nobody learns the language here; a few English merchants about Petersburg are the only English persons that do. He knew of a teacher of Russian here at one time, but he could get hardly any shadow of encouragement, and after long struggling had to withdraw to Brighton, where probably he now is.

My Russian (probably a *German* merchant, and a most obliging man) is persuaded that there must be extant some kind of Russian-English grammar, Russian-English dictionary, for the use of the St. Petersburg English clerks, if no otherwise, but he himself is entirely ignorant of any. The like as to Russian-French, though probably the hope is greater on that side. This is all that he knows. For the rest, he will "send to St. Petersburg" for me, "send to Paris," do all that a zealous man can do. If you think, in these circumstances, it is worth while prosecuting such an outlook, pray entrust me, and I will most cheerfully employ this gentleman, who, I think, will like to be employed by me. If your brother be

determined to learn Russian, it might be possible for him, but such books as we are like to get will almost infallibly be *bad*, and the difficulties will be greatly increased thereby. They can be got, it seems, by sending to St. Petersburg, and St. Petersburg can be sent to.

I am afraid I shall not get so far eastward to-day as to see you again this time. Let us hope you will return before long. Pray take care of yourself; keep up and encourage the improvement you are already making; exercise and regimen, not medicine or doctors. And so Good speed you.

Will you offer my affectionate remembrances to your mother, whom I will always reckon among my chosen ones? May Good be with you and yours.

I remain, my dear sir,

Yours with true good wishes,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER X.

CHELSEA, August 28, 1844.

MY DEAR SIR, — We heard some days ago from Mrs. Buller that you were to be wedded, and more especially last night, from your brother and others of your friends, that the great event had actually taken place. I am much obliged by your announcing it this morning yourself.

May it prove good, and the beginning of all manner of improvements for you. It does seem of good augury. I very sincerely offer you my congratulations and good wishes. You have long had a painfully darkened existence, which you have had to illumine for yourself by your own virtues; may this new element be the beginning of a far more genial illuminating, — the beginning of a return for you to the general sunshine, if Heaven please. Mrs. E. Strachey, whom I saw only once in the distance, shall be better known to me by and by, I hope.

My wife unites with me in all kind regards to you both.

Yours always truly,
T. CARLYLE.

Poor John Sterling, you will be very sad to learn, is gradually sinking towards his end. He himself has not had any hope for many months, and I, the most obstinate of all his friends, have now quitted hope. He sees nobody; sits solitary at Ventnor. His brother and father, who are in the Isle of Wight too, occasionally visit him, as the Maurices do, who are at present here. He is calm and strong of soul, a most serene, valiant man, and goes down like the setting of a great sun.

LETTER XI.

CHELSEA, November 23, 1844.

DEAR MRS. STRACHEY,¹ — . . . We are pretty well here, for *us*, — a complaining set of people. I am exceedingly busy, fishing up out of the depths of brutish human stupidity, washing clean and making legible the letters and speeches of Oliver Cromwell, a heroic man, buried in such an element of mud and darkness as few heroes ever were. It is an infinitely ugly kind of drudgery; I know no man living whom such stupidity and brutality do more disgust than me; but it seems a kind of duty lying on the like of me. I say, "*He fought*; thy poor trade is but *to speak*; speak, then, for him." Happily, this branch of the business is now almost done; we must then try others, which, if still harder work, offer work a little more inspiring. I begin to be much disaffected to the whole business of books, and often think, if I have ever done with this, I will never write another.

We heard in some oblique way that our French travelers had all got safe to Nice at last, though not without adventures, disarrangements, and, I understand, sickness to all, or most of them. They were in a steamer, all the Buller family, and driven into Toulon harbor that night Louis Philippe found himself storm-stayed on our coast here. Poor Mrs. Buller must have suffered not a little. But Mr. Fleming seemed to say he

¹ My mother.

understood they were all settled and well now.

I congratulate you on Devonshire in comparison with London. Daily these many years I have had one desire that never quits me, — to see the green earth round me, godly *silence*, and a sky undefaced with soot and other dirt. But we have to do without it the best we can. Except by some revolution in my affairs, I do not see how it is to be obtained within measurable periods.

Will you offer my kind regards to Lady Louis, of whom we saw a little in London, whom it must be a great pleasure to you to meet again? Mrs. Phillips, too, I think, is within your sphere: ask her again if she still remembers me as I do her.

My wife unites with me in all good wishes and affectionate regards.

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XII.

CHELSEA, May 10, 1847.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am much pleased to hear of your return to England safe, and if not recovered, yet improved in health, and at all events fitter to enjoy again the blessings which your country still holds out to you. My brother is in Chelsea again (15 Cadogan Terrace), within a short mile of us, for some two months past. I gave him your letter last night, — not having myself received it until the day before, owing to a short absence from home.

The melancholy message which reached me last winter has not even yet produced its whole effect upon me! New days and new events turn up ever new remembrances, sad and sacred. I had not, and cannot again expect to have, any such friend. Her life was a noble struggle; and it has ended, — has left us still to struggle yet a little farther. Inexorable time sweeps on, all-producing, all-devouring; and they that are departed return not to us any more. It is a

law as old as the world; and yet it is ever *new*, — comes upon us with strange originality, as if it had never been before. We are “sons of time,” fearfully and wonderfully made, in very truth; but, as I often say, the Living and the Dead are equally with God; and properly there is nothing more to be said. Surely the remembrance of your noble mother will never leave me while I live in this world.

Bath or Clifton promises to be the eligible residence for you; accompanied, let us hope, with occasional visits to London, when friends here, too, may now and then get a sight of you. If I ever come into the west again, which is possible in time, certainly I will not forget what possession I have there.

When you see Mr. Hare, your brother-in-law, could you ask him if he knows whence that copy of the Cromwell letter which he sent me *came* to him? The *original* itself has just now turned up, “saved from the fire by an old land-steward of the Haselrigs, long since,” — a very curious salvage of one of the most remarkable letters in existence; if indeed the steward is the one exclusive saviour of it, — which is the point to be ascertained. Mr. Hare can at least guess at the age of his copy, which would be one little indication? I suppose, on the whole, there is no doubt but the old steward *has* the merit all to himself.

With many kind regards to Mrs. Strachey,

Yours ever truly,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XIII.

CHELSEA, May 14, 1847.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — I have no influence or connection now with any magazine or periodical whatever, but I can readily submit your paper on Hamlet to the publisher of Fraser's Magazine, with whom I have some acquaintance, and get him at least to have it examined, and to *send you an answer*. And this, on the

whole, is all that can be done by anybody. If the paper please the man's own dim judgment, he will take it; if it do not, of course nothing can or should induce him. I fear the subject is not likely to be very popular at present.

Pray thank Mr. Hare for the pains he takes. I will not trouble him to bring the Cromwell *autograph*, but hope to see it some time at Clifton. The only point of inquiry for me (and that is by no means very weighty) is concerning the *copy* of the letter to *Haselrig*, written just *before* the battle of Dunbar (letter 126 of 2nd edition, letter 91 of 1st), as to where this *copy came from*, — whether in fact it proceeds from the Haselrig establishment at Nosely Hall, or from that of Mr. Ormston, an old steward of theirs (whose grandson now possesses the original), by whom *it* and three others were “snatched from the fire,” once upon a time. The Haselrigs, some sixty or seventy years ago, it appears, had brought this letter, among many others, to the fire to be destroyed, and old Ormston saved it; whereupon the question has arisen with me (a small, but not quite uninteresting question) whether this letter, certainly one of the remarkablest we have that relate to English history, would have been abolished and quite destroyed out of memory had not old Ormston intervened. If Mr. Hare's copy be *anterior* to that of Ormston's interference, of course it at once decides against him; if posterior, it will not decide anything; but if its date and history were known, it might help us to decide. This is the small question which, when Mr. Hare has opportunity, I will recommend to him. In great haste,

Yours very truly,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XIV.

CHELSEA, *February* 20, 1848.

DEAR MR. STRACHEY, — Here is your Cromwellian leaf, and along with

it a letter, by which you will perceive that my inquiry as to what magazine it had belonged to has not been successful. That is not an important point; the date, 1789, being, luckily, marked on the leaf itself, — which date, I can observe farther, is also that of Brand's *History of Newcastle* (London, 1789), where this letter and another, and extracts from two more, all stand printed. The year is 1789 in Brand's; and as the month in your magazine is November, near upon the end of that year, I think that we may reasonably guess that the magazine has *copied* from Brand, and therefore that old Bailiff Ormston *was* in reality the saviour of that letter, and of its three brethren, from the flames at Nosely Hall, — a really remarkable service for an old unconscious gentleman to do.

There is only one point that puzzles me. Along with the magazine leaf, it appears, Mr. Hare was offered the *original* to purchase. Whereas the undoubted original and the three other originals are now in the hands of Ormston junior, grandson of the old bailiff, and do not seem to have been ever out of the household, or even known to exist there, in late years, till this grandson quite recently searched them out! Which difficulty, indeed, is not of any intrinsic importance at all, and may be solved by various hypotheses very near the surface.

Such evidence as can be had seems all to point to the conclusion that it was old Ormston that saved this Dunbar letter; and to him, therefore, we will be grateful, and close therewith this small investigation.

In sending back the magazine leaf, pray do not neglect to thank Mr. Hare for his ready politeness in this as in all matters. Many thanks to yourself, also, are due, and need not be expressed in words at present.

We have had somewhat to do with influenza here, but are now pretty well recovered. Last Sunday your young brother called, — a most brisk, stirring

youngster; gratified us, among other things, by the assurance that you at Clifton were all in a prospering condition.

Believe me, with many regards and kind remembrances,

Always truly yours,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XV.

BOWESTON, COWBRIDGE,
GLAMORGANSHIRE, August 6, 1850.

DEAR STRACHEY, — Your note, as you anticipated, did not come till too late, but was very welcome, as a proof of your hospitable thoughts, when it did. I lodged with Mr. Savage Landor all night at Bath, on my journey hither; then to Bristol next morning, and across by the Cardiff steamer, and here (twelve miles further) the same night, where I have remained with really a maximum of quietness ever since, and am still to remain for perhaps a fortnight, more or less. My kind host, a solitary man, full of loyalty to me, exclaims zealously, "Two months!" But that, clearly, will not do, admirable as the plan is for certain of my wants just now.

We look over upon Minehead, Exmoor, and the hills of Devonshire; commanding Watchet and Bridgewater Hill on our left, and even something that I call the ridge of Mendip, on clear days. The coast is of limestone boulders, with portions of clear, natural flag pavement, clean and smooth as finer kinds of marble might be, and admirable for sea-bathing; one of the loneliest, or perhaps the very loneliest seacoast I have ever frequented. Landward, no public road within six or seven miles; only a network of rough country lanes, interweaving a congeries of sleepy, sluttish Welsh hamlets, — good for solitary riding by a meditative man, if for few other purposes! Pieces of the soil, which is all excellent, are well cultivated, generally by *English* farmers, in large lots, or by natives whom they have trained; but the bulk of it still offers the image of

slovenly "folding of the hands to sleep," which characterizes the Cimbric populations, — populations all given to "Methodisms" or other vague enthusiasms of a drowsy nature, and nothing like sufficiently inspired with horror of dirt, weeds, and other disorder! For a week or two it will suit *me* to ride about in it, and recover a little strength if I can; and farther than that, what have I to do with censuring it?

My next move is toward Scotland; but how I go is still somewhat uncertain. By sea from Swansea to Liverpool, if the steamer will suit my times and hours, or else back eastward to some starting-point on the railways: that is the alternative which I must settle by and by.

It would give me great pleasure to see you in the Mendip region, which is a country I have never seen, and long rather wished to see; but at present I fear, even in the event of returning by Bath, you are too far to the right to be attainable by me. Across the sea hereabouts there is no conveyance whatever, except you go to Cardiff and hire one on purpose. I fear the omens are not good for the Mendip expedition on this present occasion! However, we will not quite despair, but some time or other it may answer.

Will you offer my kind remembrances and thanks to Mrs. Strachey, and accept good wishes from me for yourself and all your household hidden behind the hills from me at present?

I remain always,

Very sincerely yours,
T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XVI.

CHELSEA, 26 September, 1857.

DEAR STRACHEY, — I believe there is none of your friends but will be thankful at the prospect that has again opened for you. The solacements of a home of one's own are precious to all sound-minded men, and to you, I can well believe, are more indispensable than to

another. Home without a helpmeet for you is as good as impossible. I am truly glad you have found once more an honorable soul with whom you can venture upon this blessed relation. I do not yet know her, as I hope one day to do; but knowing your own qualities, — prudence, insight, and propriety, — I can augur nothing but good of it, and with all my heart congratulate you on what is like to come.

To-day I am in haste beyond expression, — as is too usual with me in these months (of a labor altogether frightful, with my years and health); but I would not let the week end without answering the announcement you were friendly enough to make in those terms.

My wife is come back to me from Scotland, — much improved, as it at first seemed; but, unluckily, she has already caught a cold again, of which, however, we have good hope that it is but an accident. She joins in all manner of regards to you especially, and to our other

friends of your honored family now in those parts.

Believe me,

Yours always sincerely,

T. CARLYLE.

LETTER XVII.

CHELSEA, November 2, 1858.

DEAR STRACHEY, — We are heartily glad, as all your friends will be, at this new gift Heaven has sent you! There is no doubt but, of all the resources you have yet experimented upon, this will be incomparably the richest, to lighten your burdens in this world, or give you a blessed interest in bearing them. May the little fellow prosper, and be useful to himself and to the world one day, as he is already to those in his immediate neighborhood. I offer my respects and congratulations to father and mother, and am always,

Sincerely yours,

T. CARLYLE.

EDWARD STRACHEY, etc:

TWO TYPES OF PIETY.

THE Autobiography of Mary Smith, "Schoolmistress and Nonconformist,"¹ is one of the most curious and interesting pieces of self-portraiture that has appeared for many a day. The narrative is very modest and measured, perfectly ingenuous, and also perfectly serious. Indeed, if the author had but had a touch of humor along with her other fine mental qualities, she might almost have given us an immortal book, so unwillingly does the world let die an autobiography, no matter whose, which is at once candid and lively.

Mary Smith was born in 1822, in Cropredy, an agricultural village of Ox-

fordshire; and surely no one who has never idled through long English midsummer days, from one to another of those green, low-lying hamlets, knows how profoundly sleepy and archaic an Oxfordshire village can be. There was, apparently, no hall or manor house very near, but the vicarage was large and stately, with extensive shrubberies and high-walled gardens; for the vicar was "a rich pluralist who had married a duke's daughter." The houses of the village tradesmen stood humbly about the gates of this mansion; the thatched dwellings of the very poor were extremely miserable.

Mary's father was the village shoemaker. *Wordsworth Press: Carlisle. 1893.*

¹ *Autobiography of Mary Smith, Schoolmistress and Nonconformist.* Carlisle. 1893. *Mis-*

maker. Making all due allowance for his daughter's loyal partiality, we must admit William Smith to have been a fine specimen of his class. A man of blameless life, who had read a little and thought for himself over his lapstone, he displayed not much of what Matthew Arnold taught us to call the "dissidence of dissent," and took very quietly the petty persecutions which nonconformity must needs entail in so minute a world. Even the "little wench," who had inherited both his love of books and his independent spirit, had to suffer in the dame school, of which otherwise she was the pride, from the pointed neglect of the vicarage ladies. We may smile at the conventional epithet "haughty," which is regularly applied to the vicar of Cropredy; but he would indeed seem to have been a bit of a despot, to judge by the tale of his walking in on the Smiths' family dinner, and peremptorily demanding, against the forthcoming visitation of the bishop, "such children as might be of an age for confirmation." William Smith rose respectfully, and submitted that his children must be left to decide for themselves when their minds should be mature. Whereupon "his reverence slammed the door, and went away without a word of courtesy."

After all, it appears to have been the stamping and the slamming which especially shocked the prim little maiden who was brought up upon stone floors, with a horror of bad manners which was almost morbid. "Things of this kind," she adds very quaintly, "helped to make me a sturdy nonconformist all my days, as my father had been."

Mary was happy for a time in being removed from the dame school and its grand visitors to one of a better grade, "kept by two Methodist ladies of the best type," where she and the neighboring farmers' daughters were instructed (" 'tis sixty years since," be it remembered) both in all manner of fine needlework and in the meekest and most

minute decorums of speech and behavior. But all formal schooling was soon at an end for her, and in her early teens Mary and a brother a little older than herself were set up in a tiny shop on the Oxfordshire Canal, whose accounts were kept by the girl with agonizing exactitude, and every penny of its profits, of course, turned in to the common stock of the struggling and hard-pressed home. She even half reproaches herself with the odd moments which were still found for study; for Mary had an intelligence which could not sleep even by the sedgy streams and under the heavy elms of Oxfordshire; no petty ambitions of any kind, — hardly enough of the simple desire to please and be praised which is so natural a grace of youth, and yet withal a boundless aspiration. It was a terrible moment to her — one seems to see the village vestal blushing as she records the outrage — when a gay young Honorable, who was canvassing Cropredy in the Tory interest, *kissed* her across the counter of the shop by the canal. With the same adorable *naïveté*, she tells us how it was that, about this time, she came first to think of making verses. All her mother's sisters in Gloucestershire had married farmers. One of these, "Uncle Newth," had a rhyming spirit; and having also, as a convinced Baptist, much sympathy with Mary's father, he wrote to him often, and usually in metre. We give a specimen of his style: —

"I wish you 'd been here the first Sabbath in June.

We had Pearcee from Calcutta both morning and noon,

And likewise a Burchell, to swell out the tune

Of Worthy the Lamb that was slain."

We cannot discover that this sort of thing appeared either blasphemous or funny to Mary; it simply excited emulation, and, as she says, set them all rhyming. There was really no fatal objection to Uncle Newth's poetry on the score of metrical form, and happily the

shrinking girl had deeper sources of inspiration than the fat, complacent elder. In her hunger for books, she had already exhausted the literary stores of Cropredy; borrowing Kirke White's Remains from one house, the Vicar of Wakefield and the Castle of Otranto from another, and even at a third, from a woman whose parents had been Roman Catholics, "though she herself went to chapel," certain lives of the saints, and memorials of "monks, nuns, and abbots." Of the existence of these unnatural beings she now heard for the first time, and seems never to have suspected, up to her dying day, how intimately she was herself allied to the best of them, both by her strong proclivity to mysticism, and by her unappeasable craving for the most radical, not to say fantastic forms of self-sacrifice.

Her own great spiritual awakening occurred at about this time, and the words she finds in which to describe this crisis in her story are so rapt, so solemn, so eloquent, and yet so fit that we deeply regret the lack of space for quotation. There were months of spiritual darkness and agony, endured in heroic silence, followed by a brief interval of heavenly sunshine. "I gave up all," she says; and one asks, with a certain impatience, what the poor child had to give up, while she goes on gravely to tell us: "The ear-rings were taken out of my ears, the coral necklace from my neck, the flowers and bows from my bonnet. It was a joy to me to give them up. . . . I had in fact learned the great lesson to lie low in the Lord's hands, and feel that every step downward is a step upward. *Till then I had never known how sweet life was.*"

But the hour of rapture was pathetically brief. The mystic faith professed had to be proved; the "tasks in hours of insight willed" had now to be done. We must at least let her tell in her own candid words how the first shadow fell upon her fervid spirit: "As a young religious enthusiast, I expected I know not what manifestations of the Spirit in

fulfilling the *ordinances*. I fear I had a sense that, in making so great a sacrifice, I should also have some return of special blessing, but I was disappointed. I felt nothing, and I was certainly determined not to pretend that I felt anything." The "haughty" vicar would have told her curtly, the ideal director — from whom she was debarred, and whom, for the rest, she could do without as well as any living soul — would have told her soothingly, that hers was the need of *authentic* sacraments. But she managed to grow in grace, even so deprived, for, in her own strong words, she "never relented." "And writing this to-day," she adds, "after forty years have passed, I now regard ordinances no more than a Quaker does."

But about this time are introduced, rather abruptly, the names of the canny pair who were destined to be for so many years the ruthless taskmasters of this enthusiastic soul. Having seen so fine a dissenting type in the person of Mary's father, it is but fair that we should be told what she had to learn concerning the more sordid aspects of non-conformity. Mr. Osborne — his Christian or "given" name is, I think, never mentioned — was a clever and showy Baptist preacher, whose ministrations the family at Cropredy had lately been attending. Now he had received a call to Brough, in Westmoreland, and Mary got a letter intimating that if pious work was what she wanted, it might be found, plus Christian society and example, in the family of the minister. Her family, even the mild and humble-minded father, rather disliked the plan; but Mary saw in it a divine summons, and obeyed without hesitation, though not without misgiving.

She went into Westmoreland with the Osbornes in the depth of a severe winter, much too thinly clad for the great change of climate, of which none of them seem to have had any adequate conception; and she went to a life of

such domestic drudgery and physical hardship as had never been imagined in the easy-going south. Ostensibly, she was not a mere servant, and the ridiculous term "lady help" had not then been invented; but it would have been far better if her position had been defined and her remuneration fixed, for then she might at least have sued at law for wages which were earned ten times over, but never paid at all. Her father had tried to stipulate, before she left home, that the arrangement with the Osbornes should be for three months only; but the sin by which the angels fell was certainly not quite rooted out of Mary Smith's heart, for she would not write to him after the little money which she had taken with her from home was gone; and ten toilsome years were to pass away, and Mary would be nearly thirty, before she was to see kind Oxfordshire again.

Yet for all the straits to which she was reduced, and the sordid tyranny which she felt to the uttermost, though scorning to complain of it even in retrospect, that first sharp winter among the fells was a time both of spiritual and mental exaltation. The brusque manners and rough speech of the north struck her painfully at first, sensitive as she was by nature, and always remained, to anything like personal rudeness; but her growing sense of the rare goodness of many of these hill folk is recorded in touching language:—

"No people I had then or have since met with have impressed me with having a religion so true and pure and lofty as theirs. . . . Coming as I did from the south of England, . . . I never could *like* Brough, or reconcile myself to that long, dreary prospect of snow-covered fells which for more than half of the year encompassed it all around. Its inhospitable, ungenerous skies, as I still thought them, never won me over to delight, or kept my heart from sighing for a kinder and brighter home. It was not a place

to love nor to add to one's happiness. We all felt it was only probationary, and held our peace. A morrow would come, and for that morrow we lived. That was a recognized fact on all hands."

After a while the Osbornes graciously permitted her to open a little day school for girls, while still keeping her place as "assistant" in their household. Somehow or other, books of a sort were found at lonely Brough, and even amid her multiplied activities the time to read them. Whately's *Logic* and the Scotch metaphysicians do not sound very enlivening, but by and by a milder light arose upon her chilly way. Mary was one morning dusting the room which Mr. Osborne used as a study, when her eye fell upon a pamphlet on his writing-table. It was Emerson's *Essay on Nature*, "lying open at the Christian teacher." The girl read, with her dusting-cloth suspended in her hand, and life was transfigured, labor idealized and consecrated anew. Mary never came to the point of positively liking either a "church" or a "cowl," but she knew a "prophet of the soul" at the first glance, and her silent, progressive emancipation from the more cramping bonds of the creed she had embraced dated from that wintry hour. "I read the paragraph on the snow-storm," she says. "It was all I dare read. It woke a thousand new and wonderful thoughts. I was so ravished with the genial freshness and fertility of the argument that I read it over and over again, whenever I could get a chance, until I knew it by heart, as I knew the *Psalms* of David and my favorite hymns."

After some three years in Brough, Mr. Osborne moved to Carlisle, and Mary yielded to the persuasions of her "friends" and accompanied them. She even placed in Mr. Osborne's hands the five pounds which represented the entire profits of her little school. Her bondage seems almost craven, as we read of it, even though she pleads in extenuation

that she always *loved* the Osbornes, and found something agreeably stimulating in the contact with her taskmaster's mind. Sheer necessity, however, compelled her to leave them again, and frankly to take service in a rich Quaker family living at Scotsby, a few miles from Carlisle. It was a pleasant episode in Mary Smith's life which followed, a blessed breathing-space which lasted for several years; and the story is so charmingly told of her experiences as nursery governess in that exquisite country home of "peace, order, and good manners" that one regrets the lack of space for free quotation. The chapters concerning Scotsby are, however, earnestly recommended to the latter-day inventors of social Utopias, as showing how unostentatiously some of their theoretical difficulties were actually solved in a dissenting British household of the lower middle class almost fifty years ago. Mary Smith was now able to possess herself of Emerson and Carlyle, who gave her her second great mental awakening, as well as of the works of Shakespeare and others of the elder immortals, and her own power of expression grew day by day. She had become the "M. S." of the Poets' Corner in the local newspaper, and the verses which appeared above that signature were not vulgar. Sometimes they reflected with a fidelity and beauty quite astonishing the aspects of the changeful year; as in the stirring lines entitled February:—

"The fierce wind has his own wild way,
'Tis February, hard and fast,
'Tis February, loud-tongued say
The driving rain, the roaring blast.

" 'The days are creeping out,' I hear
The passers saying in the street,
When eves are fair and mornings clear;
But Winter tarries, — not so fleet.

"He stays, and still keeps clear his horn,
And sounds it well, as who should say,
'Take care! I fear me not your scorn.
You'll have me yet for many a day.'

"With nature sweet he bears it high,
A braggart, threatening face he wears:

If he must die, his corpse shall lie
In warrior state, he loud declares.

"He'll have no garlands round his head,
No foolish trappings of young flowers;
But, better fitting, these instead, —
The missiles keen of his own hours.

"Snow, hail, and rain shall mark where lies
His corpse when dead; and madcap Spring,
The virgin with the changeful eyes,
Shall hear his loud artillery ring."

There is a distant echo of Emerson here, and there are many reminiscences of the German lyric poets, with whom, under the stimulus of Carlyle's essays, she presently made herself acquainted; as here:—

"The smoke from the cottage chimney
Mounts slow the chill gray air,
Touching the heart with fancies
Of a happy household there.

"Far down in the west the river
Glow's like a face by the fire;
So does the cottage casement,
And the vane on the old church spire."

In the midst of this time of peaceful expansion the Osbornes again claimed Mary for their own; and, true to her instinct of self-immolation, she took her strong inward shrinking from the change as an indubitable sign that she ought to return to them. Mr. Osborne's activity of mind and hospitality to new opinions had gotten him into trouble with the leaders of his sect. He was more than suspected of heresy, and, having decided to quit preaching and open a school, he saw plainly that the new enterprise would never succeed without Miss Smith's coöperation. That coöperation meant, as usual, entire responsibility, exhausting labor, and no manner of outward recognition, whether moral or material, of her services. But the Osbornes were Mary's "weird," and she toiled for them as though bound in sacred honor to the extinction of some spiritual, albeit to the reader of her confessions quite imaginary debt. The time came, though not for several years yet, when the burden fell from her, the imperious conscience

was satisfied, and she felt that she had at last completely discharged her mystic obligation. After this tragic time the Osbornes left the place, and, somehow or other, Mary found her own worth recognized, and her solid prosperity as a singularly successful teacher of youth began.

We have followed her story rather minutely up to this point. The rest is equally fresh and striking, but if we have managed to inspire any reader with a tithe of the interest it has excited in ourselves, he will seek the book out, and read the close of the humble, honorable story in its heroine's own apt words. He will linger over the affecting account of her last visit to the good old father in Oxfordshire, and mark how perfectly the pensive poems written at that time embody the charm, so long unfelt, of the tranquil midland scenery. He will read the indirectly (never, of course, intentionally) amusing tale of how Mary went from Cropredy, with some of her bucolic cousins, to London, to see the first great exhibition of 1851, and how she admired, as in duty bound, the triumphs of human industry, but shrank deep into her essentially fastidious self from the noise and sordid bustle of the crowded town, and the unavoidable incidents of third-class travel by an excursion train.

A great pleasure was in store for the succeeding years in the personal friendship of the Carlyles, who both appear at their best and brightest in their relations with her. About the year 1854 Mary conceived the bold idea of writing to Jane Welsh Carlyle, telling her story, hinting at her depressed position (for she was then still with the Osbornes), and confessing her literary aspirations, and her longing for something like what she conceived to be the stimulating and improving conditions of life at Cheyne Row. Mrs. Carlyle's answer is delightful. She takes time to write at length; she puts on no airs; she abounds in playful sympathy, and sound, sweet common sense. The beginning is characteristic: "Your faith

in things unseen, myself among them, is very beautiful and affecting to me;" and so she goes on, leading easily up to the sentence in which she tenderly pricks the bubble of Mary Smith's reverent illusions concerning one phase of London society: "Believe a woman older than yourself, who has seen and seen through all you are now longing after. There is as little *nourishing* for an aspiring soul in 'literary society' as in any civilized society one could name." All Mrs. Carlyle's letters to Mary are given in an appendix, and, needless to say, they are the best of reading. Last of all there is a noble, fatherly one from the sad old man at Chelsea, dated December 8, 1873, seven years after his wife's death. "I well enough remember," he begins, "the transient shadow of a fine relation which you once had in this household, and, in a mournful, changed condition, must always have," etc.

The child of Mrs. Carlyle's hearty adoption was now herself past fifty, and had long been a personage in the city of Carlisle. Her excellent school had become an honor and attraction to the town; her modestly growing means (she lost some hundreds of pounds, of course, by the failure of the Glasgow Bank) had been given lavishly to its charities. She had written for its newspapers, and inaugurated Penny Readings for its poor. Through it all she was most discreetly *feminine*, using the word quite in its limited, old-fashioned sense. When she had written a strong anonymous "leader," denouncing in unsparing terms some local abuse, she would cower and tremble in her daily walks for a long time, lest she should be detected and insulted for her temerity. She was a capital reporter for the press, and as such often employed; but she did all through attention and memory merely, for she could not endure the thought of being *affichée* by pencil and notebook. She admits that one who saw her first in these clear latter days of her life describes

her appearance as "stately;" and we gather from the number of the suitors for her hand, who are conscientiously and dryly catalogued, as well as from her naïve regret over the temporary loss of her complexion through seasickness, that she must always have possessed a certain demure personal comeliness. She lived to be nearly seventy. It is one of the advantages, not to say decencies, of an autobiography that it cannot end with a death-bed scene. We know of Mary Smith that, in her last years, she suffered much in body, but was sustained by the steadfast hope of an unearthly future; always a nonconformist, though adhering to no recognized sect.

If one were to seek the world over for a woman's lot as unlike as possible to Mary Smith's, one might well select that of a French lady of high social distinction, whose sorrowing friends have lately embalmed her literary remains in the most luxurious of privately printed volumes.¹ The Comtesse Jeanne de Chambrun, née Godard-Demorest, who died in Paris in July, 1891, was born in 1827, not indeed to a great French name, but to an immense French fortune, amassed by her father and grandfather in the glass works of Baccarat. Her mother's family was Béarnaise, and highly respectable, and the equally religious and romantic girl, while she "venerated" the memory of Louis IX., "loved" that of Henri IV., prizing his autograph more than aught else which she inherited, although the famous signature was merely appended to an acknowledgment by the *roi vaillant* of a debt to one of Jeanne's maternal ancestors, which, naturally, never was paid.

Jeanne was brought up at great expense in that most choice, ideal, and flowery form of Roman Catholicism which one is not too much inclined to respect, until the unlooked-for discovery is one day made of the rare strength

which occasionally comes out of its excessive sweetness. She was taught all that a girl might learn under that old-fashioned régime, for which we think — or at least hope — that we have substituted something so much better. In music, of which she was passionately fond, she was thoroughly trained by the first masters of the day, so that she became not merely an amateur performer of unusual merit, but a respectable composer as well.

Her spiritual director, the Abbé Sénac, appears to have been both a good and an astute man; able to fortify a languishing soul by stringent and bracing counsels, but fully alive, on behalf of his penitents, to the advantages of both worlds. In the mellifluous words of a friend of Jeanne, "she asked of the priest the word of eternal life only; he gave her beside terrestrial happiness." That is to say, in 1853, when the heiress was twenty-six, a mature, not to say an advanced age for a French bride of her attractions, the abbé arranged a marriage for her with another of his spiritual children, the Vicomte Adalbert de Chambrun, a brave and hard-working young aristocrat, grandson of one of Louis XVI.'s marshals, but already holding high office under the nascent Second Empire. A sentimental man of his caste might not so soon have rallied to the support of Louis Napoleon; the Vicomte (afterwards the Comte) de Chambrun seems to have acted on the principle that it is better to serve than to sulk, and, as a matter of fact, he served his country well. He was a deeply religious man, with a faith in the unseen and a consciousness of God so simple, so vivid, so unwavering, that it appears sometimes to have awed and abashed even his enthusiastic wife, with all her own innate and cultivated capacity for pious ecstasy. On the darkest of New Year's Days to a true-hearted Frenchwoman, January 1, 1871, the countess wrote thus to an intimate friend con-

¹ *Jeanne, Comtesse Pineton de Chambrun. Mémoires, Poésies, etc.* Paris. 1893.

cerning the man who had then been her husband for almost eighteen years : —

"Quis mihi det ut moriar? . . . This aspiration for deliverance is M. de Chambrun's to such a degree that even during our honeymoon it was his habitual refrain. Quis mihi det ut moriar? Sublime, oh yes! One is only too sure that this prayer will be heard. But for a young wife it was not gay. The truth is that always he has been one of those believers of whom you spoke to me the other day, half lightly, half enviously, all admiringly, to whom the light of God and of eternity is as plainly visible as that of the sun at noon. . . . If only all the heroes who are so generously giving their lives in this hour, for their duty and their country, could have the same vision, their valor would be no less deserving, but it would be so much easier and more consolatory! And it is not so very difficult as one thinks, — at least Adalbert often tells me so when he is trying to reassure me, in lesser as well as greater things; and sometimes, lately, when I have had these poor martyrs under my very hands, I have felt convinced of it. They give up their souls to God in such heart-rending extremity, amid such cruel sufferings, and yet with simplicity and resignation. . . . Forgive my lugubrious New Year's letter; it is only too appropriate to the times."

The Comte Adalbert de Chambrun had been *sous-préfet* of Toulon in 1850. A year later, at the age of thirty, he was promoted to the prefecture of the Jura, and found something very like an insurrection on his hands at the moment of assuming office. Peace and order were soon restored by the wisdom of his administration; and when, in August, 1853, he brought his bride into the mountains, the prestige of her wealth and the winning sweetness of her manners assisted his popularity, and the prospect before the newly married pair appeared as bright as possible. But after six happy months the bridegroom got a terrible fall from

his horse, and lay for a while in great danger. From this he was barely convalescent when there came an outbreak of cholera in the department, through which husband and wife fought bravely, side by side, till at last the count himself was seized by the disease. The dread tidings swiftly made their way to Jeanne's mother.

"Try, dear child," wrote Madame Godard-Demorest in response, "to summon a little courage. . . . God will uphold you, and keep count of every pang. Take just as much as you can upon yourself of his [Adalbert's] burden beside your own. Do not let him see the extent of your anxiety, and the very effort at self-control will be healthful for you. *But do not leave him unless he positively commands it.* You may imagine that it is anguish to me to give you this advice, but your place is beside him. One must not lay up regrets for one's self, whatever happens. Say simply that you are too wretched away from him. Take care and forethought for your husband without crossing him. Make an effort even to be gay; it will distract him, and it will force you to distract yourself."

There was at least nothing debilitating or depressing in the conception of wifely duty thus presented to the petted but, as it appeared, unspoiled child of fortune. The daughter proved worthy of her mother's high-hearted advice, staying stanchly at her husband's side until the epidemic was quite stamped out: after which, it will be agreed, they had both earned the relaxation, and to faithful souls like theirs the supreme spiritual refreshment, of a winter in Rome.

The portrait of which an engraving stands as frontispiece to the sumptuous volume of Madame de Chambrun's remains was painted that winter in Rome by Hébert, of the French Academy, "under the laurels," as the biographer poetically observes, "of the Villa Médicis." It represents a being so dainty,

so elegant, so fragile, with so wistful and appealing a look in the large and very beautiful eyes, that it seems to lend something like positive meaning to the otherwise vaporous remark of one of the lady's most elaborate eulogists, one who constantly frequented the salon which she held in Paris in her declining years, the late M. Émile Ollivier: "She had early established herself on the extreme limit of the world of reality, whence it needed but a lift of the wing to launch her into the infinite spheres."

When Madame de Chambrun's noble mother died suddenly, in January, 1857, the daughter was greatly prostrated by her grief, and it seemed for a time as though she would never recover her health of body and mind. The phases and stages of the sharp spiritual conflict through which she passed stand recorded in a painful journal, from which Madame de Chambrun's biographer quotes copiously, but from which we shall not quote at all. It may be a solace to keep such a record; it always seems to us an outrage to make it public. After three years of almost complete seclusion, she addressed herself once more to the active duties of life. Her husband now held the prefecture of La Lozère, the dreariest, most inclement, most poverty-stricken tract of country in France. Here there was plenty of the sort of work to be done which is the best remedy ever yet invented for imaginative woe. "She became the Providence of the country," says her biographer; and the conventional remark is, for once, only a simple statement of fact.

To such exceedingly orthodox Catholics as the Chambruns, the Italian war of 1859 was of course a sacrilegious one, and the count felt that he could no longer serve the third Napoleon. But for many years he represented the *chers Lozèriens* in the Assembly, and he remained faithfully at his post, even during those six dark weeks of the Commune. How the heart and hands of Madame de Cham-

brun were occupied during the dire twelvemonth which followed the surrender at Sedan we have already intimated. When the war was over, and liberty, equality, and fraternity everywhere proclaimed, the count and countess naturally ranged themselves among the Legitimists, and the party had no pleasanter place of meeting than Madame de Chambrun's salon, where the visitors were always sure of one bit of unalloyed pleasure in hearing the best music of the world interpreted by the first artists. It was certainly a very flowery and sheltered path by which the Chambruns stepped down the decline of life. They were rich, but their thought and care for the poor were incessant; they were childless, but they had wards and godchildren by the score, and they were inexhaustible in their devices for the pleasure and profit of the young.

Almost all the poems collected in the volume before us belong to the tranquil and sunny afternoon of the writer's life. They are all curiously simple both in thought and expression; the verse frequently irregular, but also delicately musical. She could always make verses that would *sing*, and the foremost composers of the day did not disdain to write melodies for her words. There is one little lyric, entitled *The Passion Flower* (it seems to us her best), which was set to music both by Gounod and Ambroise Thomas; but though Dom Pedro rendered it into Portuguese, it seems to us, like all the others, untranslatable. The texture of the silken verse is so very fine and thin that it breaks away hopelessly under the attempt to transfer it to an alien tongue. And after all, the most remarkable, perhaps the only really remarkable thing about Madame de Chambrun's verses is the intense aspiration which breathes through them all after something more stable and satisfying than this, to her, so flattering life; an unflagging endeavor (in the noble words of one of our own old divines) to "turn

the eyes away from those things of time and sense which perish with the using." The best gift which one human being can possibly receive from another, in these days, is that of a veritable glimpse of the unseen. One such, though never so fleeting, and obtained through eyes not our own, does yet afford a blessed relief to that sickening ache of the spirit which comes from our sharpened sense of the inequality of earthly conditions, and which, for the rest, it would be a

shame never to feel. The "disinherited" in this life, as it is now the custom to call them, so terribly outnumber the others, their needs are so much more pressing, that it is well to give them our chief attention and honest sympathy; but he who would "see life steadily and see it whole" may also remember with profit that to be rich in this world's goods is not necessarily to be disinherited in a larger and more permanent order of things.

A POET'S DANTE.

IN the year 1867, six centuries after Dante's birth, there were published in Boston, some thousands of miles to the westward of Dante's Florence, three translations of famous works of his, in a tongue he had rarely heard, and among a people whose whole political and ethical systems were alien to his. This little group of books, which, appearing after so great a lapse of years, amid the troublous times that marked the completion of a great civil war, proved the extraordinary virility of Dante's literary fame and influence, were, Mr. Norton's beautiful and faithful rendering of the *Vita Nuova*; Longfellow's translation of the *Divina Commedia*, — a work which has shared with Cary's the honor of being more widely read than all others among English-speaking peoples; and Dr. Parsons's long-expected and much-revised version of the *Inferno*. It was, of course, something more than a mere coincidence that three such volumes, not even now surpassed in their respective fields by the work of equally ardent and more highly specialized scholars, should have appeared at the same moment. The completion of all three was probably hastened by the great Dante festival in Florence in 1865, to which Dr. Parsons

and Mr. Longfellow had done honor by sending partial results of their labors of love and scholarship. What we may well marvel at, however, is the depth and intensity of the interest shown in America, not only then and for a score of years before, but now, for a foreign and mediæval poet. For seventy-five years, certainly, since Professor Ticknor first, after much effort, secured a copy of the *Divina Commedia*, and by the luxurious beguilement of fine cigars bribed, while in Göttingen, the tutor of some German prince to initiate him into its mystic language, the tradition has been unbroken. During three quarters of a century Dante has had no rival in poets of other days than our own; not even Homer, Shakespeare, or Goethe has aroused such an enthusiastic following, or has been made the object of such devoted study. Of no other poet's works can it be said that a knowledge of them has become regarded as a special mark of culture. Those who follow close on Dante's footsteps are few, but men persist in reckoning them blessed among their fellows, and as the possessors of a peculiar knowledge and insight into life and letters.

In America, much of this ardent ad-

miration for Dante has been due — although we have scarcely realized it — to the great contemporary English and Continental movements in thought and art. The Classicism of the eighteenth century denied Dante all honor. The Romanticism of our own century, in which American art and letters have had perforce their share, has, on the other hand, made him the object of peculiar worship. Dr. Knapp's interesting account, in the *Encyclopædia Americana*, of the study of Dante in the United States shows clearly that Lowell, Longfellow, Norton, and Parsons were not alone in their admiration. The little band was increased by many lovers of the romantic and the mediæval, who loved to pore over what Longfellow called, in his earlier days, "the gloomy page of Dante;" and by those who had traveled in Italy itself, — that marvelously picturesque Italy of which we hear from earlier pilgrims thither, or read of in the now antiquated guidebook of Valery. Later modes of thought — Ruskinianism with its insistence on the ethical message of the Middle Ages, pre-Raphaelitism with its mystic adoration and mimicry — bridge the way to more recent days, when Valery yields to Baedeker, Burckhardt, and Gsell-Fels, and *Cultur-geschichte* is dominant; but we do not find American interest in Dante decreasing. To read the *Divine Comedy* with Professor Norton at Harvard, as before with Lowell, Longfellow, or Ticknor, still makes an undergraduate a marked man among his intellectual fellows; and the Dante Society that has its headquarters in Cambridge is the oldest organization of its kind in existence.

The greatness of Dante's poetry, however, and his permanent position on the watershed between the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, had not, we suspect, so much influence in making him a name to conjure by in American verse as the romantic character of his life and fortunes. His child love for Beatrice; his

youth's saintlike passion for her; her marriage, heedless of his worship; her foreseen death; the loss, under tragic circumstances, of his friend Guido Cavalcanti; his own distinguished political career, broken off by sudden and lasting exile; the legend of his checkered wanderings and deadly enmities; the poet's toil that made him lean; the bitter salt of others' bread; the pain of climbing others' stairs, — all this, in strong contrast with our own prosaic times and country, endeared him to the heart of the lover and the poet, and made him the idol and darling figure of the mediæval world. Later study has softened somewhat these earlier conceptions. Dante's Beatrice has grown less human, and more allegorical; nor are there good grounds for identifying her with Beatrice Portinari, whose marriage with another was gratuitously assumed to have broken Dante's heart. On careful examination, Dante's political importance grows less, and his supposed personal vindictiveness tends to disappear. To us he is less like a bravo, and more like a wise poet, scholar, and ardent idealist of any time, who, in a country torn asunder by conflicting parties, passed from a boy's love for a maiden to a man's passion for an ideally just apportionment and righteous administration of all powers, temporal and spiritual; and who, though more Ghibelline than Guelph, was acceptable to neither party. That he formed a party by himself, and did not flinch from his own political isolation, is not less remarkable than that his judgment of the men and affairs of his time is just both to the world as he saw it and to the truth as he conceived it.

There are many traces in Dr. Parsons's poems¹ of this earlier and more romantic conception of his great poetic master, not the least of which are to be found in one of his earliest, and certainly

¹ *Poems*. By THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

one of his best productions, On a Bust of Dante. It is not insignificant that these verses, too familiar to be quoted here, were, in the edition of 1843, printed opposite a most sinister engraving from the Neapolitan bust. To the poet Dante was a "cold Ghibelline," a "poor old exile, sad and lone," whose "wan image" revealed stern and grim lineaments, and whose only prayer, according to the old legend, was for peace : —

"Peace dwells not here, — this rugged face
Betrays no spirit of repose ;
The sullen warrior sole we trace,
The marble man of many woes.
Such was his mien when first arose
The thought of that strange tale divine,
When hell he peopled with his foes,
The scourge of many a guilty line."

In Francesca da Rimini, lines written on Scheffer's very un-Dantesque picture, the same touch of romance appears again :

"But he whose numbers gave you unto fame,
Lord of the lay, — I need not speak his name, —
Was one who felt ; whose life was love or hate.
Born for extremes, he scorned the middle state ;
And well he knew that, since the world began,
The heart was master in the world of man."

Nor are other instances wanting to show how ingrained this idea of Dante was in Dr. Parsons's mind. To cite but one, it is curious to notice that almost the only case in which we catch, in his work, an almost unconscious reminiscence of Dante's words is a verse that parallels one of Dante's most famous and most scornful lines : —

"Non ragioniam di lor, ma guarda e passa."

In Dr. Parsons's poems, moreover, with their fine thoughtfulness, with their tendency to mark great events or to mourn great human losses, one can never read far without stumbling on Dante's name, on ideas most familiar through him, or without catching faint echoes of the music of his verse ; much as one

cannot wander far in a mountain valley out of sight or hearing of the stream whose impulse and direction have given it its form and its depth. Whose voice but that of Dante speaks, for example, in these verses, in which he attacks the seemingly worthless and Philistine ideals of our own age and country ?

"Go spin
The sooner to destruction with spread flag, —
Fools' commonwealth ! — and trot thyself to death

With speed and speed, but never once Godspeed!
Because our age, like Judas, bears the bag,
And every scholar needs must bate his breath
If any black-thumbed boor waxed rich precede.
Plutus hath made God's image a machine
For minting dollars ; and the nobler art,
Dante's, Boccaccio's, Dryden's, Byron's, mine,
Seems for its value in the public mart
Less than the song was of Ravenna's pine."

In Dr. Parsons's boyhood, Italy had exercised on him, as on many another, an influence such as Greece had for centuries exercised over Italy herself. His love for Dante was one of youth as well as of manhood. Even as early as 1843 he speaks of having formerly attempted to render a good portion of the *Divina Commedia* into English. But, "still charmed by the touch of the mighty master," he has "endeavored to follow him for a little, in a metre which permits a closer transcript of his meaning, — the stately and solemn quatrain, the stanza of Gray and of Dryden." This "little" of 1843, ten cantos, had not grown to the full *Inferno* till 1867. At his death he had scarcely completed *Purgatory*, and only here and there essayed *Paradise*. The slow growth, however, was good growth. The volume which contains his collected translations from the *Divine Comedy*¹ is a precious one, and sure to be more precious as the years go by.

All attempts at translating poetry fall into one of two great classes. One faithfully repeats the words and thoughts of

¹ *The Divine Comedy of Dante Alighieri.*
Translated into English Verse by THOMAS WILLIAM PARSONS. With a Preface by CHARLES

ELIOT NORTON, and a Memorial Sketch by LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

the original, despairing of success in reproducing its charm, its music, its poetical essence. To this class, among translations of Dante, belong all those which have been most widely read: that of Cary, in blank verse faintly recalling Milton's; that of Carlyle, in rugged prose; that of Longfellow, in the blank-est of blank verse; and that of Mr. Norton, in prose which not American readers alone have long since learned to admire. All of these may help the student; certain of them will be of great value to him; but none of them is anything like a poem in itself. The second class, on the other hand, follows Pope's Homer in being a poem at all hazards. Versions of this sort endeavor adequately to reproduce Dante's music, his form, and, with these, as much of the specific thought content of his poem as possible. To this group belongs Dr. Parsons's uncompleted translation of the *Divine Comedy* into English quatrains.

The form chosen is indeed a natural one. The metrical system of the quatrain has very much the same effect as that of the *terza rima*, though in a series of quatrains the rhymes are, of course, slightly more numerous than in a series of *terzets*. Nor has Dr. Parsons misused the license to which his choice of even such a simple form of verse as a medium for translation gives him a claim. Instances are, to be sure, not wanting in which the strong bent of his native genius or a puzzling search for a rhyme has prompted him to alter Dante's form of expression, or even his very thought. Where, for example, the *Inferno* reads simply, "I began, 'Poet, I would gladly speak to those two who go together,'" the translator renders, —

"And I began: 'Great Builder of the rhyme!
Fain would I speak with yonder pair who
glide.'"

It would probably, indeed, be impossible

to find a canto in which, somewhere or somehow, the rhyme or the rhythm had not made Dr. Parsons do what Dante is said to have been proud of never doing, — for rhyme's sake altering his thought. Such incongruities must, however, inevitably occur in any poetical translation. He is wisest who accepts them as a foregone conclusion, and does not allow the faults inseparable from any *genre* to deter him from appreciating its virtues. The poem is English, not Italian, in the form in which Dr. Parsons gives it to us; but it is a poem, and a poem superior, in our opinion, to any other that has been based on Dante's *Divine Comedy*. The thrill which we feel, on reading in this version the opening, or indeed the whole, of the last canto of the *Inferno* is one that a prose translation could never give us, — no, nor perhaps the original, either, unless we have been reborn into the Italian tongue.

Dr. Parsons's version may, then, depart from strict literalness, but it has music and a charm of its own. It is, finally, simple. Even to an Italian Dante is hard reading; to an English-speaking person, his great poem is one which, if read in the original at all, must be mastered as a special language. There will certainly, then, be few who will long object to a translation which has really been translated, and is not, like parts of Longfellow's, still almost as hard to read as if it were in a foreign tongue. These two qualities of English verse-music and of English simplicity will make Dr. Parsons's volume yearly more widely known. As Professor Norton, than whom there is no more competent judge, says in his excellent preface, "So far as his work has gone, I believe that it is safe to assert that, as a rhymed version in English of the *Divine Comedy*, it has no superior."

MR. VAN BRUNT'S GREEK LINES.

IN the essay which gives this book ¹ its title, Mr. Van Brunt analyzes the spirit of Egyptian, of Greek, and of Roman architecture as embodied in the character of the lines which are dominant in the three forms, shows the benefit which has come in recent years from the revival of a real appreciation of the Greek spirit in France, and pleads for its more general appreciation among ourselves. But he is careful to separate this spirit from that special array of forms and proportions through which the Greeks themselves gave it voice; and as we read the chapters called *The Growth of Conscience in Modern Decorative Art*, *Historical Architecture and the Influence of the Personal Element Upon It*, *The Present State of Architecture*, and *The Royal Château of Blois*, we realize that the thread which binds them all together, and makes them a genuine book with a consistent purpose and meaning, is a wise insistence upon the essential difference between the conditions which control and inspire architecture to-day and those which governed it in any epoch of the past.

We are shown that a wide acquaintance with many architectural tongues has succeeded to the firm possession of a single vernacular tongue, while the development of modern civilization presents ever new problems, unprecedented in their variety and complexity. Therefore, *naïveté*, un-self-consciousness, an instinctive following of common aims, an unquestioning use of common expedients, no longer exist; study, research, and self-conscious selection, resulting on the one hand in eclecticism, and on the other in the expression of personality, have been established in their stead.

¹ *Greek Lines, and Other Architectural Essays.* By HENRY VAN BRUNT. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1893.

All this has often been said before, but usually with deploring comments, and the assertion that as the great past was, so any great future needs must be. We are constantly told that we must somehow return to simplicity, naïveté of mind; must bend eclecticism to the establishment of general, or at least of national conformity; and must thus banish pronounced individuality from architecture, if it is again to flourish by fulfilling its true rôle as an interpreter of the corporate intelligence and taste, the typical conditions and aspirations, of humanity. Mr. Van Brunt, however, assumes an opposite point of view. Just for the reason, he maintains, that modern architecture is learned, self-conscious, based upon reason, comparison, and choice, it does represent, it does interpret, the current life of man; indeed, "it allies itself more closely with humanity than ever;" and therefore its future triumphs must be looked for along novel paths.

The great significance and value of Mr. Van Brunt's book, we think, spring from the way in which — with apt historical illustrations, clear theoretical explanations, and much felicity of descriptive phrase — he establishes the correctness of this point of view. We are confident that he will open many eyes to the fact that we are curiously conservative with regard to the needs and the possibilities of modern architecture; most illogically conservative, if we test ourselves by our attitude toward other manifestations of human thought. Why, indeed, should we hold a position here which we do not hold in respect to any form of science, any political or social question, even any other branch of art? Why here alone should we say, "The future must be as the past has been"?

Surely we ought to recognize, here as

elsewhere, that a spreading cosmopolitanism is the great characteristic of modern times; that it embraces ever more and more the legacies of all the nations of the past as well as the teachings of all the nations of the present; that it must mean the growth of eclecticism in thought and action; and that — breaking down barriers of place and time, weakening the integrity of national and local types, and increasing the materials for exact self-expression — it must also mean the accentuation of personality. Architecture now truthfully expresses this great characteristic and all its consequences, just as, in earlier times, it expressed the consequences of localization, limitation, intense nationalism, and community in aims and ideas. Should we not look forward to a day when it may develop beauty and power from its present kind of truth, rather than dream of a day when it may become powerful and beautiful by striving for a kind of truth which changed conditions have turned into falsehood? Even if we think modern English literature inferior to that of Elizabeth's time or of Anne's, we do not lay the blame to the fact that it is less insular in spirit; nor do we say that it ought to concentrate itself upon one or two literary forms, as Elizabethan writers concentrated themselves upon the drama, eighteenth-century writers upon the essay and the heroic couplet. We recognize that new and wider times demand a new scope, a new eclecticism, and a new degree of personal independence in literature; and, as Mr. Van Brunt shows, we ought to recognize the same thing with regard to architecture.

To-day our architecture is in a transition state; it has lost the old simplicity, the old homogeneity, and it is as yet unable to digest that enormous wealth of material, to utilize rightly that new chance for personality in expression, which the development of the human mind and the enlargement of the artistic horizon have inevitably forced upon

it. But if there is hope for its future, this must be read in a wiser employment of its riches, not in their willful, and therefore untruthful limitation; in a clearer, more sensible, sensitive, and exact, and consequently more artistic rendering of personal feeling, not in its oppression and suppression under an anachronistic yoke of general conformity. Instead of anticipating the establishment of "a new style," Mr. Van Brunt declares, — and, we believe, with entire veracity, — we ought to anticipate a time when, various and eclectic as they may be, our buildings will each and all possess "style" in the sense of unity, harmony, clarity, logically conceived and logically completed force and charm.

We should like to see some well-equipped student of poetry discuss in how far Mr. Van Brunt is right to blame the poets of the world — as he does in his final chapter — because they have never described architectural forms, and definitely interpreted their historical, æsthetic, and emotional significance; because they have merely noted the emotions aroused in the casual beholder, or at most have sketched them in an "impressionistic" manner. It would need, however, to be a long discussion, for it would involve the whole question in how far an art which appeals to the mind through words may try to portray artistic creations which speak primarily to the eye. Mr. Van Brunt's own essay in descriptive verse is singularly charming; but we think its best passages are not those which describe the church portal which he takes as his theme, but those which characterize the intentions and emotions of its builders.

It is, of course, through mere slips of the pen that, on page 138, Mr. Van Brunt dates the palace of Diocletian at Spalatro from the end of the second instead of the third century, and, on page 104, speaks of "the strong *Gothic* of the early Cistercian abbeys." The first churches in which the austere tenets of

the Cistercian order were embodied belong to the beginning of the twelfth century; and it was the florid Romanesque, fostered by Clunisian builders, which provoked St. Bernard, standing in the typical Clunisian church at Vézelay, to the passionate declaration that its "bizarre and monstrous figures," carried even into the sanctuary itself, had nothing Christian about them. Mr. Van Brunt is much too well trained in the history of his art not to know this; and therefore we may likewise see but a momentary forgetfulness in his assertion, on page 216, that the modern revival of Gothic in England "is the only instance in history of a moral revolution in art." More purely moral than this, less complicated with sentimental and patriotic ideas, was the Cistercian revolt against luxury in art. Of course it was not a revolution in the sense that it established a new structural system, — introduced a new style, in the usually accepted meaning of the term. But if one compares Cistercian Romanesque with other contemporary forms, — if, for instance, one compares the heavy, severe, and bald interior of St. Trophimus at Arles with the portal or with the cloister of the same church, — the difference between them, as expressions of the history of human thought and feeling, seems greater than that between Victorian Gothic and Victorian Renaissance, despite the fact that the round arch is used in both. The luxuriant native Romanesque of Provence was, indeed, practically killed by the Cistercian "reform;" and without our knowledge of the intense moral passion which inspired this reform, it would be impossible to understand how the same communities, in the same half-century, could have practiced two forms of art so radically unlike.

Mr. Van Brunt does but follow the example of all other historians when he says that the new principle of construction from which all the forms of mediæval art were to develop — the principle involved in "the starting of the arch directly from the capitals of columns without the interposition of the horizontal entablature" — was learned by early Christian builders from Diocletian's palace. But one wishes that he could have been prompted to inaugurate a more accurate manner of speech with regard to this important building. Of course it is the one great landmark, — the one known and dated building in certain parts of which columns and arches were used with no trace of an entablature between them. But it is hard to believe that it taught or influenced, directly or indirectly, all the early Christian builders who worked in a similar way. It was a famous building, but was not in a prominent, accessible situation; between the fourth and eighth centuries the age was one of artistic disintegration, and also, almost everywhere in the West, of dire artistic necessity. Many builders must have experimented, without knowledge of what their brethren were doing or recently had done; and a new use of column and arch is just the experiment that would most naturally be forced upon them. Using, as we know they did, ready-made columns taken from ruined Roman works, and being, as we know they were, deficient in skill, and often in good materials, many of them must have sprung their arches of small stones directly from their borrowed capitals, with no more thought of principles or precedents than of the weighty consequences which were to result from the general adoption of the new device.

COMMENT ON NEW BOOKS.

Literature and Literary History. No intimation is given of the number of volumes to be devoted to George William Curtis's Oration and Addresses, but the three dignified octavos already published, each with its index, divide well the bulk of his oratorical labor; for the first is on the Principles and Character of American Institutions and the Duties of American Citizens, the second contains Addresses and Reports of the Reform of the Civil Service of the United States, and the third consists of Historical and Memorial Addresses. The buoyancy of Mr. Curtis's nature, and the loyalty to high ideals which he displayed in public life, more particularly, will render these addresses inspiring and fruitful long after the immediate occasion for their delivery has passed. We wish especially that the volumes may be read and re-read by college students. (Harpers.)—The English Religious Drama, by Katharine Lee Bates. (Macmillan.) The larger part of this excellent book is devoted to the Miracle Plays of old England, and the writer's sympathetic study has served to show very clearly what they were and what they signified, both in their time and in preparing the way for the development of the later drama. The author has been very happy in her descriptions of these early plays, for she has selected and commented upon just enough of the right passages to satisfy the curiosity of a reader who cannot make the selections for himself. Nor does one quite forget that the writer is a woman. Who else would have spoken of Adam as "overcome by his masculine curiosity"?—Authors and their Public in Ancient Times, by George Haven Putnam. (Putnams.) The author's services in behalf of international copyright have already given evidence of his interest in the question of literary property. Nor is this the first book that he has put forth upon the subject. It is by no means intended as the last, for Mr. Putnam announces his purpose of bringing the history of the relations of author, publisher, and public up to the present day. This book, dealing cursorily with various Eastern countries, and more specifically with Greece and Rome, is but a preface to a study of the period beginning with the

invention of printing,—the only period, indeed, in the world's history in which the ownership of ideas has been established upon a firm basis. Much that is curious and interesting in the centuries that went before is related in this preliminary volume.—The Book-Hunter in Paris, Studies among the Bookstalls and the Quays, by Octave Uzanne, with a Preface by Augustin Birrell. (McClurg.) The writer seems to have enjoyed himself thoroughly in his browsings along the parapets of the left bank of the Seine, and he has succeeded in putting the spirit of his pleasure into this book. It is a most leisurely work, with an appropriate touch of bookishness in its manner. Without a suspicion of haste, and with a delightful lack of formality, it brings together a considerable array of anecdote, tradition, and unpretentious biography. Most agreeable of all its records is that of M. Xavier Marmier, and of the dinner which, in accordance with his will and in memory of the pleasure the stalls had afforded him, was given soon after his death to ninety-five booksellers of the left bank.—The Builders of American Literature, Biographical Sketches of American Authors born Previous to 1826, by Francis H. Underwood. (Lee & Shepard.) More than twenty years ago Mr. Underwood published his two Hand-Books of English Literature. Now, instead of merely revising the volume that dealt with American writers, he has found the necessary changes so many and the additions so considerable as to render advisable the preparation of two new volumes, of which this is the first. After an Historical Introduction, he provides the reader with sketches and estimates of more than a hundred writers of the generations passed and passing. There is, indeed, no dearth of pathetic suggestion in the array of names which, though they could not have been omitted from such a book as this, are in reality names, and nothing more.—The Annual Literary Index for 1893, edited, with the Coöperation of Members of the American Library Association and of the Library Journal Staff, by W. I. Fletcher and R. R. Bowker. (Publishers' Weekly, New York.) The editors of this useful book have taken a comprehensive view of their

function; for not only do they provide an Index to Periodicals, but they give the contents of a considerable body of literature, some sixscore books, which are made up of collections, like volumes of essays, studies in literature and biography, and the like, an author-index to both lists, a list of bibliographies published either separately or in connection with treatises, and, finally, a necrology of writers deceased in 1893. — The *Boundaries of Music and Poetry, a Study in Musical Aesthetics*, by Wilhelm August Ambros. Translated from the German by J. H. Cornell. (G. Schirmer, New York.) If easy reading is hard writing, it would be natural to infer, by contraries, that this treatise was easily written. Yet the inference would reckon without the author's evident breadth of musical knowledge, and his hardihood in grappling such themes as the subtle interrelations of music and literature. The book is professedly for "musicians and cultivated amateurs;" especially, it appears, composers, actual or potential. — Under the title *The Temple Shakespeare*, J. M. Dent & Co., London, have begun the issue of the separate plays in separate small volumes, very prettily made and at a low price. The text is that of the Cambridge Shakespeare, and a glossary at the end of the volume takes the place of footnotes. The *Tempest* is the first play given. — The *Ariel* edition of Shakespeare, little volumes of single plays, clearly printed from fair type, making about a hundred and fifty pages each, without notes and with rather ineffective outline illustrations, has been carried forward by a group of seven comedies. (Putnams.) — The uniform edition of William Black's works (Harpers) now includes all but his current novels, so to speak; the most recent additions being *Donald Ross of Heimra*, with one exception the strongest and most interesting of the author's later Highland stories, and a tale which incidentally conveys some sound information on the crofter question as well; and *Stand Fast, Craig-Royston!* chiefly noticeable for the character study of the highly imaginative, deluding, and self-deluded Bethune of Balloray.

History and Biography. The *Private Life of Napoleon*, by Arthur Lévy. Translated by Stephen Louis Simeon. (Imported by Scribners.) A translation of *Napoléon Intime*, one of the more notable of last year's contributions to the literature of what may

be called the Napoleonic revival. In this voluminous work, M. Lévy undertakes to prove that his hero was "the personification of all the virtues of the middle class;" his *bourgeois* Napoleon being alike exemplary and admirable as son, husband, father, friend, and master, — a man only too trusting, generous, long-suffering, and kind-hearted. "If," says the author, "the human heart may be compared to a lyre, of which each cord represents a virtue or a defect, we may affirm that in Napoleon it was the cord of humanity that vibrated most loudly." M. Lévy is a diligent compiler from the whole body of Napoleonic histories and memoirs, naturally using only such excerpts as he thinks will serve to strengthen his position; and he shows considerable skill as a collector, with little critical insight in the use of the material thus collected. It should be said that his idea of the virtuous bourgeois is essentially Gallic, and, quite unconsciously as it would seem, he makes almost obtrusively apparent some of the pettiest and most unlovely traits in his hero's character; and it is, after all, the ingrained vulgarity of the great man which impresses the reader most strongly. Such value as the book possesses is seriously impaired by the absence of an index. — *Henry of Navarre and the Huguenots in France*, by P. F. Willert, M. A. Heroes of the Nations Series. (Putnams.) The plan of this work compels the author not only to tell the story of the great Béarnais, but also to trace the history of French Protestantism prior to the time when he became its leader in the field; and despite the necessarily severe condensation, the narrative is neither dry nor colorless, but steadily readable. The writer has his material well in hand, and has formed a clear conception of the king, — a hero of a nation, if there ever was one, though so unheroic in certain aspects, — and of the men and women surrounding him; and his characterizations are often acute, and always interesting. Especially does he do full justice to the moral elevation and nobility of nature of the elect men among the Huguenots, those French Puritans beside whom "the Eliots, Hampdens, and Hutchinsons of our own civil wars appear narrow and incomplete." That the author should follow certain distinguished historians in carefully Anglicizing French Christian

names can hardly be objected to, but still we would mildly protest against the needless substitution of Lewis for Louis. This is so contrary to general usage — the best guide where a fixed rule is impracticable — that it displeases the eye and seems an affectation. — *The Story of Louis XVII. of France*, by Elizabeth E. Evans. (Swan Sonnenschein & Co.) Few "claimants" have appeared who have not had a following of devout and often fanatical believers, and the many alleged Dauphins are no exceptions to the rule. Of these, Mrs. Evans is convinced, and with excellent reason, that Hervagault, Bruneau, Richemont, and the more noteworthy pretender, Naundorff were shameless impostors, and she devotes a large part of her volume to demolishing their claims; but she also entirely believes that the Rev. Eleazar Williams was the hapless son of Louis XVI. Her story of "the lost prince" is substantially the same as that Mr. Hanson gave to the world forty years ago, and time seems to have made only more apparent its excessive flimsiness, so that it is sometimes difficult to treat it with becoming seriousness. The author, however, takes it very seriously indeed, her faith seeming to wax stronger in the more improbable and inconsequent portions of the narrative. But in regard to the most important evidence offered, we fear that many readers will not need the Prince de Joinville's assurances to that effect to find much of his supposed interview with Mr. Williams "entirely imaginary." And yet the missionary is the only one of the pseudo-Dauphins for whom a special plea having a semblance of plausibility can be made. Indeed, in respect to the foundation upon which all such assumptions rest, the rescue of the child, — whose pitiful story is the most intolerably painful of the recorded atrocities of the Terror, — no proof worthy the name has ever yet been given. — *Brave Little Holland*, and *What She Taught Us*, by W. E. Griffis. (Houghton.) It would be hard to pack into the space of this little book more varied information, historical, geographical, and social, about Holland and its relation to England and America. The author is chock-full of his subject, and writes with enthusiasm. — *Phillips Brooks in Boston, Five Years' Editorial Estimates*, by M. C. Ayres. (George H. Ellis, Boston.) These clippings from a daily paper

have the interest and value of preserving contemporary opinion, and as the work of one hand have a quality of unity which is not common in newspaper extracts.

In Foreign Lands. The Rulers of the Mediterranean, by Richard Harding Davis. (Harpers.) A series of light sketches of travel from Gibraltar to Constantinople. Mr. Davis has a keen eye and a sure touch; there is some persiflage in his talk, but on the whole he is a very agreeable traveling companion, and his snap shots at persons and things are by no means miscellaneous, but follow a good sense of art. — *The Art of Living in Australia* (Together with *Three Hundred Australian Cookery Recipes and Accessory Kitchen Information*, by Mrs. H. Wicken), by Philip E. Muskett. (Eyre & Spottiswoode.) The principal object of this work is to bring about some improvement in the food habits of the Australians, who, it appears, still follow English ways in this respect; living, the author declares, in direct opposition to their semitropical environment. He urges the immense advantages which would result from a development of the deep-sea fisheries, market gardening, and vine culture, and writes sensibly and forcibly. It seems curious that such advice should be needed, and that, living in a climate practically the same as that of the south of Europe, the Australians should still be satisfied with the limited menu of their English kin.

Poetry and the Drama. The Humours of the Court, a Comedy and Other Poems, by Robert Bridges. (Macmillan.) Mr. Bridges acknowledges his debt to Calderon and Lope for the substance of his play, into which, be it said, he has not infused enough of the spirit of humor to make it truly amusing reading. What he has brought to it is one of the gifts that make his poems just what they are, — the gift of deftness and care, leaving nothing at loose ends, and creating an artistic unit. In the short poems to which the last pages of the book are given Mr. Bridges is more really himself. His power of saying within austere limits many things that are well worth saying has often been shown before, and no loss of it appears in such lines as "Weep not to-day." — *The Lower Slopes, Reminiscences of Excursions round the Base of Helicon*, undertaken for the most part in Early Manhood, by Grant Allen. (Elkin Mathews

& John Lane, London; Stone & Kimball, Cambridge and Chicago.) The London firm which publishes this book — and in one way or another it adorns nearly every book it touches — has concerned itself largely with the younger writers; and therefore, we suppose, it is work of Mr. Allen “in early manhood” to which this volume is devoted. Whether these are better times than the seventies for verse, or whatever the cause, it is clear that some of the work of the young men of the nineties is distinctly more significant; yet many of Mr. Allen’s rhymes are agreeable enough. — By the Atlantic, *Later Poems*, by I. D. Van Duzee. (Lee & Shepard.) The author describes the contents of this bulky volume of verse as “the product of the idle hours of a busy professional life.” It is bewildering to think what the result would have been had the busy hours been given to the Muse. The writer apparently has a gentle spirit and much facility in rhythmical production, but seems to have been unable to wait for “great moments.” — *Lyric Touches*, by John Patterson. (Robert Clarke & Co., Cincinnati.) A book of harmless little rhymes about rosebuds, slippers, vinaigrettes, and other objects of solicitude and rejoicing to persons in just the state of mind revealed by the writer.

Humor. There appears to be no limit to the ingenuity of man in devising series of books. Of the *International Humour Series* (Imported by Scribners), we have received *The Humour of Holland*, translated, with an Introduction, by A. Werner, and *The Humour of America*, selected, with an Introduction and Index of American Humourists, by James Barr. It cannot be said that these volumes are exceptions to the rule which gives a place to books of humorous selections among the volumes of doleful reading. This is especially true of the Dutch collection. In his Introduction, the translator makes the unfortunate admission that “the Netherlander likes his fun pretty obvious, and not too concentrated,” and the specimens of Dutch humor bear out the statement. A few of the bits of newspaper wit are amusing, but the illustrations, most of which were apparently done out of Holland, are the funniest things in the book. Can it be that the Dutchman looks funnier — at least as others see him — than he is? After all, we can imagine that many

of the samples of American humor in the volume devoted to our own ways would appear rather dreary to the Dutchman. The pictures are certainly inferior, and the selections — when they are not the standard things which are of necessity included in any book of the sort — seem to us to suggest an Englishman’s rather than an American’s idea of American humor.

Books for and about Children. The *One I Knew Best of All*, a *Memory of the Mind of a Child*, by Frances Hodgson Burnett. (Scribners.) Pierre Loti and Stevenson have set the modern fashion of interpreting the life of the imaginative child in terms which produce not “juvenile literature,” but books for the big about the little. Mrs. Burnett’s opportunity was the treatment of the English little girl, a species distinct from all other little girls, and of course widely different from the little boy of any race whatsoever. This autobiography of the childhood period, then, is a book which women should thoroughly understand more than men; yet it must be a dull grown person of either sex who would fail to find in the record many remembrancers of the thoughts still near the East and by Nature’s priest attended. The first experiences of books, death, babies, weddings, authorship, and many other things are set forth in a style admirably adapted to its purpose. It is none too high praise to say that the book is charming. — *Sing-Song*, a *Nursery Rhyme Book*, by Christina G. Rossetti. With One Hundred and Twenty Illustrations by Arthur Hughes. (Macmillan.) This is a fuller edition of a book which appeared several years ago. It is a curious example of simplicity which is held as an art, or perhaps, to speak more accurately, of simplicity as an element in a very complex nature. Miss Rossetti is a poet with a strong touch of mysticism, yet she perceives the absolute necessity of simplicity in nursery rhymes, and she has been simple, strenuously simple, in these little catches and verses. There is nature in them, but after all one feels that it is nature bathed in Miss Rossetti’s atmosphere. — *A Child’s History of Spain*, by John Bonner. (Harpers.) This book is similar in plan to the author’s *Child’s History of France*, and has the same merits and defects. The work follows the whole course of Spanish history, and a good deal of skill

is shown in selecting, arranging, and condensing; but the writer's style, in its easy-going colloquialism, leaves something to be desired, his taste is occasionally at fault, and his jaunty, offhand summaries of important events are often open to criticism. In the account of the honors attained by the kindred and descendants of Columbus, the young reader will be attracted by a bit of contemporary history of which he has some cognizance: "The head of another branch [of the Columbus family] married the Infanta Eulalia, and lately visited this country on the occasion of the World's Fair at Chicago." This is almost journalistic in its confusion and inaccuracy. — *The Light Princess, and Other Fairy Tales*, by George Macdonald. (Putnams.) Mr. Macdonald has fancy, but, unfortunately, his taste cannot always be counted on, and thus there are scenes in this book which one would not wish to be set before children. — *A Tiff with the Tiffins*, by Frances Isabel Currie. (Hunt & Eaton.) The story of a little girl, at once strong-willed and fanciful, who, imagining herself neglected at home, runs away, accompanied by a faithful dog, and meets with such adventures and accidents by the way that she is soon reduced to a properly penitent mood. These well-worn incidents are treated with some freshness, but the author does not always keep within the boundary which separates tales *for* from tales *of* children.

The World's Fair. We have received a Souvenir Copy of The World's Columbian Exposition's Memorial for International Arbitration, — a formidable array of autographs and resolutions. From the illegibility of many of the signatures, it is to be inferred that they were inscribed by very great men; indeed, quite aside from the significance of an appeal against war to the governments of the world from representatives of so many of its countries, a study of the handwritings preserved would be most interesting. We wonder if Oriental eyes could see in our Western script anything so imposing as the Korean, Japanese, and Indian autographs seem to us? In any event,

let us hope that the governments of the world will not be keen-sighted enough to notice *pursued* spelt on the first page *persued*.

Fiction. *A Motto Changed*, by Jean Ingelow. (Harpers.) The changed motto is, "A little less than kin, and more than kind," and presumably has reference to the fact that the young hero is really only the adopted child of his reputed father, he having been one of those infants, not uncommon in fiction, who are found on wrecked vessels, the sole survivors. The not very interesting love-story of this youth forms the main motive of the tale, though the heroine's precocious little brother, — who, when first introduced to us, is discussing the question "whether we owe any duties towards vermin," — unlike his delightful predecessors, the clever and original children in the author's earliest novel, is sometimes distinctly tiresome. This condemnation the story itself could not escape, — being as it is slight in texture, commonplace in incident, and weak in characterization, — if it were not so brief in the telling. — *Keynotes*, by George Egerton. (Roberts, Boston; Elkin Mathews & John Lane, London.) These tales are a series of analyses of what the author calls the female animal, — modern, introspective woman, recognizing among the new things that have come to her a return of elemental human impulses, of which she has no fear to acknowledge the power. Of course she is usually married to the wrong man, and "misunderstood." The writer apparently has been much in Norway, and has read deep in Ibsen. There is plenty of plain speaking in the stories, and a good measure of merciless, clear seeing. The style has lapses from taste, but in general is effective, like persons of the type with which it deals. Regarding this type two strong impressions are made by the book: that life has a frightfully present quality, — so present that a sort of triumph seems to be achieved when one's vision is carried ever so short a distance ahead; and — reassuring thought — that, however "advanced" she may be, woman is but yet very much a woman.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

A LITTLE more than five years ago I was sailing the Spanish main on the historic old Kearsarge. We were nearing San Salvador; would have sight of it off westward the next day (just as Columbus had seen it), unless the hurricane our navigators were dreading not a little — "We can almost count its teeth," said one of them — whisked us out of our southerly course. The sea was smooth as glass. We had spent the afternoon gleaning from the ship's library the accounts of the sinking of the Alabama. The officers, not one of whom had been in the fight, had added many incidents handed down to them by their predecessors in command of the Kearsarge. I was wonderfully impressed by what one of the officers related of that memorable engagement, the most glorious in our naval history. "When the Alabama went down, there was never a shout from the Kearsarge. 'Silence, boys, silence!' was the stern command; and in dead, awful silence the buccaneer sunk to the bottom of the sea." There was chivalry for you, — one of the grand silences of history, — a silence thrilling with brotherhood, prophetic of brotherhood restored. How naturally, unless we know the facts, we assume that there was a fine hurrah of rejoicing on the Kearsarge when the Alabama went down! Could outburst of victory have surpassed that silence?

How we cheered at the North when the news came over the wires! "Hurrah for the Kearsarge! Hurrah for Captain Winslow!" What cheers when the saucy little ship came home! What cheers greeted her in every port for years after! "She licked the Alabama!" our boys were proud to affirm, at every mention of her name. Those boys are men now. How many of their boys know much about the Kearsarge?

Just before we sailed from New York a newspaper reporter came aboard. "Those are the very guns that were fired upon the Alabama," he was told. Now, this reporter was a bright young fellow, but it soon came out that he did not know anything about the old Kearsarge; had heard of the Alabama, of course, but could not have told the name of the ship that "whipped her,"

or anything about it. "One can't remember everything, in these overcrowded times." Then he made a suggestion that no one approved: "Why don't they put the old ship into some naval museum? It's a shame to let her go beating around the world any longer." "No, let her keep in the line. Did n't she give chase to the buccaneer Alabama, that pirate with English guns, English crew, and Britain's flag? Did n't she steam after her into Cherbourg Harbor, with American guns, an American crew, and the stars and stripes, and did n't she sink the Alabama in one hour and twenty minutes?" And now she lies a wreck, her back broken amidships, her historic guns at the bottom of the sea!

That tropical moonlight night, as we were nearing San Salvador, I stood on the famous deck of the Kearsarge and heard what I shall never forget, — the singing of the story of the fight by the sailors and marines. They were gathered around the guns, the flag flying over their bare heads; their voices were strong and vibrant: that was singing with the spirit, and the understanding also. The wide, still sea was all around us; the old ship seemed sentient as she ploughed bravely on, as if listening in every timber, her heart-throb quickening with the stirring chorus. This is what they sang, — the story of her victory as told by her own sailors and marines, and written down for me by one of the singers. Let our boys read it, — sing it, if they can, slurring the word "Kearsarge" into something like "Keer-sedge."

'Twas early Sunday morning in the year of sixty-four,
The Alabama, she stood out along the Frenchman's shore.

Long time she cruised about, long time she held her sway,

But now she lies beneath the wave just off the Cherbourg Bay.

Chorus.

Hoist up the flag! Long may it wave
Over the Union, the true and the brave!

A Yankee cruiser hove in sight, — the Kearsarge was her name;

It ought to be engraved in gold upon the scroll of fame;
Her timbers made of Yankee oak, her crew of Yankee tars,

And at the mizzen peak she flew the glorious stripes
and stars.

Chorus.

A challenge unto Captain Semmes bold Winslow, he did send :

"Bring on your Alabama, and to her we will attend !

We think your boasting privateer is not so hard to whip.

We'll show you that the Kearsarge is not a merchant ship !"

Chorus.

'Twas early Sunday morning in the year of sixty-four,
The Alabama, she stood out, and cannon loud did roar ;
The Kearsarge was undaunted, and quickly she replied,
And let a Yankee 'leven-inch shell go tearing through
her side.

Chorus.

The Kearsarge then, she wore around, and broadside on
did bear.

With shot and shell and right good will her timbers
she did tear ;

And when they found that they must sink, down came
their stars and bars,

For rebel gunners could not stand the glorious stripes
and stars.

Chorus.

The Alabama, she is gone ; she'll cruise the seas no
more ;

She met the fate she well deserved along the French-
man's shore.

And here is to the Kearsarge ! We know what she
can do.

And here's to Captain Winslow and his brave and gal-
lant crew !

Chorus.

The anniversary of the fight was always commemorated on the Kearsarge, Northerners and Southerners — for both were among her officers — joining in singing this rousing song. Toasting Captain Winslow was a marked feature of every celebration of the sinking of the Alabama, but the memorable silence was ever sacredly maintained, — chivalry to the conquered. Sailors and marines would have hanged Semmes in effigy on several occasions, but nothing of the kind could be permitted on the deck of the old Kearsarge. "Silence, boys, silence !"

The Revue de Paris. — The appearance of the new Revue de Paris — fortnightly, after the fashion of the French — is an event in the literary life even of far-off lands that receive but fitful electric glimmers from this City of Light. The inspiring cause of the new phenomenon has been sought curiously. Some have thought to discover it in a not unnatural desire on the part of many to lessen the brilliancy of M. Brunetière's shining. His blinding and scorching criticism of *modernité* has not only triumphed in the Academy, but it now reigns supreme in the historic *Revue des Deux Mondes*, which is supposed to reflect all that shines permanently in contemporane-

ous French literature. Now it appears that the sole charge of the new review was originally offered to M. Brunetière. Then it has been said that Semitic influence is behind the new review. It is known that the publisher, M. Calmann-Lévy, is the chief stockholder, and Professor James Darmesteter, of the Collège de France, the solid man of the editorial staff, is also a true Israelite without guile. A more natural explanation would be the simplest, and probably nearest to the truth. The original shares of the *Revue des Deux Mondes* were five thousand francs each. Their number (eighty-three) has not been changed, and the annual dividend has of late been as high as six thousand francs, — one hundred and twenty per cent of the par value. This financial success is alone enough to breed rivals, in spite of the many failures of similar attempts in the past.

Another reason is that the literary men of a certain school — it may be named, broadly, the school of Renan, although the old review has had the publication of Renan's posthumous work — desire an outlet for their literature where it shall not be constrained by the methods of Taine ; for it is the divergent spirit of Taine and Renan which for years to come must mark the course of French thought : in the former, dogmatic in its demand for positive and verifiable science, with a practical reverence for all existing facts, including morals, with a painful working out of its literature ; in the latter, skeptical in its fluid criticism of all existence, in which morals and life and death matter but little in comparison with serene philosophy and cultivated form and the play of a free-and-easy fancy. In practice, the older review is considered a *cénacle académique*, while the new goes so far as to admit the novels of the Parisienne "Gyp" and of the young Italian light, Gabriele d'Annunzio.

All this is not to say that Professor Darmesteter lacks an earnestness unknown to his master. He is an Oriental in his looking before and after, as his book on the prophets of Israel might show. For him, the universal consciousness has been manifested in his race by an utterable intuition of things which, without being supernatural (for it is a part of the eternal onward march of natural existence), still merits the name of prophecy. And as the Hebrew prophets were men of living earnestness, so

their disciple looks on the most modern things with intuitions that strain to be earnest sight. The paper on the wars and religious strife of France for the last twenty-five years, with which he has announced his presence in the new review, could not have been written by Renan with all his ingrained habits of Catholic thought. In it the writer has risked frightening away subscribers by telling the French Royalists roundly that they are nothing but fossils doomed to forgetfulness. The modernité of Professor Darmesteter's literary taste may perhaps best be gathered from the fact of his marriage with Mary Robinson, who is a delightful English poet, singing notes, all too few, of a strain unknown to other times. By a strange contrariety, as in some literary *tour de force*, the Academy has crowned this lady's French work, which is carefully done in the style of the old-time Reine Marguerite. It is understood, however, that the literary editing of the new review — as distinct from solid history, or science, or politics — is to be the task of the second editor, M. Louis Ganderax, who has long been a light of the Boulevard press.

So much has been said, inaccurately, about the name of the new review that it is well to set down its actual history. It was adopted in 1829 for the first serious French review modeled after the English quarterlies then existing, the Edinburgh (1802), the Quarterly (1809), and the Westminster (1824). Its directors were Dr. Véron and Balzac. François Buloz was then simply a proof-reader, who kept his eyes open. A geographical review, founded in the same year as the *Revue de Paris*, came to grief in 1831, and Buloz succeeded in getting capital to buy it, along with its name, which has ever since been a puzzle, — *Revue des Deux Mondes*. In 1834 he bought up the *Revue de Paris*, which he kept running separately for several years. Among its writers were Mérimée, Sainte-Beuve, De Vigny, Jules Janin, Eugène Sue, Alphonse Karr, Alexandre Dumas père, Alfred de Musset, Scribe, and even Lamartine. It was revived in 1858 by Théophile Gautier and his friends, and again as late as 1887 by Arsène Houssaye, — always unsuccessfully. The latter exhorts the new review to beware of realism.

A Rustic in New York. — I am not of those who talk flippantly about "running over to New York this afternoon," as if they

were going to step across the street for a chat with a neighbor. I know one man who makes the journey there and back so often that he has become the confidant of more than half the porters on the drawing-room cars which intervene between the two cities. But when we countrymen visit the metropolis, the event marks an epoch in our lives. We dream of it for weeks beforehand, and while we are there we accumulate impressions enough to keep us going, intellectually, for at least a twelvemonth. The truth is that our minds are open, — empty, if you will; our perceptive faculties are on the *qui vive*; we are like sensitive plates, ready for new impressions: whereas one who is much in New York, or in any other great city, becomes blunted as to its salient features. He is, in fact, a part of the thing itself, and so he cannot get an outside view of it. Nobody in Paris anticipated the Revolution of 1789; but when Lord Chesterfield "ran over" from London, he saw the storm coming, and he made the famous observation with which the reader is doubtless familiar.

In New York, to-day, there is as great a gap between rich and poor as there was in Paris before the Revolution, and it is a gap in sympathy as well as in material conditions. I happened to be in the city during horse-show week, and I saw Madison Square Garden filled with extravagantly dressed women and vacuous men, talking in English slang, gazing with languid interest at English horses which were handled by English grooms, and judged by an English expert brought over from London for the purpose. Just outside of the garden I met a woman in a ragged calico gown, with the rag of another calico gown thrown across her shoulders in place of a coat. She wore no hat, and instead of shoes she had a pair of old slippers full of holes, — and this was on a cold, wet day in November. After such an encounter, one goes into Delmonico's, sits down at the next table to a rich Jew, and sees "Mene, Mene" written on the walls of that place of feasting as plainly as the French names of the dishes are printed on the bill of fare.

The spectacle of one citizen enjoying a dinner of ten courses in a palace, while another citizen, together with his family, is going without dinner in a tenement house, will not last so long in a republic as it has

lasted in many monarchies. Both citizens, it must be remembered, have a vote. The rich people are putting out anchors ; but will the anchors hold in case of a storm ? A very prosperous-looking Irishman was pointed out to me in Broadway as being in receipt of a large income from a certain wealthy connection in New York. "What service does he render for it ?" I asked. "Oh," was the reply, "he does n't do anything for it ; but he is a man who has great influence in the down-town wards, and the X.'s keep him in their pay, so that in case of any trouble here in New York such as a riot, he might prevent their houses from being looted." If it has come to this, that Dives in New York is paying toll to Tammany with one hand, in order to protect himself from the city government, and toll to O'Flanagan with the other hand, to protect himself from a possible mob, — if it has come to this, I should say that our metropolis is built upon the sand.

A little experience of my own will illustrate the fearful chasm which yawns between the fortunate and the unfortunate in New York. I was dining with some friends at a newly opened hotel in Fifth Avenue. The table was beautifully furnished with spotless linen and gleaming silver ; waiters came and went noiselessly on the thick carpet ; a soft, luxurious light was diffused by candles and lamps, and we had an elaborate repast of many courses and well-selected wines. The room was a little too warm, and a window near us had been opened an inch or two, though the night was cold and wet. Suddenly this window was thrown wide open, and there appeared at it a gaunt man, with matted beard and wild, hungry eyes. He looked at us and at the rich, abundant food, and then he said, in a loud but apparently not excited voice, "Three days ago I pawned my coat to buy a loaf of bread for my wife and children." That was all. The head waiter rushed to the window and slammed it down ; there was talk of the police ; a lady near by turned pale with fright, and had to be revived by means of a smelling-bottle ; then the sumptuous eating and drinking were resumed as before. But I confess that my uneducated country appetite did not survive this incident. The victuals that the man outside in the cold and dark was going without stuck in my throat ; champagne itself failed to wash them down.

Nature and the Rich. — The talk of what the Fair may do, must do, for higher civilization in America has been endless, and yet I have waited for months, and waited in vain, to hear one word as to its influence on the need nearest my heart. I long to have some one, some one with such learning and authority as I cannot pretend to, take up the theme of — how shall I word it ? — natural resources in landscape gardening.

A deal of praise is being lavished on Mr. Olmstead, but no one is properly underscoring, for the benefit of the stupid rich, the best lesson in his work at the Fair, — the lesson of the lagoon on the value of cultivating and heightening, without change of character, nature's own choice effects.

Of course, when put that way, such value appears so obvious, so in harmony with the philosophy of all art, that it seems incredible that the point should need theoretical emphasis, however much we might have to learn practically.

But we have only to look at the pleasure grounds of the rich, from Newport to Oconomowoc, to see that the notion that Nature anywhere knows what she is about is quite foreign to the popular creed in gardening. Nobody could oppose the creation of lawns and flower beds ; they assuredly have a right to a place in the scheme of things ; but why presume that lawns, flower beds, and the like are the only possibilities for beautiful "grounds" ? All too often nothing else seems possible, or at least nothing else is so easy to achieve. But when Nature has lavished herself on some rare spot ; when, as on so much of our northern Atlantic coast, she has brought together a host of lovely things, roses, spiræa, iris, bay, clethra, morning-glories, and has put in nothing that is not lovely, why should the rich man have but one notion of his opportunities, — that, after carefully buying the most charming spot he can find, it is his duty to sweep all these exquisite growths into a bonfire, and, starting from the bare ground, create a lawn and plant evergreens ? If he must do that, why, — I ask it with bitter passion, — why is he not content to choose some ugly spot for his work, one of the many places that even his crudest methods would improve ? Is there any hope that Mr. Olmstead's following and heightening of Nature's own effects in parts of the lagoon will broaden the rich man's notions of the possible ? If he

could only once conceive that money may be spent in this way as well as another, possibly he would be reconciled to try it. But of course there is the disadvantage that the result does not tell loudly of the money spent, and in many cases that would doubtless be a fatal drawback.

In promulgating my little views conversationally I am continually overcome with surprise at the failure of sympathy in some quarters where I had confidently expected it; at the inability of various charming people to conceive of any way of assisting Nature but by making lawns and flower beds, no matter what the conditions; and as for letting her alone, a course I praise only as a lesser evil than destroying all vestiges of her best schemes, that simply strikes them as low, — as the conduct adapted to squatters, and no one else. They tell me Newport is beautiful, and are only mystified when I quote Mr. John La Farge (I am sure he will not mind my sustaining myself with his name in so good a cause) as saying that the sight of Newport saddens him, because one of the most beautiful coasts in the world, a place that should have been sacredly preserved in its pristine, unique loveliness, has been — simply destroyed.

But I have, by much experiment, chanced upon a way of inserting the new idea that rarely fails to give pain, — the pain that testifies to some success in inoculation. I mention it for the benefit of any other member of the Club who may be carrying on a similar crusade.

I say: "Why can't we do as the Japanese do so often, — at Nikko, for instance? There is a spot that is one of the sights of the world for beauty; it has had the most devoted care lavished upon it for hundreds of years, and yet, except in the temples and tombs, you cannot trace the hand of man. It has not been left alone, but it has been beautified with such subtle art that it looks as if it had."

I cannot say why this crude and probably inaccurate statement (for it is little enough I know about Nikko) should make an impression, but it does: it often gives my victim his first notion that maybe there is something to be said on my side; that I am not simply a "crank." So I am thinking that something might be done to save some acres of wild roses, some lily ponds, for the next generation, if the energetic, the

able, and the wise would begin a propaganda in the names of the Fair and the Japanese. But success will have to come soon, or there will be nothing left to save. Every summer sees the ignorant rich descend like the locust upon all that is fairest in the land. Doubtless the poor, as a rule, have no better taste, but they have less power, and one cannot hate them for what they might do as one hates the others for what they have done.

— Among the words which have come to us, at different periods in the history of our language, from the graceful and expressive French, I know of none which has undergone such misappropriation as the term "amateur."

I do not refer to the matter of pronunciation. One does not wish to be pedantic, and no great inconsistency is found in the fact that we may be fairly good French scholars and yet be addicted to the pronunciation *amature*. I refer rather to the significance and application of the term. There must have been — there *was* — a time when the title carried with it respect, dignity, and worth. The primary definition signified that the amateur was a person attached to some particular pursuit, study, or science (*vide* Burke), and that this attachment was cultivated without hope of pecuniary benefit and without reference to social advancement; literally from love of it. In Europe, especially, the leisure classes produced many amateurs of both sexes, who did their duty and filled a certain place in life, as became enthusiastic lovers of art, science, and literature. But this elegant, useful, cultivated, and appreciative class seems in danger of disappearing. Amateur has collided with professional, and the former term has gradually but steadily declined in favor; in fact, it has become almost a term of opprobrium. The work of an amateur, the touch of the amateur, a mere amateur, amateurish, amateurishness, — these are different current expressions which all mean the same thing, bad work.

This feature of our present development is to be deplored, partly on the ground that the original assumption — that is, that all amateur work is bad — is false, partly because the state of society suffers thereby. The evil has spread until even royal amateurs come into collision with professionals. Ideals have been lost, standards have been lowered, and criticism has frequently floun-

The Decline
of the Ama-
teur.

dered in serious, sometimes ludicrous distress. No sphere once sacred to the professional but has been invaded by the amateur; and if the term has, as I suggest, lost its primary respectable meaning, the amateur himself is largely to blame for it. The point is, whether amateurs, as such, had any right to exist, and whether their original functions, aims, and orbits were correct or not. At all times the line must have been difficult to draw, but at least, fifty or a hundred years ago, the professions were restricted to one sex; now the difficulty is made complex by the application and perseverance of the present generation of women. Every one now demands pay for work, recognition as a worker. No one wishes to remain "a mere amateur."

Exemplary as this may be, whither will it tend? Had the "mere amateur" no place in society, no duties in the world? Was he a cumberer of the ground, a loiterer by the way, a blunder, an excrescence, a pest, a scourge? Surely not. Surely there were duties depending upon him; there were functions pleasant to discharge and honorable in themselves; there was a sphere sacred to honest if not brilliant endeavor, and within which a career of noble industry, gentle enthusiasm, and unbiased critical growth was possible. In the present day we sneer, of course, at patronage. We read, but read only, of Grub Street hacks and dedications and flowery odes. We despise Goldsmith, and pity Johnson.

Yet there are many young writers, artists, singers, actors, who are daily courting the society and help of others more fortunate and famous, daily seeking the royal road to success, and often secretly wishing for the patron or patroness, the leisurely, rich, and cultivated friend, the sympathetic amateur, ready to lay time, influence, and money at their feet. "Patronage" is an ugly word, and one phase of it an ugly thing; still, it is the duty, and might be the pleasure, of the rich to assist the poor,—the artistically and spiritually as well as the financially poor: here is one of the functions of the "mere amateur."

I do not care to repeat the platitude that amateurs will often insist upon recognition. There is the man who can afford to buy pictures, moving heaven and earth and the hanging committee to admit his own sketches. He is a man with a nice taste in

art and a turn for the pencil; too bad no one has the courage to tell him so. There is the lady who is really musical, with a fine touch and an unerring ear, but whose technique is at fault; probably old-fashioned, most certainly unreliable and inadequate. You insult them both, however, if you use the word "amateur." And so on through the professions, arts, sciences. Many of the writers of to-day might very well serve their country better as readers. I once did a friend, from his point of view, a serious injury by carefully locking away a thin volume of sonnets inscribed "For private circulation only." I had believed in his reticence and modesty, knowing him to be a busy professional man, with little time to devote to the growing of poetry. As a nation, we probably produce more teachers, more journalists, more singers, more painters, more poets, — even for our size, — than any other country in the world, and we are able to convert them, at will, into first-class representative original and creative workers. Every other day somebody or other announces a "new message" from the market place. A musical friend, who conducts a provincial Philharmonic Society, complains that he fears the taste for joining such organizations is on the wane; his singers, particularly sopranos and tenors, all wish to study in Europe and become "stars," and are continually leaving him with that intention. This is a case in point. Contrast it with the attitude of the patient Lancashire weavers and miners, the people who make up the great Festival Choruses of the north of England! These are amateurs, if you like, "mere amateurs," who hardly know the word; but they do their duty, and fill a niche in a steady, intelligent way which insures fine results.

It would be an immense step in the art life of our country if cultivated men and women could be set seriously thinking upon this point, with the result of seeing fully one half of them resolve to bear nobly the name "amateur," neither ashamed of it, nor claiming more for their work than it deserves. Reticence is not yet a feature of our civilization; at a later date, perhaps, will arrive that disparagement of cheap achievement, that hesitation to put forward as original what is only clever imitation, which distinguish the modest, conscientious, devoted amateur.

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For the Month of June, 1894.

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SOME of Thoreau's Letters were published in a volume with his Poems many years ago. These were his more formal letters, and they confirmed the popular impression of him as a recluse, critical if not cynical, and lacking in domestic and friendly qualities. The letters now collected and edited by Mr. Frank B. Sanborn will correct this impression and show that Thoreau was delightful in his familiar letters, — frank, humorous, neighborly, affectionate. The

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"Two Strings to His Bow."

Good readers of the ATLANTIC will recall a very clever story, in two parts, with the above title, in numbers only a few months ago. They will be glad that the writer, Rev. Walter Mitchell, brother of Mr. Donald G. Mitchell, has completed the story, and that it now appears as a welcome summer volume. It has a skillful plot, plenty of dramatic situation and incident, characters in whom the reader cannot fail to find a varied interest, and is written in an attractive and very readable style. In one of the early numbers of the ATLANTIC, a generation ago, Mr. Mitchell printed a very striking story, "Tacking Ship Off Shore." Those seasoned, graciously ripened readers, who read that story with becoming zest, will read with interest his new story, which will doubtless engage no less the eager attention of more youthful readers.

His Vanished Star.

This novel, which concluded a few months ago its prosperous course through the ATLANTIC MONTHLY, now appears in an attractive book, for the delectation this summer of the army of Miss Murfree's admirers who failed to read it in the magazine. It is one of the most characteristic stories "Charles Egbert Craddock" has yet written, and displays as ever that curiously intimate knowledge of the scenery of East Tennessee and of the original, fearless (not to say fearful), interesting people who live there, and talk dialect, and practice "moonshining," and make life very dramatic for unwelcome interlopers and even for neighbors toward whom they become "servigrus."

The Christian Ministry: its Present Claim and Attractions, and other Writings.

This volume comprises the remarkable address which Mr. Pease delivered at his entrance upon the Bartlet Professorship of Sacred Rhetoric in Andover Theological Seminary, with other papers previously written. These papers, though of real value, Mr. Pease regarded as only prefatory to the greater work he hoped to do; but as he was denied the opportunity to do that greater work, his friends have done well to preserve these papers, which show in good degree his profound and varied learning, his admirable power of clear and sustained thought, and his noble literary style, as well as his lofty spirit and generous purpose. The book has an Introduction by Professor Egbert C. Smyth, and is edited by "The Fortnightly Club."

A Good Irish Story.

Ireland contributes her full share to the humor and pathos of life, and a thoroughly characteristic Irish story is sure to be full of varied elements of interest. Such is **The Story of Dan**, by M. E. Francis, just published. It relates to peasant life, has clearly-drawn characters, is told with great simplicity and directness, and is so marked by good taste and so fine literary treatment that it ranks distinctly above the average of current fiction, and ought to be popular as a summer story.

My Summer in a Mormon Village.

Under this title, Miss Florence A. Merriam, who will be remembered as the author of the very attractive little book, "Birds through an Opera Glass," has just brought out a pretty volume comprising her observations in the Salt Lake Basin in 1893. She had the good fortune to spend the summer there with Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, who was living with the Utah birds and gathering a part of the fine bird-lore contained in her delightful book "A Bird-Lover in the West." Miss Merriam also studied the birds and Utah scenery; yet more the Mormon people, by whom she was surrounded, their doctrines, and their lives. She has recorded her observations in a frank, simple, engaging style, and her book is one of the pleasantest, lately published, of its pleasant class.

Mr. Herbert Ward's New Book,

The White Crown and Other Stories, attracts no little attention. As the Boston *Beacon* observes: "It takes in a wide range of scene and incident, and each one of the eight tales teaches some noble lesson in self-sacrifice or devotion to a great idea. Mr. Ward has a keen comprehension of the importance of the dramatic element in the construction of a story, and his tales, even when dealing with simple themes, are finely proportioned and full of action. 'The Semaphore,' 'The Value of a Cipher,' 'A Romance of the Faith,' 'A Cast of the Net,' and 'The Equation of a Failure' are among the more noteworthy productions in the volume, and all are decidedly worth reading." It should be entered in the list of excellent summer books.

Mr. Story's "Poet's Portfolio."

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"Charming Short Stories of Life in Louisiana."

The New York *Evangelist* thus characterizes Mrs. Chopin's **Bayou Folk**, adding: "They suggest Grace King, they suggest George Cable, but they are an imitation of neither. There is the same soft dialect; one almost hears the gentle voices of Southern women speaking through these pages; there is the same artless morality, its standards akin to those of King Arthur's time and the days of chivalry rather than anything our more righteous goodness knows: there is the same quick bravery, the same gay and careless sin, the same dumb uprightness that we know in 'Posson Jone' or some of the Balcony Stories; but these touches of likeness are here only because Mrs. Chopin knows her Bayou Folk so well, and they are folk of one kind with those of Old Creole Days and the soft, star-lit balcony nights."

The Portland *Transcript* finds no words to describe them except "charming" and "fascinating;" the Boston *Courier* pronounces them "admirable tales which show not only familiarity with the aspects of life in Louisiana, but a genuine gift of sketching character;" the Philadelphia *Inquirer* compares them to "Bret Harte's stories of the West and the New England stories of Miss Wilkins."

Winsor's "Cartier to Frontenac."

The *Congregationalist*, of Boston, pronounces this book "another example of the rich fruitage of Mr. Winsor's indefatigable historical studies and

labors," adding: "It deals mainly, of course, with the successive endeavors of the French to explore, conquer, and colonize this country. Cartier, Champlain, Hennepin, La Salle, Frontenac, and such men are the actors in its slowly unfolding drama, and the old story is retold by a master with an intelligent explanation of motives and methods and an effective grouping of details which scholars of such subjects will appreciate. . . . As a learned and well balanced summary of the history of exploration in the region described and during the period covered, which brings out alike the personal characteristics of individuals, the policies of nations, the interblending of religious and political motives, and the vicissitudes of the experiences of the successive explorers and campaigners, the work is not likely to be surpassed."

The Home Journal, of New York, remarks: "Mr. Winsor before the production of this book had established a reputation as one of the foremost of American historians by his works on Christopher Columbus, the American Revolution, and the eight volumes of 'Narrative and Critical History of America.' The new work is a critical and exhaustive investigation of the events of a century and a half following the discoveries of the great Genoese. The volume is especially valuable for its rich array of ancient maps, charts, and diagrams."

"Noble Essays on Architecture."

Speaking of Mr. Van Brunt's admirable book **Greek Lines and other Architectural Essays**, the *Literary World* observes: "Such a book as this is exceedingly welcome after the vanishing of the World's Columbian Exposition. Now that the White City has become a remembered vision, it is well for the cultured mind to inquire just why its form so enthralled and delighted the mind. In Jackson Park the spirit of Greek beauty came to resurrection. Many of us whose purses are slender cannot travel in Greece or along the rim of the Mediterranean where the Greek cities once stood, and where their ruins now lie. . . . Sensitive to beauty, and able to recognize it in its Greek form, some of us enjoyed the White City because it touched with emotion our little knowledge of Greek history and genius." The critic remarks that as to style "we are reminded continually of the best, not the worst, characteristics of Mr. Ruskin. As we read, we have been constantly tempted to draw contrasts between the style of one who is a student and critic, a lover of beauty, and a worker with pen and pencil, and one who has to know the mechanical as well as æsthetic side of his work. . . . We can highly recommend this stimulating and enriching book."

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A "Model Library" Catalogue.

The American Library Association exhibited at the Columbian Exposition a selection of books which they called the "Model" or "A. L. A." Library. It contained 5,000 volumes, selected by a committee, who passed upon the suggestions of about seventy-five librarians and specialists. The books were chosen with the idea of making the most suitable collection of books for a small public library, and one that would serve also as a basis for a larger collection. Of these 5,000 volumes, 548 were from the Catalogue of HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co.'s publications, and they include many of their best works in Biography, Fiction, History, Religion, Poetry, and Travel.

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It is believed that this Catalogue will prove useful to librarians and to any one making up a list of carefully selected books. It will be sent to any address on application to HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co., 4 Park St., Boston; 11 East 17th St., New York.

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The Bulletin's New Art Features.

Those who do this BULLETIN the honor to look at it may notice that it has this month a new design on the title-page, a new summer headpiece, which is good for three months, and a new initial, or what would be one if it were only an initial. The successive seasons will have different and appropriate headpieces, and the several months will have their own initials. "Honor to whom honor is due." These designs are all from the pencil of Miss Amy M. Sacker, a graduate of the Art School of the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, and the successful competitor, in 1893, for the Carey prize for decorative designs.

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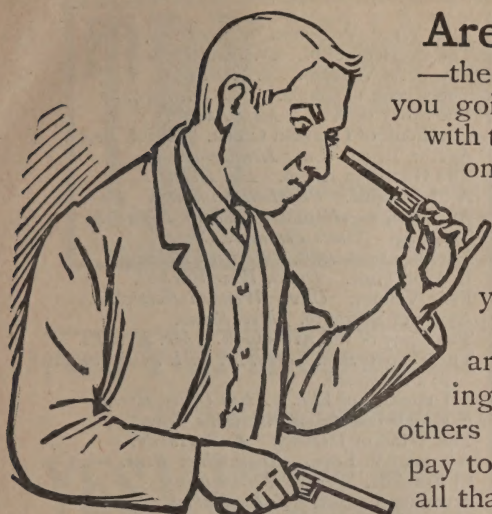
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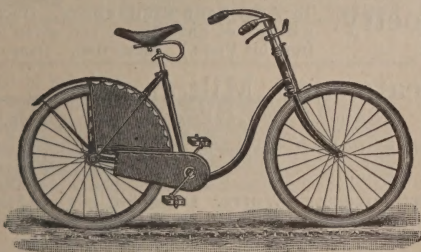
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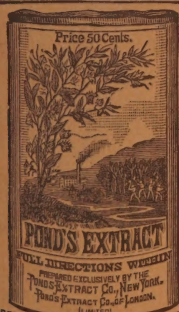
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